

A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchases of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust.

—DANIEL WEBSTER

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Higher & Lower Psychology*

by Katherine Tingley

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IT is necessary that these meetings should open with the statement that they are conducted by the original Aryan Theosophical Society which was established by William Q. Judge in the early days of Theosophy.

The Aryan Society carried on its work for many years at that great Theosophical center in New York, at 144 Madison Avenue. The Headquarters of the Aryan Society are now at Point Loma, where the archives of the same are preserved. Most of the staff are also here, and from this center are doing their utmost to perpetuate the great work of William Q. Judge. He is known throughout the world as the great pioneer Theosophist of America. Had he not been at New York when Madame Blavatsky visited the Western World, surely we should not now see The Universal Brotherhood established in its thousands of centers throughout the world.

* From the stenographic report of a Student of Point Loma. The second of a series of lectures delivered at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Sunday, November 24, 1901

What a force all this effort of ours must be, what a force must be generated by our united singing that Life is Joy, while the world outside is moaning. Surely it would be a greater force if all humanity really believed that true Life, that the pure Soul Life, is indeed Joy, that it is the glorious heritage of our humanity, and that in time as men evolve to a higher plane of the Universal Law and so realize their possibilities, life will be joy to a higher and higher degree. And so we, as Theosophists, propose to sing this Song of Joy down through the ages until it shall touch every human heart.

In following out the subject of Psychology which I introduced here last Sunday evening I have to meet many difficulties, because, as I previously pointed out, it is a study so profound that it will take eternity to bring it to the full comprehension of the human mind. If we move out into the world and look at the lives of others, at the lives of all peoples, if we go into the past and read between the lines of the histories of all nations, we shall there see the operation of the Higher and Lower forces. Then we come to our boasted twentieth century civilization. Of course when we take a superficial view of it and follow it in its two aspects of material and intellectual development, we may then say that this is after all a great civilization, but if we examine all the inner workings of human life we shall see that there are great gaps between them. We shall see for instance the great gaps which lie between the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant. We have already among us reformers galore. They are to be found all over the world, and they are endeavoring in many ways to teach the true economics of life, to readjust human affairs, to create better conditions for the human family. But in spite of all this we stand face to face with the records—facts which prove that in this twentieth century we have at best but an appearance of justice existing in the world. We see it in literature and in art and also in religious efforts. We find many men and women working in the best manner that they know and some of them are working very determinedly, and yet from my point of view, recognizing these two great psychological waves, it is quite evident and I think it must be to many, that the great mass of men and women are psychologized more or less on the wrong side of life.

I would not presume to say that everything in the world is wrong, but at the same time I am compelled to see that there are these immense gaps of which I have spoken. There is much disharmony everywhere. All things on the outer side are so separate, one from another, but in reality and on the soul side there is no separation, we are brothers because the internal law unites and adjusts all things. It is the brain-mind of man, and not the soul which makes these divisions and which then vainly attempts the solution of the problems which they produce. There are today so many different systems in the world that one stands appalled at the picture of the diversity of human interests.

As I have often said, there are books and books, preachers and preachers, each year increasing in numbers, and yet in spite of these we have an increas-

ing amount of misery, strife and unbrotherliness, all about us. It comes so close to our homes, to our lives, it touches closely our hearts. To set about to provide some general scheme whereby all these things could be remedied would be absurd. To try to tear down and to destroy all these attempts at remedial efforts would be equally absurd. To do so would require the united efforts of the whole of humanity directed against the psychological wave of disintegration which is overshadowing all. This wave is, in part, the result of the misguided efforts of many of the best reformers of the age. If they would acknowledge they had more to learn and would at this moment stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart with the workers of the Universal Brotherhood to meet the conditions which they wish to help, they would overcome this psychological force which in the ignorance of their hearts they have helped to establish.

Not one of us can escape a share of this responsibility—so strong is this psychological influence that the whole of humanity is engulfed in it. Why? Because from the very beginning of life, from the time when we first looked out into the sunshine and touched the hands of those about us, we were actually taught—it has been indeed a portion of our education—that we exist as part of a small family, and that there are families and families, and groups and groups, and nations and nations, and that they are all separate in interest and in condition, and so from the very beginning we have been building on the lines of absolute selfishness and separateness. It is sad but true that the little child is fed from the mother's breast upon selfishness, and in spite of her love and of her willingness to sacrifice herself for her little one, that mother breathed the psychological forces of the age—this life-wave of disharmony—into its very blood. This psychology, this great wave, had its birth far back in the past. It began with the thoughts of men, and its result is the unbrotherly life we see on all sides today.

A mother may be true and noble and devoted, and yet in spite of all this she is touched, she is hemmed in, she is imprisoned by that force, and she sees it not, and we do not see it until the results manifest themselves; until the young life has moved on from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, into the world. Then we see the results, then we see the awful conditions that have been created around the young life, but instead of going back to the seed of the injury, to its beginning, the cradle-time of life, we take that weakling and imprison him, and sometimes we hang him.

This is one of the many appalling tragedies which we do meet with day in and day out. We carry about with us the shadows of our mistakes in our own hearts, and surely we are not so dead to the rightousness of life, we are not so dead to our responsibilities, as to be actually contented with this condition.

Then we have been taught to judge by appearances, to look at the physical man and at the brain man alone, and we have ignored the life itself, we have turned away from the Real, from the Soul-power which looks behind the veil

and sees things as they really are. It is only because we have lost the power to discriminate, and because we have cultivated the wrong side of life all through the ages, and because we are doing so now in spite of our desire to re-fashion humanity, that we are able to view with equanimity these conditions of selfishness. In our selfish indifference we are unconsciously taking part in the crimes of the world, and yet we are absolute factors in these crimes; and so long as we sit still and permit these things, do we not continue to participate in and be responsible for them?

I declare to you that if we were to go today to the insane asylums and see the sad lives of the inmates there, we should find that they are hemmed in by the psychological waves. The influence of this force, although very small in the beginning, with many probably commenced in the narrow mental environment of domestic inharmony and by fostering the sense of separateness, and while the seed of evil grew, the soul was starved for want of recognition and companionship. We shall find that it is really the little things of life that have placed these unfortunates on the wrong lines, that have held them down in suffering and in disease. Let us go to our prisons and study the lives of the men and women confined there. Although we may pity them, yet we are horrified when we meet them. Is it not true we are horrified when we meet a man who has committed a crime, whose face is marked and disfigured by a passionate and selfish life? We do not then stop to think of his cradle time, we do not look back into his childhood and see what power it was that made that being what he now is, what power it was that has distorted his real nature. Is it not easy to see this power of disintegration in the mental and heart inertia that stultifies the Soul and keeps on adding to all the false conditions already existing?

Now, if we wish to work out the Higher Psychology — this remedial power — we have to look into these conditions in the most searching manner, and have also to ask ourselves to what extent have we been a part of them? How much are we ourselves responsible for them? And do you know, if we set about this on the ordinary lines, thinking ourselves to be merely mental machines, we may argue ourselves into the belief that we are quite free from responsibility for these crimes. "We never knew the people who have committed them," we shall say, "we know nothing whatever about them. We lived in another town, in another state; possibly even in another country."

We can easily do this from the ordinary standpoint, but if we will go a step higher and recognize that we are Souls, and that we are all part of the great Brotherhood of Humanity, then we shall feel our great responsibility, then we shall begin to study the true duties of life, and we shall be arrant cowards if we do not begin to work along new lines, thus creating a new order of life at this present time when the whole world and the whole of humanity is crying out for help.

Even in our own city, this beautiful San Diego, surrounded by all that is magnificent and inspiring in Nature, we hear of murders and of other crimes,

and it is quite a common thing here, to see on the street two or three young men in a state of intoxication, or a number of young girls who look as though they had never thought of anything except the giddy follies of life, training themselves on that line. Had I been working in this city as long as *some* of your clergymen have, I can assure you there would be fewer of these pernicious examples of evil.

Now right here let me say that these dreadful things could not exist if those whom we put in public positions did their whole duty. Pray, my good neighbors, remember that when I speak of some clergymen, I always accentuate the word "*some*", because I do know a few in this city and in other cities who are doing a good work for humanity.

I should like to see a continual pressure kept up in this city, until the people would unite with one main purpose: to undo the evils that now exist here, that thereby the evils of other cities might be undone, that wrong may be righted on true lines and so change the injustices and disharmonies which we see everywhere in the world today. My hardest task, when I get into touch with the wrong side of human life, is to remain composed and patient. Seeing, as I do, the simple remedy close at hand, it is then that I wish to lift a thousand voices to lessen the woes of humanity, of the whole race. I long to move this mighty wheel of effort in order to bring about the New Order of the Ages. I long to make each man feel that he is his brother's keeper and to realize that it would take but a little effort to make this nation the greatest in the world, and that all other nations would blend with it in spiritual endeavor, and we should have an International Humanity of Perfection.

I am often asked strange questions by public-spirited people, who are truly interested in the welfare of humanity. Yet if I were to answer all of them as I am expected to do, I should only bring about more confusion because I do not believe we can refashion old systems. We need new ones. But I hold that all teachers who are working for humanity can, at least in their own sections or among their own coteries, do something more practical on the lines of the New Order.

Now, in referring to the great question of Capital and Labor which has been near my heart for a long time, I know that, if I were to express my honest convictions I should add fire to the flame and that, until humanity better understands itself, I should only bring about more confusion. But there is one thought which has impressed itself upon my mind. It is that if the wealthy and the cultured, and there are many who are wealthy but who are not cultured, just as there are many who are cultured but who are not wealthy—if these classes would set to work and study the true economics of life, they could create a new and helpful force, they could set a new example in life which would modify all the existing relations between Capital and Labor. I believe if they would simplify their lives they would free themselves from the psychological wave of Mrs. Grundy, the despotism of public opinion, the intolerance of intellectualism and man-made conventionalism. If they would

begin to readjust home life and public life on the simple lines of right action, of economy and artistic beauty, this side of life might become a great educative force in the world, and the poor man who spends his life-blood in getting bread and butter—who even in this is under the power of Mrs. Grundy, inasmuch as he is forced to live along certain lines of appearance and custom—would find *a new secret in life* and in a short time we should begin to see a New Order in the humblest home; and it would be on a higher line, on a higher psychological Soul-basis. Working on these lines with those who aspire to do things soulfully, in a very short time we should see a change, we should see something new coming into the homes of the poor. There would indeed be a New Joy in Life and I know that there are thousands and thousands of wealthy men today who are waiting for just such an opportunity, and who would gladly work with the honest working classes whom we must acknowledge to be the bone and sinew of the nation.

If there is any man in the world I pity, it is the rich man who is not living the noble life. And here again I must move back from the outer world into the inner world and appeal to the women, the mothers and the daughters. Even if they have the will to be helpful they are often ignorant of the higher methods of true helpfulness. Their self-fashioned limitations prevent them from living the higher life. I hold that if the women of America, and for the moment I will leave out the women of all other nations, if the women of America would take up this work and believe themselves as looked to by suffering humanity to re-fashion and re-model human life, they could do it. They should commence in their homes, in the smallest departments of life, to work out a place of beauty and of peace—a place of joy, which would be a center of spiritual education, then the psychological waves of the Heart Doctrine would be so forceful and so great that husbands would give their support needed to accomplish this great work. With influences such as these they would gladly come into the simple, beautiful and educative atmosphere of home life, and they would realize at the same time that they have no longer to work so hard in the grind of life.

It is so simple and there are so many perplexing problems elsewhere that it is only necessary for the wives and mothers just to concentrate their minds on this effort to make the first step. I have seen it done in so many families. I am seeing it done on the Hill at Loma-land. It is there that the great ideals of human life are being worked out. It is there that the true economics of human life are being studied and applied, and where women and men are re-fashioning their lives for the New Order. It will take more than one, two, or three, more than a thousand, more than a million people to do this, but let me tell you that if out of this audience one-tenth part would go home a little touched, with my pleading so fixed in their minds that they could not get away from it, and would begin to readjust their home-life on these simple spiritual lines, there would be a new Home Psychology, a new force would go out through the streets, and through the highways and the by-

ways of the towns and all through the land, and then a new strength would come into this United States, and discord and unrest would lessen.

It would take more time than I have tonight to show you in word pictures the larger result of such efforts. How many families are there in this city that have never had a home-life, and how many in which that home-life has been jarred and almost broken by unhappiness and by death! If we were to get right down to the basis of things and enter into the quiet, private thought-lives of those who have thus gone on from day to day, especially the bread-winners, the men, we should find that there had been put upon them too many unnecessary responsibilities, not alone in their home lives but in their lives generally, because everything in human affairs is so much out of tune. Conditions are so false and unstable. Every moment some new demand is made which wears out the energy of the life and shortens it. And then comes sorrow. We find it too with the women and with the children, yet all these things, everything that comes in the line of sorrow, can be readjusted if we will it so. I tell you it is within the law for humanity to live on different lines. It is within the law that men and women should live to ripe old age and retain their vigor of youth. It is within the law that homes should be more beautiful and more sacred, and human lives more forceful, more spiritual, and that there should be happy, united families all through the land. Truly this glorious possibility is right at hand if we lift our eyes to higher ideals and reach out in simple efforts of brotherly love and helpfulness.

We boast that we Americans are the most practical people in the world, but we must acknowledge that there are many striking proofs of indifference and apathy among us. Yes, true feeling for the general good of humanity is often a dead letter in the hearts of some of our so-called reformers. All too often remedies are applied to public evils too late, not until hearts are aching, until death is near, until sorrows and disasters overwhelm us, do we act. We even wait until our President is assassinated! Surely we are aware of our country's danger, are we not?

What a picture it would be if the lives of even a few here tonight were to open up to our sight! O, how our hearts would ache!

To be sure there is unity and good-will and sympathy in the world, but there are mental conditions, due to the false education of the age, which hem in the minds of men so that even the greatest is blind to his own possibilities, blind to his higher nature, blind to the power he has to serve his fellows. I think that one of the real dangers to humanity is the fact that mankind has been taught for ages that men are born sinners. And it is this which has ingrained fear into mortals' minds all down the ages. Then, too, we have been taught the one life theory, with all its discouraging limitations, and so, instead of working right here, trustfully and hopefully for humanity we are actually directing our thought and energy and working toward a point in space. If the bricks in the churches had speech, at least one-half of them would tell you that they were placed there by supplicants who had asked the great God to

forgive them for their willful omissions, and to make smooth their way that they might more quickly reach that point in space, their heaven. Possibly the other half were put there by well-meaning men and women who thought they were doing their best but who were psychologized into the idea that they must build churches for the salvation of men.

Christ never built a church. He never told his disciples to build churches. He told them to make themselves living Temples of God. This he taught in the highways and in the by-ways and I believe, if he were here today, that he would say "My children, children of the One Father, turn your churches into institutions for the higher education of the masses. Make of them great educational centers for building up the physical and moral lives of men." And were this accomplished, I assure you that the Christos in every human heart would shine out, and then, truly, Christ would be among us.

Is it not plain to see that men have built a great barrier of their fears and of their sorrows? If we could only lift, lift, lift the weight of this false education that man was born in sin, that his life is limited to about one hundred years; if we could just lift men above the mental bondage of today, we could free them from the barren intellectualism of the age and thus establish a New Order of human life. Then their souls would begin to operate on the highest lines of noble service. Their minds would be removed from the influence of the fettering forces of the most subtle kind of lower psychology and joy would be in their hearts.

In considering other aspects of the present false education we have not far to look for striking examples. My mind dwells upon the recent assassination of the President of the United States, because the very heart of America was struck, and I know that in this case the lower Psychology was accentuated in one of the most pathetic tragedies of the age. And the man who assassinated the President declared that he acted upon the conviction of true independence. His one great cry was for what he called freedom and liberty, and, mistaken as he was in his ideas of what freedom and liberty were, if you will watch what was said and done, you may be certain that the man was absolutely convinced that he was doing the right thing. And why? Because he was psychologized. The real assassin was behind the scenes, actually putting the wicked thought into the plastic brain of the fanatic who was his victim. It is the psychology of present false education and a false idea of fancied liberty which is the curse of our age. This force is working in many corners of this country and I believe that we shall have more tragedies to grieve over. Probably we shall then be just a little too late, as we have been many times before, and that is the pity of it. Take the assassin of the President and go back into his life history. He had a religious education, and we all know what that was. Take the assassin of another President, President Garfield, and you reach another criminal, and note what excuse he made for his crime. That man too was convinced that he was doing the right thing. He too was psychologized. And if we could look behind the scenes we should find there too

the real assassin, the criminal hypnotist who psychologized his tool. *He* is probably alive today, and free. Take President Lincoln and his murderer, who with all his many mistakes in public life was said to be a good-hearted man, a man who was kind to the poor, who was known to have done very many noble acts. What do we find in his act? What did he say just before he struck at the heart of President Lincoln? He expressed the same mistaken ideas of liberty which were expressed by all the other assassins. He too was psychologized by other assassins who went unpunished. If we had the assassin of President Lincoln and the assassin of President Garfield, and if we had the assassin of the late President, and could step behind the scenes in their lives and back into their childhoods, we should probably find that their mothers were good, devoted women, but ignorant of the simplest laws which govern the mental and physical life—and their fathers equally ignorant.

Possibly, if we could trace the development of the natures of the assassins we should find the real cause in the little, uncorrected mistakes, the seemingly little habits which grew and grew until they became a part of their very natures. This may appear to some to be a far-fetched statement, but if you could go back to the real cause, it might be found in the indifferent or careless thought of the mother as to her responsibility during the pre-natal period of her child's life. Then you would learn that the sins and crimes of all ages were really commenced in the cradle.

It would be absurd for me to say that children are born in sin, but I do say that they are psychologized in weakness on the negative side of their natures even before their birth, by loving but unwise mothers, and later become an easy prey to evil doers.

Alas! it is too true that our so-called spiritual education is in many cases confined to an hour once a week—but one hour in seven days. How few of even our wisest and best women are there who feel it their highest obligation to separate themselves from their pleasurable household duties to train the spiritual will and energy of their children, so tied down are they by the false standards of home life. But when these children grow up to manhood and womanhood we are horrified to find the failure, the drunkard, the consumptive, the suicide or the criminal. These are not pleasant pictures but we should not shrink from them if we can learn a useful lesson and, through the knowledge gained, help to purify the coming generation.

What I am saying is not in the spirit of censure. Some, indeed are worthy of censure, but in the main these mistakes are due to the ignorance of the age. It is false education, this lower, so-called religious psychology on which we have been feeding for centuries that has, to a very large extent, brought about these serious conditions in human affairs. And so, with all my soul I would urge that every man and woman, even he who has lost faith in humanity, even the man who has lost faith in himself and is so much of a pessimist that he dare not think one week ahead in hope; to each of these I would say, "Look into the chambers of your Soul, for you truly are a Soul, find out the energy

and strength of your own manhood. Take time to think, not in the ordinary way, but deeply, within your inner being, and there you will find revealed the simple laws for the governing of a true and pure life. If we poor humans would only spend as much time in cultivating our higher natures as we do in feeding our selfish appetites, how great would be the result!

Have you ever counted the churches in this city? Do you realize that right within the shadow of these churches is poverty, misery and vice? It is true not only in this city but in all the cities of the world. Have you ever paused to consider why this is so? Is it not a fact that the simple truths of Christ, that man is his brother's keeper, and his injunction to love one another, have been obscured?

In the lives of many good people who attend the churches we can find the methods and the real essence of Soul-life, but it is held down by creeds and dogmas and has not the opportunity to fulfill its highest mission. Oh, if these good people, in their childhood, could have been taught the dignity of Soul-life, the glorious power of their divinity, they could, even in their first steps upward, have exemplified the higher psychology of the soul. Where now they are able to do but a limited amount of service in Christ's name, they could blot out much of the misery and sorrow at their doors.

If they had known their own souls, their own responsibility; if they had from the beginning cultivated their own higher natures, they could go back to the teachings of Christ, following his life, taking him as a companion, and today they would know their real mission.

Theosophy teaches that the quickest way to set about this work is to declare to humanity that it is divine; to say to each man, "There is soul-life in you and if you will to bring out that life, it will reveal to you these Truths. It will make clear every step you take. It will show you what is your duty, because at present, to a great extent, all humanity is working on lines of mistaken duty. Duty is misunderstood, in the same way as equity and justice, and if we could only free ourselves from the limitation of pre-conceived ideas which are riveted into our minds, we could move out into the free air of harmonious thought and action.

The things in which we believed yesterday, we should no longer believe in, and the false gods we have created in our home lives, in our commercial lives and in our national lives, would disappear in the presence of the new light.

My friends, let me tell you that you need not go to India or wait for the touch of a Swami's hand to give you that light. You would find it in yourselves, and inasmuch as your environments are all different and you are all evolved to different points of understanding, is it not evident that it would be unwise to establish a set rule of reformation?—but each one would naturally move along his own line of duty under the influence of his Soul-urge and in the light of his higher nature. In this way the real economics would be established, with the woman in her place, and the teacher in his place, and the preacher in his place, and the Theosophists in their places.

Comradeship

A Word About Student Life in Loma-Land

by Madeline



THE most beautiful feature of student life in Loma-land to those who have felt the utter loneliness of the world, often when surrounded by thousands, is the sincere comradeship which exists here. There is no sentimentality about it, there is no selfishness, no mere merchandising, it is friendship reduced to its lowest terms, which are primeval purity and simplicity.

When we think of what true comradeship really is, we see plainly that it alone furnishes a secure basis for the various institutions of the world. That they are not so based and grounded is proof, of itself, that a radical regulation is necessary. Let us think for a space on these lines, and arrive, if possible, at some conclusion.

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What the world most lacks today is true creative genius. If men are gods, "children of the Most High," as said Israel's prophet, then men are creators. Yet those who today have genuine creative power in any line, art, music, literature, invention, or organization, are so rare that we look upon them as curiosities. We say "This man is a genius," qualifying the words with an air of great uncertainty. We point to such an one with pride and feel honored when the Countess X. or Lady Y. invites us to meet him at dinner. And then we industriously hem in our children by false systems of education, to prevent, if possible, a similar catastrophe in their own

lives, this catastrophe of "genius," which might be defined as "the capacity to live in the higher, the godlike part of one's nature."

Those who know of the work done at the great Theosophical centre at Point Loma, are fully aware that the purpose of the Universal Brotherhood is to regenerate our institutions, our life. Its methods are radical; its aim is to make men free, to lead them to recognize the resourceful part of their natures, their own divinity, their own godhood, their own powers as creators of a higher life for humanity, a larger hope.

Yet the teachings of Universal Brotherhood are pre-eminently practical. They do not exist in the clouds, neither are the students nor humanity expected to subsist upon thin air. It is well-known that the world sets small store by ideals which are not practical.

Brotherhood may be a mere theory on Wall street or the Bourse; but it is a living, practical fact in Loma-land. Of it, comradeship is one expression. But what is comradeship? It is a something so rare in the life of humanity as a whole that even the word is not often used—which is fortunate, for it has so far been spared the ignominy of being mis-applied, and therefore, degraded.

The term ordinarily used instead is "friendship." But what is friendship, as the word goes? Too often it describes a mere sentiment which has no real basis, often a "debtor and creditor" relationship; and more often than we think, for we do not look beneath the surface as a rule, the "affection" is that of the human parasite for the thing upon which he feeds, the "affection" of the human vampire for his victim.

Rare indeed are the friendships that really pulsate with the life currents of the soul. In fact, so often are sacrifices made in the name of friendship destitute of the real spirit, that the word itself is somewhat irritating at times.

Are these sweeping statements? If you cavil, then explain to me the jealousies of the world. What means the "professional jealousy" so common among artists, musicians, *litterati*, even our scientists and reformers? What means the rivalry of the business world, the jealousies, the heart hunger, and guerrilla warfare of the social world? If all that goes by the name of friendship in the human life is the real thing, then why is human life so sterile?

When Carlyle said, "Produce! Produce! Even though it be but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of something, produce it, in God's name!" he appealed to the god in man, to the creative genius within him. When Plato said, "The good and wise seek to perpetuate themselves, not by children, but by good and noble deeds," he, too, recognized the god in man and the divine desire to bring something new into the world from that higher plane where dwelleth compassion and peace. The world today knows little about real comradeship. When we look for examples with which to point a moral or adorn a tale, we have to search the centuries and then take refuge in David and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias. What a commentary!

Yet the real comradeship of which the philosopher dreams, does exist in the world today on Loma Hill. And when men recognize this fact, then will

they strive to find the secret and possess themselves of the key. The secret is the pure life, the key is unselfish service, so simple that poor humanity will not believe it and thinks the secret to be something else.

Perhaps in this comradeship that exists between the students of Loma-land we find the main reason why life here is so much richer, so much more satisfactory, than life in the world. True comradeship brings something into life that was not there before. It produces something and the resultant is not simply A *plus* B, not simply A's knowledge of human nature added to B's capacity for service, not simply A's Latin *plus* B's Greek. Not at all. Rather must it be stated thus: A, reinforced and set afire by B, *plus* B, reinforced and set afire by A; total, an infinite something which cannot be perceived by the senses, nor limited by definition, nor expressed in words, save negatively. For the resultant is something that has never been in the lives of A and B before, but which, being added, makes their life fuller, richer and of much more use in the service of humanity. It cannot be measured or defined, for who can estimate results when a fire is cast into the earth, who can make an equation in terms of the future when something is set a-growing in the human heart?

True comradeship is the basis of the institutions of life. The shells that go by that name will one day, not far distant, crumble and break away. Then will humanity in its despair turn towards the Builders of Loma-land. And these students, who are friends and comrades in the truest sense will re-establish the institutions of life on a secure basis, on the rock of soul-life, and something will come into human existence that was not there before.

Life then will be no longer sterile, and hard, but full and pure and free—the matrix of a greater hope, a higher possibility, a larger life than ever existed before. THE NEW ORDER OF AGES is to be something more than merely a revival of ancient glory and ancient good, it implies the actual creation of something which life in ancient days did not possess.

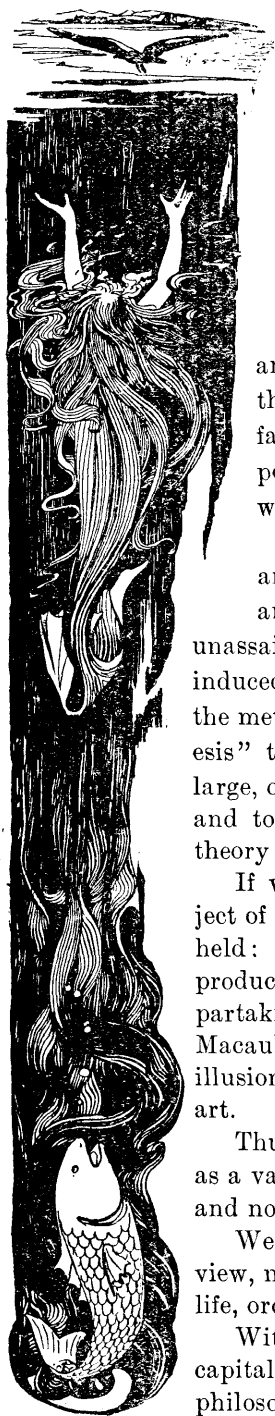
Life will be limpid, transparent, divine, when men shall live as comrades and as souls. For the comradeship that exists among the students in Loma-land is not a mere sentiment, nor an empty word. It is a potent force, actually creative of the power to carve new pathways to the regions of the soul, through that lightless, barriered jungle called human life.

The morning drum-call on my eager ear
Thrills unforgotten yet; the morning dew
Lies yet undried along my field of noon.
But now I pause at whiles in what I do,
And count the bell, and tremble lest I hear
(My work untrimmed) the sunset gun too soon.

—R. L. STEVENSON

The Philosophy of the Sublime

by H. T. E.



“THE Sublime” is a phrase that is applied to certain moods and to the objects that arouse them. These moods are temporary and evanescent, having no substantial and lasting relation with life as we know it. Hence they are by many relegated to the category of things fanciful and delusive, where they serve as ideals for the poet and artist and as will-o'-the-wisps to allure men with an occasional fitful gleam.

It is our present purpose to seek the cause, the nature and the import of these feelings of sublimity. They are common to all humanity, and should be treated as unassailable facts from which a philosophy may be safely induced. It behooves people living in a scientific age to use the methods of science; that is, to frame a “working hypothesis” to account for the facts before them; to confirm, enlarge, or reject that hypothesis in the light of further facts; and to consider it as established in default of any better theory offering itself.

If we examine the ideas of current thinkers on the subject of the sublime, we shall find the following theory largely held: that sublime ideas are artificial and delusive states produced in the mind, having no real relation with life, and partaking of the nature of intoxication. For example, take Macaulay’s definition of poetry as the art of producing an illusion upon the mind, and Tolstoy’s notions on music and art.

Thus, to put it concisely, this theory depicts the Sublime as a vain dream and an abnormality, ordinary life being real and normal.

We propose to offer as our working hypothesis the contrary view, namely, that the Sublime consists of glimpses of real life, ordinary life being abnormal, or rather, infranormal.

With regard to the former theory, we believe that it is a capital example of a great fallacy peculiar to all materialistic philosophy. This fallacy is the notion that there can be an

illusion without a corresponding reality, a shadow without a substance, a copy without an original. We believe that it is impossible for a man to conceive what cannot be, and that all conceptions and ideas represent actualities. The dreams and visions of a brighter, nobler life that all experience in rare moments, and that artists depict and poets sing, are not idle fancies representing non-existent and impossible things, but memories of what was, forecasts of what is to be, or visions of what elsewhere is.

We postulate, then, a real life, better, grander, happier than what is called normal life; and consider "the Sublime" as the fleeting and imperfect foretaste which now represents all that we can attain of that life.

But let us keep to facts and to the realities that alone can interest men, and not sail away into the realms of unapplied and inappreciable speculation. The one great fact from which there is no escape is the fact of one's own existence. Theorize as we may, speculate as to origins and ends, question God's justice—the *fact* remains that here we are and must live our life, willingly or unwillingly. Also, we know when we are happy, and when we are miserable; we like to be happy, we *must* be happy. Give a man a feeling of real happiness, and he will not ask for more, nor try to reason it away. It is a real fact that he has got and needs no propping up with arguments.

Now, it is a fact that the average life of man, as he is today, is not ideally happy or noble or wise or beautiful. And it is a fact that, in rare moments of inspiration we have tastes of a life that is all of these. If those glimpses could become full visions, and that fleeting life a permanent existence, we should be happy, and the saying, "Life is Joy," would pass from an ideal into an actuality, from a paradox into an axiom.

Man is only half alive. Occasionally he warms up for a moment into fuller life, but only to relapse into his customary dormancy. Can he be awakened? The answer in the affirmative forms the root-principle of Theosophy and the motive-power of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Man is a far grander and happier being than he knows, but he sleepeth. Let us awaken him!

All religions represent man as having fallen from a former glorified state into a state of ignorance and drudgery; but as destined to rise again to a state made yet more glorious by the added meed of toil and pain. This is what is symbolized by Eden, the Fall, and the Redemption—sacred emblem, revealed by every religion, by every priestcraft degraded into a dogma. Let us reinstate it as a symbol of man's origin, nature, and destiny.

The sacred fire once breathed into the clay still smolders in the breast of man, nor can any load of earth smother it. It urges him ever on toward the ideals enshrined in the heart-temple where it burns; and it will surely regenerate the whole being and become a glorious sun once more.

Man is still a "living Soul," despite his "coat of skin." That living Soul reveals itself in dreams of beauty and bliss, but the conditions of its shrine

and the turmoil of daily life soon smother the light. *The purpose of Theosophy and of the Universal Brotherhood Organization is to evoke the Soul of Man, to call it back to dwell in a shrine meet to receive it, and to make life on earth once more a joy.* Thus will "the Sublime" become a permanent reality.

How, then, can the lost Soul-Life be restored? By finding out the necessary conditions and providing them. For no power can manifest itself unless the proper conditions are observed. Electricity cannot be had where damp reigns and rust clogs. Music cannot be evoked by broken strings. The Soul cannot shine, nor flash, nor resound amid a chaos of human emotions and a conflict of hearts. The analogy of the orchestra will serve us best. The condition for the manifestation of Soul is *Harmony*. For the very breath and being of the Soul is Music. As various tones blended yield entrancing harmony, so various hearts blended in accord yield that sublime harmony of being that is the true Life of Joy.

Brotherhood is the known watch-word of Theosophy; but, for Brotherhood, Theosophy has a motive that is more inspiring than the customary incentives. We are to blend our interests and subordinate our jarring personal notes—not merely that all may eat a fair share of bread and butter and work three hours a day, not because Jesus said so, or because it is right—but that the Soul may be evoked, that man may live.

But men have lost the key to harmony; they do not know how so to blend their aspirations and doings as to evoke Soul-Music. Their attempts at harmony are blundering, and often a mere repetition of their customary personal and disunited action. Again taking the symbol of the orchestra, we may illustrate men's strivings after harmony thus: They all try to play the same tune on the same instrument. They exchange instruments, you playing my fiddle for me, and I relieving you of your duties with the flute. They try to arrange conditions under which each man may play his own tune uninterfered with by the rest. All these mistaken methods are capable of yielding some variety of noise, but not harmony.

To produce harmony in an orchestra, each player must have in mind the tune that is being rendered, and must have an attentive ear to the general effect. The performers do not try merely to keep together, but they all strive after a common result. Also it is well that they should have a conductor to mark time and supervise with his watchful ear the general result.

So, in the co-operation of our lives, we must have a common aim to bind us together. Mere attempts to co-operate for the sake of co-operation, are insufficient. A group of workers all anxious to finish a piece of work will co-operate better and yield better and quicker results than a body of men whose only object is to work together without regard to the end.

The chief cause of the failure to achieve brotherhood is this lack of a common goal of aspiration. If each man strove to evoke the Soul, then all would be blended in their common striving. Again, there must be the aspiration after something higher than what is. If the aim is mere bread and butter

and peace and plenty, then there will be a leveling down rather than a leveling up, and we shall have a typical social Utopia of dreary monotone.

The Sublime is too vast and expansive to be cultivated by a single mind and a single heart. The recluse, the solitary student, the sequestered poet, be they ever so ethereal and ecstatic, will never achieve the sublime. They will achieve a narrow form of intoxication which will not fit the needs of other people, and they will be ignored or laughed at. The Soul needs a Temple built of many hearts, and an organ in which each life is a separate tone.

Music is not the jarring of dissonant sounds, nor the unison of many identical tones; it is the blending of diverse but consonant notes. Soul-music is evoked by the accord of diverse but sympathetic hearts.

The presence of soul-music can be known by the joy and sublimity it breathes. For, as grand music is to noise, so is the true Soul-life to the clashing life of the modern world.

Are we not weary of a life that is a monotony, when not a burden; where pleasures first warm, then burn, then poison; where people cannot move without treading upon each other's toes; where aspiration and speculation lead to vast, inapplicable philosophies and whole libraries of word-books; where poetry is material for critics, and art copies the antique, or slavishly depicts the outer crust of nature; where everything ends in nothing?

How hard we have striven, by shutting ourselves up with our books and our dreams, to blot out the jarring world and conjure up some sweet breath of that fragrant and invigorative air that the ancients breathed in the days when their Soul-life took form in those buildings and symbols that now you pore over in helpless wonder. *Our* life expresses itself in sky-scrapers and factory chimneys, and can only copy and burlesque the art of others greater than we.

Strive, then, no more to ape the emblems of the spirit that was, but evoke anew that spirit in modern life. Seek the "Sublime." We are all sick to death of the vulgarity, pettiness, paltriness and precision of modern ideas. Let us breast the wave of generous reaction and revolt against the mean and narrow life of selfish care. True life laughs at death and change; these are but incidents; the Soul wills all happenings for the purposes of its own experience; it is superior to all and can outlive all obstacles and shine down all clouds. Let us throw off the sordid sentiments that have poisoned our very gospels and turned the sublime truth of the Union of Souls into a servile meekness or a noisome itching to do somebody else's duty. Let us blend our hearts and bring back to earth the lost *Soul-music*.

Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and impels us for a moment to gaze into it.—CARLYLE

It will be in and through music that human thought will be carried beyond the point it has hitherto reached.—J. H. SHORRHOUSE

The Voice of the XXth Century*

by Herbert Coryn



A NEARING of men to each other's hearts—is not that an increasing characteristic as the years go by? It is evident that the XXth century is going to be a time entirely distinct from the now dead XIXth century.

The XIXth century has left us a legacy of full-blown evil which is rapidly becoming unsupportable; but lying hid amid its rank weeds are the seeds of things infinitely grander.

Men are not accustomed to watch themselves; if they were, they would feel that they were in an utterly different atmosphere to that which prevailed ten or twenty years ago. It can be more clearly got at by thinking of the corresponding period to our own in the lives of our fathers and mothers.

In those we are associated with, we are more and more frequently conscious of the *man* behind the *person*, the heart within the outer make-up of habit. The "Voice of the XXth Century" is an appeal from man to the Law and to his fellow-man for more of this heart-touch.

There are external signs of this nearing of soul and soul, and they can be read by those who will look intelligently upon life. We all have intelligence enough to understand anything, if we will but use it, and break through the fear of being thought to be lunatics.

Look at the trend of scientific inventions; and let us in studying them take as a key the idea that these inventions do not occur casually; and that they are not only a response to human material needs, but are the outer representatives and symbols of something corresponding to them going on in men's *consciousness*.

This present may be called the "age of electricity," just as the last was perhaps the "age of steam," where steam took the place of horse-power.

* An address given under the auspices of the Aryan Theosophical Society in Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Cal., Feb. 16, 1902.

What are called "ages" move quickly now. I think that these "ages" marked respectively by the use of horse-power, of steam, and of electricity, are just as really definite epochs as the "stone," "bronze," and "iron ages" of the anthropologist. But *those* ages took thousands of years to go by; *these* ages take but decades. The rush of the evolution of humanity is a hundred and a thousand fold quicker than in the past.

But what are we doing with steam and electricity? Are we not using them to get closer to each other? The ever quickening railway trains link state to state and country to country as never before in human history; the ships, speedier day by day, link continent to continent; telegraph and telephone almost destroy distance; and now both these bid fair to need but two instruments—for reception and transmission—linked only by a path in the ether, instead of by a thousand miles of laborious wire.

So we are brought nearer to each other. And the inventions in electricity that enable us to transmit our thoughts in a moment are the outer symbols of an inner evolution by which in these later days the minds of men are more and more closely linked. There is a unification of minds and hearts, and a yearning for it, which has shown itself in such universally and divinely based occurrences as the Hague Peace Conference, the Chicago Parliament of Religions, amicable conferences between diverse religious bodies to agree upon the points of community, and the fading out of the hard lines of political party.

As it were, mechanically, trade is showing us the white flag of promise that foretells the ultimate destruction of war. So the voice of the XXth century calls us to prepare forever closer and closer union of minds and hearts, to keep the Light of Brotherhood burning, that we may be with and not against the *Power of the Ages* now coming forth to a new conquest. The experiences of men shall soon be a common stock of knowledge; great minds that have carried their light into the dark fields of the unknown and found there the answering Light of Being, will, by the mere fact of the new universal receptiveness involuntarily communicate their joy to all peoples; and so, to the people, a mere word will open out the vistas and break up the walls that have hedged in their comprehension. We shall not feel that the dead are dead; our new attitude, and the thinning veil, will make the way easy for the dead back again, and quickly, into reincarnation amongst us. We shall say that the departed comrade is but refreshing himself ere he takes a new garment of flesh.

All this is the promise of our growing unity. Humanity is drawn up at the doorway of new things; but as yet it has its back to the light thence streaming. It will not go to its heart, the place of strength, the place of the light of hope. What is *known* in the heart is what is *hoped* in the mind. And the mind is the selfish; the heart the universal. Men feel in their hearts the stir of the *universal* promise, the movement of the wings of the *universal* spring-time. Their minds answer to it, without understanding the universality of the thing. We dwarf it into the hope that some great or pleasing thing may be about to happen to us *individually*, in the mere outer affairs of our personal lives.

But the "Voice of the XXth Century" is the urge to forget, when that heart-stir of hope comes, the affairs of the personal life—for a moment—and to go out, on the wings of the heart, over all peoples and countries, in the thought: "*together* will we rise into the light, as *together* we have been so long in the dark." If we do not do that, we shall find, when *no* change comes over the affairs of personal life, a worse hopelessness than ever. Hope, if it is not shared with humanity, becomes black despair. If it *is* shared, by the outgoing of thought, it becomes a steady light which, though it does not change the affairs of our personal lives, irradiates one and all of them, throughout the day, with joy.

At the close of the XVIIIth century, a universal hope of a better day for humanity went quivering along the hearts of all nations; and there was a sudden chance. But the force that might have brought about a new birth and a universal joy was seized and twisted in craft and ambition; a few turned to their own ends a force that might have freed mankind; and the night closed in again. The new force that had entered men's lives and minds from the Universal Heart was expended in two ways: first, as the passion of bloodshed; second, as the force that gave the new and mighty birth to science that has occurred in the last one hundred years.

Now the wave has returned to the charge. Again the train is laid; again men's hearts are ready. The divine thrill is coming as it came a hundred years ago. It was not then all wasted; *it brought a nation into being under Washington*. That was worth doing; if the men of that nation will now become like the great, unselfish patriots of that time, there will be recompense for all that the world suffered a hundred years ago. Then this nation may pass unharmed through the temptation of selfishness, and may be fitly symbolized by the white Goddess of Liberty, protectress of the mounting destinies of *all human life*; not a Goddess of Peace, but holding in one hand the light of hope and in the other a drawn sword. It is only later, when her work is further advanced, that she shall be permitted to transform herself into the winged Goddess of Peace, olive-crowned and palm-bearing.

It is well for us to be prepared for all that may come. High buildings do not fall silently or crumble neatly into invisibility. If there is an Angel of Light abroad, there is one of Darkness. Past will rise up and contend against future. The great armed forces of the old nations are the physical equivalents and symbols of individualizing selfishness, and national grasp and exclusion. This is coming everywhere to a head. When the explosion point comes, will the lovers of human liberty, those who have seen the light beyond the clouds, do as they did before—lose heart, say there is no hope for humanity, withdraw their message, shrink into relative extinction, and leave the field once more to the Old Order and its exponents? Because of that, last century, when the confusion passed, when men were tired of bloodshed, cried out for peace, and were ready for the message, they were shown no new way, and almost the Old Order settled down again about their lives. Those who love humanity will see to it, whatever comes, whatever the crash, that a new

way is opened beyond the smoke; they will keep alive the hope in their hearts, keep sending it out in their words and thoughts; and then, when the moment of expectant silence comes, they will send their message throughout all nations. And so it will be heard, and no effort will be counted as expended in vain.

Most men, when they see anything falling, are inclined to say: "Now nothing is left standing." They should say: "Now a way is opened for something greater, which is surely coming." A Professor Pearson says: "The Bible is not infallible; its stories are myths, and its miracles impossible." He voices the tendency of the times in religious matters for the last fifty years. Then the religious world is shaken, and cries out that if this man makes his words heard, the foundations of religion will be swept away from mankind. So they attack Pearson and all Pearsons, and there is much smoke of battle. But the truth will come forth the clearer. Men will stand back from the conflict, not caring which side prevails, for they will presently feel a new thing, a Light of which Christianity is one expression and another creed another, and of which the highest and last has not yet been said. Even if the Bible decayed and were no more read, the religious spirit would be untouched.

Did not Christ say: "My peace I leave with you," and: "I am with you always, even unto the world's end?" Did he not promise to leave in the world "The Comforter?" True Christianity cannot be killed, nor is it within the covers of a book. It is consciousness of the presence of the world-Christ, and of the indwelling heart-Christ of the individual. If a man has not within himself a consciousness of the possibilities and containment of life, no book can give it to him. At best, books awaken man to what is already within him. This consciousness is one that in this XXth century will grow and grow, till by the XXIst it will be an assured certainty, manifested in a new light in men's eyes, a new pulsation of joy in all hearts. It will grow clearer and clearer till sickness and death cannot touch it. At last death will be seen to be but a slipping off of the veil of flesh, and a *clearing* instead of a *darkening* of consciousness. The gates of death and rebirth will be passed without a jar, and men will know themselves as eternal children of life, forever learning and growing, and now about to enter upon the delayed heritage of joy. It is not in the scheme of nature that death should be more difficult or painful or shadowed, than the gentle pathway of sleep.

Katherine Tingley has spoken more than once of the ways in which men and women are psychologized, and psychologize themselves. No scientific training rids us of this tendency and its effects. If we all got rid of the ideas with which we are now psychologically infected, we should suddenly feel like Rip Van Winkle when he awoke. You may remember that one of Artemus Ward's heroes languished in a hideous dungeon for fifteen long and weary years. At last a brilliant idea struck him. *He raised the window and got out!* I think that some time in the XXth century mankind will raise their eyes and see the window and get out. Our self-psychology prevents us from realizing the tremendous acceleration in its evolution that the consciousness of

humanity has undergone in the last hundred years; from realizing that the acceleration is continuing; and from realizing how entirely and instantly our destinies are in our own hands. We read and hear of evolution, and a picture arises in our minds of a path ages of ages in length through which humanity has crawled up to its present point from savagery. But suppose we have been hypnotized or psychologized by a word, and that evolution in that sense *never was a fact at all*. Do the facts show this ascent from savagery? As we go back through history, through Greece, Phœnicia, Assyria, Chaldea and other of the great Eastern civilizations, do we not find mankind pretty much as now; the same loves, hates, wars, preparations for wars; letters, arts, philosophy, music? The oldest of all that the twilight of history records in its own way is that of almost prehistoric Egypt. They had all that we have, and maybe some sciences we have not. Probably behind that again come some entirely prehistoric civilizations here in America; and the more we know of these the more astonished are we at their perfection. It is true that there is a chain of links, representing stages right back to savagery; but it is equally reasonable to suppose that these are not *rudiments*, but degenerate *remnants*. Among the Indians of this country, and other peoples called savage, we find systems of religion and philosophy that look far more like *degenerate remains* than childlike *germs*. And among all nations and peoples is the tradition that mankind has *fallen*, not risen; and that there was once a Golden Age upon earth. In that view the ages intervening between then and now represent the ups and downs of a struggling world fighting its way to the Light again; now partially succeeding, now failing, but always rising to a renewed attempt, led partly by its unvoiced memory taking form as aspiration; and partly by that unbreaking thread in the hands of the wise who have *not* forgotten, and who eternally try to show man the path he has lost.

Theosophy teaches that if we disengage ourselves from the hypnotic weight of the current ideas about evolution, we shall see that *that* picture represents the truth, *not* the other called scientific. And if we have once reached that new conception, we can see the possibility that the bridge between all humanity and the Light it has lost may be passed in a moment: as a man who has been the victim of a brain injury and wandered for weeks in total forgetfulness of his past may in a moment regain his memory and take up again the thread of his life: or as a man who wakes from a narcotic may look back at his late dream pictures, horrible and fantastic, and see that all the time they were but illusions, and that about him all the time was the sweet sunlight and the flower-laden winds. Nay, that latter is the more correct analogy. For the *soul* was never out of the sunlight. And the whirl of the past fifty years suggests that the moment of awakening is at hand. It seems to come sometimes to those who are dying; it seems sometimes to cling still about those just born.

Ideas are hereditary. We imprint our hopelessness upon our children; we stamp on them the feeling that they are but what they seem, limited to pretty much what the generations before have been. Do we try the opposite? Does

the mother hold herself in the mental attitude that the child who is coming is a soul of life, *life itself* in little; that that which is life never can have been death or not life; that it came out of that far shining past, and need not so utterly, as did she, forget at birth the life beautiful that it has revisited. What she thinks of it, confiding in the Divine Law, it will in its earliest thoughts think of itself: and if she merely thinks of it as a little form of sentient flesh, so will it act and think. For though all of us are souls, children of life and light, yet we come into the world weighted about by the psychologizing thought of ages, focused for us by our parents. Free in the upper worlds, we are hedged about in flesh, and we have not power enough in our fears and doubts, to break through. Yet that which takes away the power is the *suggestion* that is in the atmosphere of human thought about us.

Now let us be doing. In the spring of every year, when the sap is rising, and the life-thrill is in all the earth, the body of man feels it; unbuilds and rebuilds itself; its thought goes quicker with the pulsating nerve and cell. Let us, in the freedom of this pulse of spring, think new thoughts into the new cells that are forming. Let us transmute our rising life-tide into spiritual life, the life of hope, and, instead of claiming and absorbing that hope into the personal, think it out over all humanity. Then no disappointment can come; the shadows of the falling year cannot affect us; we are becoming positive to and repellant of all that tends to stultify the efforts of humanity; we are becoming lights in the dark, and, without knowing it, all men will be sustained in their moments of casual hope, helped in their hours and years of darkness. And when our own turn comes to face the momentarily dark gateways of death, we shall have become inaccessible to the shadows about it. We shall know ourselves as Sons of Light and Life. The spring of the years, and the morning of days, are times when thought is vivid, and we can build what we will. But for the children, all childhood is morning and spring, and we can help them so that autumns and dark nights scarce touch them or impair their certainty of hope.

To accept no hope *for ourselves* merely, but to think of it as a promise *for all*, that is the only way to bring it home into our lives. Everyone who does this is a cloud-scatterer; together they make a force which at some moment will break through the psychologic darkness and hopelessness of ages, and make men suddenly look up and say: "We have suffered enough; man's hand has been long enough raised against man; we will forthwith make a morning and a spring that shall endure forever. Unbrotherhood is the root of all pain; let pain pass, with its cause. Pain and release from it rest with us alone."

And that is in part the message of the "Voice of the XXth Century." You can hear it uttered in the still night, and in the pregnant hour ere the dawn, and on days that seem a little nearer than others to the Divine. It is a message of divine hope, but it calls upon all who hear it, and do not doubt what they have heard, to arise and proclaim it, that the nations may see a light in the darkness through which they have to pass.

Our Duty

from *the* Theosophical Standpoint

by T. W. Willans*



THEOSOPHY brings to us the Truth: and, from the Theosophical stand-point our duty is to live a life of unselfish devotion to the welfare of all. And our whole duty is not accomplished until we live to benefit mankind and all creatures, so making Universal Brotherhood a living power in our lives.

Is not this ideal, held before us and lived by the Great Helpers of humanity, the Saviors of the World, the true one for all Souls? How perfectly and grandly it was expressed by Kwan-Yin in ancient China!

Never will I seek nor receive private individual salvation: never enter into final peace alone, but forever and everywhere, will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout the world.

Theosophy teaches how this can be done; how, step by step, we can reach the perfect heights of true Divinity and accomplish the command of Jesus, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is Perfect." As sons of God it is our duty to take up this noble work and join in unity of aim and action *with those who are living this true life*, the Godlike souls of every race and nation. This is our "Father's business" which, when accomplished, will make *His will* "be done upon earth, as it is in heaven," and which soars far above the petty bonds of race and creed.

If we really desire to be unselfish, and to help remove the misery and ignorance now existing in human life, we can do so. Every one can help. No circumstance, no difficulties, no apparent lack of ability can prevent any one from making *the beginning*; from taking the first step to reach, in the end, the perfect heights of pure devotion, sublime compassion and Godlike helpfulness.

Theosophy is the teaching of *Right Action*, "*the quintessence of duty*" as the Teacher says. No one can be a *Theosophist* who does not live the truth he believes. More surely than in any other teaching is it true of Theosophy, that "*by their fruits shall they be known.*"

Our first Great Teacher and Leader, H. P. Blavatsky, said:

Theosophy leads to action—enforced action, instead of mere intention and talk.

In reply to a question on Duty she said:

If you ask me how *we* understand Theosophical duty, practically and in view of Karma, I may answer you that our duty is to drink without murmur to the last drop, whatever contents the cup of life may have in store for us, to pluck the roses of life only for

* Address delivered at a Public Meeting, Sydney, N. S. W., December 1, 1901

the fragrance they may shed on others, and to be ourselves content with the thorns, if that fragrance cannot be enjoyed without depriving some one else of it. . . . The profession of a truth is not yet the enactment of it, and the more loudly virtue, or duty is talked about instead of being *acted upon*, the more forcibly it will always remind one of the Dead Sea fruit.

This teaching is that of uncompromising altruism, without any excuse whatever. It is a recognition of, and an implicit reliance on, the absolute Justice of the Law of Life—Karma—that no possible thing can happen to us, that is not justly our due, that we reap exactly as we sow, no more and no less.

This sowing may have been in the long past, in one or other of our many lives on earth, or it may have been the result of our action only the hour before. No matter when or where it was done, every experience is absolutely the just effect of a previous cause set in motion by ourselves. That everything that happens is by Law and is justly our due, as the result of our own past deeds, good and bad—save in the case of those great souls who voluntarily assume part of the World's load of pain and sorrow and thus lay themselves open to the shafts of the enemies of progress—does not mean that no one can do an injustice to us, for such is unfortunately very common. Such a person may only be a factor, a secondary cause, a Karmic agent but the original cause can be traced home to ourselves, to our own acts. So when we trace back this unjust act to its origin, just as we may trace a stream back to its source, we would find it commenced in a mountain of folly or perhaps one single act of our own of exactly the same kind as was dealt out to us by this karmic agent.

And so the Teacher truly says it is "our duty to drink without a murmur to the last drop whatever contents the cup of life may have in store for us," for in so doing we are paying off old debts or gathering in the result of a good harvest.

When this wonderful truth is known, and it *can be known* when we practically study it by *living* experience; and when we resolutely set to work with "Nature's changeless laws" till we harmonize our whole life with its mighty purpose of Perfection, by its means of love and wisdom—then the bitterness of life will leave us, and its *joy* be known. Surely, did all men know this, they would arouse themselves to heroic acts of unselfish devotion for the welfare of others, emulating the deeds of old; ay! and of the Master Souls of all time, and today we have the example of our Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and our present Teacher, who, like all the great Teachers of the world, have been maligned and persecuted by the heartless enemies of the Race.

It is part of our most honorable duty as Theosophists never to permit without protest, any evil to be spoken of a worthy brother and Helper of the Race. Such action would commend itself to all honorable men, between man and man, but a thousand times more is it our bounden duty to protest, when such malicious falsehoods are circulated in order to injure the *selfless* work of the "Friends of all Creatures:" and so *keep the people away* from the benefits of

their companionship and priceless spiritual and practical Teaching which, when followed, will remove untold misery from their lives.

We, as Theosophists, know these things to be true; and we will go on with our work, in action, and proclamation, until the whole world *rings* with the Truth, that Theosophy is the power that will redeem the Race and bring Joy and Liberation to the lives of all. Being the key to the Problem of Life, it will, as it is lived, solve one by one all its mysteries; until at last the Sublime Ideal is reached when each, with the full power and beauty of the Soul, will live for all, in the perfect harmony and peace of Universal Brotherhood.

The Purpose of Theosophy

by A. A. Smith



THE purpose of Theosophy is to put forth and make known to the world the eternal and fundamental truths and principles according to which the Universe, the worlds therein, and the peoples thereon, live, move, and have their being. Theosophy as the word implies is the "wisdom about God for those who believe he is all things and in all, and wisdom about nature for the man who believes with the Psalmist that God cannot be measured or discovered, that darkness is around his pavilion."

Theosophy investigates every department of nature and man, whether visible or invisible, and proclaims the laws which govern such departments, be they physical, astral, moral, intellectual, or spiritual. Theosophy declares man to be an immortal soul clothed with a physical body in order to go through its evolutionary journey, which is an awakening and unfolding of its powers, till he ultimately stands as a perfect being—a Christ or a Buddha.

There is then a double line of evolution within us, a material and a spiritual. Nature, including our physical nature, exists for the Soul's experience and the reign of law is seen and justice made understandable by the cyclic return of the Soul in what is termed Reincarnation. For by the universal law known as Karma, whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap—the seed sown in one life will bring its harvest of results in the next or some subsequent life. If Theosophy made known only these laws of Reincarnation and Karma its purpose would indeed be great. For with Reincarnation a man can perceive how great he can be, what he can do, know and be, with life after life to achieve in; and the law of Karma shows how he is rewarded for meritorious efforts and deeds, and corrected for erroneous acts, all being an adjustment of his progress to the progress of all.

The study of these twin laws soon arouses the belief that there is no such thing as separateness, that we are all "parts of one harmonious whole, whose body Nature is and God the soul," and that being so we cannot live for ourselves alone. Our life, thoughts and acts hinder or aid the life and progress of the race to which we belong. Our true progress is dependent on our interdependence, and brotherhood becomes a manifest fact. To live to benefit mankind is true brotherhood, and he who so lives gives a secret sympathy from his heart which strengthens and encourages others to live nobly and bear bravely the trials of life. It is a knowledge of the glorious truths which Theosophy proclaims that shows us the possibility of living such a life, and the certainty that it can be done, as well as the power and joy that must be ours by so living. "Love one another" said Jesus: "Live for sake of others" says the Teacher of the present day.

A little quiet thought on these statements will discover to each of us the true purpose of Theosophy. It reveals that we are something permanent and godlike in our real natures, in other words that we are Souls; that, of our dual nature, the outer impermanent should be mastered ruled and guided by the aroused and awakened Soul; that such awakening is our destiny, and that we can assuredly assist such awakening of our Soul by persistent efforts to think, work and live at our highest and best. Also that such a result achieved will reveal our Soul powers and make known to ourselves our past existences, our present duties and our future objects of attainment. Once we realize that we are immortal and divine—Souls that always have been and will never cease to be—we shall live in conscious knowledge of our power to overcome all obstacles and to be a tower of strength and help to all that lives.

This is our birth-right as Souls. But to win this Soul-birth we, each for himself, must resolve to devote himself and his efforts in the cause of all, till the divine force within germinates, expands and ultimately bursts the corporeal fetters, and we stand as flower-born Souls. A start has to be made and sooner rather than later is best—and the first resolution made to live for the benefit of all is the beginning of the force which will ultimately purify our outer natures. We grow from within outwards, and step by step we see clearer and walk firmer towards the point where the truth and joy of life shall be ours.

But above all we must *do the deed if we would know the doctrine*. Papers read and lectures listened to are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, unless we try to make what we understand thereby a living power and guiding principle in our lives. By so doing we shall eliminate misconceptions and drive out the bogey of fear and superstition and get clearer views of what is right and true, beautiful and good.

To help us to realize all this is the sacred purpose of Theosophy. Day by day its power is being felt and responded to and hearts are recognizing all the world over that the life beautiful, the life joyful, the golden age is at hand. May we too wake up and not be the last to work for and welcome its coming!

“Work and Art”

by H. B. M.



TO most people Work and Art are opposites. The majority seem to think that work is something disagreeable, something we don't like to do, but are compelled to do in order to live; while art is pastime and that those who spend their time and give their lives to it, do not work, or at least to any great degree. This conception is based upon an erroneous idea of life, which arises in a large measure from false methods of education.

The first aim of *modern* so-called education is to find and educate the money-getting faculty, and if there be any time and inclination afterward, it may be spent in acquiring a knowledge of what is said to be one of the arts. These views are wrong and superficial, showing lack of insight into the purpose of existence, and of the nature of the Soul—in fact the latter is scarcely recognized.

To associate work and art is in most people's minds a strange contradiction, yet I am going to try and show that the artist is the truer workman, and that the future true workman will be also an artist; for what is work but the fulfillment and accomplishment of that which is necessary to the body, mind and soul. And is not art the expression, in the world of form, of the soul's ideals, which can alone be accomplished by work?

It has always seemed strange to me that we all permit ourselves to live in such ugly surroundings. It would be just as easy to have everything beautiful with not a bit more effort, nor expense, but the majority see no need of it, are in too great a rush after the almighty dollar, or have no sense of beauty, of symmetry, nor of grace.

Again, why is it so hard, so disagreeable, to labor, why does a great groan go up to heaven each morning as the toiler arises to enter his daily routine; is it not because he has the semi-consciousness of being a piece in a great human machine, a mechanical, soulless thing? And what a sigh of relief goes up each night when the day's work is done!

Why is this? Do the birds and beasts of the forest groan in the morning and sigh at night? No indeed! The morning air is filled with songs of joy and freedom by bird and insect, a morning hymn of praise; and at eventide an anthem of thanksgiving fills the listener with reverent peace, for it is a prayer from Nature, thankful for a day of joyousness, yet the day has been a busy one, spent in food-seeking and nest-building and in song.

Man alone, endowed with mind, the power to think, is sorrowful, weary and oppressed. It is because he does not live according to his higher nature,

because he has lost the power to live as a Soul, because in his ignorance he is a self-seeker.

If we look around in the world we find that of work there is in almost every case either too much or too little; some have more than their due and are slaves, others have none and are beggars. Both conditions are undesirable, yet under the present mode of life seem unavoidable. In modern Art there is much accomplished, much painting and sculpture, many expensive works of architecture and much beautiful music, yet one feels the lack of the fitness of things; most of our art is like a beautiful flower without scent, it is disappointing. Our statues are sculptured as perfect in form and detail as the originals; our fine architectural works are copies in column and cornice and general form of those immortal ancient ones; beautiful paintings, in exquisite color, are plentiful; and music, sweet and melodious, resounds from concert room and theater. Yet there is an absence of something unexplainable. Where lies the secret of lack of power to inspire the beholder or the listener? The reason is ignorance—willful ignorance of the divine nature—for all could know better, and back of ignorance is selfishness, cold intellect, calculating, imitative, commercial, external.

Work is "work" in the sense of drudgery because it is the demand of the intellect, endeavoring to accumulate unto itself, to fill to overflowing all the objects of the senses. It enslaves the bodies and minds of others for its own gratification. It dominates art and artists and makes of that which should be divine a slave, capricious and purposeless, imitating and copying the past, or when original, perverted, partaking of the fantastic, so-called realistic, the sensual and the unnatural.

Modern life in all its departments lacks soul; yet how can it be different until the power of the Soul is recognized? For a thing to be possible it must first be recognized as having possibility. Work and art are co-laborers and should never be separated, as they are today in the minds of most men in their recognized relations.

The artist works in the true sense but the average workman is not an artist and does not strive to produce a work of art. The artist is the truer workman because he does in a measure work from the Soul, though too often unconsciously, and the *true* artist, he who loves his art above everything, never finds drudgery in his work. It is a joy, a constant delight. As his creation grows the intensity and pleasure grow with it; the only sorrow is the knowledge of the lack of power to reproduce the perfect mental ideal in the world of form.

The first step necessary for the artist is the recognition of the Soul of things, his own first, then its unity with all. And the true workman must also first recognize this power of the Soul, and then, as does the artist, recognize the possibility of expressing it in his endeavors.

The ancient Greek made everything he touched beautiful, not by intricacies or by elaborations, but by simplicity. The Soul demands simplicity but

the intellect the intricate. The simplicity of the Soul is incomprehensible to the intellect—unless the latter become the truthful reflector of its rightful master, the Soul. The intellect by itself ever looks for strange and impossible meanings, for its creations are of that nature, seeking to mystify, and thus it fails to find the depth of true meaning in the simple creations of the Soul.

The Soul dwells within, unpretentious, but the Intellect lives on the surface and covers every available spot with its imaginings. The Soul shining in the heart of the artist-workman, sees unity and purpose in all things; neither work of hand nor mind stands alone, but is always a part in a perfect whole.

All artist-workmen see the perfect whole design, complete in their own divine natures; each sees where his part fills out that which would otherwise be incomplete, knowing that each portion, even though it be but a single line, a single note, a single color or ornament, is of as much importance as is any other portion, though that other be greater in magnitude, requiring greater skill. How great a work of art would be were it the product of a workman filled with this idea of perfection, of the unity and soul in all! And is not this the secret of all immortal works; is it not the "Soul," still existent in the now crumbling and ancient forms, which makes the modern artist in plastic art seek to imitate the ancients?

Why do we find everywhere the desire to imitate the Antique? Is it not because we unconsciously recognize the Soul-born power still living there but fail to realize it, and thus fall into the error of producing a form without a Soul, and then we wonder, when complete, and as perfect in every detail as the original, why it lacks equal power.

O ignorant man! Seek in thy Soul for the Ideal form and clothe it; then will the power and the glory of the Ideal shine through, illuminating the grosser outward shape, and the beholder will feel that Soul-born power and his own Soul will respond thereto.

Work and art must each contain the other, then beauty and joy will result. When Art and Beauty enter the work-a-day world, it will no longer be a world of drudgery, but one of joyousness. It will add to the unconscious joy and freedom of bird and insect the self-conscious knowledge of the Universal Law of Brotherhood. The morning, the noon and night will be only outward signs of the material world's rhythmic activity, but in the Heart where resides the Soul, eternal day will reign supreme.

As the workman comes to recognize his own nobility and the nobility of whatever life calls him to do, as he comes to recognize that he is divine and that true work is the fulfillment of the higher law, he will find a new meaning in life. When we all, as true laborers in our Father's vineyard, seek within for the light that alone can guide us, and thus seeking see the best and highest in all, we shall find the place of Beauty, of Joy and of Peace.

A Dream

by S. F.



I SAW in my sleep that a man, a child of earth, stood in darkness, with chains on his wrists and on his feet. And his soul was in travail because of his bondage; for he had bound upon himself three chains, ignorantly, not knowing the thing which he did. But now that by reason of bearing them he felt their weight, and understood how they impeded his steps, he would fain have shaken them off; but he could not, and the more he struggled the closer they clung to him and still heavier they grew.

A report had come to him of the Path of Perfectness and he would gladly have walked therein but for the chains which held him down. Even now, through the darkness which encompassed him, he occasionally caught glimpses of the first gateway which opened upon the Path; but struggle as he would he could not reach it.

At length in his anguish he cried with a loud voice to his Angel, praying for deliverance. And then I saw that the clouds were uplifted, so that the gateway could be discerned, though as yet but dimly.

Yet even as I looked the man was standing before the gate. Around him stood a circle of Beings, not like himself; for they were of the Illuminated. I saw neither their forms nor their faces—only their eyes, which were terrible by reason of their brightness, and which searched through and through that upon which they looked.

And they all gazed steadfastly upon the child of earth who, though he trembled, nevertheless looked unshrinkingly upon them.

Then one spake saying: "We are the Searchers of Hearts, Thou hast called upon us to try thee, Canst thou bear the heat and the brightness of the flame?"

"Yea, O Searchers!" answered the child of earth; "Yea, even though the flame consumes me let it burn away the dross. Let it melt from my limbs the chains which in my blindness I riveted thereon."

Then was the gate opened from within and one appeared on the threshold. But there was little light and the figure appeared dark, as were all those which seemed but as shadows behind him. Yet the child of earth approached nearer and holding up his hands he cried out that the chains might be stricken off. The figure reached forth a hand and touched them and lo! they fell from his limbs as threads might shrivel in the flame and fall away to ashes. Then the man stood upright and free.

Then were the eyes of the Illuminated withdrawn and he who had opened the gate put forth his hand and led the man in; and as his foot crossed the threshold the darkness melted away and the forms were clothed in white and it seemed a pleasant place. But a voice spake saying:

“Behold this is but the entering in. Though it appears light to thee by contrast with the darkness thou hast left, yet it is not a place for rest nor for enjoyment. This is but the beginning of the Path: thou art now to begin in earnest the ascent. Thou hast been searched and found worthy to enter; thy chains have been loosed. Profit by thy freedom in pursuing henceforth diligently the Path of Perfectness which now lieth open before thee.”

Then the gateway closed and I awoke from my dream.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



It has been frequently stated that Theosophy in its teachings of Reincarnation and Karma offers the highest basis of morality—a scientific basis of ethics; yet how is this better than the old saying—be good and you will go to heaven, or the threat that if you do evil you will go to hell. Is not the highest expression of ethics, to do right for the sake of right, regardless of the result, and irrespective of any hereafter, whether heaven, hell, or rebirth on earth?

WHAT is Right? What is Evil? If you do not know what is Right—how can you “do right for the sake of right?” If to you such and such a course of action appears right, who shall be the judge; to another it may appear wrong? It is true that the final tribunal for each one must be himself—the inner witness, the soul, but it is also true as stated in one of the sacred books, the *Bhagavad Gita*, that “whatever is practiced by the most excellent man, that is also practiced by others.” So that while man’s final tribunal may be his own conscience, his responsibility does not end with himself, but, by the force that lies in example, by the force of thought, by the influence of his life on others, is extended to all those whom he may contact, and ultimately the whole world.

The determination of “right” and “wrong” is therefore a matter of vast import. How may we know what is right? The man whose life is illuminated by the soul, who can distinguish between the promptings of the Higher and those of the Lower nature will say that all that is in consonance with the former or tends thereto is right, for the soul knows that which is akin to its own nature. But what of the mass of the people? How can they judge? How even do they recognize a good man, a great deed, a noble action? Is it not in the achievement, the result, or if these fail apparently, then in the attempt, the intention, while those who can look a little deeper will take into account the motive also.

In the last analysis “the highest motive,” or “action in accordance with one’s highest nature” can be known only by “results.” For “by their fruits shall ye know them.” It is important to note however that the external re-

sults are but a small part of the total effects and hence, while in many instances an index of the general character of the action, yet taken alone often mislead. Out of this looking only to external results has grown the pernicious doctrine, held by a certain Body as being highly laudable, of doing evil that good may come.

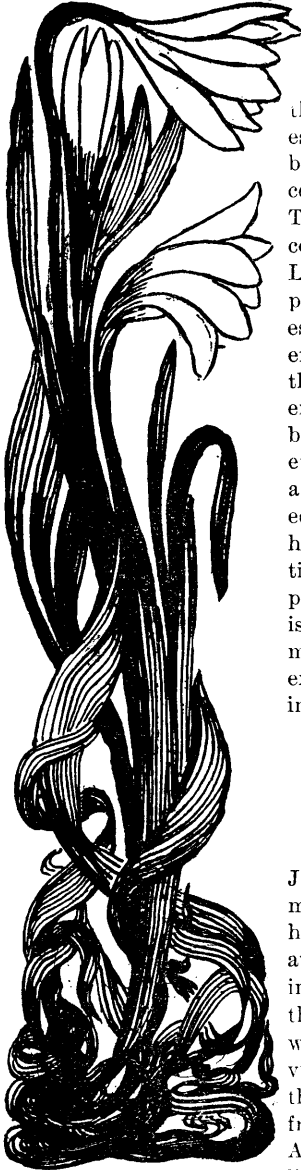
It is here that the Theosophical doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation cast a flood of light upon this question of Ethics and Right Action. Each one from his own observation and experience may know that the seeds of thought and action sown in one life do not all come to fruition in that life and also that a harvest is being continually reaped, even from birth, of seeds which in this life *we have not sown*. At the same time there is ingrained in the heart and mind of everyone a conception of justice and right, a conception of law, and so many are the examples of the reign of law throughout Nature that the contrary is unthinkable. And yet were there no rebirth on earth, there would be a gap that could not be bridged, justice would not be justice and life would become again hopeless, meaningless! The one teaching demands the other.

In the light of these two teachings of Theosophy we find man a fully responsible being, reaping from life to life the harvest of the seeds he himself has sown in the past and by the power of his inherent divinity sowing new seeds for future harvests. He may in one life suffer for evil committed in the past of which in his brain mind he may have no recollection, but deep down in his nature the relation exists between the cause and the effect and gradually the lesson is learned, so that unconsciously—as it *seems*—there at last grows in him a power of resistance which, when he again meets the opportunity of renewing the evil he feels, without knowing why, a repugnance to it and realizes that it is what it is—evil.

Then as man's knowledge of himself increases, as he learns to recognize the action of law and endeavors to make all his acts conform to the Higher Law, he comes to see more clearly the relation existing between cause and effect, and (for man is a divine being) there opens to him a higher knowledge of right and wrong irrespective of experience, for the light of his own soul begins to illuminate his life.

These two teachings give a *scientific* basis for ethics, for they are expression of the *laus* governing our being and they show the relation of *action* to the whole of life. How soon would a change come over the world if all could come to realize that out of their own thoughts and actions men and women have grown to be what they are with all their limitations, their suffering and their fleeting pleasures. There is no greater incentive to right action than the sense of responsibility and no greater power can be given to a man than the knowledge of his inherent divinity. Take away the theological teaching that man must depend on some extraneous God for help, teach him his own responsibility for what he both does and *thinks*—teach him, in short, Karma and Reincarnation, and you will have given him the key to right action and a sure foundation for Ethics.

Mirror of the Movement



News from Loma - land

With the advance of the season the tourists come to this favored spot in increasing numbers. On several occasions it has taxed the resources of the Homestead to the utmost to entertain the crowds of interested visitors who desired to be shown the portions of the buildings and grounds thrown open to view, and the magnificent prospects obtained from the upper gallery of the Aryan Temple. This season promises to be the best that San Diego county has yet had, and as the majority of the tourists visit Loma-land before returning to their distant homes in various parts of the world, it will be seen that the enthusiastic interest they show is acting as a forceful instrument to refute the efforts of a few unprincipled people who are trying to confuse the public mind as to the character of The Universal Brotherhood. Latterly a most intelligent and unusual interest has been manifested by our visitors in the children's work, but if even a hundredth part of the number who wish to see these activities were permitted to do so the children would get no education owing to the constant interruption. All those who have been allowed the opportunity of studying these activities, in the ten or twelve separate homes and study-halls composing the Raja Yoga School, have been delighted and astonished with the perfection and originality of the arrangements for the comfort and health of the children, and the exquisite order and freshness prevailing, combined with the indefinable atmosphere of home life.

Aryan Theosophical Society

Under the auspices of the devoted band of comrades constituting the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York, which was founded by W. Q. Judge, and now is centered at Point Loma, a series of Sunday morning meetings or services has been established. They are held in the Aryan Temple and all the students are invited to attend. The first was held on February 2 and was of a very impressive character. H. T. Patterson, one of the oldest of the Aryan officials, commenced the proceedings by a few well-chosen remarks upon the object W. Q. Judge had in view when he established the Aryan Society. J. H. Fussell, the Aryan secretary, then read the eloquent opening editorial from the first number of THE PATH, and was followed by E. A. Neresheimer, who pronounced a glowing tribute to the life-work of W. Q. Judge, and showed how so much of the

great success of the present work is due to the untiring, selfless heart-work of that heroic soul. The Loma-land choir then sang a couple of pieces, and a most inspiring meeting closed in silent meditation.

New Buildings

Great wagons are continually to be seen coming over the hills bringing loads of lumber for the new buildings, and preparations for their erection are proceeding apace. Not a moment too soon, for, as the work expands, the needs of all the departments extend and enlarged premises become a necessity. Reincarnation is constantly being taught by these practical object-lessons! Hundreds of applications for occupancy at the Homestead have had lately to be declined from want of room.

**Public Meetings
at San Diego**

Katherine Tingley has been so extremely busy lately that it has been impossible for her to spare the time necessary to attend the great meetings at the San Diego Opera House, but some very interesting and profitable addresses have been given by her advanced students to large and attentive audiences. For many weeks the meetings have been conducted by the "Daughters of Loma-land," who have appeared in their beautiful classic dress, wearing garlands, and the stage has been set with a picturesque forest scene while rich groupings of palms, ferns and other plants have given a veritable Nature touch. Recent subjects of the papers read included "Harmony the Heart-life of the World," "A True American Reformer," "The Voice of the Twentieth Century." On February 9th, the series of meetings conducted by the women having terminated for the present, the chief address was given by a member of the Literary staff, on "True Theosophical Work for the Masses and Its Obstructions," a very thoughtful lecture which deeply interested the crowded audience. Some of the Raja Yoga boys also read short papers with an eloquence and force that electrified the listeners who are not accustomed to find youths capable of expressing themselves before critical audiences with such perfect clearness and self-possession and in such well-chosen periods.

**San Diego Boys'
Brotherhood
Club, Etc., Etc.**

On Saturday, February 8th, the San Diego Lotus children gave their first entertainment to their friends, and a very pleasant evening was spent. During the course of the proceedings a stereopticon exhibition of pictures taken during the great crusade of 1896 was shown to the delight of the youngsters. The Boys' Brotherhood Club, assisted by a few of the Lotus children, is now busily engaged on a more ambitious scheme, even the preparation of a symbolic fairy play, "The Dawn of a New Day," to be given about Easter. The Boys' Club work is extending and it has been found necessary to hold another meeting on Saturdays for games and a happy play-time, an addition which has proved very popular with the boys.

**Special Congress
at Point Loma
Dedication of
the Amphitheater**

The beauty of the surroundings of the Amphitheater has been enhanced lately by the extensive planting of quantities of the beautiful, fragrant Yerba Santa which is so characteristic of this country. The plants were gathered from the hillside, and with the recent refreshing showers the delicate lilac flowers are blossoming freely. On February 18th a beautiful ceremony to dedicate the Amphitheater was held. Precisely at 4 p. m. the older children and a goodly number of the students, with a splendid display of national flags carried by the senior club, marched to the Amphitheater. The Leader was present and received the children, who formed a great line across the arena at the back. The women were seated behind, the Leader and the bearers of the banners stood in a long row half way up the tiers of seats with the colors fluttering in the gentle breeze. It was a most picturesque sight, and

though the company present, including the large body of children, was numerous, the seating capacity of the Amphitheater is so great that it looked almost hungry to be filled by thousands.

From the lower part of the beautiful canyon which is relieved against the blue Pacific fringed with white-crested surf, Mr. Neresheimer quickly advanced to the center of the arena and opened the Congress with a magnificent recitative in melodious tones. Then an event as striking as it was unexpected took place. Each of the children in turn unrolled and read scrolls containing dates of important happenings in the history of the Movement. One of the senior Raja Yoga boys, Hubert Dunn, read the first—the date of H. P. B.'s birth; the last was March 29, 1901, the date of the great meeting when Katherine Tingley spoke at San Diego in honor of W. Q. Judge, and there was a sufficient number of noteworthy dates to allow each child to have one to read. Their clear, youthful voices, full of hope and promise for the future welfare of humanity, were distinctly audible across the wide arena, for the acoustic properties of this open-air amphitheater are remarkable. How H. P. B. and W. Q. Judge would rejoice if they could see this time when such numbers of happy, well-cared-for children, who know of their noble lives of ceaseless sacrifice, gather together to do honor to their memories!



**Inspiring Words by
Katherine Tingley**

Hearty cheers were then given for Katherine Tingley, and in response she said: "An event like this evokes the best in one's nature. The more deeply one can feel the sacredness of this hour the more one feels the power of the silence. It is in the Silence that our best aspirations are recorded. It is into the Silence of the Future, when I shall not be with you on this plane, that I would throw my best thoughts, my soul life. I would that all might be recorded of the history of Theosophy, of this time and of the twenty-five years preceding it so that men may know that there were warriors for the coming humanity. Look back and see how majestically those two heroes, H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, stand; how nobly they fought, and how victoriously they conquered! Does not today tell of their victories as we stand here a united body? Each year will add to the glory of the work, and if we but do our duty we shall continue to add to its greatness. Look back four years—an eternity seems to have passed! It is as if some mighty magician had touched the hearts of my comrades. But what has been accomplished is but a part of the great heart-work of the future. It is no commonplace struggle; when I look forward to the future years I gaze with hope inexpressible.

"February, 1898, at Chicago, was a time for men and women to declare themselves, to step out for the right or the wrong. The hearts of my fellow members were indeed in a state as never before, and *something* happened. So much hung on a moment. When one of our brave comrades stepped out and called for 'the previous question,' a great deed was done. We are now accentuating that act, for we are now on the mountain top of our effort. We have stepped out into the light. We are conquerors! We are here to stay. We are here to serve. So as we are accentuating 'the previous question' something new is happening, something new to us—something New is coming to humanity."

The Leader added a few words in which she said she wished to record the fact of the noble service rendered by Elizabeth Churchill Spalding, whose rare devotion had been of inestimable value during those critical times.

Mrs. Spalding said: "Comrades! Four years from today a great battle was fought. H. P. B. and W. Q. J. had both died martyrs and the life of the great Soul who dared to come was almost at the last flicker. At Chicago we threw off the incubus, and today see what we have! Look at the Raja Yoga School alone or the Isis Conservatory of Music for evidence of the work accomplished. I say, Bless the name of Katherine Tingley! May her name go down the ages as the Light-bearer of the Holy Grail!

Mr. A. G. Spalding, one of the guests present, though not a member of The Universal Brotherhood, was invited to make a few remarks, which were most appropriate to the occasion and highly appreciated by the listeners. In the course of his speech he said: "I have seen enough of this work to know that the time is not far distant when this will be a Great Educational Center, a center not only for intellectual work but for an all round development. I have watched the recent arrivals in the schools develop so wonderfully in three months that I wonder what will be their standing in three years."

Mr. Patterson then recited a Greeting and Salutation and the meeting adjourned. The Raja Yoga boys on their way to their homes filled the air with resounding cheers for their teachers and all the workers throughout the world. This happy and memorable day closed with a musical evening in the Oriental Room of the Homestead in which nearly every student contributed some share towards the common enjoyment.



**Raja Yoga
Festival at
San Diego**

On Saturday evening, January 25th, the Fisher Opera House was thrown open free for all to attend the International Festival given by the children of the Raja Yoga School, Point Loma. Naturally an immense crowd assembled and all were completely astonished and overwhelmed by the beauty and interest of the representation. After the great International Tableau, in which all nations were represented, the applause was thunderous and prolonged—a proof that the hearts of the people were really touched. But as a full account of this great event will be found in another place, it need only be mentioned here.



Botany Class

In anticipation of the coming forth of the Spring flowers the Raja Yoga Boys who attend the Botany classes have prepared to gather the various types of interest as they appear and to preserve them in a herbarium, thus forming the commencement of a fine collection for the Museum.



Art Classes

The Art classes have lately enlarged in numbers and scope and the staff of teachers has been increased. Some excellent work is being done and, when the Art school buildings are erected, the facilities for the highest order of Art study under the most favorable climatic and other conditions will be still further increased.



Letter from a Point Loma Student, Universal Brotherhood, Fifth Year

Dear Comrades:

I cannot tell you of the gratitude that fills my heart at the thought of my being here. I wonder at times why the Good Law sheltered me so benignly, for I bless the day that led my feet to this Sacred Spot.

Since I am here the slightest shadow of regret has never entered my soul. My life is a silent continuous song of Love and Joy. But you wish to know of the work. The progress of the work is accurately stated in *The New Century*.

But to me, the work which goes on in the hearts of the Students seems greater than we realize. To me they appear as builders of mighty Temples; their characters as walls of enduring granite taking on a new gleam and polish. They aim at more perfect and beautiful proportions and dimensions universal—grand. As I see the Students earnestly performing their duties I feel the Altar fire is burning brightly in their hearts.

But even so, with all the dear Leader's endeavors for Humanity's children, we never can aspire too ardently to become divine types of men and women, such as Helpers of Humanity should be.

One of her latest utterances was, "Strive for greater Selflessness, more Light and Purity." To become and do—that to me is the real work. Our opportunities to become increase from day to day. But I fear we lose many of them, for they steal in with a rush of events and as quickly steal out again. We seem to lack the keen discrimination that seizes and despatches the soul's experiences with conviction and fearlessness.

Another thing impresses me strongly, although it may seem so only to me. The New Year just lately ushered in, seems to present tests and trials, seemingly insignificant, but which, if accepted and won, bear the province of a rich harvest for the soul's emancipation.

The coming months seem to contain so much for all which can never be put into words but can be felt in the quiet dignity and grateful silence which pervades blessed Lomaland.

I am sure that a firm resolve and a deeper determination characterize the efforts of the comrades throughout the World.

A POINT LOMA STUDENT

Reports of Lodges



U. B. Lodge No. 119, Louisville, Kentucky

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 119, held its regular monthly meeting Sunday evening, February 2, 1902, with a fairly good audience, considering the inclemency of the weather, which seems one of the extraneous influences that gauge the ardor of spiritual intrepidity. It seems to be one of the cardinal virtues of Louisville Lodge No. 119, that the faithful are always there. The meetings are growing in interest, and the membership in proportion. The subject of "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" was handled in a very pleasing manner, and also forcefully put, by Brothers Wilson, President of the Lodge, and W. F. Gearheart, both of whom held the interest of the audience by about fifteen or twenty minute addresses. The Lodge-room was prettily decorated. Good music was a prominent feature of the evening's entertainment. The regularity of the attendants speaks more than words. The hold Theosophy has on them, and the clearness of the manner in which answers to questions are given, also shows the interest of both the questioner and the questioned. One of the main features of Louisville Lodge No. 119, is the neatness with which the caretakers attend to their duty, as the rooms always present a cheerful aspect, and it is a great deal to their credit that the success of the Lodge is due. Taking it all in all Louisville Lodge is doing good work; the regular Thursday meetings are well attended. Our Lodge will celebrate the seventh anniversary (April 26th).

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*

February 6, 1902



U. B. Lodge No. 66, Sioux City, Iowa

Our monthly public meeting was held December 8th, in our Lodge-room, and was well attended. Papers were read on "One Life Under Different Forms," "Heaven" and "The Work of the International Brotherhood League." Music formed a part of the program as usual.

Our monthly entertainment was held on the 9th of December, in our Lodge-room, and consisted of the presentation of the second scene of "The Wisdom of Hypatia," and a musical program. Those who have attended all our Symposiums say that Hypatia was never so well given before in Sioux City. A number of persons were present who have not before attended the Symposiums.

BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD, *Secretary*



Universal Brotherhood Lodge, Stockholm, Sweden

We think you should be interested to hear how we spend our time and what is our nearest aim, so we give you a sketch of our working order.

We are assembled every Tuesday evening, from 6 o'clock to half past 7, but the program varies. Every second time we are working at useful articles, for example, skirts, aprons, etc., which we have in view to present to poor children for Christmas gifts.

Once a month we attend lectures upon physiology, delivered by one of our members, who is studying for a physician, and once a month we have declamatory exercises, etc. At the same time we have dramatic repetitions of a play, which is to be performed at our Christmas entertainment for poor children. For that play we intend to borrow some small children because there appear Brownies, too.

This autumn we have the good fortune to get real lessons in song by one of the members of the Universal Brotherhood, who is a singing mistress, and we are practicing to sing our beautiful Swedish country ballads, one of which we have just heard that you were especially fond of.

So we spend our time for the present, but during the past years we have practiced discussion, lectures, recitations and music, with great variation of program.

There must also be mentioned that we have a lending library formed through a testamentary bequest, and gifts of books and money.

Everyone of us loves the Club; here is always harmony and good comradeship, and if we sometimes cannot go to the Club because of school-work or other duties, we are sorry for that Karma.

We therefore wish to send you our most hearty thanks for your being the cause of the forming of the Club at your visit in Stockholm two years ago.

For all the Comrades,

MARIA MYHRMAN, *Secretary*



U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

(Report for November and December). Meetings have been held regularly during the month on Thursdays and Sundays. The text-book for the studies has been, *The Ocean of Theosophy*, and at each meeting thoughts have been directed towards the subject for our Monthly meetings, and copies of *The New Century* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH gleaned for master-keys. These meetings are always most helpful, drawing members together and developing intuition.

On November 24th we held our public meeting. The subject, "Man: The Warrior." The matter was excellent, essays were read, readings from U. B. PATH and *The New Century* were marked features. We had several visitors present. The points as to the warrior element illustrated in the flags of the nations, the prophets, seers and those great souls H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, were very forceful. Altogether the meeting was harmonious and very powerful. During the month, in conjunction with U. B. Lodge No. 4, (Everton) we gave a presentation of the Symposium "A Promise." The performance was excellent and we realized how great a factor these symposia are to arouse public interest.

On December 14, the combined lodges of Liverpool and Everton presented "The Wisdom of Hypatia." The preparation for these presentations is of especial value to those

taking part and all gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of the training. On December 29th at our monthly public meeting, the subject was "Rebirth of the Soul." Essays were read dealing with the subject from philosophical and Biblical points of view. Several questions were handed in and answered, and good music and singing of the "Brotherhood Song" brought a splendid meeting to a close. On December 31st, at 10 p. m., we met to greet the birth of the New Year. Readings were given from writings of our three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and we entered upon the New Year with deep joy and a renewed determination of faithful service.

December 15th, 1901

J. F. CROPPER, *Secretary*



U. B. Lodge, No. 4, Liverpool, England

TO KATHERINE TINGLEY:

DEAR LEADER—Whilst reviewing our work, on this, the 200th Theosophical meeting of the Lodge we, the members, are filled with the greatness of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and with our own great privilege in being permitted, under the beneficence of the Law, to take a small part in the work. We hope that, by increased loyalty and devotion we may see more and more the responsibility which rests upon us. *Signed for the Lodge*

October 31st, 1901

GEORGE E. GRIFFITHS, *Secretary*



Boston, Massachusetts

SUNDAY PUBLIC MEETINGS—These are held every Sunday evening. The course of lectures completed next Sunday by members has been all that one could reasonably desire. Three Sundays were occupied in giving some idea of the "Movement which has been active in all ages," by talks on "The History of Theosophy." These lectures were very good.

Next came talks on "The Science of Theosophy." These were so plain, clear cut, and without technical terms, that they might well be printed in pamphlet form for propaganda work. They were a splendid presentation of the philosophy.

Then came a series of lectures on "Applied Theosophy," by Mrs. Southwick. The subjects of her three lectures were, "The Duty of Self-knowledge," "Individual Relationship," and for next Sunday, "Freedom and Leadership."

With our new improvements we now seat most comfortably a large number of people. The attendance at these lectures has been excellent, and we are anticipating next Sunday as usual a full house. Many of these Sunday evenings were wet and snowy. Our hall with its plants and flags, etc., looks so attractive that we are proud of it.

These Sunday meetings are opened by singing, then the reading of the statements regarding the Universal Brotherhood and extracts from the Constitution. Then we have some instrumental music on piano and flute, and sometimes the reading of a short selection from the *Gita*, and then the lecture.

MEMBERS' MEETINGS—There is a union meeting of the members of the seven lodges of Boston, Cambridge, Somerville, Malden, Beacon, Roxbury and Trimount on Thursday evening of each week. The Presidents of these several lodges preside at the union meetings in turn and assume the responsibility for the subject, instruction and entertainment of the meeting.

These meetings are opened with singing, and lately in addition, at the meetings of the Boston and Cambridge lodges, the recitation of the "Gayatri" in unison with the express purpose of doing our *whole duty*, particularly that evening, under its inspiring appeal. Then unfinished business and new business are taken up, each Lodge endeavor-

(Concluded on Page 716)



The Story of Mabon

by Ceinydd Morus



I—ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS

ONCE upon a time the great King Arthur wanted to find a man. The man's name was Mabon and his mother, Modron, was a great queen in the days gone by. Indeed, whether it is right to call him a man at all, or whether he was a bright fairy, or even of a more splendid race than men or fairies, I do not know.

For Arthur had heard a whisper about this Mabon and the whisper was that he had been stolen away from his mother ages and ages ago, when he was a tiny baby; but was alive still somewhere or other, and would seem when he was found to be but a youth. And it said there was no one in the world who could do a certain work for Arthur except Mabon; and what that work was you will hear, maybe, another day.

Well, Arthur asked everybody he knew if they had ever heard of Mabon, but no one had heard a sound of him till that day. Only the wisest man in the country could give him any advice at all, and what *he* said was that the king had better send out five of the strongest and bravest and noblest of his knights to search for him high and low and up and down and far and wide, and perhaps they would hear tell of him somewhere or other in the big world. And that, the Emperor Arthur thought, was the best thing he could do.

So he called five of his knights, and the ones he called were these: The first was Cai (and that rhymes with "high"), and he was the best warrior

Arthur ever had. He was so wise that he could become as tall as the tallest tree in the forest, or, if he wanted to, as small as the weeniest ant in the grass. In his heart was so bright a fire that everyone who came near him became warm and happy, even if it was the coldest day in winter, and even if they had been miserable the minute before. He was so true and strong that no dragon could stand against him, and if any evil thing was so much as scratched with his sword no doctor in the world could cure it. And he could do other wonderful things, too, such as staying under the water for nine nights and nine days, and going without food or drink or sleep for as long, and that without any harm coming to him. And him Arthur chose to be the leader of the five.

And the second was called Bedwyr (and you must call that Bedweer). Arthur sent him because he would always follow Cai, and serve him faithfully in any danger. He was Cai's dearest friend, and many a giant had those two together fought and killed. Wherever Cai went Bedwyr was not afraid to go.

And there was one named Gwrhyr (that is, Goorheer). No one in the world could speak any language that Gwrhyr did not know. Not only that but he knew the meaning of the lion's roar, and the ox's low; and the cat's mew and the dog's bark; the bees told him in their own tongue whatever wisdom they had; he understood what the dumb fishes think as they go in the water, and not a bird sang but Gwhy could have told you as soon as he heard it, what was in its mind and what was in its song. So he, as you may guess, was a good man to be sent on such a journey as this, and so it was that the king sent him.

And the other two were called Cilhweh and Eidoel (please say Kilhoo'h and I-doyle, won't you, children?). Arthur sent Eidoel because Mabon would never be found, so the whisper said, unless one of his own race were on the quest, and Eidoel was of the same race as Mabon. And about Cilhweh there is nothing to tell you just this minute.

II—THE OUSEL OF CILGWRI *

Well, these five rode out from Arthur's town, and they rode a day and they rode a night, and how much longer I do not know, and they came at last to a country called Cilgwri. And they came to a wide plain with a laughing, stony, sunny river running through it, and by the river there was a tree, and a very nice tree it was, too. Toward that tree they went.

In the tree there was a little bird singing, and Gwrhyr, Who Knew the Languages (that was what people called him), heard what she was singing, and this was her song:

I am so old, so old, my eyes have seen
 Hundreds of times my land in spring grow green,
 Hundreds of leafy summers come and go,
 Hundreds of sorrowful winters white with snow—
 How many hundreds, 'tis not I that know.

* And its quite easy to say that; you must just say it as if it were spelt Kilgoory

When first Cilgwri heard my verses sung
 An anvil stood here, and thereon has rung
 No hammer since; but I have flown each day
 And pecked it with my beak as dusk grew grey,
 And now—my beak has pecked it all away.

“And what did you do that for?” asked Gwrhyr in Ousel language, for the little birdie was an Ousel.

“Why, to sharpen my beak to be sure,” said she. “But where are you going, and I wonder if I could help you in any way?”

“Well,” said Gwrhyr, “maybe as you are so very old, little bird, you can tell us about Mabon, the son of Queen Modron. He was stolen away from his mother when he was only a tiny baby, goodness knows how long ago, and no one can say what has become of him.”

“I never heard of him,” said the Ousel, “never in all my days. It must have been long, long before my time. Why do you want him?”

“King Arthur needs him to do a great work,” said he.

And as soon as he mentioned the Emperor's name, down came the birdie from her nest, from bough to bough she hopped, and she told them that as it was for *him* she thought perhaps she could help them; for she knew an old gentleman who was quite old before she herself was born, and she would be glad to take them to him if they would come with her, because everyone wished to help and serve the Emperor Arthur.

So on they rode over the plain, and Mrs. Ousel was flying on before them. And they rode a day and they rode a night, and how much longer I do not know, and by and by they came to a great forest where there were miles on beautiful miles of huge oak trees, all of them hundreds of years old. And the waving ferns and the bracken in the forest were as high as the heads of their horses. And in the middle of the forest they came to a wide open place of ferns, and in the middle of that place was an old dead stump of a tree. And to that stump the little Ousel flew and there she perched.

III—THE STAG OF RHEDYNFRE*

Said she, “This is the place where my friend lives, and here I expect we shall see him soon.” And while she was saying this and while they were looking round for any place where an old gentleman might be living (for that's what they all thought the Ousel's friend was, of course)—what should they see but two great wide-branching antlers rising up from among the fern, and after the antlers a beautiful stag with a noble, kingly head and eyes full of wisdom and of memories of the old ancient times. The stag walked up towards them slowly, like a prince to his visitors; and when he saw Mrs. Ousel, he greeted her and she greeted him, and you would have said from their greeting that it was from him she had learnt all the great wisdom she had. “Lord Stag,” said she, “can you help these knights?”

* Which is pronounced Rhedinvray, children.

"I shall be glad to do so if I can. What is it you want, princes?"

Then Gwrhyr came forward and told the Stag of Rhedynfre (that was the name of his place), about Mabon, who had been stolen away from his mother when he was three nights old, thousands of years ago, and never had anyone heard a sound of him since; and how Arthur wanted him for doing a certain great work—and all this he told him in the language of the stags of course.

"The Emperor Arthur wants him?" said the stag. "Then I am doubly sorry that I cannot tell you where he is, for I should be proud indeed to help him. It must be a long, long time since Mabon was lost," he said, "for it was before my day, and goodness knows I am not very young. You see this dead tree here," said he, pointing to the old tree-stump in the middle of the glade. "When first I came here and was made the king of my land, Rhedynfre, there was only a tiny acorn with a wee shoot and two little leaves to it growing there. And in a hundred years it was a small oak tree, and in two hundred years again it had grown big, and in three hundred years from that it had become a tree that I was proud of, and in long years after it grew a hundred great boughs, like that it was for more ages than I can tell you (for you see, children, the oaks lived even longer then than they do now). And in time from the acorns it dropped grew other trees; and there is not a giant tree in this forest but grew up from one of those acorns, and this tree is the father of them all. And it was a wise tree in its time, and whispered to me all that the birds told it, and all that was in its heart and all that was in its mind and in its imagination, and it was my comrade. But at last this body of it died. And never did this tree hear of Mabon and never have I heard of him."

"Dear, dear me!" said the old Ousel. "You are the most ancient of all the animals and birds in the world, and you cannot remember the stealing of Mabon, and so the great Emperor Arthur will not be able to find the man he wants."

"No," said the stag, "I am not the oldest. There is one dear friend of mine who was old and wise before I had this body; and as you came from Arthur I will go with you and bring you to her, if you will come with me. She will know, I should think—if it is to be known at all."

So they thanked him and said they would go; and then said good-bye to the little bird and thanked her for helping them so kindly, and told her they would tell Arthur about her, and what she had done for him, and promised her she should have two brand new anvils from the king to sharpen her beak on forever after (and so she had two when the time came). And with that she flew away to her own tree in Cilgwri, and sang on, as of old, about her great age and all she had learnt, and of all the people she had helped in her day, and of those she would help in the days to come.

But as for Cai and Bedwyr and Gwrhyr and Cilhweh and Eidoel, they went on their way towards the north, and the Stag of Rhedynfre with them. And they rode a day and they rode a night, and how much longer I do not know; and they passed through the forest and by great cities and over plains and

rivers and mountains, and at last they came to a broad valley, and there was a blue river running through the valley, and all around was a green and ancient forest. And they came to an old and hollow tree on the hillside, and there the Stag stopped.

IV—THE OWL OF CWM CAWLWYD*

"This is where my friend lives," said the Stag, and I will knock at her door."

And with that he tapped with his horn on the trunk of her tree, and there came a voice from within, and to Cai and the others it seemed to be saying, 'Tee-hwo-o-o,' but the Stag and Gwrhryr knew it meant—"Who's there?"

And who should come out from the tree but an old Owl, the oldest in the whole world, I should think, and the wisest too, and the one with the softest and most beautiful voice (and you know all owls are very wise and have beautiful voices.

"Welcome my dear old friend and pupil," said the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd (that was the name of her valley). "And welcome to you all. Is there anything you are wanting to know from me?"

"Please we've come to look for Mabon, the son of Queen Modron, who was stolen away from between his mother and the wall when he was a baby. Perhaps you may have heard something about him long ago when you were young, for it is thousands of ages since he was stolen."

The old Owl took off her spectacles and wiped the glasses, and put them on again and looked hard at Gwrhryr; and then she sat pondering awhile, and then she told them her story. And here it is:

"When I had traveled as far as I wanted to travel," said she, "and seen all I wanted to see, I came to live here in Cwm Cawlwyd, and there was a forest here then as there is now. And here I lived until I learned all that that forest could teach me. And then there came a few men and cut down a few of the trees and built cabins for themselves. I watched those men grow old and die, and in the time of their grandsons there was a large village here. In the time of *their* grandsons the village had become a town; a hundred years from then it was a city. The city grew and grew and people came to it from every country. It became the place of powerful kings, twelve lines of kings reigned there, and each line was greater than the one before it. In their days the men of the city were brave and pure and noble. They built ships and sailed away and conquered far lands and brought home prisoners and gold. Then came twelve lines of evil kings, and the people became richer and more and more wicked. Then came sicknesses and famines and they began to go away and to die. Then came enemies that conquered the city, and there were no kings thereafter. And I saw the palaces fall into ruins, and no new

* And that you must pronounce as if were written Coom Cowl (to rhyme with Owl), Weed—Coom Cowlweed

palaces built in their place. People went away, and no others came instead. At last there were only a few huts here, and a few miserable robbers in them. Then those few robbers died and their huts slowly fell. In hundreds of years the earth had hidden all the ruins deep under grass and nettles. In hundreds of years the air was pure and free from evil thoughts. Then a few young trees began to grow where I had seen the palaces. In hundreds of years again there was a great and ancient forest waving and whispering where the town had its grave. Then for a long time I had peace. But at last again came men to Cwm Cawlwyd, and what I had seen before I saw again. Only the second town was longer in the building than the first, and became greater and more powerful than it. And there were twenty dynasties of good kings, and twenty kings in each, and twenty dynasties of bad kings. In longer ages it grew richer and more wicked than the forgotten town beneath it. And that city, too, I saw die away, and this is the third forest I have known in Cwm Cawlwyd, and many ages has it been growing.

"And it is no young bird I am," she said, "and it is no few things I have heard and known and remembered, but I have never heard anything of this Mabon. My wings are withered stumps, and my voice is old and nearly gone, and doubtless I shall have finished with this body and I shall die in a few ages. But the stealing of Mabon was not in my day, and I have heard no sound of him except from you."

"Indeed," said the Stag, "I am sorry to hear this, for you are the oldest and wisest person in the world, and you have not heard of Mabon, and nobody has heard of him, and so our race will not be able to help the Emperor Arthur, who is the best helper in the whole world, and the one whom it is the greatest honor to help."

"You come from the Emperor Arthur?" said she. "Then old and feeble as I am, I will use my wings this once and fly with you to one who can help you, if there is help in the whole world." And with that she told them that although many people would call her old and wise herself, there was one yet living, her teacher in the old days, compared to whom she was nothing more nor less than young and ignorant. This, as she said, was an ancient king, who lived by the Mountain of Gwern Abwy, and he was the wisest and strongest and noblest creature in the world, and the mountains were not born before he was.

And there and then they said good-by to the Stag of Rhedynfre, and he to them, and he gave them messages to their Lord Arthur, and sorry they were to watch him trot off through the trees towards his home. But as for the Owl, she walks out on a branch of her tree, and stretches out her wings slowly and feebly, and flaps them two or three times, and then lets go of the branch, and flops off painfully to a tree near by, and there she sits and takes her breath. And then off again, this time a little more strongly and quickly to a tree beyond, and there she sits again, and calls to Cai and Gwrhyr and Bedwyr and Cilhwch and Eidoel, and says she—"Come along, this is the way, and soon I shall be flying as swiftly as your horses can run."

So they rode on after her, and by and bye there was no dream of weakness nor slowness in her flight, but she was sweeping through the air before them, and calling to them in great round notes, and they following her towards the west.

V—THE EAGLE OF GWERN ABWY

And they rode a day and they rode a night and how much longer I do not know, and at last they came to a high and rocky mountain, and there were Alder trees on the mountain, and "this is the mountain of Gwern Abwy," said the Owl, "and near here lives the one I told you about."

And they came to a low rock beside the mountain, and there sat the Eagle of Gwern Abwy, and he was a great king among the Creatures, and it was of him the Owl had spoken. His eyes were more beautiful than the sky in the night, and more keen and flashing than two great diamonds. In them were wisdom and memory and power. They could see that his two wings were stronger than whatever is strongest. And the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd bowed low to him, and he too greeted her.

"I have brought these five knights to you," she said, "because no one in the world can help them unless you can. They come from the Emperor Arthur."

And with that the Eagle of Gwern Abwy greeted them as a King might greet the messengers of a King no less great than himself, and asked them in what way could he be helping them.

Gwrhryr said in the language of the Eagles: "We have come to seek for Mabon the son of Queen Modron, who was stolen away when he was a baby from between his mother and the wall. And that was hundreds and thousands of ages ago, and no one has heard a sound of him from that day to this. We think that as you are so old you may perhaps remember the time of his being taken, and who took him, and where he is."

"I will do whatever I can for the Emperor Arthur, and for his messengers and for whoever is worthy of my help. But the stealing of Mabon was before I broke the egg's shell that held me."

"And you can do nothing for them?" asked the Owl—"you who are older and wiser than the mountains?"

"Indeed, older than the mountains I am," said he. "For when I came here first this rock that is now no higher than your horse's knees was so high that from my nest on the top of it, I could talk in the evening with the star-Eagles in the sky, and that without the raising of voices. And where the mountain there stands, was a level plain. But the ages as they passed altered the world, and made the plain a high mountain, and brought my starry rock down till now it does not stand a span from the ground. But this man was stolen before my day."

Then the Eagle thought and thought and thought and no one spoke to him for fear of interrupting his thinking. And by this time it was night, and it

seemed to them that the Eagle's two eyes were like two great stars as he sat there thinking—"Mabon!" he said—"Mabon! I think I *have* heard tell of him, long ago. I think that was the name of the man my friend told me about." Then he said to Gwrhyr who knew the Languages:

"There is one creature in the world who is at least as old as I am. Indeed, I think he is much older, really and truly, and I know he is wiser, and I will tell you about him. One day thousands of years ago I was hungry, and had no food, and I thought I would go fishing, and the place where I would fish was the lake called *Llyn Lliw. And thither I went, and there I struck my talons into the back of a great Salmon. But this salmon was so strong that he quietly swam away to the bottom of a deep pool with me, and told me to leave go or I was sure to be drowned. It was all I could do to get free, and when I did I was so angry that I called together all my armies of birds, all my kindred and all that belong to me from near or from afar, from the Eagles to the tomtits, and with this host I went against the Salmon of Llyn Lliw.

"But he sent a messenger to me, and told me how foolish my anger was, and that I could not hurt him, while he could help me in many ways, and teach me many things. And what he said I knew was true, and I sent away my armies, and from then till now I have not had any friend or comrade so dear to me as the Salmon of Llyn Lliw.

"Once he said to me: 'Some men have been here fishing for me, and they have struck what seem to be a few thorns into my back.' And there were twelve and twice twenty long, iron-headed spears of ashwood thrust deep into his back, and little did they hurt him. And those I drew out. And I think I have heard him mention such a name as this of Mabon the son of Modron."

And he told them they might come with him to Llyn Lliw if they would, and for Arthur's sake no doubt the Salmon would tell them all he knew.

So the men of Arthur said good-bye to the Owl, and she to them; and she bade them greet for her the Emperor Arthur; and they were sorry when she flew swiftly away, for she had been their helper and their friend and their love went with her. And the Eagle told them what a wise and noble bird she was, this old Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd.

And in the morning when the sun arose, the Eagle at once stretched out his broad pinions and swiftly beat down the air, and rose in a moment high above them.

Said Cilhwch, "I think he is going to say good morning to his comrade the sun," and no doubt he was right. And it was when he came down that they started.

VI—THE SALMON OF LLYN LLIW

They went on their way, those five and the Eagle, and they rode a day and they rode a night and how much longer I do not know, and they rode wherever the Eagle led them. And at last he brought them to a blue calm lake in the

* And these two words rhyme with "pin" and "new"

west, with great trees around it, and purple mountains beyond. There he called out with his loud strong voice, and they saw what seemed to be a long, beautiful, jewel-colored island arising from the water. That was the Salmon of Llyn Lliw.

The Eagle greeted the Salmon, and the Salmon the Eagle, and the bird told him about Mabon and asked him if he remembered the stealing.

"No," said the Salmon, "that was before my time. But I could help them if they came from the Emperor Arthur."

"Lord Salmon," said Gwrhyr, who knew the languages, "Arthur is our king, and it is he that sent us, and this Mabon is needed to do a great work for him, and he shall know of your help, if you will help us, and he will give you his love and his friendship."

"I will gladly help you," said the Salmon, "but I have the King's love already. Arthur I have known and loved from long ages ago, and he will know well who has helped him."

(And of course you know, children, why the Salmon of Llyn Lliw could only help people who came from the Emperor Arthur, don't you? And mind you me, like the Eagle and the Owl and the Stag and the little Ousel, and everybody and everything really wise, that Salmon wanted to help everyone in the world.)

But anyhow, the great fish swam up to the bank and bade them all get on his back; and who ever saw a salmon nowadays that could take five men and five horses on his back? But this one could, and he did, too, and swam away out of the lake with them (and the Eagle of Gwern Abwy flying overhead) and up the river and on they went until they came to Gloucester.

And there by the riverside they saw a dark castle all built of strong black stone and lead and iron. "Now," said the Salmon, "go on shore here, and you, Cai, strike with your sword on that black prison, for there is some one within who can help you."

And they did so, and when they could find no door in the place, Cai drew his sword and crashed it against the wall.

And there came a voice from within, that sounded far away, and as if it were the voice of one nearly dying. And it said: "Who's there?"

"Men come to seek for Mabon the son of Modron, who was stolen away from his mother when he was a baby, and that was ages and ages ago."

"I can tell you better than anyone in the whole world where he is," said the voice, and this time it was nearer and stronger than before. "I am Mabon, and here I have been imprisoned and alone in the dark for more ages than I can count, and I am the man you are seeking."

"Will any gift of gold to the man that holds you make you free?"

"Alas, no," said Mabon, sadly. "They need no gold who hold me. Only by fighting can I be made free."

"We will fight for you!" cried Cai and the others all at once, "and we will certainly make you free."

"Though you will fight for me," said Mabon (and his voice seemed to be nearer and stronger and less sad each time he spoke), "I do not know whether you will be able to make me free. Seven must come to do that."

"Seven are we."

"Though you are seven, you cannot do it unless one of you is a bird and one a fish, and five men."

"The Salmon of Llyn and the Eagle of Gwern Abwy and five men are here," said they.

"Though that is so, you cannot do it unless one of the five is of my own race."

"I am of your race, Mabon," said Eidoel, "I will never go away from here till you are free."

"Even so, unless you were sent here to free me by one man, you will not be able to do it. Unless you come from the greatest King in the whole world—"

And they shouted—"We come from the Emperor Arthur!"

VII—THE FREEING OF MABON AND MABON HIMSELF

"Then you are the ones who will free me," cried Mabon, and with that he began to sing, and his song was full of more strength and wisdom and joy than before his voice had been full of weakness and sadness.

Now in those days Gloucester was the city of all dark enchantments, and there were strong, well-armed and fierce witches there, and evil magicians with their selfish dragons from all the four quarters of the world.

So as soon as Mabon began to sing, what should they see but a white mist rising all around them, and coming nearer and nearer, and from it came harsh and hissing sounds and the Eagle said, "This is the thing we shall have to fight."

And they drew their swords and rushed into the mist and began to fight with all their might and main, but for all they could see they might have been fighting with each other. So the Eagle flew down, and with his two far-sweeping wings he beat and fanned the mist till it was all blown away, and then—all of a sudden what was there but a huge fire blazing and roaring and flaming about them, and they were nearly burned to death, and they would have been too, but for a huge wave that came rolling up from the river, and it was the Salmon who sent it to put out the fire, and he sent it by smacking the water with his tail. And then came another wave, and another, and soon the fire was entirely drowned. Then they saw before them a great, black man. His eyes were of red fire, and his teeth were longer than a man's hand, and he was uglier than anyone in the world. He had black armour and a black hilted sword; the blade of his sword was as long as a horse can leap; it was red-hot, and from the point of it came flames and black smoke.

To him went Cai, as tall he had made himself as a forest pine, and with him he fought. The black giant's sword he knocked out of his hand, and cut the hand with the same blow. Four red drops fell from that cut, and as they touched the ground, each of them became four strong, red, fierce, well-armed men, and sprung up to fight with the people of Arthur.

And I cannot tell you how terribly they fought, Cai, and Gwrhyr and Bedwyr, and Cilhwch and Eidoel, with those sixteen men. Sixteen? Yes, because a wound from Cai's sword no doctor could ever heal, and though the great black giant was wounded with only a little cut on his hand, he knew well that he would never be able to fight again, and in a little time it was dead he was. But the fight went on between the five and the red-glowing wizards, and they could not stand against the Emperor Arthur's men. And by five o'clock tea-time there was not one of them left, neither alive nor dead, for each as he fell went off like a puff of smoke and never was heard of again. And afterwards they told their Lord that but for the song that Mabon had been singing, they did not know what would have happened in that battle.

And after it was over, they all set on the castle together, they, and the Eagle in the air, and the Salmon from the water; and Mabon from within beat upon the walls with his chained hands. The castle shook, and a piece of the wall fell in, and Cai rushed in, and found Mabon and broke his chains, and carried him forth upon his shoulders. And as soon as they were outside—bang!—whoof! Where was the dark prison-place gone? No one knows. You see all the dark illusion castles in the world cannot stand against Universal Brotherhood, and those seven, the Knights and the Salmon and the Eagle were Brotherhood people, and Arthur their Lord himself was the Chief of Brotherhood in those days.

Anyhow, there was the castle gone, and not so much as a speck of ruin left—two minutes after and you would not have guessed where it stood, not even if you tried ever so. Cai himself could not be quite sure, after he had once turned round. Only there before them was Mabon, the beautiful son of Queen Modron, whom for Arthur's sake they had sought so long. His chains were gone, and his sorrow. His hair was shining like the sun. His eyes seemed to be two bright lights. He was taller than any man you have ever seen, and more beautiful than the handsomest of Arthur's Knights. Wherever he came his coming was like the sun's coming, and he did the work for Arthur which no one else in the world could do.

And that is the story of Mabon the son of Modron who was stolen away at three nights old from between his mother and the wall, and lay in prison in Gloucester for untold ages; and of how he was found and made free by Cai and Bedwyr and Cilhwch and Gwrhyr and Eidoel, the men of the Emperor Arthur; and of how they were helped by the five ancient creatures of the world, the Ousel of Cilgwri, the Stag of Rhedynfre, the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, the Eagle of Gwern Abwy, and the Salmon of Llyn Lliw. And those five ancients had King Arthur's love and his friendship. And that is all *now*.

Reports of Lotus Groups and Young Folk's Activities

A Letter from the Lotus Buds at Trollhattan, Sweden

Dear Lotus Buds and Blossoms at Loma-land:

Though you do not know the Lotus Buds at Trollhattan, in our outer shapes, yet we do know each other, when we realize that we are souls, who all like flowers wish to grow in joy and harmony. We think you must be joyful, you who are so near to the dear Lotus-mother in beautiful Loma-land. We think you can never be sorrowful. When we read your letter, which Miss Bergman brought us, and each of us received a little flower from you and Loma-land, we were very glad and we thank you heartily for all the love you sent us. We send you a little flower from our beautiful country. We call it "Ljung blomman" in our language. It has grown on a high mountain, has seen so much of the beautiful nature at Trollhattan and heard the murmur of the falls at the foot of the mountain—yes, could it speak, it would tell you many fair things of Trollhattan.

We like very much to sing. Now we have learned the "Sun-Temple," which we like exceedingly, and sometimes it is as if we were standing in your midst singing this song. The "White Lotus" we love most of all the songs. One of the larger Lotus Buds plays the piano for us.

Greetings to spots from us; tell him that we have liked his letters very much.

Many loving thoughts and greetings to you all from your joyful Lotus-comrades at Trollhattan. Let us help this work to spread joy and sunlight in the world, by being free, powerful Souls.

—Signed by the Lotus Buds of Trollhattan

November 3, 1901

Report of the Boston Lotus Group

LOTUS GROUP WORK—Lotus Groups are held in Boston, Cambridge, Somerville and Malden (or Everett) with a large average attendance and a steady increase of membership, especially in Boston. Recently monthly union meetings of these Lotus children have been held in Boston. Mrs. Thompson is rendering special service as a visiting worker. Each of these union meetings has delighted the children and the Lotus workers, inspiring them to give their best efforts. A realization of the extent of this work in and about Boston is brought home to the Lotus workers here by seeing such crowds of children and teachers gathered in our beautiful hall. This realization could not be so quickly and effectively produced without this monthly gathering. One of the objects in having these union Lotus meetings is to impress upon the minds of these poor little children some of our love for them and to help them to gain knowledge that will make them pure and true. In after life when they are grown up the teachings they receive will be their greatest protection against temptation. It is through these poor children we are to reach the masses, and it is in the masses, after they realize their true position in life and resolve to make themselves noble men and women, that the hope of humanity lies.

These remarks apply of course generally. The poor are so poor that we must first do something practical for them, and then they will take the true philosophy of life as a thirsty man a drink of spring water. So our hearts go out in full to these dear little ones, and the encouraging success of the children's work here give all the workers great pleasure.

Boston, February 8, 1902

W. H. SOMERSALL



FESTIVAL OF THE LOTUS GROUPS IN BOSTON, AND NEIGHBORHOOD

Lotus Group, Lodge 13, Macon, Georgia

The New Year's celebration, in the shape of a children's Festival, was the most joyous occasion in the history of our Group. Two hundred children, nearly all of whom were wage earners, had been invited. The Lotus Buds and Blossoms worked with the elders with happy hearts, for they felt that they were to be the hosts and hostesses and were therefore responsible for the happiness of their young guests.

About seven o'clock our hall was crowded with eager young people. When the curtains were drawn aside the stage presented a beautiful picture. White columns glistened between festoons of glossy southern smilax and between them were the portraits of our three Leaders. After a few words of welcome from one of the Blossoms the "Joy of the Morning" was sung by a chorus behind the scenes, after which was given the New Year's play. The play was most beautiful, the singing of the children being particularly fine.

The supper room must have seemed to these little children like fairy land, for the two long tables were as daintily decorated and as exquisitely furnished as if for the festival of a king. The little children, by many of whom such a sight had scarcely been seen before, enjoyed it to the limit. Music was furnished by Macon's best orchestra, the musicians giving their services in the name of Brotherhood.

After the supper was over, about a hundred children begged to go up-stairs again where the play was given as a special privilege. This was granted and it was nearly ten o'clock before the last child had departed.

The Macon *Telegraph* and the *Evening News* both gave favorable reports.

BERTHA W. BUNDSMANN, *Secretary*

U. B. Lodge No. 66, Sioux City, Iowa

[As the birthday anniversary of William Q. Judge will soon be here again, many of the children will be glad to hear of the way in which the day was celebrated last year by some of their young comrades in Sioux City].

The children of Sioux City Lotus Group No. 1, gave an entertainment on the evening of April 13th, in memory of William Q. Judge, the proceeds of which were sent to the International Lotus Home. The children were all dressed in white robes with ruches of Lotus Blossoms and Buds. Each carried a bunch of the earliest wild flowers. They entered singing "Happy Little Sunbeams." At the close of the song all repeated in concert, "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood Means." Then the first in line said, "We celebrate the birthday of the 'Greatest of the Exiles and Friend of all Creatures,' William Q. Judge. As he loved the children so we give to him our love and reverence." Then all repeated together, "In token of which we offer these flowers." and, marching by a table covered with white and bearing a portrait of Mr. Judge wreathed in flowers, they laid their flowers upon the table. Then the line of Buds and Blossoms stopped, facing the audience and spoke as follows:

Second Blossom—All help you extend to any other soul is help to yourself. It is our duty to help all, and we must begin on those nearest to us."

All—He taught us by his life to have love for all beings.

Third B—He said, "To stop working for Humanity and Brotherhood would be awful."

All—We cannot, we will not.

Fourth B—Though he was great, yet he seemed lowly and not far off.

Fifth B—He had charity for those who wronged him and said, "Cast no one out of your heart."

Sixth B—He said, "He who conquers himself is greater than the conquerors of worlds."

Seventh B—He said, "As we are striving to reach God, we must learn to be as near like him as possible."

All—He loves and hates not.

Eighth B—He said, "I am not separate from anything."

All—The One Spirit is in all.

Ninth B—He said, "The veils that come over our souls fall away when we work for others."

Tenth B—He said, "We are all here for each other."

Eleventh B—Let us try to be as he was.

All—"A Friend of all Creatures."

Twelfth B—Let us be kind to all.

All sing "Brothers We," and march to seats.

Recitations and songs followed this opening exercise. The Buds sang "The Buds" and the Blossoms sang "The Blossoms." Several action songs also formed a part of the program, and the entertainment closed with a "Good Night" song.

BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD, *Sup't Sioux City L. G. No. 1*

**Lotus Group No. 2, Helsingborg, Sweden**

During October we have had four excellent meetings, two by the Lotus Buds and Blossoms and two by the members of the Boys' Brotherhood Club. All of the meetings have been well attended and conducted as usual. At the Lotus meetings we have had songs, music, studies from the Lotus leaflet and stereopticon pictures. During the last meeting we welcomed a new helper as one of our teachers. We have our meetings in a

fine place and become better satisfied with our location as time passes. Our public meetings, as usual, are crowded by people eager to learn of practical Theosophy and the truths of the Heart Doctrine. Everything is harmonious with us and you will find us at our post of duty when you call us. Heart-felt greetings to all.

ERIK BOGREN



Lotus Group at Kungsholmen, Stockholm, Sweden

During this month, December, we have been occupied in the study of the first Leaflet, all of the teachers making careful preparation beforehand for every meeting. In studying the Leaflets with the children we have had the children learn their verses by heart and at every Group Meeting we sing some of these verses to the tune of pretty Swedish, children's melodies. We also tell the children stories that bear on the work taken up, and it is wonderful to us to see how easily they grasp the meaning of the deepest truths when given them in the form of a story.

On the last Sunday of December we had an especially impressive meeting. It was an anniversary day for our Group, which had existed just one year, and of course our thoughts turned towards the New Year. We promised ourselves and each other to stand more loyally as Comrades and as Warriors about our Lotus Mother and in token of this promise each child received a beautiful little gift. We all felt a deeper sense of consecration to the Work and a stronger determination, as Warriors of the Golden Cord, to work against all evil for the sake of Humanity.

OLGA MYHEWAN

GERDA STENMARK

ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*



Lotus Group, Stockholm, Sweden---Report of Work at Majorgaten, 9 B

Our Group has had five meetings during this month (December), and besides these the children gave an entertainment on December 14th. Together with the children at Kungsholmen a Christmas Festival was given on December 27th. One of the members said a few appropriate words in honor of King Oscar, because that day has been named after him. He truly is a friend to all creatures. At the next meeting, besides the regular program and songs, the children prepared Christmas Cards to be sent to the Lotus Mother, to the Cuban children, to all the Buds and Blossoms, and to all other Comrades at Point Loma.

On Sunday, December 15th, the children decided to save their "Shining pennies" to help the first Swedish boy or girl who should have the opportunity to go to Point Loma. One of the teachers told the story about the childhood of Jesus of Nazareth, one of the world's Great Teachers, and we sang several Christmas songs.

Sunday, December 22nd, we studied the Mineral Kingdom and after the regular exercises were concluded, the children sent Christmas Cards to all the Lotus Groups throughout Sweden. The study of Minerals was continued during the following Sunday, there was singing and declamation exercises, and the meeting closed with loving thoughts to the Lotus Mother and heartfelt thanks for the blessings and opportunities of the New Year. The Children's Entertainment on Saturday, December 14, was a great success, as was also the Children's Christmas Festival on December 27th. To these entertainments parents and Lodge Members are invited.

ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

GERDA NYSTROM, *Secretary*



U. B. Lodge No. 1, Malmo, Sweden

The Group has had unusually interesting meetings during October, led by the Superintendent, assisted by the teachers. The meetings begin with the "Brotherhood March,"

after which the children take their seats. Stories are told at each meeting and the Lotus children sing songs.

On October 13th the Malmo children sent to the Buds and Blossoms at Trollhattan, at the occasion of the Festival in their new home, a greeting, together with a heart of flowers, and in the quiet of the hour sent loving thoughts.

On the 25th of October a number of girls met for the purpose of forming a Girls' Club. The meeting was opened by reading "Point Loma News" from *The New Century* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH.

SECRETARY



U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

In our Lotus Group we have marching, stories, songs and music. Recently we have been learning new songs. At the last meeting we read a story from *The New Century*, entitled "The Birds of Loma-land."

We spend a great deal of time with songs and the learning of new songs, owing to new Buds and Blossoms recently enrolled. We feel that this Lotus Work is arousing the Warrior Spirit in each of us and everything goes to show that even brighter times are in store for us, together with even better conditions for our work.

ALICE SANDHAM, *Superintendent*
LOUISA CROPPER, *Secretary*

Lodge Reports (Concluded from page 700)

ing to do something practically helpful before going on with the entertainment part of the meeting. There is also as a usual feature of the meeting some instrumental music and we are arranging now to have a choir. The members are fairly familiar with the songs, and the singing of these has been a great help at all meetings. The attempt is now being made to gather the best singers into a choir.

At the first union meeting of each month, the helpful circular of Suggestions to Members and Lodges is read by the Lodge President whose turn it is to take charge of the meeting. Lately, in order to fix the attention of all members as much as possible on these directions and suggestions, the method has been adopted of passing round this circular so that each member present shall read a portion of it.

All matters pertaining to the work are brought before the members at these union meetings, and it is the purpose to start all new lines of work with that initial force which comes from united action of a goodly number of comrades. At present the preparatory work for an Easter sale is under way, a committee having been appointed at a meeting of Boston Lodge. It is the intention of this committee to get the interest of every member by some active participation in making the sale a success. They intend to hold the sale in our own hall, so that there will be no rent expense, and they hope in this way to make the sale more efficient.

MONTHLY PUBLIC MEETINGS OF SUBURBAN LODGES—These are held every month by the lodges of Cambridge, Somerville and Malden, and are so held as not to clash with each other, that is, there are no two meetings on the same Sunday. The members of the Beacon Lodge are active and helpful in Boston and are all loyally good workers. The Roxbury members are also loyal and willing workers and help much in Boston, both being excellent helpers on the Easter sale committee.

W. H. SOMERSALL