

"The veils that come over our souls fall away when we work for others." W. Q. JUDGE

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Lines to an Ancient Temple

By C. Wilkinson



A wondrous monument art thou, Stonehenge,
 Standing, grim, bare and rugged, in the midst
 Of sombre, rolling plains, 'neath open skies,
 Alone in all thy grandeur and thy might
 Throughout what ages dim and times forgot
 Hast stood, as now thou standest, mystic and lone,
 Untouched by Time and changing elements,
 And Nature's mighty forces which destroy
 The works which she herself so well has wrought.
 Greater art thou than man himself, in this—
 That thou hast seen race after race of men
 Arise: hast seen their power grow strong and wane
 And each in turn decay, till e'en the name
 Of what was once so mighty is forgot.
 And thou dost watch while Time piles age on age,
 Till years which saw thy youth are lost in mists
 Too deep to penetrate—so old art thou!

"Dance of the Giants" they called thee, the wise bards
 Who worshiped at thy shrine in those old days
 Of truth unsullied, faith undimmed by doubt;
 Ere yet with creed and dogma men had dulled
 The light which from the well of Truth doth spring.

“Dance of the Giants!” Aye, well might they dance
 Who raised such towering heights of living rock
 To be a Temple to the living God!
 Their joy was in the giving of their toil
 Free, and the best they knew, that there might stand,
 Long ages after they themselves were dead,
 The record of their sacrifice and love.
 Giants were they in spirit, and their strength
 Stands for a monument to all who see
 The ruins which still bear their strength’s imprint.

Thou pile of massive stones! What could’st thou tell,
 Had’st thou a tongue wherewith to tell the sights
 Which thou hast seen? And yet a tongue thou hast
 For us thy children who have loved thee well;
 Who in the silence of the evening gloom
 Have stood and worshiped as they worshiped once;
 As they of old who knew the eternal God
 That liveth in the very rocks and stones,
 A radiant life in man and beast and clay.
 For these thou hast a voice, and tho’ thy lore
 Be not as words of men, yet does it reach
 Our inmost hearts in silence, and is heard.

The Woman Question

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By Phæton



THE nineteenth century might be called the century of the unanswered question. Turn which way we will, some unanswered vital question, some unsolved problem, rises up to confront us. Perchance we face a host of them, as formidable to the timid comfort-loving soul as the Erinnyes themselves. Like poor Orestes, we are tempted to flee in despair. But if we do these modern Furies will pursue us, torture us, will not let us rest, these questions of capital and labor, of social purity, of service, of dietetics, of hygiene, of domestic service, of education, of philanthropy, of moral reform, of man’s destiny, of immortality, of child-training, of woman’s rights and what not, a veritable *pot-pourri*.

Woe unto us if we do not answer these questions, solve them, transform them from Erinnyes into Eumenides, “bringers of light.” We might have done so ages ago had we not preferred to lie down and sleep. But there come times, every few centuries, when everything conspires to waken and arouse

men, to bring them face to face with old debts and old problems. Things move swiftly at such times, and it is in such a period of tension and miracle that we are living today. Humanity is waking up, realizing intuitively, if not always in full consciousness, that not another step can be taken on the evolutionary path until old duties are done, old debts paid, and the unanswered problems of the world honestly faced and solved. And, if one can "discern the signs of the times," humanity, like Orestes, has at last taken refuge with the Higher Self of the Age—or bids fair soon to do so,—willing to become a disciple of Pallas-Athena, divine Wisdom, trusting her to save men from themselves, and to transmute these Furies of thought into agents of light and peace.

At the center of all is this same old unsolved "woman-question." When that has been answered, not theoretically but in the actual daily life of the world, many another problem will have answered itself by disappearing.

* * *

There are those, and they are very earnest, who hold that this "woman-question" is a vital one and will never be answered satisfactorily until women are given exactly the same political rights as men. The world needs first of all, they argue, the ballot for women.

In the light of Theosophy the view point of those who advocate, above all, the ballot for woman, seems to be quite away from the center of things. Their conclusions are therefore superficial.

Theosophy is the Doctrine of the Soul. The soul is the main proposition. The sex with which the soul clothes itself, and by means of which it gains certain experience in a certain way, is simply a corollary matter. And yet, if we are souls first and men or women afterwards, why is there a "woman question?" a problem that has stared the world in the face since the very beginnings of recorded history, although the world has only very lately recognized it. Why have women, for five thousand years, been degraded as a class, oscillating constantly between slavery in some form and petty, selfish tyranny? Why has the soul not long ago learned the lesson of justice, of compassion, of trust in the Higher Law, as it clothed itself now in one sex and now in another?

These lessons of the soul have not been learned, because humanity had no true philosophy of life. The Light, the Sun, had been obscured, withheld from the races of men by those who should have been the windows through which it might shine, and for centuries men and women have been groping in this dark labyrinthine thing called the lower nature. They have not been able to emerge from its recesses because the golden thread of intuition had slipped from their grasp, and all that linked them with the soul and freedom, and the Infinite Light had been lost. Men forgot that the Light is always shining and always will. They forgot that they were souls.

Let us not forget that the Higher Mind is the vehicle of the Soul. It is this alone which enables man to take the great step between simple consciousness and self-consciousness. "It is the link between the Spirit of God above

and the personal below." (W. Q. Judge). But becoming dual in its Nature as soon as it descends into the body, the battle of the ages begins. The Higher Mind incarnates not alone to gain experience, but also for the purpose of teaching the body, lifting it up and spiritualizing it. Thus the Higher Mind, linked as it is with the Soul, constantly endeavors to bring the wisdom of the soul to bear upon the experiences of daily life, while the lower mind, bound by passion and desire, endeavors as constantly to obscure the true light. It is not strange that in such a field of contending forces the man who has no philosophy to guide him is certain to be deluded, too often mistaking the "fires of lust that burn therein for the sunlight of life."

This gives us the key to the "woman question." For ages the Higher Mind of the race has been virtually non-existent. Those in whom it was a living force, the agent of the wisdom of the soul, have been consigned to the rack, the torture chamber or the stake. Men and women, as a whole, have lived in the lower mind, led by appetite and desire. Religion, somehow, failed to make a bad matter better. Read the history of the Middle Ages, particularly of the Inquisition, and you will understand why. Men were not expected to think. They were privileged to accept on faith dogmas they could not accept on reason. Men and women became selfish. They betrayed and sold their divine possibilities. They forgot that they were souls, following hither and yon this will-o'-the-wisp of sense gratification. Pleasure was the ideal, selfish pleasure, duty was a word meant only for anchorites and fools.

But one duty devolved upon woman more inexorably than upon man: the care and nurture of little children. That, alone, tied her hands and made resistance futile in case man should choose to place his burdens upon her, or appropriate her, soul and body. And in divers times and places he has so chosen.

On the other hand, woman herself has not been eager to break these chains, for her very submission to the caprices and desires of man has given her a more or less complete control over him. The destiny of more than one nation has depended, not on the councils of the statesmen, but upon the whim of the King's mistress. And woman herself, from sheer selfishness, has helped to fashion the web that has held her a prisoner and must hold her until the cycle of suffering is ended and the lesson of the soul has been learned.

Had men not forgotten that they were souls they had been just. Had women realized their own divinity they had long ago claimed their birthright of innate power and had blossomed into wise use of it. There are fearful debts to be paid by those who have deliberately kept from the mass of humanity the doctrine of the soul, this philosophy of karma and reincarnation. It is because men had no philosophy of life that they slipped into such abysses of sin and suffering during the Dark Ages.

These two doctrines, karma and reincarnation, quite extinguish all this hue and cry about the injustice of woman's position, about woman's rights and man's wrongs. If the soul reincarnates for the purpose of gaining more and more experience it is only logical that it should clothe itself now in one

sex and now in another. Otherwise the experience gained could be but partial.

And karma, the law of cause and effect, teaches us that we suffer from ourselves. No effect exists without its adequate cause. We reap exactly what we have sown, no more, no less, "in perfect equity which must be perfect love because it is not moved by passion or by prayer." No amount of discourse about the caprices of men and the excellences of women will alter the fact that the harvest waits until they who sowed the seeds garner it themselves. The "woman question" can only be understood in the light of karma and reincarnation.

Let us, however, drop philosophy and look at the woman question from the stand-point of history.

II

According to all our Golden Age myths, woman was, in ancient days, revered and esteemed. Pallas Athena, Diana, Antigone, Andromache and others are all symbolic figures, typical of an ideal womanhood. Surely not in Kali Yuga, the Iron Age, could the carrying away of a woman have precipitated a ten year's war. Yet Troy was besieged for ten long years that Helen, who represented to the Greeks the woman-ideal, might be restored.

In ancient Egypt, and yet in more ancient America, women were Priestesses and Teachers in the Temples of religion. There were wise and mighty Queens in those days who held in their great compassionate hearts all of humanity's children and in their hands the destinies of nations. Says Dr. Alexander Wilder (in his series of articles on Egypt, recently concluded in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH)—"It was the boast of the monarch, (the great Rameses of Egypt) that the weakest woman could travel unmolested on the highways. An inscription reads, 'The land is like a birth without pains. The woman may go forth where she likes; she may adorn herself according to her tastes and walk boldly where she pleases.'"

The clay tablet records of ancient Babylonia prove that the women of those days possessed many civil and social rights which exist for the modern woman only in prospect.

It is a far reach from the ideals of the Golden Age to those of later days when the woman has been bought, sold, hired out, taken for debt, her fate depending wholly upon the likes or dislikes of some man. Even within historic days have women been considered the lawful spoils of war, torn from their homes and children, compelled to witness the death, perhaps, of those whom they loved, and the destruction of all that was dear to them, and then distributed among a wanton soldiery as cattle might have been.

Even in historic Greece, the woman who dared to live as though she were a soul and not a plaything or upper servant, was looked upon a little askance. The average Greek woman, that is to say, the Athenian woman, lived a wholly secluded life. She never dined with her husband nor did she entertain his guests. She was rigidly excluded from the symposia or banquets. The schools of Athens existed only for boys. Girls were not allowed to attend, which was

wholly consistent with the notion that a woman's place was in the *gynecæum*, spinning, weaving and gossiping.

The women of Thrace, on the contrary led a free out-of-door life, tilling the fields and caring for their flocks, while the Spartan women, besides attending to their domestic duties, gave much time to gymnastics and athletics.

There was nothing like inner freedom, the mental and spiritual poise, which is characteristic of the woman who feels that she is a soul and divine, in all Athens at one time, excepting among a certain class of women called "Heteræ," or "the different." These women, many of whom were foreigners, lived in houses of their own, went about Athens unattended, dined and conversed with men as freely as does the modern woman, and had a marked influence upon the ideals of their time.

Aspasia was one of the "Heteræ" and one fine day she was summoned to come before the Judges on the Areopagus or Hill of Mars. The charges against her were as follows, "walking the streets unveiled, sitting at the same tables with men, believing in one sole Creator, and entertaining original ideas about the sun and moon. Fortunately for Aspasia, her husband was Pericles, ruler of Athens and his love for his beautiful wife was equaled only by the respect and esteem in which he held her opinions. Her biographer assures us that only his position and influence saved her from the punishment the Judges would otherwise have inflicted upon her. You see, in ancient Athens as in modern America, it all depends upon the point of view. Yet to Aspasia both Pericles and Socrates acknowledged a debt of insight and but for her influence the gorgeous blossoming of Periclean art and architecture would have been far less rich and full.

In ancient Rome the mother was held in high esteem. Cornelia, whose two little sons were her cherished jewels, more to her than all the King's money could buy, is one type of Roman matron. At one time there existed the custom of pensioning the mother who became a widow that she might have time and means and strength to properly rear her children, a custom that modern nations might adopt with profit. There is no more pathetic figure in the modern world than that of the mother who is forced to battle for her daily bread in the field of labor, with little children pulling at her skirts and tugging at her heart-strings. The sight is so common that it has lost its significance to us.

Under formulated Roman law, however, the woman had no rights whatever, in home, property, children, or the living of her own life. And, as Roman life became more luxurious, men became selfish, women became ease-loving, the social life became profligate, the home disintegrated, and at last the time came when the average woman held her own, and knew it, just in proportion to her skill in playing upon the weaknesses of some man. The downfall of Rome was the result, for Roman civilization would have toppled and fallen of itself finally without any assistance from the hostile tribes of North Germany.

(To be continued)

Reincarnation

By a Student



THE number of those who hold to the idea that life ends at the death of the body and that the individual then ceases, is far less than many suppose. The vast majority of men and women have an undefined feeling, a trust that life does continue beyond the grave. It is only when men try to define life in terms of matter, that, finding themselves baffled at every turn, they declare that because their instruments and physical senses cannot weigh and analyse the soul, therefore it does not exist,—they identify man with his body, and the body disintegrating and ceasing to be a body, they say that man in like manner ceases to be.

But these are only the few—the majority do believe in an hereafter, but it is a vague belief at best—a trust that somehow, somewhere, God provides.

Men do not like to confess that they are ignorant or that the world has been passing through an age of darkness and ignorance. They point with pride to the vast achievements in the material world, the growth of scientific knowledge and the spread of education; and yet great as these are, still of a part of their nature men are ignorant, the light is only now just beginning to dawn. There are other powers, other faculties, of the soul and heart, the knowledge and trust which we ourselves in our maturer years know so dimly, but which we sometimes see in the children. Children oftentimes know, but cannot reason or tell *why* they know. Just so men, though more dimly, *know* they are immortal in their deeper natures, but cannot tell why.

When we ask what shall be the nature of the future life, we are confronted here in the West with a vague conception of heaven. But if we turn to the ancients we find it taught that men return again to lives on earth. If we turn to the vast populations in the East we find the great majority believing in reincarnation; and even if we turn to the early history of the Christian church we find many of the church fathers teaching it. We find it taught even by Christ, and that it was the common belief among the Jews in his day, and that it is taught among many of them at the present time in some of their sacred books—the Talmud and the Kabbala. How is it that it has ceased to be taught in Christianity?

This doctrine of reincarnation has been called the “Lost Chord” of Christianity, and when we realize all that it means and the light that it throws upon the teachings of Christ, we can easily see the great significance of this title. It is impossible now to go into the history of Christianity and show how that vast system has grown; it is sufficient to point to the dominant feature of its power and especially of the influence of the most powerful of

the Christian bodies. The secret of the power of the churches is the fear of death, and it was to increase this power, and to use this "fear" as an instrument of power, that the ancient teaching of reincarnation or successive earth-lives was declared to be false and the holders of it anathematized at the Council of Constantinople in the 6th century.

Consider for a moment—whether or not you accept reincarnation as a fact and as one of the methods of nature—look at it for the moment merely as a theory and consider the effect it would have upon life and upon that inevitable ordeal of death, which we know we must face—which we know no mortal can escape. If we can calmly lie down to sleep at the close of a day's labor, knowing that on the morrow we shall awake to resume the purposes of our life and continue the work of the day just closed, which there was neither time nor strength to finish; if in the midst of the year's activities we can with confidence lay aside the cares of business for a week or a month's relaxation and holiday; if we can rely on the continuity of our own life and progress and of the life and progress of the world, assured of our own relation thereto; what cause is there for fear or apprehension when we pass into the longer sleep, a longer rest and vacation from the vexing problems of the world, and those of our own lives, which in the few years of one life we have not had the time nor strength to solve? In the light of reincarnation there is no more cause for fear in the one case than in the others. But acceptance of this teaching does away with all necessity of an intermediary to usher one through the portals of death, no longer can the threat of eternal damnation be made unless certain ministrations and doctrines be accepted. It is for this reason the doctrine has been obscured.

But let us turn to another aspect of the subject. Though often we mistake and seem to fail, though we may have found life full of disappointments, yet we base all our actions on the justice of Nature, that Nature will repay in kind that which we sow. It is in this respect, in the hope and courage that it brings to man, in the explanation of the heretofore unsolvable riddles of life, in its absolute justice, that reincarnation most demands our attention.

What explanation has science, what explanation has religion, to the inequalities and the awful injustices of life? The gospel of science is "The Struggle for Existence" and "The Survival of the Fittest." A certain class of religious dogmatists declare: "It is the will of God," "Ye are born in sin," and in the same breath they declare God to be "a God of infinite love and compassion." If the latter statement be true, the former is false and blasphemous, and the question remains unanswered. But God and Nature answer it in every seed that is cast into the ground and comes to flower and fruit. It is answered for us every time we fall asleep and wake again to resume our daily tasks. The answer is, "We reap what we have sown," and having sown the seed we return when the harvest is ripe, not in another field, not in some distant planet where we did not sow, but here on earth where we planted the seed, here is the harvest we must reap.

Yet the strangest objections are made by some to this beautiful and simple teaching. Some fear that they will no longer be themselves when they return, and the root of this objection is not far to seek. Through the obscuration of the teaching of reincarnation men have more and more identified themselves with their bodies and the bodily appetites, so that at length they have lost the knowledge of the soul; they have forgotten that they are souls using their bodies but as instruments and garments. How can we cease to be ourselves, even though the body change? Can anyone go back in memory in this life to the time when he was not himself? Did he not know himself to be himself from the very dawns of self-consciousness? Were not his dear ones, his friends, and, too, his enemies, dear to *him* or at enmity against *him*? True, perhaps some whom he loved he could only love afar off, but it was he himself that had the love in his heart, and what has been and is true of this life as to our identity will and must remain true in succeeding lives.

What is true friendship? Is it friendship for a coat or a hat?—the idea is preposterous! If we are accustomed to see our friend always in a particular coat and always with the same hat, naturally the mind associates the hat and coat with our friend, and if we were to see a person walking in front of us on the street wearing an exactly similar coat and an exactly similar hat and of the same general build and height as our friend, we might for a moment be mistaken and greet the person as our friend, but we should immediately realize our mistake. The resemblance might be still closer; it might be a resemblance of face and feature, of voice and eye, yet even then the heart would know. And on the other hand, is there less true friendship if our friend has become maimed or disfigured, so long as soul can draw near to soul?

On the other hand look for a moment at the diversity of religious teachings; think of the friendships that exist between people of different beliefs, and of the inevitable separations, as taught by these beliefs; think of the love that a mother still feels for her son, who, yielding to some awful impulse, has committed a crime and dies impenitent! Yet the good mother must forever be separated from the son she loves and for whom she would give her very soul, herself—for she will be in heaven and he in hell. This is the *comfort* that we know is offered to the sorrowing. But the comfort that reincarnation offers is that each shall come to his own again, that the ties of love are stronger than death, stronger than hell, that through the working of the beneficent Law, mother and son shall each be born again on earth; and dare we limit the wisdom and love and power of the Infinite to say they shall not meet, that the mother-love which sought to go out to lift up and aid her son shall not aid him and bring him strength to fight the evil in himself and, if he will, to conquer?

The gospel of reincarnation is the gospel of hope. Turn your thoughts to the despair in the world, the poverty, greed and lust; look at the great cities and at the armed nations and ask yourselves, "Is there not need for a new message?" Is this, indeed, the beginning of the twentieth century, or are we

in a nightmare of darkness? Is this the result of nearly two thousand years of the teaching of Christ's message? No; his message has been forgotten; it has been travestied; it has been repeated but with the lips, but not followed in the heart.

And Theosophy comes with the same message, "Little children love one another." It repeats again, "Be ye perfect," "In your heart of hearts ye are divine." It says again, "Ye reap what ye sow," and "because ye are divine ye can if ye will, sow the seed of a divine harvest." There is indeed need, great need, for the new-old message, the message of man's divinity, immortality and perfectibility; of his many lives on earth until he shall make this earth a heaven; of his brotherhood with all that is—this is the teaching of the Christ and all the saviors of all the ages, and this is Theosophy.

Positive and Negative

By E



EVERYWHERE in life we meet with Pairs of Opposites. They are called by many different names, such as Pleasure and Pain, Light and Darkness, Good and Evil; but whatever they may be called, ultimately they always represent the positive and negative qualities in nature. Often the two appear surprisingly alike, so much so indeed that one is tempted to exclaim with the Arab that "a hair-line only divides the false from the true." Yet that hair-line is always there, however faint it may appear to the untrained mind.

In attempting to accomplish anything it is first of all necessary to wish to do it. This seems so much like a truism that it sounds almost commonplace, yet many attempt all the time, and perhaps all of us a good deal of the time, to obtain results by quite another road. All roads lead to Rome, says the old adage, but at the same time many of them are very much longer than others and lead the weary pilgrim into a maze from which he can extricate himself only after ages of suffering. It is therefore extremely important that we select the most direct course, for then it is easier to see our destination even though at times the path may appear quite steep and forbidding, too difficult for us to climb. Yet it seems so steep only because of our wrong way of looking at it,—looking down on the ground instead of straight ahead.

Let us then look courageously ahead, trying to see how best we can reach our goal and overcome the obstacles in our way, whatever they be. The obstacles are there and must be overcome, yet it is useless to sit down and look at them or to spend our time trying to avoid them. If we allow fear to enter

our mind we see them and nothing else, see them and begin to speculate upon what may happen to us in case we fail through not doing that which we ought to do. On the other hand, courage helps us to keep our eyes steadily on the goal, knowing that we shall reach it by being up and doing. Fear and courage both travel along parallel roads, but one road is soft and miry, the other sound and fast to tread upon. The roads are parallel, but lead in opposite directions, and he who travels the road of fear will ultimately find that it has taken him only to the very beginning of the road of courage.

Let us be optimists, not pessimists! There is much to be gained by this, in fact it has everything to do with the shaping of our future. The pessimist sees life in its darkest colors and it makes him unhappy, makes him doubt whether after all life is worth living. He sees the dark side of everything, sees the hindrances in the way and they appear to him to be very formidable, not because they really are so, but simply because they are in front. Everything in the foreground looks large to the untrained eye that has not yet learned to make due allowance for distance, the eye which has not learned to take in the whole instead of the part, and thus be able to compare. It sees the self but does not see the other selves nor that all are indissolubly linked together through the common bond of Brotherhood.

It is not that we should be blind and not see the difficulties we may meet, but there are different ways of seeing them. The pessimist will always find a thousand reasons why things should not be done, why they would fail and be useless. He objects and questions whenever he meets with a new experience, whenever he is urged to take a step in advance. He is prudent, careful, is a conservative man. He wishes to preserve existing conditions. He reasons that while he may not exactly live in a paradise, yet he is well enough off as he is and might at any rate fare worse were he to leap into the unknown future. He sees that there are stones to bruise his feet and thorns to tear his flesh on the steep and narrow mountain path ahead, should he start to climb. Beyond the stones he dimly sees the heights, but truth is everlasting, he reasons, why not then rather wait for the arrival of a more opportune time, when the obstacles may have been worn away by other feet, or when he at any rate may have grown stronger for the task confronting him. Now he feels sure he is incapable of accomplishing it, and it would seem folly indeed to undertake that which appears so impossible.

How different is the man who looks straight ahead, over the hindrances, and sees first of all that towards which he aspires. He too sees the sharp stones which he must step upon, but the light ahead guides him and gives him courage to attempt and strength to endure. He too may feel the momentary pain, but he has a brave heart and an indomitable will. The very struggle is to him a source of joy, and each day this struggle brings him nearer and nearer to the light, which grows clearer and brighter by every step, filling him with added hope and faith. It lights up his whole being as well as his stony path, and helps him to overcome the ever increasing difficulties in his road.

The name of the light is Boundless Love, and its faintest ray has the power to strengthen us so that we may give our hand to a weary comrade and help him upward where before we found it impossible to climb even alone.

Let us resolve to DO and forget the DON'T. The one is positive, the other negative, and these two fitly illustrate the vital difference between the two states. There is hardly any act in life which may not be expressed either by a "do" or by a "don't." At times the results may appear to be quite the same, but in reality they are entirely different. We say to a person entering, "please close the door." This is just as easy as it would be to say "why don't you shut the door?" In both cases it may have the outward effect that the door will be closed, but the hidden effects are quite different. It is just as easy and certainly much better to ask a person to do a favor rather than to impatiently complain that he did not do it. The former always acts as a help to the helper, the latter is very often resented as an insult, whether it is merited or not.

Sometimes that which at first appears so very positive is found to be very negative in reality. So is often a strong and forceful denunciation of all that is bad in a manner negative, because of being destructive. In the main it destroys evil, to be sure, but it also destroys something else, it destroys hope and with it faith, gentleness and harmony; it shatters and creates discord. The aspiring speech, on the other hand, strengthens us instead of weakens, it lifts us up, builds us up, gives us added power to meet and fight the battles of life.

Between these two we find the apologetic speech, uncertain, always waiting for assent. It lies between but it is not the middle road which we should travel, for it too is negative, it is totally lacking in all force. It leaves the impression on the listener that we ourselves are not sure of what we say. If we have faith in what we are saying, we say it with fire, and the listener will grasp the idea, will perceive it with his inner as well as with his outer senses. We must therefore be assertive, yet without being aggressive. To be aggressive is not necessarily to be positive, for aggression often is nothing but combativeness and springs from fear, a fear to lose an advantage, existing or prospective. He who is sure of his position can afford to be calm. The wise ones are always calm, they never fear defeat, they know they will win and therefore they remain calm and unmoved under all conditions in life. If they speak to rebuke, even that is done calmly and with kindness; yet they are positive all the time.

If we are shooting at a mark we must first of all see the mark. It is useless to look at that which we wish to avoid, yea, worse than useless, for that which we look at, that will we hit. And so it is in life, we must aim at the ideal without wasting our time in trying to avoid that which is frivolous and earthly. It is easier to succeed if we try to be good than if we waste all our energy in trying to avoid being bad.

The force of habit is very strong. Habit builds character, and the more we dwell upon the evil and negative side of our nature, the more strength do

we give it. On the other hand, the more we accustom ourselves to lofty thoughts the more does this become habitual with us and the vicious thought becomes more and more impotent and impossible.

There is a time for the "don't," but then it becomes a "do." It is when used by a Teacher to show a pupil the many faults which all the previous "do's" have failed to make him perceive as existing in himself. The don't is then no longer only used that the pupil may not neglect doing good, it becomes a positive command to cease doing evil. It then acts like the surgeon's knife, it aims to cut away a fault. In the same manner we should at all times be our own teachers and resolve never again to do that which we have learned is wrong.

As darkness is the absence of light, cold the absence of warmth, evil the absence of good, so also are the positive and negative opposites only by comparison. In reality they are of the same nature, only in different stages of evolution. They are co-existent, and just as light dispels the darkness, so the presence of the positive quality ever tends to raise the negative upward. Thus it is that that which we call evil is capable of being transmuted into good and the wise teacher therefore follows the injunction against evil with an appeal toward the good. Nature abhors a vacuum, and we must of necessity always fill our minds with something. It is therefore not enough to drive out the evil, but we must replace it with good, build up where the ground has been cleared for the New Temple.

"Ask, and it shall be given you ;
Seek and ye shall find ;
Knock and it shall be opened unto you !"

The felicity of a man does not consist either in body or in riches, but in upright conduct and justice.—*Democritus*

It is not best in an inglorious ease
To sink and dull content,
When wild revolts and hopeless miseries
The unquiet nations fill

* * *

Nay, best it is indeed
To spend ourselves upon the general good ;
And, oft misunderstood,
To strive to lift the knees and limbs that bleed.
This is the best, the fullest meed.
Let ignorance assail or hatred sneer
Who loves his race he shall not fear ;
He suffers not for long,
Who doth his soul possess in loving, and grows strong.

—*Lewis Morris*

On Sun Worship

By C. Vaughan



“OF all the religions of the heathen,” said an old Christian lady to me once, “I can make most excuse for the worshipers of the sun, for at least theirs is no dead idol, but the brightest reminder of Himself which God in his mercy has set for us in the universe.”

And this old lady would have summed up Buddhism and the rest as idolatry, and the bowing down before stone images an abomination; and she brought up her children and her grandchildren to believe, or to imagine belief, in hell for all non-Christians. Yet no, the excuse for sun-worshippers was great, perhaps the Almighty might forgive *them*. She had her garden in the valley, where six days in the week she worked with heart and hand, and directed the labors of her gardeners; she had, too, her well-loved mountains around; and saw the golden Sun bringing life to her flowers, and making purple the black and misty mountains where he shone on them; and so it was that a touch of nature made kinship even for the heathen stir within her, and the Sun preached to her human brotherhood.

And who in the world is there that is not a worshiper of Apollo, though it be unawares? All men have a secret consciousness of the Sun as more than a physical being; for his force and his beauty are most patent and not long to be escaped. Is there not a certain heart power imminent in this universe, a splendor, a quality of gold and diamonds, that sheddeth life and brightness in dark, dead places, and setteth a radiant raiment upon all common things? It is thine, O, Sun. We will label thee no more with lifeless terms and epithets. We will put away the sham of mechanism, and bow down now before that true and golden magic, whose presence we have hitherto, perhaps, left unconfessed. Yet it is there, that spiritual shining wherewith thou dispellest illusions and all clouds and darkneses. It is the kiss, Lord of Beauty, wherewith thou awakenest the infinite rippling beauty of the world.

Thy great fountain fills the streams
That foam and sparkle through our dreams;
And every wonder star that gleams
On earth and sky and sea is thine.

To thee the Planets bow them low
As in their stately measure slow
Dancing down thy realm they go:
'Tis thou do'st make them sing and shine.

And from their trailing robes they strew
Seven-hued beauties down the blue;
Every burning jewel hue
They shed on flower and dew is thine.

The grey pale heart that will open to this subtle flowing life of the world becometh purple and enroyalled. The wearied age-bent mind that will but heed it, is once more full of laughter and youth. The wisdom of the wise man it gildeth with living love. In the young it is purity and strength and beauty. In all men it is the seed and nourishment of compassion, and compassion itself. It knoweth no languor nor feebleness, no melancholy nor ineffectiveness, no weakness nor incompetency; for what have these to do with Apollo, the vigorously beautiful, the sparkler on the sea-waves, the lord of the Earth and Soul of the World?

How the modern times have fallen away from Apollo and the truth in everything! The Greeks were at least wise enough to know that the Sun was Prince of the Muses, and the three-fold Sun was the presiding deity of the ancient bards. Olden poets and artists made their vows to him, where now too often the more personal sides of the moon, and of Cupid and Mars and Saturn are invoked. But it is the ancients who were right, they, and those who were with them, Whitman, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo. Call that poetry true, high and magical which most glows with the radiance of the real Sun. There are those that have disbelief in or no cognizance of the very true and disembodied existence of poetry; but they have forgotten three-fold Apollo, the radiator of the life-lights, and that he will always be sending and sending out his power through human hearts in words and thoughts and feelings, in measure and in truth strong, in color sparkling, beautiful and bright as himself, and in sound, rythmic and musical and echoing and built on the pattern of that music of the spheres which is the music of the Sun.

Thy great fountain fills the earth
 With olden music wild with mirth
 That rings and sings and brings to birth
 The joy that wages war with wrong.

Through earth's palace caverns deep,
 Where deathless Watchers vigils keep,
 Swells thy song from steep to steep
 And makes the world-foundations strong.

And through sapphire fields of sky
 Flaming spirits always fly.
 And the worlds would wane and die
 Unless those spirits sung thy song.

Among the wise ancients the Sun was the lord; and so it is that a certain inspiration and refreshment comes to us from them; beautiful dreams they give us, which, although but dreams, help us the more nobly and strenuously to *do* for beauty's sake, and bring a sort of glamour into grey lives. Yet it is not with the ancients and their wisdom lies the hope of the world, but with that which has begun and that which is coming. And Oh! the Sun-God is not dead. In shining Point Loma he has his home, well known there is his magic; thence is his power rayed out always over the whole world. It surrounds

and enhalos the rocks of the sea and the pebbles, so that over continents and oceans they call. It whispers and half reveals itself through the grasses and the herbs, is the very scent and soundless voice of a thousand blossoms. Even with the creeping things in the soil it is a silent silver song, and it rings out in exultant pæans of hope and hope for the world from the hearts of the toilers. It is the light of eternal, holy, all-beautifying, man-redeeming Compassion that goeth out from the heart of the great Mother, and unlighted with that light is not one of all the four quarters of the world.

People of the earth, if you but knew, if you but knew how that land of the Sun is the augur and splendid omen of your destiny! A voice has rung down through the deepness of the underworld, and the high souls that have slumbered their ages in Paradise are hastening to the gates of birth. Olden prophets, bards, artists, sculptors, heroes, leaders of men and kings will have their home and their training in the white tents of Loma-land, and their lives and their works and their songs will be perfect embodiments of the dear and mighty Sun.

Thy great fountain, Lord of Light
Fills thy children's hearts with might
Demon hosts to drive in flight,
And the world to hold for thee.

Through the ages passed away
We have toiled to haste thy day,
We have sworn thy foes to slay,
Till the sons of men are free;

Till our brothers wake and rise
God-light shining through their eyes;
And mankind compassion-wise
Find again its home in thee.

In my dreams I saw the waters over the face of the world, and I knew the great flood had come. On the scattered peak islands were those that stretched hands of supplication to the low, grey, ever-raining sky; but there came no answer and no sign, and hope seemed to have flown back to her own star. But in the west of the world I saw an Ark floating, and around it was no rain or sorrowful greyness, and over it was the sun, as it were reborn and with a new splendor. And I knew that the prophecies had fallen true, and that that saved in the Ark were all old new beauty and wisdom and truth, and that that radiant Sun was the Crowned Babe who should in his time bathe and flood and utterly cover the whole world with the sunlight of the perfect life.

I never mind the thought of death: our spirit is indestructible in essence and Nature is bound to give me another casing for it.

A man is not little when he finds it difficult to cope with circumstances, but when circumstances overmaster him.—*Goethe*

HYPATIA

or the history of a

most beautiful, most virtuous, most learned, and every-way accomplished Lady, who was torn to pieces by the Clergy of Alexandria to gratify the pride, emulation, and cruelty of their Archbishop, commonly but undeservedly styled, St. Cyril.

Magnum aliquid inflat, efferum, immane, impium.

—SEN. MEDEA, OCT. 3, SCEN. 1, LIN. 16

By JOHN TOLAND

London, A. D. 1753

British Museum

CHAPTER I

A GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE LADY; THE CONTRIVERS AND EXECUTIONERS OF THE BARBARITIES WHICH SHE SUFFERED; AND THE AUTHORITIES FROM WHENCE THIS STORY IS EXTRACTED.

I AM going to give a short account, but as full as ancient books afford us material, of the Life and Death of Hypatia; who will ever continue the Glory of her own sex, and the disgrace of ours: for the women have no less reason to value themselves, that there existed a Lady of such rare accomplishments, without the least blemish, even as a foil to her numberless perfections; than the men to be ashamed, that any could be found among them of so brutal and savage a disposition, as, far from being struck with admiration at so much beauty, innocence, and knowledge, to stain their barbarous hands with her blood, and their impious souls with the indelible character of sacriligious murderers. A Bishop, a patriarch, nay, a saint, was the contriver of so horrid a deed, and his clergy the executioners of his implacable fury. The authors out of whom I collect my account (and I omit none that has come to my knowledge) were either her contemporaries, or lived near that age. One of them was her school-fellow, another her scholar. But they who relate the most odious and flagitious circumstances are ecclesiastical historians, counted orthodox in their own time, as well as eminently so by most in ours. Nor ought we to forget that several of them were priests. To every one of them we shall do the justice that their sincerity or prevarication deserves, though little remains to do in this respect; all being agreed about the principal facts, and some differing only in points of no great importance. They are such things, as, taken either way, neither serve much to alleviate a very bad cause, nor to aggravate what cannot be possibly made worse.

CHAPTER II

ALEXANDRIA, FAMOUS FOR LEARNING AND MERCHANDISE, BUT PARTICULARLY FOR A SCHOOL OR ACADEMY, OF WHICH THEON, THE FATHER OF HYPATIA, WAS MASTER.

After Alexander, the Great, had founded Alexandria in Egypt, as the center of commerce in the Empire he was projecting, this city soon became a flourishing mart for Learning as well as for merchandise. The fame of the Alexandrian School, and of the Alexandrian Library, reached much further than the name of Alexander himself; or at least they carried it, whither it could never have reached without their means. This was the most proper tribute that could in gratitude be paid to the memory of a Prince so ambitious of glory: As indeed no private persons, no more than potentates, will ever do anything praiseworthy without the prospect of a long-lived reputation, the most effectual spur to laudable and arduous undertakings. The succession of the great men that presided in this school may be learnt out of the works of those who have purposely written on such subjects. My design, however, obliges me here to mention one of them, namely, Theon, who governed that Academy with much applause in the latter part of the fourth century. He was particularly famous for his extensive knowledge in Astronomy, as the catalogues, made of such who excelled in this science, abundantly show. But what has contributed to render him more illustrious to all posterity is, that he was father to the incomparable Hypatia; whom, according to the custom of those times, or rather prompted by the encouragement he received from her own promising Genius, he educated not only in all the qualifications belonging to her sex; but caused her likewise to be instructed in the most abstruse sciences, which are reputed the proper occupation of men, as requiring too much labor and application for the delicate constitution of women.

CHAPTER III

PHILOSOPHY NOT AN IMPROPER STUDY FOR THE FEMALE SEX; MANY OF THEM VERY EMINENT FOR THEIR GREAT PROGRESS IN THE SCIENCES; PARTICULARLY HYPATIA, WHO EXCELLED ALL THE PHILOSOPHERS OF HER TIME.

That this notion is a vulgar prejudice, the vast number of ladies who have in every age distinguished themselves by their professions or performances in learning, furnishes an unanswerable argument. Whole volumes have been written containing nothing else but the lives of such women, as became eminent in all kinds of Literature, especially in Philosophy; which, as it is the highest perfection, so it demands the utmost effort of human nature.

But leaving these heroines to the search of the curious, I shall confine myself at present to one object worthy all admiration; in doing justice to whom I may be deemed to write the panegyric of the whole sex.

We have the unanimous consent of Synesius, Socrates, and Philostorgius, her contemporaries; as likewise of Damascius, Nicephorus Gregoras, Nicepho-

rus Callistus, Photius, Suidas, Hesychius Illustris, and others, touching the prodigious learning and other excellent accomplishments of Hypatia. What is still a greater proof of the fact, no one person, or through ignorance or through envy, has ever as much as insinuated the contrary. Socrates the ecclesiastical historian, an unsuspected witness, says that "she arrived to such a pitch of learning as very far to exceed all the philosophers of her time;" to which Nicephorus, also an ecclesiastical historian, adds, "Those of other times." Philostorgius affirms that, "She was much superior to her father and master Theon in what regards Astronomy." And Suidas, who mentions two books of her writing, one "on the Astronomical Canon of Diophantus," and another "on the Conics of Apollonius," avers that "she not only exceeded her father in Astronomy, but further, that she understood all the other parts of Philosophy;" a thing that will be easily credited by those who shall peruse the sequel of this story, wherein nothing is advanced without competent vouchers.

CHAPTER IV

HYPATIA SUCCEEDS IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PLATONIC SCHOOL AT ALEXANDRIA, FOR WHICH SHE WAS JUDGED QUALIFIED, IN PREFERENCE TO ALL THE MEN OF LEARNING AT THAT TIME.

And truly were not this matter so well attested by those writers we have just named, and by others we shall presently have occasion to allege; yet nobody could any longer doubt of it, after being informed by the very same persons, that Hypatia succeeded in the government of the Platonic school at Alexandria, the place of her birth and education. This was another guess thing, God knows, than taking the degree of Doctor in any of the faculties which one or two women have not long since done, for which they have been loaded with fulsome eulogies, though producing no effects suitable to the titles they have so much ambitioned. But what greater glory for a woman, what greater honour redounding to all women, than to see a Lady teaching in that chair where *Ammonius* and *Hierocles* (to name no more, for 'tis a mistake in Socrates or his transcriber to make Plotinus one of them) where so many professors, I say, uttered the oracles of Learning, rather as Divine Intelligences than mortal men? What infinite merit must She have possessed, who could be preferred to that conspicuous station, at a time when men of immense learning abounded both at Alexandria, and in many other parts of the Roman Empire? Wherefore, the novelty of the thing considered, and Hypatia's worth being universally acknowledged, 'tis no wonder that She soon had a crowded Auditory.

"She explained to her hearers," says Socrates, "the several sciences, that go under the name of Philosophy; for which reason," continues he, "there was a confluence to her from all parts, of those who made Philosophy their delight and study."

To the same purpose speak others; and Suidas adds that "*She explained all the philosophers,*" that is, all the several sects, with the particular tenets of

their founders, which shews an inexpressible elevation and capacity; each of these separately being thought a sufficient province to exercise the diligence of any one man consummate in Letters.

CHAPTER V

HYPATIA'S SCHOOL CROWDED WITH SCHOLARS OF THE BEST FASHION. SHE IS ADMIR-
 MIRE FOR HER INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY, AND THE VAST EXTENT OF HER LEARN-
 ING.

Now, I cannot but here represent to myself with pleasure, let who will censure me for it, the flower of all the youth in Europe, Asia, and Africa, sitting at the feet of a most beautiful Lady (for such we are assured Hypatia was) all greedily swallowing instruction from her mouth, and many of them Love from her eyes. How she served one of this last sort, shall be told in its due place. It was doubtless a thing impossible not to improve under such a teacher; as one must be equally stupid and insensible, that could not be powerfully affected by a charming mind in a charming body. I am sure this reflection is very agreeable to that philosophy she peculiarly professed; and accordingly the Alexandrian School never flourished more. Her Disciples entered into a strict tie of intimacy with one another, styling themselves "Companions," or, as in our colleges "Fellows;" which was likewise the custom at Athens, and in other famous seminaries of Learning. This commonly begot effects of Benevolence through the whole course of their lives, and sometimes acts of friendship very extraordinary. Hypatia was by way of excellence named "The Philosopher," although as much on account of her profound knowledge, as for her public profession of teaching. Nor was any professor ever more admired by the world, or more dear to his own scholars. Hers were as remarkable as numerous.

CHAPTER VI

AN ENCONIUM ON SYNESIUS, ONE OF HYPATIA'S SCHOLARS; WHO, THOUGH A HEATHEN, WAS CONSECRATED A CHRISTIAN BISHOP.

One of these, who has preserved to us the names of several others, is the celebrated Synesius. He was a native of Cyrene in Africa, on the borders of Egypt, a very ancient Greek colony, the birth-place of Aristippus and Carneades, which Synesius forgets not to mention in his writings. He travelled for improvement to his neighbouring country of Egypt, the undoubted Mother of the Sciences, where he happily succeeded in his studies at Alexandria under Hypatia. This person alone may suffice for a specimen of the extraordinary spirits that she formed. If we may rely on the judgement of no less a man than Nicephorus, Gregoras, Patriarch of Constantinople (who wrote elaborate annotations on his treatise of Dreams, a piece fraught with uncommon learning). He says, "There was nothing he did not know, no science wherein he did not excel, no mystery in which he was not initiated or skilled," with a

great deal more to this purpose. And it must be owned, that to all the vivacity natural to his country, there was joined the most profound knowledge and solid judgement. His works are every one highly commended, but his epistles are admirable, as Suidas very truly remarks; and in the opinion of Protius, as well as of Evagrius, they are elegant, agreeable, sententious, and learned. He was a man of noble birth, which added no less weight to his learning than this reflected lustre on his quality; as both together procured him credit with his superiors, authority over his inferiors, and admiration from his equals. He went upon an embassy, which lasted three years, to the Emperor Arcadius at Constantinople, on the behalf of his country; which was miserably harassed by the auxiliary Goths and other barbarians, but which received considerable relief from his solicitations. It was then that with greater boldness than any of the Grecians (as he tells us himself) he pronounced before the Emperor that extremely fine oration concerning government; which, in a country so justly fond of Liberty as ours, I wonder has never been translated. This defect I have supplied, and will impart it to the public on a proper occasion. As for Synesius's being consecrated Bishop of Ptolemais, notwithstanding his protestation, that he disbelieved some of the most essential articles of the Christian Religion, we spoke enough to that point at the latter end of Clodophorus; only we shall observe in this place, how Petavius, the editor of his works, affirms that in some of the books written after his profession of Christianity, he appears as very a Heathen as ever. But this being no prejudice to his parts, however it may affect his salvation, is none of our present business to examine; much less to adopt the pitiful excuses, or rather prevarications, invented by some learned men to defend him from this imputation. The principal is Baromius.

CHAPTER VII

SYNESIUS'S TESTIMONY TO THE LEARNING AND VIRTUE OF HYPATIA. SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS WRITINGS AND OTHER WORKS.

The thing which our design obliges us not to pass over lightly is, the grateful testimony he everywhere bears to the Learning and Virtue of Hypatia, whom he never mentions without the profoundest respect, and sometimes in terms of affection, coming little short of adoration. In a letter to his brother, Euoptius:—"Salute," says he, "the most honored and the most beloved of God, the Philosopher; and that happy sodality of Fellowship which enjoys the blessing of her divine voice." In another to his said brother he mentions one "Egyptus, who sucked in the seeds of Wisdom from Hypatia." And thus he expresses himself, writing to Olympius: "I suppose these letters will be delivered by Peter which he will receive from that sacred hand. I send them from Pentapolis to our common Instructress, and she will intrust them with whom she thinks fit, which I am sure will be to one that is well known to her." In a letter addressed to herself he desires her to direct a Hydroscope to be

made and bought for him, which he then describes. Petavius thinks it was a sort of level, and others an hour-measure. That famous silver Astrolabe which he presented to Peonius, a man equally excelling in Philosophy and arms, he owns to have been perfected by the directions of Hypatia. In a long epistle he acquaints her with the reasons for his writing two books, which he thereby sends her. The one was his mystical treatise on "Dreams," and the other his "Dion." This last is a most ingenious apology for learning against two sorts of men, who by very opposite lines tended to the same center of Ignorance. The one, that under pretense of being reserved towards unworthy hearers, concealed their want of real Knowledge, did accuse him of being too communicative, and of prostituting Philosophy. The others would have him to be eternally prating like themselves, not that they studied more than others, nor yet so much, to be furnished with matter of discourse; but that talking by rote out of certain systems, the truth of which they took for granted, and which nobody must contradict; they could tire the patience of their hearers without making these or themselves a whit the wiser. Both sorts charged him with studying elegance and oratory in his compositions; for the divines of that time were substituting apace to Philosophy and other learning, Legends and enthusiasm, fables and fancies, which they sanctified by the name of "Divine contemplation." Metaphysical distinctions about the Trinity and extravagant notions about the Essence of God (whose majesty they blasphemed by their profane definitions) was all the study then in vogue, to the irreparable damage of polite and useful letters.

CHAPTER VIII

SYNESIUS SUBMITS HIS BOOK OF DION TO THE JUDGEMENT OF HYPATIA; HIS DESCRIPTION OF HIS CENSURERS.

Of his "Dion," therefore, he begs Hypatia's judgment, resolving not to publish it without her approbation. He informs her, moreover, that she's the first among the Greeks, or rather the "Heathens," to whom he communicates his treatise of "Dreams;" and, that he might complete, he says, the sacred number three, he adds to these two his "account of the Astrolabe," presented to Peonius. It will not be a digression altogether foreign to the subject (as we shall see hereafter) if we insert here part of the fine description, which he has given of the second sort of those that censured him:

"Who being full of ignorance (says he) yet armed with confidence, are readier than all other men to discourse concerning God; and if you happen to light upon them, you will straight hear some of their unreasonable reasonings, which they will needs obtrude on such as are desirous of no such matter; because, I suppose, it is for their interest so to do. For on the score of such things they are made preachers in towns, which is the same thing as to enjoy Amalthea's Horn or plenty of all things, which these think themselves obliged to use. I fancy by this time you perceive what this forward generation of men may be that blame

“my generous purpose. They invite me to come into their discipline, promising, that in a short time I shall appear most confident in things relating to God, and ever after be capable to dispute incessantly both night and day.”

I believe this race of men is not yet extinct; but another time they may hear of a certain speech addressed to them by the same truth-telling Synesius.

CHAPTER IX

SYNESIUS'S MISFORTUNES; HIS LETTER OF COMPLAINT TO HYPATIA.

On his promotion, or, as he accounted it himself, his banishment to the Bishopric of Ptolemais, he was forced to quit the Fellowship of his co-disciples and the presence of his dear Hypatia. As an augmentation of his affliction he soon lost his wife, with his children a little time after, whom he very tenderly loved, and whose death he did not bear with the same fortitude that is reported of some other philosophers. On this occasion, and a fancied neglect of his friends, he wrote the following letter: “To Hypatia, the Philosopher, (that I may use the very words of the inscription). I salute you, happy Lady, and by your means the most happy Companions. I have of a long time had an intention to chide, by reason I have received no letters from any of you. But now I perceive that I am neglected by all, not that I have in any thing failed of my duty; but that I am in many respects unfortunate and indeed as unfortunate as anyone can be. Nevertheless, could I be thought worthy of receiving your letters, and of being informed how you lead your lives (being confident, however, it is after the best manner that may be, and that you fail not to exercise a sprightly genius) I should only think myself unhappy by halves, while I enjoyed any happiness on your account. But now I must reckon this also, as one of the misfortunes wherein I am involved. For I am not only deprived of my children, but likewise of my friends, and of everybody's kindness; nay, what is more than all, of your most divine Soul, which only thing I flattered myself would continue steadfast to me, in spite of the injuries of fortune and the storms of fate.”

One would think that he could not better express, in so few lines, the good opinion he had of his Teacher; yet he's still more pathetic in other letters, which, because serving to give us the fuller view of Hypatia's character, I shall produce as essential to my subject.

CHAPTER X

SYNESIUS'S GRIEF FOR THE DEATH OF HIS CHILDREN BRINGS UPON HIM A FIT OF SICKNESS; HIS LETTER OF COMPLAINT TO HYPATIA IN HIS ILLNESS.

Continuing therefore to grieve for the death of his children, he fell into ill state of health, which he signifies to his mistress (whom in all his letters he styles “The Philosopher”) and to the beloved Companions of his studies, in these words: “Being confined to my bed I have dictated this letter, which may you receive in good health, my mother, my sister, and my Instructress!

in all which respects you have been my Benefactress, or if there be any other, either name or thing, that is more honorable. The weakness of my body proceeds from the anguish of my Soul. The remembrance of my deceased children consumes me by little and little. Synesius ought only to have lived so long as the evils of life were unknown to him. Afterwards it has happened to him as to a stream that is stopped; it rushes over its dam on a sudden, and forces all the pleasure of life before it. Let me cease to live, or to remember the burial of my children. May you enjoy health yourself, and salute in my name the happy companions, beginning with Father Theotecnus, and Brother Athanisius, and so proceeding to the rest. Or if any other be since associated to them, who is agreeable to you (and to whom, for this very reason of pleasing you, I ought to stand obliged) salute him also for me, as one of my dearest friends. If what relates to me be of any concern to you, 'tis well done; though, even then, I shall be insensible to this favor."

What can be more affectionate, what can be more tender, what can be more benevolent or candid? The Soul speaks here in every line. A while after, the calamities of war being added to all his other sorrows, he writes her this letter, beginning with a couple of lines out of Homer, changing only a word or two :

'Tho' 'mong the Dead profound oblivion reigns
E'en there, my dear Hypatia, I'll remember.

"I, who am surrounded with the miseries of my country, and who am thoroughly weary of it, since I daily see hostile arms, and men slaughtered like beasts; that I breathe air infected with the corruption of dead bodies, and that I hourly expect the like fate myself; for who can hope well, where the very face of the sky is most lamentable, being darkened by the shadows of carnivorous birds? Yet, notwithstanding all this, I retain an affection for the country; nay, how can I do otherwise, being a Libyan by nation, and born in this place, where I behold no ignoble sepulchers of my ancestors. For your sake alone I fancy I can set light by my country, and, as soon as leisure offers, will banish myself out of it."

In "Clidophorus" I showed the resolutions out of some of his letters to others; but whether he ever executed them, or how long he lived, where or in what manner he died, is not recorded by any author that I remember.

The Personal Man to His Higher Self

In hours of unrest,
Thy Peace, Lord,
In hours of irritation,
Thy Patience, Lord,
In hours of temptation,
Thy Purity, Lord,
In hours of weakness,
Thy Strength, Lord.

“The Passing of the Clouds”

By Ethne



A SWEEP of leaden sky, and tossing rolling sea, a lonely figure seated upon a mass of heaped and tumbled rock, on a wind-swept coast! A scene of strife and desolation for the dark storm clouds seemed closing in on all sides; but the outer turbulence was as nothing to the dense shadows and fierce storms that swept through Mrs. Barton's troubled soul. “I feel it in my heart to say there is no God,” she muttered. “What have I done that my only son should repay my toil and labor of years with base ingratitude and a life of reckless dissipation, how much longer can I stand the drain of his extravagance. It is not just! How can I believe in a merciful Father in the face of such an awful trial, I have not deserved it!” and she gazed out over the waste of waters in despair.

It was a chilling lowering autumn afternoon, but suddenly the massed clouds parted and from underneath the blackness shone the bright sun. The woman turned and in the brightness making a path to her feet, she saw coming towards her the radiant figure of a young girl with her hands filled with flowers. “Dear Mrs. Barton, I hope I did not startle you” said Hope Maiden softly, “you were so absorbed in your thoughts that you did not hear me coming. Look at my lovely flowers, those royal chrysanthemums and autumn leaves! Lady Lawton always gives me some of her choicest to decorate the tables for our Brotherhood Suppers.”

Mrs. Barton looked at the girl curiously, she was so bright and happy. “You never seem to be sad,” she said, “though you have your troubles I know; what is your secret of perpetual brightness? To me there seems nothing but injustice and chaotic darkness in the world and no hope for the future.”

Hope delicately fingered her flowers for an instant before replying, then looked earnestly into her companion's eyes. “It depends so much on how we look on life” said she, “to me it is all order and beauty. True! much is not as it should be, but that is our own fault, we have made the present out of the past, and are making the future out of our present. It is not God that has brought misery into the world, but man. There is no *injustice*, but there is often a bitter reaping of what we have sown.”

“What do you mean?” said her companion harshly, “do you think every one *deserves* what they get? it is monstrous; you don't know what you are saying.”

“I quite sympathize with your view” said the girl, “because with many others you think that we have lived on earth but once, but that is not so. As

souls we have lived in many bodies down through the ages, and in suffering we work out our past mistakes, till we learn to recognise human brotherhood—for we are all children of the same Universal Father, dwelling in our inmost hearts and *His Will* is that we see his glory reflected in every human heart, *our work* to hasten that day through brotherly service to those less enlightened than ourselves.”

In the pause that followed Hope looked at her watch. “I must hasten, she said, “or I shall miss my train.”

“Goodbye my child, you have given me something to think about,” said the elder woman. “I must learn something more of your philosophy, life wants a little more light thrown upon its puzzles, for to most of us the day of blind unquestioning belief has passed.”

“I shall be glad to tell you,” said Hope. “It is what Christ taught and the great World Teachers that came before him.”

* * * * *

“Hullo Maiden! I just wanted to see you,” said a rather dissipated but clever looking young man, as they met at the door of the club smoking room. “I didn’t see your sister at Lady Tatleton’s ‘At Home’ this afternoon.”

“No,” replied Dr. Maiden, “she never allows pleasure to interfere with her Brotherhood work. There is to be a Brotherhood Supper tonight. I am going down to help. Suppose you come too?”

“It’s not much in my line, but thanks old man, I think I will.”

Noel Barton knew the Maidens were members of some Society and the present seemed a good chance of learning something about it. When the friends arrived at the quarter of the city where the Brotherhood Supper was held, the meal was over, and the busy workers were clearing the tables and arranging for the evening’s entertainment. Among those engaged in looking after the comfort of the guests was Hope Maiden, and, coming near the two gentlemen, she shook hands with her brother’s companion, and then carried her brother off to see what could be done for a feeble looking little child. Left to himself Noel Barton surveyed the scene curiously, it was an entirely new experience to him, the poor so considerately and lovingly treated. In his life of careless pleasure-seeking they had been but a name, and of quite another order of being, but here, the hosts and guests seemed upon the best of terms with each other. Dainty Hope Maiden, quite absorbed in her work of love, had scarcely glanced at him, and in the throng of busy workers he felt an alien.

All comfortably seated, the entertainment began. The chairman made a few cheery remarks, breathing of hope and brotherhood; music and songs followed, music soft and sweet, songs of uplifting courage and cheer. Other speeches followed and through all ran the same strain, the divinity and responsibility of man.

Noel became interested. Dr. Maiden was speaking: he said, “My friends, we alone are responsible for the condition in which we find ourselves today, be it poverty of soul, mind, or body, it is we who have stunted our own growth

by our acts of selfishness and greed in the past, and that being so, it follows that we alone can put forth the sprouts that will in time attain to the full growth of perfected manhood. Let us never forget that we are Souls and that all men are brother-souls struggling upon their upward path, and so hold out to them the sturdy hand of fellowship."

Then Hope Maiden's beautiful voice held the people while she sang to them of "Love Divine through all things flowing," and "The Lotus Flower," evolving from the home in the slime and mud to the blossom of radiant beauty in the free air, lifting its snowy cup to the heavens. The meeting concluded with a cordial invitation from the chairman to those present to come again to the next monthly supper. There were tears of gratitude on the faces of many as they crowded around the happy International Brotherhood League members to say good-night, and Noel Barton, standing next to Hope Maiden received many a grateful handshake under the impression he was one of their hosts.

That he was deeply touched it was easy to see and as he walked home with the Maidens he at length burst forth, "What was the influence there? It was indescribable, that feeling of peace which at the same time seemed to put new energy and life into one."

Hope looked at him, "You felt it," she said, and there was a glad look in her eyes.

"Yes," he said earnestly, "I felt a worthless creature at first, but then came the feeling that I too was something more than my miserable faults and failings, and that I have the power to redeem the wasted past, in a more useful future. I would like to help you lift some of that human wretchedness and—I will." They all walked on silently under the shining stars till they reached the doctor's house. As he wished the brother and sister good-night, Noel said in a low voice to Miss Maiden, "I shall run down to the Mother tomorrow and see what I can do to cheer her up."

Hope ran up the steps with a happy smile on her face; there is many a heart crusted over with selfish carelessness, she thought, that only needs the crust broken through by some brotherly touch to shine in helpfulness.

. If the mariner,
When at reluctant distance he hath passed
Some tempting island, could but know the ills
That must have fallen upon him had he brought
His bark to land upon the wished for shore,
Good cause would oft be his to thank the surf
Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind that blew
Inexorably adverse.

The immortal mind craves objects that endure;
These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,
Nor they from it; their fellowship is secure.

—Wordsworth

The Surrender of the Personality

By William Scott



Before the Voice can speak in the presence of the Masters, it must have lost its power to wound.

Until a man has become, in heart and spirit, a disciple, he has no existence for those who are teachers of disciples. And he becomes this by one method only, the surrender of his personal humanity.—*Light on the Path*

WHAT is the Personality, and to whom shall it surrender? There are four kinds of action, (1) that which is pure in motive, but done to gratify a personal desire for purity; (2) that which is done for the base purpose of selfish gratification of the low animal passions and desires; (3) mixed, which is most common among humanity. These three kinds of action are those of the personality, which is built up of the habits, desires and passions accumulated in the countless incarnations during the millenniums of the past, and it is this which dominates the lives of mankind generally. The fourth kind of action is that of the Soul, freed from the shackles of personality, and is totally devoid of self-interest. It is true brotherhood, which is the Law.

The soul knows, for it is itself knowledge, because it can look directly upon the law and gives exact expression to it, and its action therefore is the law. Its motive is similar to that which induces the personality to add a sum correctly. It knows that an attempt to frustrate the law would be futile and absurd. They who act thus are the true leaders and teachers of the race,—they who have brought light and joy into the lives of men throughout the ages, as Buddha and Christ have done, as H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and our present leader Katherine Tingley, are doing.

The personality is so engulfed in its own interests that it is totally oblivious of the unity of all things. It loves ease and comfort, likes to be patted on the back and praised whether it deserves it or not, hates to be contradicted, loves to rule, and to appear as a mighty personage: in short, it is marked by all those elements of character which are included under the term selfishness, and a goodly number of those that pass for altruism. It is that lethal shade of darkness and destruction whose essence is the Arch Fiend, the Prince of soul murderers; and when we indulge the personality we join his forces in their mad career to perdition.

The personality is like a soldier in an army who is so engrossed in his own ideas as to how the campaign should be conducted that he is deaf to the orders of the commander, and is not only a poor fighter but is the cause of disorder in the whole army, and instead of helping on to victory he is bringing defeat.

To be of service he must forget his personal plans and yield to the will of the commander, and to do all he can to carry it out; he must become enthusiastic in his desire to execute the commands promptly and perfectly, and protest against insubordination when he sees it in his fellows. In like manner the personality must surrender to the soul, to the law, and the teacher whose command is the law or the voice of the soul in audible form.

This seems easy, and indeed would be easy if we were eternally vigilant and dismissed personal desire as soon as it makes its appearance to the consciousness, before it gets possession of the mind, and by calling up pure and noble thoughts and aspirations; but perhaps the best method of keeping off evil thoughts is to constantly have the attention so fully occupied with the duty of the moment that there is no room for the entrance of selfish desire. For, after the objectionable object gets control of the mind, the soul withdraws, and the enemy has full possession of the field, except that the soul makes us dread our peril by keeping up a constant alarm through the voice of conscience. If the conscience is persistently ignored the soul will desert the personality entirely; it will then be unable to appreciate the higher life of rectitude and devotion to the service of humanity.

This is the cause of ignorance—it is not a misfortune, it is a crime. It is ignorance, the result of ignoring. On the other hand, if we were scrupulously exact in following the voice of conscience, the mind would be constantly kept in the service of the soul, and the personality would recede and disappear; for the two cannot live together, either one or the other must possess the field, one or the other must disappear. The only way to do this is to comply with all the rules laid down by the Teacher, for we ourselves have ignored conscience so long and persistently that the soul is linked to the personality only by a thread and our ignorance is so dense that we could never find the way to the soul unaided. But the diamond soul of the Teacher awakens the true conscience and thus enables us to make stronger and stronger those links that bind us to the soul.

Why cannot we make a period in our lives, and henceforth with care and exactitude obey the conscience in every particular. But we think it is so much easier to drift with the personality, and then it will tell us that the difference is so slight. But it lies, the difference, in every case, is mighty. Personality is absorption, ignorance, extinction. Brotherhood is expansion, knowledge, power, creation.

This is no rhetorical flourish, it is a solemn absolute fact. It is plainly evident that, if we devote our thoughts and energies to the personality, the limits of our knowledge must be confined to its narrow scope. Such a course is the negation of progress. It is ease and comfort, which is the absorption of energy, as melting ice absorbs heat, and which, if universal and persistent, would end in dissolution and decay. Thus the good law, protects Nature from selfish power. The personality cannot retain Soul knowledge for its own ends indefinitely. This is why the Theosophical philosophy tells us that the only

way to true knowledge is through Brotherhood, or the life of the Soul. The Soul knows its unity with all things. It has the same relation to the World-Soul as a nervous ganglionic center has to the brain. Each ganglion through its connection with the brain knows what is going on in the entire body. So it is with the soul. All souls are one and united in purpose with the Universal soul. Brotherhood, therefore, is not merely the way to Knowledge, but is itself Knowledge.

When this difference between the soul and the personality is known and understood, the surrender must be vigorous and complete, for rest is retrogression, temporizing is defeat, and the shame of selfish indulgence is increased a hundredfold; even such personalities as ambition to be great, and self-defence, must now be abandoned utterly, and a wall of adamant built against their snares, through which no cry of passion can be heard, nor the anguish of desire felt. The light of the Soul, which never flickers in the storms of passion, and is not dimmed by the foul smoke of desire, must be followed with unerring fidelity.

Can it be doubted that the personal desires can be extinguished, and the pure light of the soul, untrammelled by passion, be permitted to shine through the body? Perhaps each has quenched one desire, and all collectively have extinguished all desires, for there is no desire that is not extinct in some one, and surely one can do what another has done, if he tries hard enough and long enough. Then as a mere matter of logic it follows that one can extinguish all desires, if he is persistent enough and not limited to time. And if one can do it, all can. Everyone, whose soul has not deserted him entirely, feels, at times at least, that there is a soul that would shine with brilliancy and splendor, if the dark clouds of low desire were dispelled. And have we not magnificent and living examples in the great Teachers of Humanity. They have conquered the last shadow of desire. Before the soul can speak through the ages to all humanity, as the great Helpers and Teachers of the race have done, it must be free from passion. If it is colored by personality its scope will be correspondingly limited.

The only teaching that can live is that which reaches the soul life. If the personality alone speaks, its voice is dead before it is uttered, and it gives forth only a soulless shadow of a sound which soon vanishes.

Our science of today is still-born for it is only classified phenomena and soulless. The work of the social reformer aims only to make comfortable the personality, which lives but for a day and a dinner (especially the dinner) and must die with that which it aims to benefit. It is not to be inferred that the work of a George, a Bellamy, or a Morris is of no account, but it cannot long remain in concrete form, for it deals only with the ephemeral. Cast the mind's eye backward over the centuries of the world's life, and it will be seen how little either in science, philosophy or art, is visible beyond 2,000 years except the mystical. What a mighty privilege is ours. Here we are in the midst of the unfoldment of deeper spiritual truth by a mightier spiritual teacher

than has appeared in the life of the world for ages, whose teaching will affect the lives of myriads of millions yet to come, for it reaches to deeper recesses of the soul than any that has yet been given. This is not a speculation nor a fancy. It is a fact which is already here.

After we have seen that three inches of water has soaked the soil to a depth of nine inches, it is neither a speculation nor a fancy when we know that four inches of rain has fallen, to say that it will wet the soil to a depth of more than nine inches. For ages no spiritual teacher has been able to leave his work in the hands of a true spiritual teacher as his successor, and the establishment of a true spiritual school has been quite impossible.

But H. P. Blavatsky through her heroic efforts and intense love for humanity was not only able to hew her way through the thorny entanglement of personality and selfishness, and plant the seeds of the soul-life, but she found one who was able to carry her work successfully on. And that other Great Soul, W. Q. Judge, handed it on to our Present Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley, who seems to have added to her own the combined power and compassion of her two predecessors. For she has put into practical operation systematic methods for the eradication of selfishness and personality, and to call forth the powers of the soul. In the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma little children are taught to conquer their selfish tendencies before they are able to speak, and their minds and bodies made fit instruments for the soul's expression. They thus expand and develop in the pure atmosphere of the soul, to become mighty factors in the regeneration of humanity.

Why should the renunciation of personalities be looked upon as the giving up of something that is good to keep? It is the very reverse. It is the getting rid of a load that makes progress impossible. Personality not only blocks our own way but is a stumbling stone to others who are already too heavily loaded to move. The path of service, of progress and of true happiness is thus made impassable by these personal barriers, and the travelers would certainly perish by the way but for those great pure souls aflame with love for that shining light which has become so obscure in the hearts of bewildered humanity. But for their compassion the world would certainly go to wrack. They are to humanity what the physical sun is to the earth. Although each plant and animal has a life of its own, it would soon go out were the sun to withdraw. These teachers are the rays from the great spiritual sun, which keep alive the life and love in the hearts of humanity, and help them on to higher and nobler states.

Can any task be too hard that will help humanity to recognize its saviours?

Freedom

By R. W. Machell



FREEDOM! The rallying cry of races that have fought for it, age after age. Freedom! How often won but to be lost again! How often has the conquered race that has freed itself from a foreign yoke, at once put its head under another yoke of its own making and become in turn an oppressor of a weaker people and an enemy to Freedom! Time after time does history record how a nation has scarcely done crying Freedom, before it has already become a tyrant either to some part of its own people or to some foreign nation. No wonder the cynic scoffs at Freedom, seeing only the grizzly phantom that stalks the earth as a black counterpart in the train of the bright Goddess of Liberty. For every bright and beautiful image is reflected in this shadow-world of human passions as a dark malignant phantom, whose gaudy richness parodies the pure radiance of the bright image that shines in the heaven-world of man's hopes and aspirations.

The soul-inspired leaders see the light of the true Goddess of Freedom, they feel her presence, they sing the songs which her light awakens in their hearts, they proclaim to all around the glories of her beauty, her power to make men glad and great. She stoops from out of Heaven and touches their foreheads with her fingers, and marks them on the brow with the sign that never dies, that makes them her own throughout the ages. They are sealed on the forehead with the sign of Liberty and in whatever land they may be born and in whatever age, in whatever class or condition, they are the Teachers of Freedom, the children of the Hosts of Light, and you may see the sign upon their brows if you can read the writing. They know their Mother Goddess and though their names be very many in all lands, and changing with the ages that roll by, yet she herself is still the same, ever unseen and unknown excepting to her chosen ones.

Our lady of love by you is un beholden,
 For hands she has none, nor lips, nor golden
 Treasure of hair — But we, who love,
 Know her more fair than anything.

Is she a Queen, having great gifts to give?
 Yes these! that whoso hath seen her shall not live
 Except he serve her sorrowing, with strange pain,
 Travail and bloodshedding, and bitterer tears,
 And when she bids die, he shall surely die,
 And he shall leave all things under the sky,
 And go forth naked under sun and rain
 To weep and wail and watch out all his years.

But the men of the world do not know the Mother Queen in her radiant purity, they look for her in the gloomy places of their darkened minds, or in the fiery mirage of their passionate hearts and see the wild Fury with the red robes that are stained with human blood; and the fierce pitiless eyes that look deep into the darkness of their ambitions and penetrate to the depths of their greed and cruel selfishness; and she stirs in them the fires of frenzy that again and again have made the armies of liberty a disgrace to Humanity, painting the blackened pages of human history beneath the glowing title of Liberty.

This terrible phantom that follows so close upon the steps of the bright goddess of Liberty is tyranny personified, oppression living as a demon, ruling the race by means of their vices, their greed, ambition, sensuality, or pride. These are her vassals, these her ambassadors in the hearts of men, and she counts as hers all men and bodies of men who seek to rule the world for love of power. She leads the black-robed army of the sons of night, who rule by terror, who lead men by their vices, and hold them bound in utter ignorance as long as they have power to hold them bound at all.

Those who serve this phantom, welcome all who cry liberty and violence, for they know well that those who try to invoke freedom by stirring hatred in the hearts of men are working in the cause of their dark order and, though they may wave the banner of light and liberty, they are paving the way for the army of the sons of night.

The Children of Light are those who have freed themselves in ages past from the dominion of the dark powers of self, of ambition, hate, and greed, and fear, and cruelty. They have fought the dark powers in their own hearts in other lives and won their way to the side of the Queen Mother. At each new birth they sink again into the sea of human life, to fight again the battle in themselves and win the right once more to stand beside the Queen in the great battle of the ages between the darkness and the light. She knows her children and calls them to her from far off and close at hand, where they are wandering, only half awake as yet, forgetful of the purpose of their lives perhaps, aye even sunk so deep in their forgetfulness that they are almost lost among the hosts of men whom, in other lives, they have sworn to serve and save. She knows them by the light that lingers in the darkness of their eyes and by her sign upon their brows, and sees them from afar and calls to them, and sends her messengers to call to them as we now call to you.

The power of the dark sons of night is great, greater perhaps today than it has been for ages past, for now the battles of the ages is at hand and the dark powers of oppression, of greed, ambition and ignorance, are massing themselves for one great effort to enslave the world and all the air is full of prophecies and dark previsions of disaster, wars, revolutions, massacres; though men who stand the nearest to the danger are blind and self-sufficient and believe the world is very prosperous and most securely planted on the path of peace.

But a new age has dawned, a new light is in the world. Freedom has raised her standard and on its ample folds the legend runs, *Universal Brother-*

hood,—freedom for all by mastery over that which *causes* tyranny, self and selfishness. Each man so freed is greater in the service of mankind than even a host of the black enemy that count their crafty minds more powerful than the flood of light that streams from one unselfish heart. They are many and they are strong, but how does the darkness fare when the sun comes up above the mountain range?

This is a battle worthy of men and women whose hearts are great. It is time that the children of light who still wander in the crowds shall awake and hear the call and know once more the comrades who in ages past have stood beside them holding back fate from the masses of feebler folk who follow where they may be led like sheep. Too long the wolves have shepherded the sheep. Awake! and know your strength.

You are the chieftains of the hosts of Light
 Who came down through the night to save the world,
 With battle-banners wide unfurled you came,
 And wielding bolts of flame and fiery swords
 Powerful to conquer hordes and break strong towers,
 That the dark powers of chaos built of yore.
 Warriors arise and sleep no more!

You are the chieftains of the hosts of Light
 That came down through the night at pity's call
 But now forgetting all, you stare and dream,
 And no God-gleam shines in your lightless eyes
 And no glad battle cries arise, to wake
 The slumberous stars and shake the world to light.
 Ah! slothful war-lords, rise! arise! and fight!

Concentration*

AT the doorway of that psychological treasure-house which we know as the aphorisms of Patanjali, is written the injunction, "Thou shalt hinder the modifications of the Thinking Principle." The thinking principle is the mind, and its modifications are the changes which the mind undergoes as it constantly assumes the form of the thing thought of. This opening injunction means, then, that the mind must be controlled as a preliminary step toward the science at which all his teachings are veiled and usually misunderstood hints.

If we are in any doubt as to the way in which we are to apply this precept to ourselves, let us try to examine into, and to trace the workings of our minds during any period of five minutes when we are not actively mentally employed. That is to say, let us arrest our thoughts at any given moment and ask where that thought originated and what preceded it. We shall probably

* Reprinted from "The Theosophical Chronicle"—Editorial.

find that another and quite different thought preceded it and suggested it, that it is often difficult to detect the suggestive thread of connection, and we shall also find that within the space of a very few seconds a very great number and a very great variety of so-called "thoughts" have modified our minds. Then we awake to the disturbing realization that during a considerable portion of the day our minds are like engines without drivers, or of which the drivers are sleeping in the baggage car. Hence the injunction to hinder these modifications.

Another idea immediately presents itself. We have seen that the mind assumes the form of the thing thought of. That means that the mind is continually assuming forms induced by thoughts which we have not invited, thoughts which are frequently too utterly trivial to be worthy of the dignity of mind-modifiers, and all too often thoughts which, if challenged would be unable to give the passwords of purity or of fraternity. The question grows more serious still when we remember that a modification once induced, predisposes to its own reproduction as a stick once bent is the more readily bent thereafter. First comes a possibility, then a tendency, and then a habit, and at last the mind becomes so habituated to a particular form of modification, it may be a selfish or a vicious modification, that it resents and resists any effort to change the shape which years of selfish or vicious thoughts have given it.

To "hinder the modifications" does not mean that we are not to think, but that we are to be masters of our thoughts, so completely master and guardian that during neither day nor night shall any thought pass the most sacred doorway of the mind unless it first stand and deliver the credentials of purity, which are the only passwords to that holy place.

But now an even greater idea comes, bringing with it a vision of infinite possibilities which await us. If the mind is modified by the thing thought of, if that modification establishes a tendency and then a habit, we can equally shape the mind upon some great ideal, and we can hold it in that shape until this newly established and beautiful tendency overcomes and transmutes all previous tendencies, and the mind habitually assumes a beautiful form, resisting and resenting all attempts to mould it into the base or the impure, and when we have done that we have done more than we now know of, because we have made ourselves in very truth the Temple of God, and out of the Temple shall stream the strong divine light which is the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world and is the whole world's light.

But to do this we must *try*, and in every day there are twenty-four hours in which we can try without ceasing. For this needs no time set apart, nor special opportunity. This is the work which we can carry with us into every detail of daily life, and which will guard and glorify our sleep.

The Old *and* the New

By a Student



THE man perfected in unselfishness, seeks no selfish goal, but strives to bring to his fellow man that which he himself has attained, and to perfect him, also, leading him on in the paths of truth toward the attainment of all that is beautiful and good, on to a full expression of joy in a life abounding in happiness; and to this aim he encourages him to seek assiduously the acquirement of knowledge and the possession of wisdom.

A Helper of old said "there is nothing new under the sun," "that which hath been is now and that which is to be hath already been."

These words though full of wisdom, must be taken with intelligent allowance, as all words must, or they will prove misleading. Every proposition has a contrary phase, and it is only through a consideration of its contrary, and often apparently contradictory phases that the fullest comprehension of it can be reached. A saucer appears on one side concave, but on the other convex. One who sees but its concavity is correct in his knowledge of it as far as his knowledge extends, but he is no more correct than another one who sees but its convexity. Only he who sees both its concavity and convexity has the fullest knowledge concerning its form.

"That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been, and there is nothing new under the sun" is as true as that a saucer is concave, and as untrue, if it is accepted as excluding the complementary, not contradictory, statement that that which hath been *is not*, and that which is to be hath *not* yet been, and everything under the sun is new.

In cold climates buds form on the branches of the trees in the fall and remaining dormant through the winter, burst forth into leaf in the spring. Without these buds there could be no renewing of the foliage in the spring time. In each bud is garnered the evolution of the past and in it is contained the potency of the future. From it new forms appear, each like and yet differing from its fellows, like yet differing from all its predecessors. Through it runs the thread of continuity, which once severed can never be restored. In it is stored the type, which ever re-appears with slight variations.

Mountains, disintegrated by the elements, are carried to the plains and become the soil from which plants build their structures. In the petal of the lily and the rose is the hard rock of the distant peak. The petals fade and fall; years become centuries, centuries milleniums, until, at last, the soil submerged and lying dormant for countless ages becomes again the mountain top; the old thus taking a new form, the new being a modification of the old.

The snake, which is but a vertebra encased in muscles and skin, appears on the terrestrial scene. Feet evolve, and the lizard follows the snake. The tail of the lizard disappears and four-footed beasts abound. The creature ready to stand erect, receives the manasic spark, (the spark of mind and self-consciousness) and becomes man. The man, born as an infant, passing through youth, middle and old age, reaches second childhood. Rehearsing rapidly, in the prenatal condition, all the prehuman stages, he blossoms forth in the springtime of a new life. The old has become the new; the new is but a variation of the old.

Thus, through the whole scale of being, the revolutions take place. Nothing exists where the thread of continuity has been severed. The new threads evolving are but continuations of the old.

What is true in the world of material form holds good in the realm of ideas. In it there is no new thing under the sun, neither any old thing, but always the old in modified form, the new in which is embodied the old.

Civilizations, like plants, decay and die. The decayed forms enrich the soil for the new birth. In time the old springs to life again. Is this civilization of ours one in which the sap is rising from the root, or are its leaves falling, enriching the soil in preparation for the new?

Our cities teem with people; the enormous populations of the Orient begin to shrink in comparison; our wealth surpasses the dreams of the wildest dreamers; the labor of one man has become as productive as that of fifty; yet joy does not abound, and happiness is the lot of few. For this reason must the old, again, pass away and the new take its place. Already does the germ swell in the seed. This seed was planted by Mme. Blavatsky, guarded by Wm. Q. Judge and is now cared for by Katherine Tingley. The Theosophical Society was the shell of the seed within which was the nucleus enclosing the divine nucleolus, watched over by the Gods as it lay nascent in its sacred walls. Joy is the basis of the new life and its happiness resounds as a song. Its melodious strains rise up from Loma-land and are being re-echoed in the hearts of men. Like musical strings touched by a Master hand the souls of the students in Loma-land respond and humanity is reverberating with the heavenly sounds which are being uplifted again to the celestial spheres. The old passes away; the new begins. The sunshine within breaks forth, and from the shores of the great Pacific waters goes forth the new word of peace, beauty and joy.

The wheel of life whirls round, and we with it; expecting that the motion will some day slacken, and then life may be ordered anew and omissions be made good. But real wisdom consists in seizing the flying moment and in pressing upon it the seal of the eternal and enduring; that is the great course of moral endeavor under which life received its due form, like the block of marble under the hand of the sculptor.—*Baron Bunsen*

Sign-Posts Along the Path*

WHAT IS RESIGNATION?

“In what way are we to understand this word, as it is used, for instance, on page 35 May Path? If it is used in a special sense, that should be made clear.”

THIS word was not used in a special sense. Theosophists should strive not to strain speech or specially allot terms. The English language has quite enough words to meet most of our present wants. The intention was to give the deepest meaning possible to the term. *Resignation* was used in the sense of a total mental resignation, not a mere appearance or pretence. We must do as commanded by Krishna, resign all interest in the event of things, and be able to say that any event whatever that comes to us is our just due. This is perfect resignation; it is difficult and yet easy to reach. We reach it by reflecting that the object of the soul is union with the Supreme Soul, and that all our desires grow out of our bodily nature alone. It is really the first step; as the author in May Path said, it is the one seldom thought of by students.

* * *

IS KARMA ONLY PUNISHMENT?

Karma is action. The law of Karma operates to bring about rewards as well as punishment. The man who is now enjoying a life of ease and wealth has obtained it through Karma; the sage who has attained to great knowledge and power reached them through Karma; the disciple drinking the bitter drops from the cup of failure mixed the draught himself through Karma; Buddha's great disciple Magallana—greater than any other—was suddenly killed, apparently in the height of his usefulness, by robbers, it was Karma; the happy mother seeing all her children respected and virtuous dies the favorite of Karma, while her miserable sister living a life of shame in the same city curses God by her life because she knows not that it is Karma. The world itself rolls on in its orbit, carried further and further with the sun in his greater orbit, and grows old through the cycles, changes its appearance, and comes under laws and states of matter undreamed of by us: it is the Karma of the world; soon or late, even while revolving in its orbit, it will slowly move its poles and carry the cold band of ice to where now are summer scenes,—the Karma of the world and its inhabitants.—*The Stream of Thoughts and Queries*. —HADJI ERINN, Vol. IV, page 139.

Now these Theosophical doctrines which we have been at such pains to elaborate during all the years of our history are either capable of universal application or they are not. If they are not, then they are hardly worth the trouble we have bestowed upon them; and it would then have been much better for us had we devoted ourselves to some special departments of science.

* Extracts from “The Path,” Vol. IV.

But the great allurements that Theosophy holds for those who follow it is that its doctrines are universal, solving all questions and applying to every department of nature so far as we know it. And advanced students declare that the same universal application prevails in regions far beyond the grasp of present science or of the average man's mind. So that, if a supposed law or application is formulated to us, either by ourselves or by some other person, we are at once able to prove it; for unless it can be applied in every direction—by correspondence, or is found to be one of the phases of some previously admitted doctrine, we know that it is false doctrine or inaccurately stated. Thus all our doctrines can be proved and checked at every step. It is not necessary for us to have constant communications with the Great Teachers in order to make sure of our ground; all that we have to do is to see if any position we assume agrees with well-known principles already formulated and understood.

Bearing this in mind we can confidently proceed to examine the great ideas in which so many of us believe, with a view of seeing how they may be applied in every direction. For if, instead of selfishly considering these laws in their effect upon our miserable selves, we ask how they apply everywhere, a means is furnished for the broadening of our horizon and the elimination of selfishness. And when also we apply the doctrines to all our acts and to all parts of the human being, we may begin to wake ourselves up to the real task set before us.

Let us look at Karma. It must be applied not only to the man but also to the Cosmos, to the globe upon which he lives. You know that, for the want of an English word, the period of one great day of evolution is called Manvantara, or the reign of one Manu. These eternally succeed each other. In other words, each one of us is a unit or a cell, if you please, in the great body or being of Manu, and just as we see ourselves making Karma and reincarnating for the purpose of carrying off Karma, so the great being Manu dies at the end of a Manvantara, and after the period of rest reincarnates once more, the sum total of all that we have made him—or it. And when I say "we," I mean all the beings on whatever plane or planet who are included in that Manvantara. Therefore this Manvantara is just exactly what the last Manvantara made it, and so the next Manvantara after this—millions of years off—will be the sum or result of this one, plus all that have preceded it.

How much have you thought upon the effect of Karma upon the animals, the plants, the minerals, the elemental beings? Have you been so selfish as to suppose that they are not affected by you? Is it true that man himself has no responsibility upon him for the vast numbers of ferocious and noxious animals, for the deadly serpents and scorpions, the devastating lions and tigers, that make a howling wilderness of some corners of the earth and terrorize the people of India and elsewhere? It cannot be true. But as the Apostle of the Christians said, it is true that the whole of creation waits upon man and groans that he keeps back the enlightenment of all. What happens when, with intention, you crush out the life of the common croton bug? Well, it is des-

troyed and you forget it. But you brought it to an untimely end, short though its life would have been. Imagine this done at hundreds of thousands of places in the State. Each of these little creatures had life and energy; each some degree of intelligence. The sum total of the effects of all these deaths of small things must be appreciable. If not, then our doctrines are wrong and there is no wrong in putting out the life of a human being.

Let us go a little higher, to the bird kingdom and that of four-footed beasts. Every day in the shooting season in England vast quantities of birds are killed for sport, and in other places such intelligent and inoffensive animals as deer. These have a higher intelligence than insects, a wider scope of feeling. Is there no effect under Karma for all these deaths? And what is the difference between wantonly killing a deer and murdering an idiot? Very little to my mind. Why is it, then, that even delicate ladies will enjoy the recital of a bird or a deer hunt? It is their Karma that they are the descendants of long generations of Europeans who some centuries ago, with the aid of the church, decided that animals had no souls and therefore could be wantonly slaughtered.

We therefore find ourselves ground down by the Karma of our national stem, so that we are really almost unable to tell what thoughts are the counterfeit presentments of the thoughts of our forefathers, and what self-born in our own minds.

Let us now look at Reincarnation, Devachan, and Karma.

It has been the custom of Theosophists to think upon these subjects in respect only to the whole man—that is to say respecting the Ego.

But what of its hourly and daily application? If we believe in the doctrine of the One Life, then every cell in these material bodies must be governed by the same laws. Each cell must be a *Life* and have its karma, devachan and reincarnation. Every one of these cells upon incarnating among the others in our frame must be affected by the character of those it meets; and we make that character. Every thought upon reaching its period dies. It is soon reborn, and coming back from its devachan it finds either bad or good companions provided for it. Therefore every hour of life is fraught with danger or with help. How can it be possible that a few hours a week devoted to Theosophic thought and action can counteract—even in the gross material cells—the effect of nearly a whole week spent in indifference, frivolity, or selfishness? This mass of poor or bad thought will form a resistless tide that shall sweep away all your good resolves at the first opportunity.

This will explain why devoted students often fail. They have waited for a particular hour or day to try their strength, and when the hour came they had none. If it was anger they had resolved to conquer, instead of trying to conquer it at an offered opportunity they ran away from the chance so as to escape the trial; or they did not meet the hourly small trials that would, if successfully passed, have given them a great reserve of strength, so that no time of greater trial would have been able to overcome them.

Now as to the theory of the evolution of the macrocosm in its application to the microcosm, man.

The hermetic philosophy held that man is a copy of the greater universe; that he is a little universe in himself, governed by the same laws as the great one, and in the small proportions of a human being showing all those greater laws in operation, only reduced in time or sweep. This is the rule to which H. P. Blavatsky adheres, and which is found running through all the ancient mysteries and initiations.

It is said that our universe is a collection of atoms or molecules—called also “lives;” living together and through each the spirit struggles to reach consciousness, and that this struggle is governed by a law compelling it to go on in or between periods. In any period of such struggle some of these atoms or collections of molecules are left over, as it were, to renew the battle in the next period, and hence the state of the universe at any time of manifestation—or the state of each newly manifested universe—must be the result of what was done in the preceding period.

Coming down to the man, we find that he is a collection of molecules or *lives* or cells, each striving with the other, and all affected for either good or bad results by the spiritual aspirations or want of them in the man who is the guide or god, so to say, of his little universe. When he is born, the molecules or cells or lives that are to compose his physical and astral forms are that moment under his reign, and during the period of his smaller life they pass through a small manvantara just as the lives in the universe do, and when he dies he leaves them all impressed with the force and color of his thoughts and aspirations, ready to be used in composing the houses of other egos.

Now here is a great responsibility revealed to us of a double character.

The first is for effects produced on and left in what we call matter in the molecules, when they come to be used by other egos, for they must act upon the latter for benefit or the reverse.

The second is for the effect on the molecules themselves in this, that there are lives or entities in all—or rather they are all lives—who are either aided or retarded in their evolution by reason of the proper or improper use man made of this matter that was placed in his charge.

Without stopping to argue about what matter is, it will be sufficient to state that it is held to be co-eternal with what is called “spirit.” That is, as it is put in the Bhagavad-Gita: “He who is spirit is also matter.” Or, in other words, spirit is the opposite pole to the matter of the Absolute. But of course this matter we speak of is not what we see about us, for the latter is only in fact phenomena of matter: even science holds that we do not really see matter.

Now during a manvantara or period of manifestation, the egos incarnating must use over and over again in any world upon which they are incarnating the matter that belongs to it.

So, therefore, we are now using in our incarnations matter that has been used by ourselves and other egos over and over again, and are affected by the various tendencies impressed in it. And, similarly, we are leaving behind us

for future races that which will help or embarrass them in their future lives.

This is a highly important matter, whether reincarnation be a true doctrine or not. For if each new nation is only a mass of new egos or souls, it must be much affected by the matter-environment left behind by nations and races that have disappeared forever.

But for us who believe in reincarnation it has additional force, showing us one strong reason why universal brotherhood should be believed in and practised.

The other branch of the responsibility is just as serious. The doctrine that removes death from the universe and declares that all is composed of innumerable lives, constantly changing places with each other, contains in it of necessity the theory that man himself is full of these lives and that all are traveling up the long road of evolution.

The secret doctrine holds that we are full of kingdoms of entities who depend upon us, so to say, for salvation.

How enormous, then, is this responsibility, that we not only are to be judged for what we do with ourselves as a whole, but also for what we do for those unseen beings who are dependent upon us for light.—*Universal Applications of Doctrine*, W. Q. J., Vol. IV, page 221.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Then there is another thing I don't understand. It is this,—Many of the Theosophists whom I have met continually talk of "not being attached to results," and that one should not work for results. I must confess I fail to see how any great work can be done on such a basis. Look at the work done by your Society at Point Loma for instance; or take the main object of all your teachings "Universal Brotherhood,"—surely you are working with these results in view and are seeking to achieve this object. Otherwise what does all your work mean? A man must have an ideal to seek ever to realize it—else life were a mockery indeed.—*Extract from a personal letter*

THE two statements "not being attached to results" and "not working for results," if analyzed, do not mean quite the same thing. It is one of the fundamental laws of life that every act has its result and this result inheres in the act and cannot be escaped. To be attached to the results of action is to live either in the future or in the past, and to that extent to neglect the present. Too often we look for a certain specific result—we determine beforehand what shall be the result and then because there are other factors which we have not known, but which cause the result to be different—we are disappointed.

Every act must have its result—this is one of the laws of Nature. But no act stands alone. Every act is a part of the intricate pattern of life in which are innumerable threads converging and diverging. The hand of the weaver now takes up this and now that; he knows the picture that shall be, so too the soul knows the pattern of life it weaves, but mortal man knows not, save that as he trusts and works unselfishly, it shall be most beautiful, most divine.

Most of the action in the world is for the sake of results and of personal reward. This with the vast majority of people is the great incentive to action. They ask what is there in it for me, what shall I gain by it and because of this, too often do we see men and women stooping to acts of a questionable nature in order that they may gain some advantage or gratify some desire. On this basis all the keen competition and rivalry of modern civilization is built. Not alone is this true of the commercial world but of the religious world also. In the latter, the great incentive towards a religious life and the performance of religious acts is "to save your soul and to obtain heaven as a reward." This is the main religious teaching of the Sunday-schools. The children are exhorted to be good that they may go to heaven when they die and escape from that awful nightmare of hell which so many churches still hold over children and adults alike. The religious world for centuries has been ruled not by love of God, but by fear of consequences on the one hand, and hope of reward on the other—not merited, but unmerited, obtainable only through grace.

Yet in spite of this, there is an inner perception of law and justice that causes man in the ordinary affairs of life to base his actions on this law. There is too a right regard which must be paid to results—or rather not to specific results in themselves, but to the *law of results*. It is only in this way that men and women in our present stage of evolution can learn what is right action, for man has so long turned a deaf ear to the promptings of the soul that his inner knowledge has become obscured. Compare, for instance, the finer intuitive perceptions of many children in regard to right and wrong, even when they have no intellectual knowledge of the law of results, and have had no experience that might give a deductive basis for their actions. Later under the materialising influence of modern education this finer perception is in most cases almost completely lost and reliance placed on faulty reasoning and incomplete experience. But in spite of apparent exceptions to the contrary, man does learn this, that actions done from motives which in degree are high, pure, noble, unselfish, tend towards happiness and progress, and that actions done from base, ignoble, selfish motives do to that degree bring misery and evil.

There is however action of another kind, which does not regard results and yet is not purposeless or vain. It is the action of the soul and though, according to the law, results must flow therefrom, yet such action is complete in itself. The soul seeks ever to act in this way, to act out its own nature, and just as it is the nature of the Sun to shine, the nature of fire to burn, the na-

ture of the rose to give forth fragrant perfume, so it is the nature of the soul to be pure, noble, strong, beautiful, and to express these powers in all that it does. The sun does not shine that man may see, but to fulfill its own proper nature, nor does the flower perfume the air for man or that it may become a fruit. Yet the law works and man sees by the light of the sun, he delights in the fragrance of the flowers; and as the soul acts out its own divine nature all the world shall grow more beautiful, and sorrow and sin shall cease.

All men have the power to act thus and to most men there have come rare moments when they have so acted. It is thus that the true artist and the true musician act. Their art and music are the expressions of the soul, they are not done for reward whether of fame or applause or sordid gold. True art and true music are the blossoming of the soul, which growing as the flower grows, opens its heart to the sun and sheds forth its fragrance and beauty "without money and without price."

Is not the strenuous effort which we make to achieve certain results for our personal selves due to our lack of faith in Nature and in the law? But the way to bring about this higher action is by gradual steps, by substituting higher aims, loftier ideals, by working for others instead of for self, and by recognizing that every result achieved is a stepping stone and not a finality. There is a paradox to every truth. We should not be attached to results, but at the same time our lives should be full of purpose. And herein man differs from the flower, in that while growing like the flower, he at the same time grows self-consciously and with will and purpose. The artist puts forth his soul's power as does the flower freely and for all, but he sees too in part how it shall help the world, and to his free soul's outpouring, which is his nature, he adds the power of a mighty will by working consciously for the uplifting of the race. The work at Point Loma is truly a result worked for, but worked for as a part of that mighty purpose of the Great Helpers of the Race for the regeneration of Humanity.

Let us work for those results in which all humanity may share, so shall the results grow mightier and mightier, and we shall not be attached to them, for self will give place to non-self and to the Universal Self. If we do our work faithfully, the Law will take care of the results. J. H. FUSSELL

The true note of life is not sorrow or sacrifice. Pain, losses, disappointments are only the incidents of life. They may be more or less. Life is blended of many notes and voices; joys and sorrows, toil and rest, alternate. The keynote of life rises out of the whole. It is no wail of grief; it is no bitter cry; it is nothing to fear. Believe me it is musical, sweet, beautiful, a clarion call. It is a pæan of victory; it tells a love story, and is joy. It is the witness and the present proof of immortality. For we are admitted here in this world into the enjoyment of a quality of life which is surely divine; it is above the range of material change, accident or death.

—From "Religion of a Gentleman" by C. F. Dole

Mirror of the Movement



DEAR COMRADES OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD:

New Methods of Work

The old methods of conducting this organization are fast dying out. The lodges themselves have outgrown the limits of the old, are showing greater strength and solidarity; they are more self-reliant in the new. Each lodge has at least a nucleus that is in close touch with the Leader. That nucleus is often composed of members who have not been long in the movement, but they are sometimes an example alike to older members as well as to the newcomers. Much depends upon the attitude which the lodges have towards the spirit of the movement in order to do Theosophical work effectively; if they have not the right attitude, they do it wastefully and in vain.

Nobody should be discouraged; others have succeeded, so can we succeed. Every city in which a lodge is active now should in time reap the harvest of these efforts though it may not be in the way the lodges themselves think the results will come about. The change that has come over the lodges by way of greater strength is due to the close touch with the Center and by depending more upon themselves than upon lecturers and advisers through private correspondence. When the time comes, trained lecturers will be sent from Point Loma to do special work in the cities where lodges have made centers of usefulness.

The time for this cannot be far off judging from the success which has been accomplished during the last few years. This is more visible here at Loma-land than anywhere else.

On February 22nd, 1900, Katherine Tingley arrived here, and almost immediately came the news of the death of her father, about the only blood tie she had. Even that life, too, was sacrificed through the persecutions of enemies of the movement, which he defended while defending his daughter. The country at Loma-land was a dry, barren waste then. There was nothing in sight to indicate that this place had anything to do with the Theosophical Movement; only the corner stone to a future building, a flagstaff and flag, and a small building, housing the caretakers. Adjoining the property a little way distant was a small hotel. The Leader had not been here more than two months when the hotel property and buildings were purchased with private funds. Then began a life unique. The building was remodeled, made new; yes, entirely new because the Leader's plans grew with the progress of the change in style of architecture, in the shape and size and height of the building, so that there is hardly a nail or a board left of the original structure. And now it is a Temple with magnificent dome, unique and grand, that commands the recognition of expert architects and the admiration of the public.



Simultaneously with the change in the Homestead building the Aryan Temple of Art, Music and Drama, dedicated to the memory of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge was erected. Enough has been published to give an idea of its situation, size and shape, but it is impossible to convey in words the spiritual inspiration that is created in the mind by its contemplation. Indeed that cannot be told. All who have been here, the thousands and thousands, have received its mute blessings. Within the last week in April both the Aryan Temple and Homestead domes have received the pinnacle ornaments representing flames of fire, rising from a burning heart to the dome of heaven; suggestive that we "*keep the Light burning in our hearts.*"

The work carried on in the Temple is a spiritual benediction to the students and to the hosts of visitors. The fine, well-rounded expositions of Theosophy, carefully edited by the Teacher, inculcate the sublime truths of Theosophy to the hungry souls who listen in wrapt attention. Scores of callers express themselves as being touched by something indescribable, they do not know what it is, but they are imbued with a silent solemnity inexpressibly serene. The immense stream of visitors increases daily, although the place is not half ready. It was not intended to be open for two years, but the Leader yielded to the friendly demand of the public, and now it is a place of pilgrimage for the healing of wounded souls.

* * *

**Group Homes
Bungalows**

A new and interesting feature, one of the original plans of the Leader, is making its rise at the white city of Esotero. Here, in the winter season can be found a delightful summer home, and in the summer, for those who live inland, there are the cooling and invigorating breezes of the great Pacific Ocean to welcome them. Octagonal and square bungalows, airy and homelike, with broad verandahs, best ventilation, suitable for large and small families, have been built. By the time this is in print some of them will be occupied. They are furnished according to an original design by Katherine Tingley which affords health and comfort nowhere else obtainable. Furnishings and decorations all have an Oriental touch. These are the handiwork of students of Esotero. Special attention is given to sanitary conditions, and to all that tends to increase the sweetness of home-life; harmoniously and appropriately adapted to the needs of refined people.

These Bungalows are so arranged that a number of families can have a small community exclusively their own. Built of select California woods, they are substantial, of best possible workmanship, simple, but beautiful.

* * *

**Ideal Refectory or
Dining Room**

Resembling a conservatory, enclosed in glass, nature tints in charming variety of colored glass, flowers, palms, roses and other plants and decorations, is the refectory, where meals are daintily served amid the most delightful environments. There are also cosy private rooms for each bungalow, a concert parlor, and every facility for an ideal life. Carefully trained and experienced attendants; volunteer students under the care of refined hostess. High standard of cooking under special supervision of trained, volunteer workers. The most careful attention is given to the preparation of food. Perfect cuisine by which the life-giving essences of food are preserved. Special dietary department for persons in delicate health. In the spring of 1900 Katherine Tingley directed the digging of a well and at a depth of 400 feet, indicated by her beforehand, a rare medicinal water was found, which, according to the State authority's analysis, contains marvelous curative properties. This water has been named Lotus Mineral Water.

* * *

Private bathrooms and rooms for attendants. Superior stable accommodations. Beautiful drives, walks. Sea bathing, boating, fishing, etc.

These houses are leased to families by the month, ranging from \$60 to \$120, according to size of bungalow, and to the number of persons occupying the same, exclusive of meals.

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Within two minutes' walk, just opposite the bungalows and in full view of them, is the magnificent students' home, the Point Loma Homestead, where the occupants of bungalows can visit at certain times, and enjoy the advantages of an immense circulating library, lectures, dramatic performances, symposiums, concerts, and contact with those who devote their lives wholly to the uplifting of the Race.

**In Closer Touch
With Nature**

It can be readily seen that many of the ideas introduced by the Leader give a delightful incentive to live *The Life*; to make Theosophy a living power in the life of Humanity, ingraining it into the homelife. Simple, pure happiness can be gained on economic lines. Instead of housing oneself in from sheer habit there is the opportunity to live the out-of-door life, made beautiful by these surroundings and aided by exceptional climate. The situation and surroundings are a constant invitation to be outside, and to come into closer touch with Nature. Even in the act of eating there is a touch of dignity and beauty; a real nature touch.

Instead of being packed in a crowded city against brick walls amid dust, shut out from view of nature's lovely gifts, one lives here in an atmosphere of constant inspiration in every sense.

In the city the millionaire has to take the market products which have necessarily aged from handling many times; here the simple man gets the very choicest, freshest, most appetizing delicacies gathered for him in the early morning that help to build the pure clean temple of godlike man.

Here is concentration and conservation of energy in the highest sense; also conservation of health or rather rejuvenation by eradicating our complicated and artificial methods of life. Can there be anything more conducive than this to make the whole world kin. Imagine a family group meeting under these circumstances where ideal family life is the aim; no jars, no disharmony, none but the best example, the best influence of high ideals. Can we not see that here, the tourist seeking a temporary home, has exceptional opportunity to come in constant contact with our work and little by little, by the irresistible force of man's innate higher nature, is drawn into the sublime harmony of ideal life.

Sincerely,

E. A. NERESHEIMER

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**Agriculture at
Point Loma**

The combination of the four great elements—sunshine, moisture, soil and air—on Point Loma is of such an exceptional nature that here is furnished a suitable home for the vegetation of every latitude. In this respect there is a correspondence to the appropriateness of Point Loma as a residence for people of every nation.

Just as there is to be established an International Colony where the Saxon, the Frank, the Latin, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Indian, the African, the Chinese, the Oriental, the Occidental and the American may live together in harmony, each preserving what is valuable from his own customs and discarding the undesirable, so it is with plant life. In the course of time Point Loma will become the nursery as well as the full blown garden for the trees and fruits and flowers of the tropics, and of the temperate and colder zones. In such environment each plant will put forth its very best; the riotous luxuriance of some will be moderately restrained and their energy turned to more perfect growths. The stunted growth of others will receive a gentle stimulus, which will reveal beauties and utilities of these frozen spirits hitherto unknown and even unsuspected.

Already there is assurance that Point Loma is to become the International Garden of the World. In evidence whereof it may be stated that though no express request has been made for such donations, yet gifts of seeds have been made by members and by others from all over the world; from Europe, from Asia, from Africa, from Mexico, and from numerous places in North, Central and South America.

Imagine what an attraction such a garden will become; this feature alone will draw people from widely separate points to come here and study side by side the multiform and variegated tints and flavors, colors and fragrance, form and texture, of the flowers, the fruits, the vegetables, the cereals, the timber and ornamental trees and shrubs of every clime.

A remarkable analogy between plant and man life in this wonderful place consists in the inability—at least heretofore—of either the one or the other to flourish unless aided

by some master intelligence. There are no natives here and very few if any of those who come here from ordinary motives make a success. So with plant life; to a careless observer there are no indigenous fruits, though it is a veritable paradise of wild flowers and beautiful shrubs.

But let men submit willingly to the methods of the Great Teacher and they will soon put forth a new, fresh growth of added powers; and intelligent cultivation, and timely irrigation will make any seed or shrub grow and blossom and fruit in a manner that is nothing short of miraculous.

I. L. HARRIS,

Secretary of Department of Agriculture

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News From Loma-Land

March and April have been very busy months at Loma-land and with the coming of spring (a curious word to use here when the weather is always perfectly springlike) great activity commenced in the Homestead grounds and plantations. Orange, olive, lemon and guava trees have been planted in great numbers, and our horticultural comrades are studying the problem of growth in Nature at first hand. In one of the newly planted young palm trees close to the Homestead, and in full view of every passer-by, a linnet has built a pretty little nest and has hatched five eggs. She is so confident of being unmolested that anyone can go close up to the tree and watch the pretty little birds without disturbing her.

There is such an atmosphere of peace within these sacred grounds that even outsiders feel it; one of the workmen employed upon the extensive building works lately expressed the thought that when he left the high road and entered our gates he felt a great change. He said he recognized that the worldly life of competition and unbrotherly strife was left outside, for here every man got the due reward for his work justly and honestly. The birds living in the vicinity feel their safety and the harmony of this true civilization, at last commenced on earth again, and are unusually fearless in consequence. It is an inspiring thought to dwell upon, that at last the great plan of the Founders of the Movement is being unfolded, in perfectly orderly sequence and with immense rapidity and increasing momentum. The seed of the long dreamed-of ideal life is no longer drifting about seeking a resting place, but has at last taken firm root for good.

* * *

Permanent Improvements on the Estate

The work of scientifically grading our roads is proceeding quickly and already an immense work has been done in reducing their steepness, and in directing the flow of the rainwater over the thirsty soil. This work is truly artistic, it is sculpture on a colossal scale, and is beautifying and improving the whole space of the grounds. After a few "April showers" early in March, a tremendous outburst of wild blossom has taken place; every spot of ground is carpeted with exquisite blue, purple and gold flowers of lovely shapes and odor. There are white forget-me-nots and a few small lilies, but hardly any red tints are seen. In the gardens the large calla lilies, the roses and the heliotropes are more prolific than ever, if possible, for constant picking seems to merely encourage them to grow.

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Great Progress in Building Operations

Extensive building operations continue actively. Already the picturesque octagonal Bungalow residences are being erected with rapidity. Their delicate green conical roofs and white, clean looking walls are most attractive, and prophetically anticipate in miniature the beauty and romantic appearance of the City of Learning, Esotero, when complete. These ideal homes, where every necessary comfort is provided, combined with elegant simplicity, will indeed be examples for mankind to study and imitate. The symbolic ornamental finials surmounting the three

smaller domes and the carved lotus flowers, situated at short intervals along the parapet, are now in place and give a subtle grace and finish to the design of the Aryan Temple and the Homestead. A visitor, who did not know the purpose or name of the Aryan Memorial Temple, said lately in tones of high admiration: "I do not know what you call this beautiful structure, but it is worthy of being compared with the Temples of Antiquity. It should be a Temple." The grand staircase of the Rotunda, the Great Hall within the Homestead, is also complete with its gracefully moulded curves, and gives a striking character to the interior. There is something very dignified which always powerfully affects those who see for the first time, this great Hall with its white walls pierced by rows of windows and diversified by the noble staircase and well-proportioned rows of balustraded galleries, the whole terminating in the vast glazed dome.

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**Crowds of Visitors
from all Parts**

The tourists and visitors still come in great numbers to see our work and to attend the afternoon Lectures and children's entertainment in the Temple. Our operations are upon such an extensive scale and increasing so rapidly that the attention of the whole Pacific slope has been attracted to the beneficent work of the Organization, and we have enlisted the sympathy of all right thinking and impartial residents. As for the crowds of visitors, they go away delighted and most favorably impressed to spread the knowledge of our work far and wide.

* * *

**Great Public Work
at San Diego**

The audiences at the public meetings in San Diego, which were started in February, have so largely increased in numbers and interest that it has been found necessary to engage the large Opera House to accommodate the great crowds who are anxious to hear the addresses and excellent classical music provided by our students. The Leader has lately permitted some of the young folks of the International Lotus Home at Point Loma to read short and simple addresses at these meetings, to the great satisfaction of the listeners. One of the most promising of the Cuban boys spoke beautifully at the last meeting, on the happy life in the Raja Yoga School at Loma-land. His thoughtful paper read in the pretty Spanish accent, combined with a singularly winning manner, greatly pleased the audience and visibly illustrated a side of our work now coming prominently forward, *i. e.*, the educational advantages provided at Point Loma.

* * *

**Great Meeting
in Honor of
W. Q. Judge**

On March 29th a very large audience was gathered to hear the Leader speak at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, in honor and defense of the late Leader of the Movement, William Q. Judge. Though suffering from a severe cold the Leader spoke with great force and kept the audience spell-bound by her magnificent vindication of the heroic work and character of that compassionate Helper and Teacher, whose greatness is now becoming so widely appreciated. The meeting was also addressed by several members of the Cabinet and other students who had known W. Q. Judge, and could testify to the worth, nobility and consistent work of the "Resuscitator of Theosophy." It was a memorable occasion and will never be forgotten by those present.

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**Lectures in
the Temple**

Besides the regular weekly lectures in San Diego, the daily lectures in the Temple at Loma-land are being kept up with great vigor, having proved a source of much attraction to visitors. Excellent music on organ, piano or violin, with an occasional song is given between ten minute addresses, by the students of the Isis Conservatory.

**Social Evenings
A New Activity
of Importance**

A new activity was started by the Leader on March 7th, by the establishment of a new system of spending pleasant social evenings, which will demonstrate to our friends and invited guests how an evening can be spent happily and profitably in company. Good music, pleasant conversation and a few interesting speeches and recitations with the "Rhythmic Motion" exercises timed to music filled a most pleasant evening. The future development of this rational method of spending spare time offers immense possibilities in the hands of the Leader. For the overthrow of the hideously false ideas of the way to spend a social hour now prevalent, and the substitution of true and inspiring methods, these evenings will be the instruments.

* * *

**New Dramatic
Symposium, "The
Conquest of Death"**

The Greek Symposium, "The Conquest of Death" ("The Promise"), has just been given on two evenings to most enthusiastic and attentive audiences at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego. The drama has been greatly enlarged and many new and beautiful effects have been introduced by the Leader, making it a most inspiring and instructive work. The tableau of the "godlike race," seen as in a vision at the close, was exquisitely beautiful and the audiences were loth to go, hoping to see more of what had beautifully touched the deepest chords in the nature. The instruction gained by the students in this sacred dramatic work, which is conducted with such extreme care by the Leader herself, is of the most valuable nature, entirely new problems arising during the rehearsals and preparations generally, which bring out hitherto unsuspected qualities and traits in the characters of the students taking part. This dramatic work is now the most important activity that can be done by the members, for through it a world-wide work is being opened out. No limit can be put to the extension of this saving power, for by its means the minds of men are being gradually permeated by the fundamental ideas of Brotherhood; later on the results will be seen in the attitude of the masses when opportunities for striking out new lines of action occur in social and political life. In view of the importance of the work to humanity it is most satisfactory to the Leader that the comrades everywhere have been able to respond so heartily to her suggestions in starting this new powerful agency for uplifting the minds of the people. All who take part in these Symposiums must feel the importance of the work and the necessity of keeping strictly to the directions given out to avoid mistakes.

* * *

Lotus Home

The Children of the International Lotus Home are busy with their gardens which are flourishing in this exceptionally favorable season. In their morning walks over the hills and canyons, they bring back for the decoration of the Homestead, great masses of the exquisite flowers which carpet the whole country side. Just now the cacti are flowering, and it is very curious to see these self-contained, forbidding plants which are eternally "on guard" putting forth a delicate pink, white or green flower rising in its tender beauty from the midst of the formidable spines.

* * *

**Visit of Miss Bergman
to Sweden**

Miss Bergman, our talented and devoted choir mistress and organist has left us for a few months, returning to Sweden on matters pertaining to the development of the work in that important Theosophical country. A concert and farewell party was arranged for the last night before she left us, during which the choir gave selections from their repertory of choruses and a number of solos were rendered by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music. The music was enjoyed by the audience and was remarkably well rendered, considering how few of the performers had any knowledge of music six months ago. Under the skillful teaching of Miss Bergman later on the Temple choir bids

fair to become a powerful aid in the Brotherhood work of the future. The children also gave Miss Bergman a very pretty farewell—recitations, song and presentation of garlands of flowers, etc., occupying the best part of an hour, and next morning the children and a large body of the students accompanied Miss Bergman along the drive to the entrance gate, marching in front and forming two lines near the gate to give her a parting cheer. Every one is looking forward to her early return for she has endeared herself to all by her skill, kindness and tact. Her visit to Sweden will no doubt form another strong link between the devoted comrades there and this world center to which every Theosophists' eye is turned.

* * *

William Q. Judge's birthday anniversary April 13th, the anniversary of William Q. Judge's birthday was appropriately kept by all at Loma-land. At 8 o'clock a procession was formed with the children of the Raja Yoga School, and even the little tots of the International Lotus Home, at the head, then came the members of the old Aryan T. S., followed by the other students. The ceremony took place in the Aryan Temple, the children marching around and placing their tribute of flowers before the picture of the Chief, beautifully wreathed and draped with a very large new S. R. L. M. A. flag. The children then sat around and in front of the picture in a semi-circle, the students forming a large semi-circle of several rows around them. Addresses were given by E. A. Neresheimer, Mrs. E. C. Spalding, H. T. Patterson, R. Crosbie, J. H. Fussell, H. T. Edge, H. Coryn and Brother Cobbold. The Leader also spoke and then called upon some of the young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School. One young Warrior 13 years old, said: "When you look at Mr. Judge's eyes, they seem to look right into your heart, so that you can't do any mean or wrong." The love of these young warriors is a mighty bulwark to the memory of the Chief.

After some choruses by the students, the procession again formed and marched to the sacred hill on the S. R. L. M. A. grounds where the new flag was hoisted. Then marching back again the students dispersed to their regular duties until 12 o'clock, but kept the remainder of the day as a sacred rest day.

OBSERVER

Jubilee Reports

[The following Jubilee reports were unavoidably held over from previous issues, but they are of such interest we feel sure all the members will be glad to read them.]

New Year's Jubilee at Trollhattan, Lodge No 18, Sweden

The New Year's Jubilee was held here with much joy and interest. All meetings were held at the Lodge-room, which was decorated artistically with flowers.

January 13th, public meeting. The President spoke of the Nineteenth Century, showing what a mighty need was filled through the Theosophical Movement, and that this Movement alone could give the key to the time and lead Humanity into a happier life. After some music another speech was given about the three Leaders of the Movement, and in this were given selections from their writings. At the close of the meeting the objects of the Universal Brotherhood Organization were stated and reference made to the vast amount of work that already has been done.

January 14th, public entertainment, opened with music from Schubert's works. Then the Symposium, "The Wisdom of Hypatia," was read by the President, and it made a deep impression on all present. It was followed by Handel's "Largo."

January 15th, the children's entertainment was held. It was opened with a song by the Lotus Buds, followed by music, Wagner's, "The Evening Star." Then a speech of the joy of being able to hold this Jubilee in the midst of the children, this showing more clearly than anything else, that the Movement was full of real life-force at the beginning of the new century. The work done for the children at Point Loma, being an inspiration for all men on earth, was also stated. Then followed another song by the children.

Next came two tableaux, one showing man's seven principles, the other the children as bearers of Light who are bringing Truth, Light and Liberation to Humanity. Symbolical and very beautiful, they were received with much applause. One of the Lotus Buds read about "The Connecting Ray" from the Lotus leaflets, and then all sang "Happy Little Sunbeams." A play-hour and refreshments followed. After the entertainment an Esoteric meeting was held. All members felt the mighty currents of energy that were called forth through the Jubilee, and that these meetings were the worthy beginning of this year's glorious work.—*P. Fernholm, President*



Account of the Twenty-five Years' Jubilee Congress in the Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 2, Helsingborg, Sweden, the 13th, 14th and 15th of January 1901

As soon as we received the order from our Leader we set to work. The order was read and it was resolved unanimously not to discuss but to plan out the work, so that all the members could show themselves worthy the great confidence which was given to them.

The preliminary work was divided amongst the members and it was resolved to get tickets and programs ready. A few days after the tickets were given out to the members and booksellers in the town. We have three papers here. We announced the Congress three times in each paper. The papers gave special notice. We rented a great hall for the appointed days and also for repetition for the Lotus Group Entertainment, which was the great attraction in the Congress.

We already had thirty-five Lotus dresses, but needed fifteen more. Two of the members made the most of them and the others were made by the mothers of the children. We made four standards with gilded staffs. All the flags were made of silk. One of them, white, bore the inscription, "Truth," in rosy letters; one yellow, with inscription "Light," in purple letters; one, purple, with inscription "Liberation," in golden letters and the last one, rosy, with inscription "Life is Joy," in silver letters.

The day came. The hall was beautiful, decorated with high pines, palms and flowers. The three Leaders' portraits between two Swedish flags and an American flag underneath, the Universal Brotherhood emblem rested on a great heart made of pine, above. The platform was decorated with flowers. After Handel's "Largo," for organ and piano, the members rose when we opened the Congress by mention of the names of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and recited some of their sayings, as follows:

Enquirer—Tell me what do you expect for Theosophy in the future?

Theosophist—If you speak of Theosophy I answer that, as it has existed eternally throughout the endless cycles upon cycles of the Past, so it will ever exist throughout infinitudes of the future, because Theosophy is synonymous with everlasting truth.—*H. P. BLAVATSKY*

There is no room for sorrow in the heart of him who knows and realizes the Unity of all spiritual beings. While people, monuments and governments disappear, the self remains and returns again. The wise are not disturbed, they remain silent; they depend on the self and seek their refuge in It.

Work, Watch and Wait!—*W. Q. JUDGE*

"Oh, ye men and women, children of the same universal mother as ourselves; ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and whose souls like ours belong to the eternal, I call upon you to arise from your dreamy state and see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race."—*KATHERINE TINGLEY*

Quotations were read from the Point Loma Supplement to the San Diego *Union* and explained, so that the audience could obtain a clear understanding of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood.

The first meeting was concluded by the "Vorspiel to Lohengrin," for piano and organ.

The second day we had a very fine entertainment; Hypatia was read, questions answered, good music and tea served.

The third day, the Lotus Children's Festival was splendid. Fifty children came marching in, holding the golden cord, singing the March of the Golden Warriors. As they marched past the Leader's portrait they all saluted and presented bouquets of flowers. Thereafter they formed a circle and sang "The Little Flower." Then they intoned "Truth, Light and Liberation." The Lotus work was then explained for the audience.

The next tableau was the "Seven Rays," from the Lotus Leaflets. It was so beautiful when all the children came in one ray after another, from the red down all the colors, thus forming the seven-pointed star around the sleeping boy and the white fairy, the queen of all the seven colors.

After this, while soft music was played, the Raja Yoga School was explained. The last group was the Heart and its seven rays. Then the children sang to the "Evening Star," and concluded the evening by singing the "Brotherhood March."

At last all the children were photographed, and so ended our most successful, happy inspiring Jubilee Congress.

The newspapers gave very good reports.—*Erik Bogren*

New Year Jubilee, London, England

The meetings of the London Lodges were held in combination in a commodious hall south of the Thames, in close proximity to the rooms of the Clapham Lodge (No. 8, Eng.).

The Sunday evening public meeting was well attended and the audience showed great interest throughout the evening. Sidney Coryn occupied the chair, and after reading the objects of the organization and extracts from the constitution briefly gave a resume of the history of the organization since its foundation as the Theosophical Society in 1875, and described how it had slowly but surely won its way into the hearts of men until it stood as the solid body of purposeful workers that is now known as the Universal Brotherhood organization. Short addresses followed on "Evolution," "The Relation of Universal Brotherhood to Christianity," "The meaning of Raja Yoga," "Fear," and "The International Brotherhood League." The last speech, by Mr. H. B. Hentsch of the Forest Gate Lodge, as special representative of the I. B. L. for London, made a great impression on the audience, telling as it did of work for humanity carried through with abundant success in the face of enormous difficulties. Mr. Hentsch described in some detail the work of the I. B. L. in Cuba and at Montauk Point, and among children of all nations, and so stirred the hearts of his hearers to a desire to follow in the steps of the great example of unselfish helpfulness established by the League.

The speakers were sustained by musical interludes on piano and organ chosen from Wagner and Schumann, and the Universal Brotherhood choir opened and closed the meeting with song.

Owing to the energetic work of some members who had had the sale of tickets in hand, the hall was filled completely for the public entertainment on Monday night. The programme was essentially the same as was used at the New Cycle Unity Congress last April. A children's play entitled "The Triumph of Joy" opened the entertainment, followed by a description of the beauties of Point Loma illustrated by lantern slides thrown on a large screen occupying the whole front of the stage. This was followed by a dance to choral music by the Universal Brotherhood choir, given by eight of the Lotus buds from Avenue Road led by Miss Swannell. The music starts with an invocation to Harmony and describes how, by harmony, chaos is banished, and then the music changes to a swinging measure describing the "mystic dance" of the planets around the "central fire" of the sun. The sun was represented by one of the tiny Raja Yoga pupils of Avenue Road, who with graceful movement threw out her force and light to the "shining worlds"

circling in rhythmic motion around her. Then followed a second interval of lantern views of Point Loma whilst the stage was being prepared for the presentation of "The Wisdom of Hypatia."

As London had the privilege of giving Hypatia for the second time, much attention was able to be given to the perfecting of details and working out of improvements in the stage setting which added to the value of the representation. The work went through without a single hitch of any kind and was exceedingly well received by the audience. One of the local papers represented there says that the "dramatic work was of a high order indeed." During the change of scene from the symposium to Hypatia's lecture room, the choir sang two pieces.

Tuesday was the children's day and therefore the busiest. In all 266 children were concentrated in the hall from the various London centers, twenty-one of these being picked members from the different Boys' Brotherhood Clubs in London. The children were all dressed in the white Grecian costume designed for them in October 1899, by the Lotus Mother at Brighton, and the boys wore a special Greek tunic, the color being the blue of their flag, and N. C. G. (New Century Guard) in gold on their breasts. The central floor space of the hall was reserved for the children, with its beautifully polished dancing surface and the audience completely filled to overflowing the space round the three sides. Into this space the children marched, preceded by the young warriors of the N. C. G., who stood on guard round the hall during the performance. In this space for an hour or more there was nothing but pure happiness of soul among the little ones, who sang, and danced, and went through their action songs without the slightest trace of self-consciousness: they did not seem to be aware there was an audience, and the audience recognized this and hardly dared to applaud, only when something unexpectedly beautiful made them break out.

As a finale a large archway screen was erected before the door, the N. C. G's marched to their places on each side, and the children filed through between. Any one can see that last scene of the London Jubilee by looking at the cover of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. As there was a large lower hall and a double stairway, a "stage army" was organized and the 266 children multiplied themselves into nearly 700 before the audience showed they had found out by laughing heartily at the unending stream entering from the outer door of the hall and passing through the archway of Truth, Light, and Liberation, into the inner parts of the hall.

Undressing, was like the dressing, a matter of a few minutes, for experience has shown the London members what *method* and *co-operation* combined can do, and then the children had a good tea before going home to tell all they knew of their happy Jubilee.—*F*

Report of New Year's Jubilee--Los Angeles, Cal., Lodge No. 62

How happy, how enthusiastic, how hopeful we feel since the New Year Jubilee. We begin to realize ourselves as never before the living truths of Theosophy.

Sunday night a public meeting was held at the Universal Brotherhood Hall, and addresses made on the following subjects: "Our Three Leaders," "The Practical Work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization," "Theosophy—The Wisdom Religion," and "Brotherhood in Daily Life."

There was a life to the addresses that showed the spirit of the new time approaching. A vocal solo, a cello solo, by interested friends, and piano selections by our own members, together with the flowers that decorated the room, the pictures of our Leaders, the S. R. L. M. A. flag, our country's flag and flags of all nations, the earnestness of the members, gave the meeting an air of something beautiful but forgotten that hovered near and was about to descend, gave it a tone of harmony and truth that the public must soon learn to associate with our organization.

The entertainment Monday night.—Halting and hesitating at first when the drama of Hypatia was received, for fear of this and that—such fools we were, when we see our

Leader every day performing the seemingly impossible—we at last plunged boldly into the work, and stage, scenery, costumes, actors, they sprang up as the need demanded. Our own members and friends built the stage, painted the scenery, made the costumes, and we feel now like a first-class theatrical troupe. To those outsiders who helped we owe much, but they too shared the joy which comes from working for love of others. With a head-dress from Point Loma for fair Hypatia came a new spirit, a blessing it carried, and though this character was represented by a stranger to our work, from the moment it was placed on her head a fire was kindled so that it did indeed seem as if “The Gods” spoke in her words. So restful, so beautiful, so joyful, like something indescribable which we but see in dreams, was the gathering at the house of Pompeius and the assembly of students at Hypatia’s lecture room. The high spirit, the ennobling talk, the graceful dresses—a living presentation of Brotherhood and happiness such as a thousand lectures could not equal. People cannot help but listen now. A universe law-governed, a soul divine, the Brotherhood of Man—they will forget they ever doubted these and swear they must have always believed, so simple, so natural, so true does this drama make it all appear. And when Hypatia and her students with uplifted hands chanted “Truth, Light and Liberation,” it seemed, nay it must have been so, that long after their voices ceased to speak, the tones were caught up and drawn out by some unseen force, the very walls reverberated in unison and the sound yet lingers in our ears. The hearts of the onlookers were touched, and surely it cannot be long until by the thousands they, too, will join with those who now in hope and faith serve “The Gods” and the Messengers they send.

The Children’s Entertainment Tuesday night opened with words of welcome by one of the tiny Buds, followed by a march of the children singing “Warriors of the Golden Cord.” After encircling the audience several times in graceful movements, they mounted the stage and formed first the letter U, then the letter B, singing a verse of the song each time. Interspersed between other numbers of the program were recitations. The whole Jubilee was a success from beginning to end.

Reports of Lodges

Boston, Mass., March 3, 1901

The public meeting of Lodge 28, held this evening, was well attended and was remarkable for the presence of a number of strangers who attended for the first time, and seemed to take a deep interest in what was said. The president opened the meeting by reading from the 5th chapter of the Gita. Dr. Lydia Ross spoke on the progress of brotherhood. She said in part:

“We say that Life is Joy, and yet the statistics of the last fifty years show no decrease in crime, but an increase in disease and insanity.

Our progress in the last century was on material lines as shown by the immense strides of invention and production and the improved methods introduced in all lines. It would seem also that we had well-nigh reached the climax of intellectual development. When at any time, even for a very short period, progress ceases, we seem to be going backward, and to lose our finer powers of perception even as those suffering from paralysis lose some of their perceptive power.

We should now progress on the moral and spiritual lines, and a failure to do so to a certain degree will cause us to seem to go backward and produce disease along those lines. The soul has been going to school in past ages, gaining control of the physical form until fully developed. Then it developed in an intellectual sense. The intellectual sense should merge into the moral sense and spiritual one. We cannot, at once, change the effects of past ages and past lives. The mind cannot be changed by changing system; the mind must be changed first and then good system will follow.”

George D. Ayers, President of the Malden Lodge spoke next on "The Wisdom Religion." He said, "The Universal Brotherhood member learns to act in harmony with all his comrades and with all forces of nature. Every one can fill a place if he will, for it is not true that we are separated units. We are all bound together; back of our bodies are our minds; back of our minds our Higher Self, and back of our Higher Self the Greater Self. Mankind has been testing its theory that each man could live for himself alone and has found it false. The world is now looking for a leader to show it some better theory and plan of life, and in response to the heart cry of humanity the Leader is here.

"The world has never been left alone but has always been watched and aided by the great Helpers of the Race. On the coast of the Pacific ocean at Point Loma, our Leader, with her band of students, are sending forth a new light of joy and hope to the sad and discouraged, the message of Truth, Light and Liberation to-all."—*A. J. Carswell, Corresponding Secretary*

Los Angeles, Cal., April 1, 1901

DEAR LEADER:—I want to tell you, our children's entertainment was a *great success*, and owing to your loving help, I am sure, for it seemed at times as if it would be a flat failure. The hall was filled with people and they were enthusiastic in their praise of the entertainment and the discipline of the children. Several little strangers came in to "help the Brotherhood, to help other little children" they said. They did very well in the play, "The Drama of a New Day," and received many compliments. They are anxious to give another entertainment as soon as possible. My comrades in the Lotus work say the entertainment helped them as much as any one and they are sure a victory was gained somewhere. We received the beautiful song, The Sun Temple, and quite learned it yesterday. It brought to us a joy and harmony that cannot be expressed, and did us all good, both big and little. Our loving thoughts go out to you in return.—*Mrs. Katherine Dille*

Pittsburg, Pa. March 6, 1901

U. B. Lodge 56 held a public meeting Sunday, February 10, the subject being "Why do some men fail and others succeed?" The subject was discussed from a Theosophical point of view, and was followed by remarks by different members. On February 18, the drama "Hypatia" was reproduced and was followed by a musical program. The drama was enjoyed by all present and the members are beginning to realize the importance of bringing out the real spirit of the drama, and of having the proper stage setting, positions and costumes of the different characters in harmony so as to assist the mind in grasping the ideas intended to be conveyed.

The study class in Allegheny is still continued with much interest and is making good progress. We find much help in "The Key to Theosophy" to solve the riddles of life.

Chicago, Ill., U. B. Lodge 70, March 31

A good representation of the Chicago comrades met Miss Bergman at the Santa Fe train at 7.40 last Tuesday morning and had a delightful chat with her while she was at breakfast, and afterward at the Lake Shore depot where she took the eastern 10.30 A.M. train.

We sent by her to the Stockholm Lodge a small but beautiful silk American flag, with silk embroidered stars and with it a letter of greeting.

Last evening we had a bazaar in our own room, without renting any larger space, so that the receipts were all net. We only had eleven days to get it up, being busy until the evening of March 19th with the symposium given that evening. We had a very enjoyable and harmonious evening, which was also very successful financially. We will now commence again rehearsing the symposium, "A Promise," so as to be ready to repeat it April 16th. We continually feel the touch of Point Loma and its activity inspiring us ever to greater efforts.—*Alpheus M. Smith*

Bristol, England, U. B. Lodge No. 2

DEAR LEADER:—Our last report of the "Sunshine" Lotus Group was sent some weeks ago. Some new children have come, and all are bright and gentle and very attentive.

Miss Charbonnier has been telling them brother Machell's last story out of the Universal Brotherhood Path, using the blackboard to illustrate it and the children have been much interested. We try to do something a little different each time and last meeting we lighted a candle before our silent moments to remind us of the heart-light, as they do at 19 Avenue Road, (Raja Yoga School).

The members of the girls' club gave an entertainment to their mothers and friends last week—on the 13th of March.—*Edith Clayton*

Lodge 30, Forest Gate—Women's International Brotherhood League Work Report

A meeting for women only is held every Wednesday evening for one hour. We open with music and reading the objects of the League, after which we read a short article or story from the *New Century* bearing on the objects, then music and singing and a short talk concludes our formal meeting. We have a little social chat over a cup of tea before leaving.

Dr. Beale comes to talk to us once a month. We have a tea and social evening with music once every three months, the women themselves contributing toward the expense. We propose taking tea out in the country during the summer months.

Most of the women who attend the meeting are mothers of the Lotus children. They are becoming much interested.—*Mary Edith Box*

Stockholm, Sweden, February 2

As president of the International Brotherhood League committee in Stockholm, I hereby give the outlines of the I. B. L. work in this city.

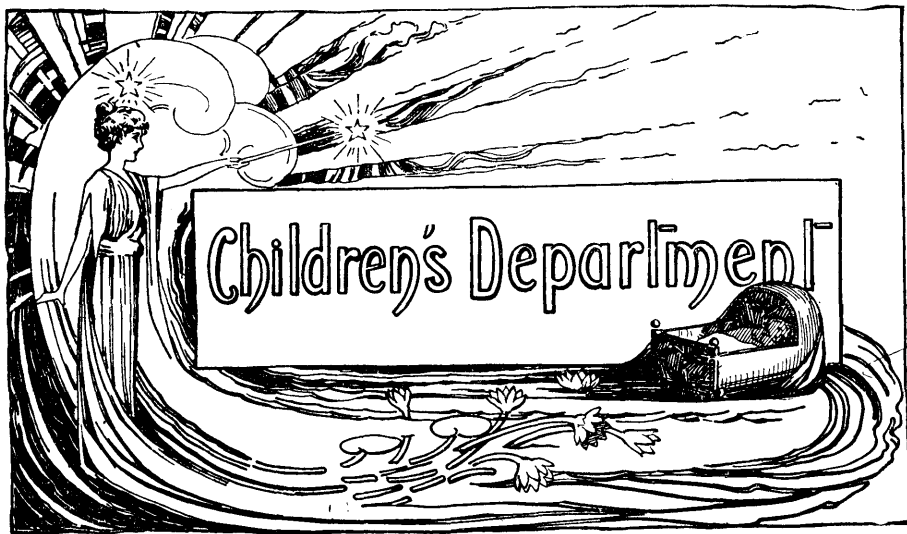
Immediately after receiving the circular of September 13th, 1897, a committee of five was appointed. The work was immediately taken up with regular meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 p. m., at first in different localities, but from the beginning of the year 1898 in a fixed place, which was kept till November 2nd, 1899. During the Congress year in Sweden, the Leader, Katherine Tingley, and brothers Pierce, Thurston, Patterson, Neresheimer were present at a meeting in this place, which shortly after was given up for the more commodious new headquarters.

The meetings have since been carried on, summer and winter, except in the summer of 1898, and have in general been well attended. Every meeting has commenced with music of the best kind, and so it has ended.

After the music the president has read the objects of the International Brotherhood League and Theosophical Society, sometimes describing the Leader's own work at Montauk, Cuba and Point Loma. These introductory discourses have been dispensed with or have been very brief, when a special lecture on any of the objects was to be held either by the president or some other speaker. The rest of the time, about three quarters of an hour, has been filled with one or two, sometimes three short lectures on various topics and questions upon Theosophical subjects. At first the lectures treated preferably the main teachings such as reincarnation and karma, the seven principles, God, evolution, life and death, etc., but as the work grew a change gradually took place and general subjects have been entered upon from a Theosophical stand-point.—*M. F. Nystrom*

Lotus Group, U. B. L., No. 4, England, March 24

On Tuesday evenings we hold two classes. We have been learning two new Lotus Songs, "Sowing and Reaping," and "Blossom, Blossom," and have studied the leaflet "The Pilgrim in the Animal World," also reading the stories "Purun Bhagat" and "How Fear Came." In March we began to study the leaflet "The One Life," and read "The Story of the Trees," "The Story of the Eumenides," and always the news from Point Loma in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and the NEW CENTURY. While we work, some one reads or tells stories, sometimes one of the members and sometimes one of the children, and it goes very well.—*Kate Littlewood*



Sunshine Land

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS

By Emily I. Willans

SOMEWHERE—(the place where the Heart Fairies live)—there is a most beautiful place called *Sunshine Land*. It is very easy to go there if you are good, but if you are naughty you have great trouble to find it.

I am going to tell you a story today about a little girl called Lottie and how she got to Sunshine Land, so that you will all be able to go there too, for it is the loveliest place you can imagine.

Lottie was tucked up in bed one night, and as she did not feel very sleepy she began to think to herself and wonder about the Heart Light that her Lotus Teacher told her about, and how when it shines it makes everything bright and beautiful. "And," said Lottie, "I think it must be a real *Sunshine Land* where the Heart Light comes from. I wonder if I could get there. I will get there." And then a sweet voice whispered, "Go in through the little door marked Love, and you will see a little path that leads into Sunshine Land."

Next day when Lottie woke up, she began thinking of her dream and the little door with "Love" marked on it, and wondered how she could find it. She put on her hat and went out to her garden and found some of her little plants looking very thirsty; so she watered them.

Then pussy came rubbing herself against her and mewing, so she gave her some milk to drink and then played with her little dog Dandy, and then Mother brought Baby out to play in the Sun, to help him grow big and strong, and of course Lottie had to go and play with him. So she played "Happy Little Sunbeams," peeping round her mother's shoulder at him. Then she ran

down to the pillar box to post a letter for her mother, and upstairs to bring down Baby's rattle, and then it was time to go to school. So she picked up her books and ran off as merrily as a cricket, and all the morning she was as good as gold trying to do her lessons properly, and when playtime came she played games with the others, letting them have first turns for everything, and coming last herself feeling all the time as happy as happy can be.

I can't think of all the nice kind little things she did, besides, you know them just as well yourselves if you are little Sunshine girls and boys, because they all do the same things.

Then when night came again and Lottie's mother kissed her and tucked her into bed and said "Good night, Little Sunshine," Lottie lay awake and thought of the dream she had had, and how happy she felt, and she wished all the children were as happy as she was, and her heart seemed just full of Love. And right in her heart she heard a sweet voice singing, "The Golden Key is Turning, the Golden Key is Turning," and the singing grew louder and louder and louder, and yet so sweet, and Lottie found herself in front of the little door marked "Love," with her hand on a golden key. She gave just one turn more as she thought, "What joy it is to love"—and lo, she found herself in Sunshine Land!

It was a wonderful place, everything was *alive!* She looked at the stones and the shells, and her eyes looked right inside them and in every stone and every shell was a fairy with a star on its forehead and out of every beautiful flower peeped a fairy face. And all the animals and birds had little heart-fairies of their own, and the children's Heart-Lights were shining so brightly that she could scarcely see them for the light, and they were all singing:

Within our hearts the One Life lives,
Color and peace and Joy it gives,
Our bodies are its houses sweet
So learn to keep them pure and neat,
For only those who help and share,
Can see the way to Sunshine Land
And turn the key. We love, we love, we love!

And little Lottie sang in answer:

I'm glad to meet you brothers dear,
I feel so happy to be here,
I love the One Great Life
That lives in me,
And in the hearts of all I see.

Then there was such a clapping of hands as you never heard before, and they all crowded around Lottie saying "We are so glad you love us and know we are all alive, and your little brothers and sisters, because *you* and all children have a Thinking Fairy which the One Life has sent into your hearts, but we haven't yet. But the more *you* love us and try to help and share and think good thoughts the better houses *we* can build for the "One Life" to live in, so that we may shine as you do, and know that Life is Joy.

"Yes, I *will* try to help you," said Lottie.

"If you really try," said the flower fairies, "the time will come when you will always see us, asleep or awake, for you will always be living in Sunshine Land."

Then they all began to sing again:

Lottie loves the One Life
That dwells in great and small,
She knows it is the Heart Light
That shines within us all.

Lottie never forgot her dream, and she always looks upon the animals and flowers and stones as little brothers, and looks forward to the time when she shall live in Sunshine Land night and day.

"The Light in the Heart"

By R. W. D., of the Raja Yoga School, Point Loma



There is a light within your heart,
From Warriors it will ne'er depart ;
It comes by trying to be good
And working hard for Brotherhood,

It guides your actions and your mind
To helping others also find
That light of Purity and Love,
Which always shines in life above.

All its rays are very bright,
Brighter than the sun's bright light ;
And they shine on all the good,
Who by their acts show Brotherhood.

Your good self is the life above,
Which all true Warriors always love,
And keep within their hearts that light,
Which always guides them to the right.

Those who want to win their light,
Must fight all wrongs with all their might.
And change the bad thoughts into good,
And in their hearts feel Brotherhood.

But those who let wrong thoughts come in,
Are those who cannot ever win
Those rays of truth, and light, and love,
Which never leave True Life above.