

And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees ; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

--MATTHEW III, 10

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Anarchy===A Living Question

by G. D.

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THE subject that has most deeply affected the public mind during the past month is, of course, the assassination of our late President. We find ourselves compelled to pause and think. What does it indicate as to the past? What does it signify as to the future? We are face to face with a great problem.

Time was when many would have felt the assassination to be in some measure atoned by the death of the assassin. No one feels so today. His trial, conviction and all that have followed during the current month are disagreeable contingencies which do not in any degree solve the real problem, but in fact, make it harder to solve. In spite of current talk of changed legislation with regard to anarchy, more stringent laws as to immigration, treason, etc., deep, deep beneath all this chatter there is in the national heart a conviction that these man-made laws will avail little, that we must begin to understand and follow the Higher Law. There is a growing conviction that all this calamity is "God's will" and that any remedy which leaves out of the question the Higher Law or God, will be no remedy at all.

What is the meaning of this expression, "It is God's will"? Not at all what it meant a hundred or even twenty-five years ago. For we have to thank the Dark Ages for a degrading ideal of God,—an arbitrary being who dwells outside of the Universe, ruling it in an arbitrary way, yet who may, by prayers, be induced to confer certain penalties or benefits.

Today there has sprung up in the hearts of many an unshakable trust in Law as the basis of all the processes of nature and of life. With it we find a higher conception of God, the Causeless Cause of all that is, informing and permeating all things, stone and atom as well as man, the One Life of which all nature is but the garment and expression.

In the words of the Bhagavad-Gita: "Understand that all things are in me even as the mighty air which passes everywhere is in space. . . . I am the father and mother of this Universe, the grandsire and the preserver. I am the goal, the comforter, the Lord, the Witness, the resting place, the asylum and the Friend. I am the origin and the dissolution, the receptacle, the store-house and the eternal seed. . . . I am the cause unseen and the visible effect."

One who builds on a true conception of God is certain to think, certain to look below the plane of effects to that of causes. And there is every sign that throughout the nation there is coming to birth a deeper trust in God, a more abiding refuge in the Great Law of cause and effect. That is the assurance that this problem of anarchy, which has faced every nation of the Old World and so far has not been solved by any of them, this problem of which we are reminded by the recent assassination, will probably be solved by us.

The fact is, the entire current of the world's thought has been changed. And if we will examine the various theories and doctrines that have been given to the world during the last fifty years, it will be plain that we owe this to H. P. Blavatsky. She was the first messenger in this cycle of a true philosophy of life, a truer and diviner conception of God, a conception of the Higher Law as the basis and the dispenser of all that is.

When she came she found humanity apathetic, unlighted. She brought it a philosophy of hope and of inspiration which has come to so permeate our mental atmosphere that many who may never have heard of her or of Theosophy as a specific doctrine, have felt a new light enter their lives and have found a fresh courage to go on and fight the battle out along higher lines. This is true because H. P. Blavatsky spoke to the soul of humanity and soul is one. Because she brought to us higher ideals of life and conduct and then proved them practical and true by a philosophy which is unassailable. She did what no other World Teacher has been able to do in centuries, she builded a bridge between the actual and the ideal, and over that bridge all humanity is one day destined to pass.

And that is why, with regard to the many problems that confront us, we are more honest than in the past. We used to think that, whether we did our share or not, evolution, somehow, would go on just the same. Today we realize that we are not separate from humanity or from the world and that we cannot pass into a higher grade or evolutionary state until we have solved the problems and passed all the examinations that pertain to this one. Our souls realize this even though our brains may not and that is why there is something within us that compels us to think and think and think over this prob-

lem of anarchy. How shall we reach the hearts of the lawless, the jealous, the discontented? How shall we teach them that law cannot be abolished, that this is a law-governed universe with chaos as the only alternative, and that it is only by the help of the wise Law that the soul is able to lift the self to higher planes. How shall we teach them that all men are brothers, because all come from the same Absolute Source? How shall we lead them to understand that all the pain and disappointment of their own lives is but the result of past deeds, if not in this life then in another, that God is not mocked and that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. How shall we transform an element which today would destroy our civilization into an element that would desire to be a help to it and a part of it?

What is anarchy? The two Greek words of which it is composed mean "without a Leader." To us it signifies a total absence of government, total lawlessness. Those who believe in the Divine Order of things, who believe that the Universe and all that is sprang from the very bosom of the Infinite Law, realize what complete chaos would exist under a reign of anarchy. Imagine for a moment that the Solar system should abandon all law and whirl into anarchy. What would become of us? Suppose the seasons of the year should break the laws which govern them and vouchsafe to us a spring six months long and no harvest time at all, for two or three years? The people of the earth would starve. Suppose the law of gravity should become inoperative. Yet the same laws operate in the world of mind and soul, unseen, yet swifter, more far-reaching in action, more terrible in the penalties that befall those who break them. It is inconceivable that there are those who would sweep them aside. Yet there are such.

But the beauty of it is that the Great Law is stronger than the caprices of any person or collection of persons. Its march cannot be stayed. Such a thing as anarchy is a simple impossibility. Yet, while it is true that a state of anarchy simply could not exist, we have had in our western states, at times, conditions that approached it. In California, during the rush which followed the "gold fever" in '49, hundreds of mining camps sprung up in isolated districts in a very short time. At first, in some of these, there was a condition bordering on anarchy,—no Leader, no head, no government, each man for himself. But this did not last. Disease, crime and horror soon taught these men a sharp lesson. In no long time, invariably, the Leader appeared and organized his followers in the interests of law and order. Though the earliest of such organizations was not on a particularly high plane, though they were agents of much that was unjust and unwise—the very fact that these "Vigilance Committees" recognized the function and office of Leader, indicates that they were the first step toward good government. It also indicates that even reckless men prefer a Leader and a Law—though the Leader may be untrustworthy and the Law fallible,—to anarchy.

The anarchists have very much to say of freedom. Yet their ideal of freedom differs greatly from the Theosophical ideal. And to understand the lat-

ter one must go back to the soul, the source of all. For the soul is the fundamental proposition. The ancient Wisdom Religion, today known as Theosophy, is the eternal, primeval Doctrine of the Soul. For the World-Saviors have always taught that the soul is the real man, and the brain and body are but the garment he wears, the instrument he uses. Just as the sunbeam is of one light and substance with the Sun, its parent, so the Soul is of the essence of God, the Absolute Source of all that is and ever will be. Thus, born of God as the sunbeam is born of the Sun, the soul descends into earth life and clothes itself with matter, that is, with the bodies it builds and uses. And the purpose of the soul in thus permeating and informing matter, has ever been to lift and spiritualize and purify matter, to lift it into a freedom as absolute as that of the soul itself. "Compassion is the Law of Laws, Alaya's Self," and this gives us the key to the process.

Freedom is the Soul's heritage, and the acts of the Soul are followed by no penalties, only by rewards. But our lower tendencies concern themselves mainly with self-indulgence. The elemental self never goes out in compassion, but, unless the soul prevents, it turns continually in on itself, a suicidal method. The very fact that the lower nature, if allowed to act unguided by the Soul, brings upon itself penalty after penalty is proof that it is not working with the Higher Law, but against it.

Thus the Soul's task is not easy and no doubt the elemental self often believes itself to be under a hard task-master. For the pricking of conscience which is the voice of the Soul often prevents a man from following the bent of his desires or appetites. Yet if he obeys the Soul's still voice, is he less free or more so? Has he not by that very yielding to the Higher Law made a step upwards toward true freedom? For freedom is not a state wherein one may break all laws with impunity but a state in which the man works in such perfect harmony with the Great Law that he becomes verily one with it.

Most of us do not find our freedom interfered with by the law against stealing. Yet the criminal does. And yet the laws upon our statute books are very fallible, at best but an outward and inadequate expression of the Higher Law. For the Higher Law is that of the Soul, unseen in workings but swift and sure in results, needing no detectives, no police, no executioners, for, as has been said, it contains within itself its own executioner.

It seems strange that there are those who cannot distinguish between true freedom, perfect harmony with the Soul, and a licensing of appetite and desire. But there are such, a fact which can only be explained because man's nature is dual. Within each heart is the angel and the demon, one seeking to lift man into true freedom, the other seeking ever to pull him down into the slavery of appetite or some selfish desire. If the man centers his consciousness in the lower, the process of being brought into harmony with the Soul is certain to be very uncomfortable and even terrible. It may be that the lower nature will utterly rebel and then the man will sink back into darkness and the Soul will leave him to his own devices. For this the Teacher must always do when his

pupil refuses to learn, and the Soul is the Teacher of the personality.

But the wise man will lift his consciousness to the plane of soul, will endeavor, in spite of continual failure, to keep it always at its highest point and will be thankful that the Great Law has hedged his lower nature around with laws and penalties. For without these helps the soul could never lift it.

We do not need fewer laws, we need more. We need to know more and not less of the Higher Law. We need to discover new phases, new applications of it as diligently as may be. Then, if we have the will and the perseverance to bring the lower nature into harmony with it, we shall be free, gods actually, creators. That is the theosophical ideal of freedom.

It is not strange that anarchists have a perverted idea of freedom. "God! I don't believe in God," are the words of one of their exponents. "The first thing anarchists have to do is to destroy every altar, extinguish every religion and tear God from the heavens." This then, is the basis upon which they build, a basis of nothing at all, of denial.

It is not strange that they advocate the extermination of rulers, the very doctrine which incited the assassin to commit this crime. Yet these who taught him shrink away from him and say: "He is not one of us. He does not distinguish between violent anarchy and philosophical anarchy. Certainly we teach these doctrines, but only theoretically."

Do we need anything more to enable us to place doctrines of this stamp where they belong,—in the realm of confusion and of the shades. This age has no use for anything that is merely theoretical. It demands that theories be proven, be made practical or abandoned. And there is something grimly humorous in the spectacle of a group of people endeavoring to gain our respect for their doctrines on the plea that they are merely theoretical!

Today, those who believe in theosophy and the theosophical movement are prouder of nothing than that every principle of this wisdom religion is practical and that the Universal Brotherhood stands before the world today as a practical organization and not a collection of dreamers.

Another truth is brought to our minds forcibly at this time by the statements of the assassin and his associates: "Why should we grieve at the death of the President? His death is of no more consequence than that of a common laborer."

We are shocked at this expression because our souls remember, though perchance our brains do not, that ancient doctrine that humanity is a vast organism, having its head, its heart, its ganglionic centres, its innumerable conscious cells, each with its own function to perform. That this knowledge inheres in the soul is proven by our commonest expressions, "the public pulse," "the public conscience," "the public mind," "the national heart;" another proof that H. P. Blavatsky did not bring us new doctrines, but came to remind us of old truths which, somehow, we had forgotten. And the truth that humanity is a living, pulsating organism and not a mere collection of isolated fragments, is one of the basic principles of Theosophy.

In degree, therefore, is our nation an organism and our President, on outer planes, functions as its head and heart, a centre of force, guiding, holding all together. Therefore the assault upon our President is as much more serious in its consequences than an assault upon an ordinary citizen, as an injury to the brain or heart is more serious in its effects upon the physical body than a similar injury to one of the extremities. It has been well characterized as "A stab at the Heart of American liberty." Whether our President was wise or unwise scarcely enters the question, from this point of view. That he had both wisdom and goodness is our good fortune, and doubtless one reason why this nation has had such a marvelously rapid and healthy growth is because the head and heart has always been vigorous and full of health.

How deeply significant are the words of Plato: "Not until kings are philosophers and philosophers are kings will cities cease from ill; no, nor the human race." (*The Republic*).

And because the innumerable cells of a healthy physical body work together in common helpfulness and harmony, we know that they are interdependent of their very nature. If certain cells refuse to perform their functions, or perform them badly, or try to perform functions that belong to other cells, which sometimes happens, disease and ill-health results. If the unbrotherly cells cannot be brought into line, there is but one alternative, they must be cast out of the body. If, perchance, the body is not strong enough to do this, certainly then, sooner or later, it perishes.

And as with the body, so with humanity. Each unit soul is a part of the great whole, interdependent, with a certain place to fill, certain work to do. Not one of us can do his own work, can even exist independent of the others. It is utterly impossible. Not one, if he do his work poorly or unwillingly, but can so interfere with the health of the whole, that more or less disturbance, or social disease is the result. We see all about us evidence of such a condition. Yet we dream of better days, when all shall work together and social health will result. And those who can "discern the signs of the times" know that such an era, a Golden Age, is even now coming to be. For beneath all the surface differences that appear to separate men, runs the golden cable-tow of brotherhood, linking all men together. It is the thread of soul, for soul is one, and it is because of this that all souls are verily children of God.

No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself. We are our brother's keeper in a deeper sense than we realize. Our acts, our words, our very unspoken thoughts influence others more than they do ourselves, though we may not realize it, may not even believe it. It is useless for those who have been preaching a counterfeit philosophy, called anarchy, to repudiate this abject fellow who has tried to practically apply their theories. They are more guilty than he, for their insight into life is greater, their opportunities have been more abundant. And not these, alone, are guilty. All about us is the mental atmosphere. Into it we pour our thoughts, good or vile, pure or

selfish. It is the air that the mental self breathes. The pure and wise and strong choose from it as they will, strong enough to refuse all that is selfish or sensual, and aware that the pure elements within it will gravitate toward themselves, inevitably. For the laws of magnetic attraction operate in the metaphysical as well as in the physical world.

But few are strong enough so to choose. The weaker majority are constantly fed and vampirized by the evil in this mental atmosphere about them. How often do we hear of a criminal saying, "I am sorry. What made me do it?" And today the half responsible fellow who took the life of our President is less guilty than those who have made our thought atmosphere filthy with thoughts of revenge, of jealousy, of discontent, of atheism. Though our statutes do not recognize this, and inflict no penalty, yet there is a Higher Law which will exact its due even to the uttermost farthing.

Yet does this relieve the assassin of the responsibility for his act? Not at all. Life after life he has had the chance to choose between good and evil, life after life has he chosen to drive out and crucify the warrior and to strengthen the demon within him. He has opened the gateway of the fortress of his soul to enemies, jealousy, deceit, unbrotherliness. And these traitors, once within the Sacred City, have held open the gate until the evil of the race has entered in and the man was lost. Once he might have driven out these traitors and barred the door. At last it became too late. How true it is that "we do not possess our ideas; we are possessed by them." The assassin has been his own victim. He might have been his own creator. Instead of choosing the true philosophy as his guide, he has chosen the false.

But how are we to discriminate between the true and the false? Is there no criterion? There is an infallible criterion—the *Soul*. And the philosophy which alone can lead the restless mind into soul-knowledge, is and must be the eternal Doctrine of the Soul, as ancient as time itself, as necessary to the budding soul as is sunlight to the flower. And if today we are groping blindly, it is our own fault. The world has never been without the Great Teacher. The Cycles fail not of their due. The Higher Law forsakes not those who trust in it. And today, at their own Cyclic time, the Great Souls have come to teach their own, Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

Theosophy alone contains the solution of this problem of anarchy. And it does not counsel force. "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred," said a great teacher of the Heart Doctrine centuries ago, "hatred ceaseth by love." For Theosophy is the Heart Doctrine and never until it reaches the heart of humanity can we hope to solve the problems of human life. Once let the anarchist realize that all men are his brothers, King, President, statesman, that all have common interest, common sorrows, common temptations, and this problem will be very near solution.

Yet we have a great responsibility here. Do we really feel as if the anarchist were our brother, or do we carefully keep him at arm's length while we

talk law, and police, and deportation, and electrocution? It is plain enough that not until we have conquered ourselves, our own vanity, our self-righteousness and sense of separateness, can we hope to conquer him.

On the other hand, as long as the anarchist denies God, denies the soul, so long as he refuses to recognize the soul thread that binds all men into one vast brotherhood on the soul plane, the gulf between the anarchist and humanity can never be bridged.

Yet the matter is not hopeless, for these are the children. They belong to the nation to educate. And the nation is already beginning to realize that mere intellectual learning is not enough, that the heart has been neglected far too long. President McKinley was intellectually a great man. Yet his greatness is never associated with that, but always with the heart qualities that he possessed, his gentleness, purity, courage and brotherliness. It is the straw which shows the direction of the wind. It is plain that the world needs but the example of education on right lines, to follow and copy. And such an example is already before it in the Raja Yoga School for Children at Point Loma. There the children realize that they are Souls, they live in the sunshine and the joy of soul life, and the methods used are not experimental but are founded on principles that the ages have sifted and proven. When we can find men of good education in every penitentiary, every insane asylum, every disreputable line of business, it is evident that modern education does not educate. But these conditions will pass, for the education of the future will build upon that eternal foundation called the Soul.

The test of greatness in a nation, as in an individual, is this; the ability to turn all circumstances, however unfavorable, to good. During the recent crisis this nation has stood the test. Above all petty political differences is a strong feeling of unity, of brotherhood. Above the snarl of those who say "I don't believe in God," there rises, like a song, from the heart of the nation a deep conviction that God is, a deep, abiding faith in the Higher Law. The whole nation uttered its faith in the last words of the President "It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done."

As a shock clarifies the mind of an individual, so does a great calamity act to clarify the public mind. And it is plain at last that this nation has taken refuge in the Soul. On that basis is our future to be builded. Much that was dawn before to our statesmen will now become daylight, for *the Sun is rising*.

The Master said, "I have talked with Hwuy for a whole day, and he has not made any objections to *anything I said*;—as if he were stupid. He has retired, and I have examined his conduct when away from me, and found him able to illustrate *my teachings*. Hwuy!—He is not stupid."

The Master said, "See what a man does.

"Mark his motives.

"Examine in what things he rests.

"How can a man conceal his character!

Crisis in *the* Affairs of Humanity

by H. T. Edge



THERE are times to rest and enjoy the charms of leisure, and there are times to bestir oneself and if need be, fight. No man can, without shameful neglect of duty and without certain danger to himself, indulge in peaceful inactivity, however apparently innocent, in times of change and struggle.

It must be apparent to all with eyes to see, that the world is now in the throes of conflict. One of those critical epochs has arrived, when compromise and neutrality are for the time no longer possible. The forces of light and darkness, truth and falsity, magnanimity and selfishness, which have been growing for so long side by side in the soil of human character, have now waxed lusty and large. They threaten each other, and vie, each for a larger share in the life of humanity.

Each man must choose which path he will take, which banner he will follow. The one will lead him to terraces of enlightenment yet unscathed by man; the other seeks to drag him down to levels of servitude and ignorance of which past days of mediæval darkness give but a faint hint.

Thou who wouldst lead thy peaceful life apart from strife and endeavor, know that what in times of peace would be moderation becomes indolence in times of action; and indolence is a vice. The mark of indolence shall record thee in the ranks of darkness, and by thy indulgence thou shalt play into the hands of those who would fain see evil active and good inert.

No man can sever himself from humanity. Nor is anyone willing to follow such an ideal of isolation to its logical conclusion. The most indolent and indifferent inconsistently crave the joys of fellowship while shunning its responsibilities. He who enjoys the privilege of being a man among men, must, and should be willing to take his share of toil and responsibility. Yet how many are ready to live on the labors of others, to enjoy the peace won for them by forefathers who knew not what it was to lay down sword and axe. How many even plume themselves on this attitude and talk of strife as vulgar. How many sit in arm-chairs and carp at the corruption of leaders, when they should be up and ousting those corrupt leaders, and filling the places they have allowed them to usurp.

Unless we bestir ourselves and do our human duties, we shall forfeit our human prerogatives; for the dark powers that manipulate our vices are forces of destruction and hostile to the human ideal.

And what is this task which, as men, we are called on to share with humanity, as an alternative to forfeiting most of our human prerogatives?

To put it shortly and definitely—*humanity is ill, and is struggling to get well*. It has reached an epoch of painful organic change, like the throes of some cleansing fever. Whatever the reason may be, whatever philosophical explanation may lie behind, the fact remains; and we, as men (unless we desire to lose the title) are called on to share in the process.

Let us for awhile look up from our narrow purview of self-catering, or our devotional and philosophic explorations into the mysteries of our own Higher Selfishnesses, and regard Man as a whole. Nor, in our survey, shall any narrow "scientific" vision of a race sprung up in a few centuries, by some mysterious, purposeless "evolution" from an ape-like stalk, satisfy us. We go back to ages when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men . . . and took them wives . . . and there were giants in the earth." Days when the divine being called Man descended into the material earth to know and conquer its forces and "subdue the beasts of the field."

Looking back to those days, we see men at first misusing their new powers and being deluded and ruled by the forces of nature, instead of controlling them. "The wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Looking further on we find that the divine light thus obscured and defiled was destined to be reborn in Man as the "Christ," and to redeem him, leading him out of the mire of sin and destruction, and re-subjecting his rebellious members to the imperial divine-human will.

At this day do we not see this Christ urging all humanity on to higher things and struggling into a thousand forms of expression? And do we not also discern that Antichrist, the antagonistic power that is called into being by the efforts of its opponent? The one is the focus of our good, expanding-generous aspirations; the other the nucleus of our violent, dark and disruptive propensities.

In our struggle, cool philosophic considerations as to the duty or advantage of "unselfishness," and the wrongfulness of "selfishness" are not of much use. Man has acquired such a cultured and unconscious insincerity—such an isolation of the mental from the actual life—that his words do not stand for deeds, and the most lofty "ethics" may imply no more than a cultivated mind. Experience and sorrow must finally bring us to realize that each individual life is so inextricably blended with the whole life of humanity that no man can really have a separate and exclusive interest.

Selfishness is the undue predominance of a minor force in our make-up—a bursting-out of the fires that energize our lower nature from their furnace. It is a disruptive force, and brings misery upon the man whom it dominates. Unselfishness is the keeping of the minor forces of our character in their place, and making them subject to the dictates of the higher forces—those that proceed from our gregarious and collective nature.

Humanity is called on, in this crisis, to take another step towards its goal, and to remodel itself on lines of greater unity and harmony than have dis-

tinguished past and passing phases of its development. All will be forced by the pressure of circumstances to leave their exclusiveness and retirement and take an interest in their kind, choosing the rising tide or the back-wash.

Love and Knowledge

The Need of a Larger Love for Humanity and the Knowledge to Apply It

by Rev. S. J. Neill



THERE are two opposite poles in human nature, love and hate, or selfishness. The sum of human misery is mainly the result of selfishness, leading to injustice, strife and death. The cure is in unselfish action, based on pure love and compassion, and operating under the direction of Wisdom.

There is great need for a larger love of humanity, and not only for that, but for the proper wisdom to apply this larger love. Men perish for two reasons:—lack of wisdom, and lack of right desires. There may be great knowledge, and yet the possessor of this knowledge may be selfish. Some of the powerful men of the world have been selfish, and, as a consequence, their powers have not tended to benefit men, but rather the opposite. On the other hand, many have been well-meaning, but have lacked the wisdom to carry out to a successful issue their good intentions.

The evils sometimes resulting from ill-directed motives have led one of the poets to say, "’Twere hard to tell whether greater want of skill there be in thinking or in judging ill." Wrong judgment, or lack of discretion, even where the intentions are excellent, may lead to most disastrous results.

As a rule, however, the miseries under which the world groans today result chiefly from selfishness, and its consequent injustice. As society grows more complex it becomes less easy to trace the evil workings of selfishness. In our commerce, our financial system, our complex industries, it is often not easy to say, "here is where right dealing stops and wrong dealing begins." Nations as well as individuals will sometimes try to shelter their conduct under the plea, "If we had not done so and so, some one else would." We may be individually the cause of the "Sweating System" by seeking for cheap things, and yet we may not always benefit the workman by giving the seller a high price for an article.

It is plain that under the complex conditions of modern society, and the load of misery which is entailed, that the cure must be deep, radical and lasting. The passing of better laws may be some help, but it is not always the panacea that some suppose. And even the improved laws must result from a

growing love for humanity. While it is quite true that "you cannot make people honest, or sober, or truthful, or loving by act of Parliament," yet all legislation for the betterment of the nation must spring out of a love for the welfare of the nation. It will therefore be seen that the thought-plane is the realm where the improvement must begin. Of course it should not stop there, it should descend to the plane of action, to the plane of ordinary life. Dickens and other writers have held up to deserved ridicule those who neglect home duties, and duties close at hand, for the glamour or excitement of great things in some distant land.

Our love, our charity, our compassion should expand as the flowers expand, from within outward, leaving no yawning gaps between the center and the outmost rim. The love of home, the love of one's friend, the love of one's country; these are the natural steps to that greater love of humanity. To dissipate our energy talking of the good of humanity has been the way of some who have left behind them little else than "talk," and who have shown the hollowness of their profession by neglecting the duties nearest them. Some who talk much of reforming the world have not been very pleasant people to live with. But the true reformers, the true helpers of humanity, have ever been sound at heart, true and compassionate from the very center to the utmost circumference of life. It is this heart-soundness which has made their lives a lasting power—a light and saving health to the world.

Close observers of the business world can see that in the terrible struggle for gain the very countenances of those engaged in the mad race gradually assume a wolf-like aspect. They become less and less human. This is a sad state of things, and as we are all linked together it reacts on every member of the whole race. "We are members one of another, and if one member suffers the other members suffer also."

Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature, and therefore, even on the ground of self-preservation, we must seek the regeneration of the world. But there is a higher ground than that. It is the peculiar nature of the Divine love that it seeks only the welfare of those who are in need. And this is the true love, the "larger love" for humanity which we must feel and show, in order to touch, and change, and save those who are wretched, and poor, and blind and naked, though often possessing much money and "moving in good society." It is only this "larger love"—this Divine, unselfish love—"which suffereth long, and is kind; which seeketh not its own; which is not easily provoked; which believeth all things; and hopeth all things;" it is only this larger love that can possess that patience which never fails, and which is so necessary to win the victory in the end, over selfishness, perverseness and all the things which hinder reform and man's salvation.

We have, all of us, the germ of this all-conquering love in our hearts, for we all have within us the Divine Life, and that Divine Life is Love itself; as the Scripture says, "God is Love." We have it, but we need to fan the spark into a flame. The flame must leap upward at the cry of human need. The

cry of the suffering, the despairing, rises from every land. The dehumanizing influence of much of modern civilization is only too sadly apparent in all large towns. The evil, the misery, the degradation are pressing everywhere. The better instincts are being smothered, the aspirations are dwarfed and stunted, hope is giving way to a dull despairing endurance. Truly there is terrible need for a larger love for poor suffering humanity.

One of the first things needful in helping others is to make them *feel* that we *really* care for them, and that our action towards them springs not from the motives of any personal gain or aggrandizement, but out of pure and unselfish love. There have been, and there are, so many would-be helpers who have shown petty motives that suffering humanity has largely become skeptical of all helpers, and all schemes for its improvement. It must, therefore, take some time, even with the truest, loftiest and most genuine movement for reform, before the hearts of men outgrow the fear, and suspicion, and doubt born of many past failures. But there can be no doubt that once the heart of mankind is really touched, and a genuine feeling of hope and trust is begotten within it, little time will elapse before it rises and clasps the hands of its real helpers with a great cry of joy.

The larger love must also be the wiser love—ever trusting, always hoping, always patient. We need a mighty faith in the good result of good—we need to *see* and to *feel* that no good word, or thought, or deed falls fruitless to the ground.

With parents, with preachers, with statesmen, with reformers the temptation is often strong to give the spoilt children, the spoilt men and women what they cry for, rather than what they truly need for their salvation. Hence we can see the absolute necessity for wisdom co-operating with the larger love in the redemption of the race. The Scripture recognizes this truth where it says that though *God is love*, he is also a *consuming fire*; and that *He kills to make alive*. It can only be in the power of this all-wise love that the Great Helpers of humanity, seeing the sorrows which men bring upon themselves by wrong-doing, can behold with great compassion, but without tears; for they see the result of the “cleansing fires,” the love that wounds to heal, and kills to make alive.

It may be that humanity must needs suffer yet more deeply before it becomes thoroughly convinced of the inevitable bitter results which must follow the wrong ways in which it has been acting—before it sees in noon-day clearness the hell to which all forms of selfishness inevitably lead. But along with the cry of the suffering should rise the song of hope, the tender voice of compassion, and the kindly touch of helping hands. In this way, it may be, the suffering will be shortened, and it will produce a softening and not a hardening effect on the souls of those who suffer.

The need for wisdom to guide good intentions has been made clearly manifest in this country. For again and again men and women have banded themselves together for the purpose of bettering the world, but their efforts

were not guided by wisdom, and they consequently failed. It is at this point that the *Universal Brotherhood* appeals to the world. Moved by the larger love which works and waits, and will not fail, it is steering clear of those pitfalls into which so many "brotherhoods" and associations, in spite of their good intentions, have fallen.

Ruskin tells us that one of the words of Scripture which, all through life, proved helpful and sustaining to him was, "Let not *mercy* and *judgment* forsake thee." It is the Universal principle of all right action—*compassion* and *wisdom* joining hands in the great work of saving humanity. In no other way can the Race be lifted to a higher level: and by the conjoint action of these two divine qualities, *true love* and *wisdom*, the race *must* be lifted up out of all darkness, and established on a higher plane of life. Then will the cry of humanity be turned into a song: then will the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose; then men will believe in heaven, for it will have come in their hearts and lives—may these things be.

Arise, Shine, for Thy Light Hath Come

by Idrone



THROUGH the observation of the dismal contortions of men in their frantic search for pleasure the student of human nature can perceive that practical atheism—the denial of anything beyond the visible, the material—is rampant everywhere and is ravaging this fair-seeming world. The cry arises in innumerable forms, even in words: "There is no soul. Animals we have *descended* from, animals we are, as animals must we perish." But usually in words we hypocritically say, "I believe," while our lives and actions smite us as liars.

Do we want proof of the Soul's being? Do we dare to lift the awful veil which hides the truth? Or are we content to remain, forever, blind and deaf?

Do we think that we *can*, forever, resist that increasing call which bids us to action, which urges us to tear down the veil, let betide what may?

Indifference will not satisfy the soul. Through the mad whirl of so-called pleasure an undertone of unrest throbs with growing loudness. Thank God, we are *not* satisfied. In moments of honesty we admit it, even if but to ourselves. Look at the faces in the street, in the theater or church; careworn, hopeless, twisted out of almost all likeness to the godlike beauty natural to man. Our dress fashions, our habits of feeding, our mania for "killing time," our social entertainments, our marriage customs, our architecture—all confess in various degrees to the unsatisfactory state of things prevailing. Our

art and science, our philosophy and religion, our home-life system and political ambitions are based on shifting sands, and deep down we know it. Are we content to let things drift? Is expediency a nourishing diet for soul life? We feel that some change is needed. We even look back with a tinge of regret to the days of the eighteenth century for examples of men of simple dignity, who in some respects conformed more nearly to Nature's laws than we, and whose lives were not consumed so utterly with the passion for sensation as ours. Half blindly we desire the Light, and trying to find it in the modern rush for something, anything out of which pleasure can be got, we are entrapped by wine, "the mocker," which can change our state of consciousness and produce a tawdry imitation of the exaltation of spiritual life. And, perhaps worst of all, we admit fear into our thoughts to block our way, fear of public opinion and of Mrs. Grundy in all her guises; and we seek applause and recognition for our good works. We forget that "The fear of man brings a snare,"* but "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,"† and "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil,"‡ and yet three-fifths of civilized mankind is too cowardly to face the problem and defy the hosts of conventionality and custom.

But there is Hope, there is Light and Liberation, notwithstanding the efforts of crafty theologians, who would hypnotize us and draw us into their various conflicting camps by the promise of vague glories in the future; or of the denials of the materialists who have led us nowhere, hopelessly telling us that the Real things, about which alone is the Soul concerned, are "Unknowable." There is joy and peace ineffable waiting to be grasped. The true Teachers, the Single-eyed, know it and would have all know it, for they have been where we are now, and they know our perplexities.

One such says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."¶

"We are tired of asking. There is no reply."

Before we give up the contest let us see if we have asked in the only way likely to get an answer from the Highest Source. Have we not rather asked others to do our asking for us? Have we not begged Jesus or Mary or some other to do our rightful duty for us? Or, perhaps, as the New Testament puts it, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your own pleasures."***

Here is the clue to the failure of so many who think they ask. They ask for good things, both for mind and body, with only the satisfaction of the personal, self-centered lower nature in view. Occasionally they receive the material benefits demanded but "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" They have not received the treasures of wisdom and joy laid up in heaven for them, which are to be had by asking in the language of the soul. But the Law as revealed to the simple and pure soul who seeks for light in the true manner, answers in such ringing tones

* Proverbs, 29. † Proverbs, 9. ‡ Proverbs, viii. ¶ James, I. ***James, iv: 3

that it is surprising that even one who asks rightly can fail to comprehend and obey.

Let us regard the question of the soul's existence and opportunities from a new standpoint and consider what evidence of its presence we might expect to find, and above all, how should we proceed to evoke it?

To answer rightly we must study human nature in ourselves and others; the most ignorant person knows that there is some exalted Power which at times takes charge and compels him to do Its will, even to the sacrifice of his life. Then is not everyone acquainted with the inner sprite which has by far the largest part of our nature as its playground. This devil has become very strong and is sleepless in its cunning. Its aim, which is generally successful, is to get us to believe he is our very precious self, and so willingly to let him have his own way. Unfortunately for our welfare he has got such a hold that there is no need to invoke *him*, he is always at hand, but man, the human Soul, stands between the Angel and the Demon, and can choose to follow the Light and to starve the lower nature into submission.

As this struggle, the beginning of which we call self-restraint, intensifies, the lower nature melts imperceptibly into the higher and at last, if successful, man becomes Divine. Working with Nature's laws he becomes one of her creators, old things pass away, and a truer, greater life opens. Everything quickly adjusts itself, and with vision cleared by unselfishness, the object for which the events of life have been experienced boldly stands out. Business and pleasure, home life and travel, joys and sorrows, are seen as part of a great whole and not as of intrinsic importance in themselves but only necessary incidents in the experience of the soul in earth-life.

How, then, can we heed our better nature, which, though it knocks continually at the heart for admission, we so seldom hear? By realizing the unity of the race through service, Universal Brotherhood in action, we shall draw out the spirit of Unity. At the root of all life is Divine Compassion, "no attribute." Therefore, as we become more transparent to the rays of the Spiritual Sun through unselfish work, which seeks no reward in money, thanks, credit or reputation ("let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," the rule of the ages), so the cold ice of selfishness in the heart, which binds each in the illusion of false personality, begins to melt. Overshadowing every man is the Higher Self, the power of Divinity but, like the "man with the muck-rake" in the allegory, how few will look up, or, like Jacob, seize the angel, wrestle with him and hold him fast.

This Guardian Angel must be invoked by us; the Warrior will not come unless called by his secret name which he can hear above the din of battle. The smallest act of self-sacrifice rings out that tone to which the Warrior-self will reply; it opens a door, even if but a little way, and soon the light will increase as the door is pushed back by the power of loving deeds and thoughts.

Then a glimpse of the "spiritual will" is obtained. "The true will which comes from the Spirit, is that subconscious force which wells up within us and

governs every movement before we know it, before we can seize it, causing us to swerve aside before we have realized a danger with our brain. This will made *self-conscious, trained and developed*, is the will-power of the Adept; that force of which a great mystic wrote: "The will accomplishes all that it does desire." The inner will, reflected from the Divine Spirit when it surges up *conscious of itself*, is the faith which moves mountains. Often we instinctively obey it. We need to try, over and over, to trace it to the hidden well-spring within. Also to obey it when it manifests, for such exercise "increases the manifestation." (THE PATH, Vol. III, p. 389.)

Then the spiritual fire will descend, like that which fell on the sacrifice of Elijah at Carmel, and if we continue the aspiration and weary not in well doing, the animal passions will, like the bullock on the altar, be entirely transmuted into pure flame; though in the process a good deal of smoke may be given off.

So we find that the way to Life is the old path of loving service, careless of self. Heaven can be taken by violence, but the heavenly state, or kingdom, by its very nature is protected from the unfit; only those can partake of its joys who are not seeking "the special lots," as W. Q. Judge says, for themselves. When the desire to uplift the whole world fully possesses the disciple, leaving him regardless of his own personal progress or "rights," he will quickly find the means of helping, for this deep Compassion, a Love beyond what is ordinarily known as love, is an active power. Though the start may be made under most discouraging circumstances, in deep gloom, yet if the motive be pure and the aspiration continued, the difficulties will become opportunities—the very conditions we desire—and every shadow an occasion for unveiling the fire in the heart.

The effort to give, to share, to help in every way, is the needed factor for true progress; with it all can be done, without it nothing; it opens a channel though which the prisoned power of Love can pour, impersonal and potent. To use a familiar illustration, how common is the experience in school work that the teacher learns more by the effort to teach others than by laborious poring over text-books alone. In spiritual matters this is still plainer. By freely giving of what little he may know, a current of thought and feeling is set up,—a way for more light to come from the Source of Wisdom. A soul power has been evoked, and the sense of Unity; for the moment the teacher and pupil are one—a flash—and the meaning of Brotherhood is realized.

And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noonday.

. . . to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, . . . to deal thy bread to the hungry and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house; when thou seest the naked that thou cover him. . . . Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; . . . and the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.—*Isaiah, lviii:6-10*

The Magic of Theosophy

by W. T. HANSON

PERHAPS in time it would be possible to eradicate the belief that abnormal things are done in Loma-land were it not that the belief is based on fact.

Writers on some papers who are induced to fancy it to their personal interest to endeavor to prejudice the public mind concerning Katherine Tingley and her work, speak, without intending, important truths to those who can read between the lines. How is this? And why do some people persistently connect Theosophy with spirits, ghosts, etc.?

Blackstone, who is generally accepted as an authority of weight on all matters with which he assumes to deal, declares to the effect that the tremendous pressure which has been directed against all practice and belief in magic, would long since have destroyed all idea of it, were not the testimony and evidence in its support equally strong. Throughout the ages the belief has lived and it will continue to survive.

Of all words Magic is the most abused. It is almost wholly true, that when you understand a word to mean one thing, and another man something else, and you use it to him, you do not convey to him *your* conception, but you call up in his mind his own idea, and he imputes to you that which he himself maintains. There is certainly this magical power in the word itself. He who uses it, discloses by the meaning he gives it, the grade of his own intelligence, the temper of his character and the nature of his motives.

Small wonder that so many fear the word and strive to rob it of all serious import.

A co-relative idea to magic, which also appears endowed with a robust vitality, is that a knowledge of magic is not to be attained through mere words in speech or writing. Yet, judging by what has happened—if by nothing more—the false notion that it can be so attained will ever prevail, for there be they who having eyes, see not; and having ears hear not, neither do they understand.

Many of the common axioms embody the most profound truths. But the deepest, if taken superficially, will often serve to inculcate and foster error, confuse the mind, and lead to mistake. A worthy instance, which will serve as a type, is that “human nature is ever the same the world over.” Rightly understood, it is no doubt quite true, but the notion of it generally current is at least distorted or incomplete if not perverted. The evidence commonly cited in proof of the misconception is to the effect that if you scratch a civilized man the savage will be found immediately beneath the skin. This is bad

reasoning. It grows out of loose and inaccurate perception and simple and harmless as it appears to be, has operated with much force to close the understanding to one of the most wondrous, useful and sublime facts possible to human existence.

The very necessity of the scratch to find the savage beneath the skin of the civilized man, proves the human nature in the two cases to be not the same but different. A something is present in the one which, thin though it may be, at least not only conceals the savage but tends to bind him in and hold him in check. If it were not for this delicate something there would be no civilized man but just savages through and through.

This delicate something coming into the savage nature is powerful enough to civilize it. Would it not be worth while to know more of this something, what it is, whence it comes and how it proceeds? Some will tell you that such is simply a matter of evolution and growth. That may be true enough now, but when this something first came, and when the first stage of the metamorphosis was being accomplished, was it natural then?

More probably it was Magic.

Though there be many processes of life which, however common now, are none the less wonderful, and from which we complacently derive whatever we have to bless us, just as we partake of the air and accept the sunshine, does that make it certain that there is nothing more and immediate for the participation of him who will enter therein?

Will any sane, right thinking, right *intentioned* person hold that those common and wonderful processes of choosing and thinking and feeling and acting, which are of paramount importance because affecting for good or ill every moment we live—that these are inscrutable and not to be understood? Let us beware of any who so maintain by word or deed or inference.

Is it not wise to recognize that the laws and essential forces which operate in and mould our existence are as discoverable and susceptible of practical use as those of mechanics, electricity, chemistry, mathematics? And would it not be wiser still to conceive that, only when more attention and living effort are directed to the first, will we more than begin to comprehend and be able to utilize and enjoy the possibilities of mechanics, of chemistry, of agriculture, of mathematics, music and art, of all business and all industry?

Among the teachings of Katherine Tingley, as she brings out Theosophy, are these:

There are ennobling qualities and energies of character which humanity has had and which it has lost. These can be regained.

Many traits and propensities curse human nature now which once it did not contain. These can be expelled or transformed.

There are not only new and greater ideas and conceptions awaiting expression than the world knows, but feelings more divine and in fullness beyond what has ever existed in this earth.

To revive and call again into action a pure and noble element of character,

which the human race has failed to cherish and permitted to die or has driven from its nature, is the function of Magic. But he who does the work is not a seeker or a worshipper of ghosts. The pity and the trouble is that there are beings in human shape from whom all divinity has so long departed that to speak to them of magic and spiritual things calls to their minds only ghosts— which require but little space— nothing live and substantial could find place or breath.

Yet even for the images of men there is a hope—for nothing useful, not even the exorcism of devils, is impossible to the Magic of Theosophy.

The Spirit of Life-Stealing

by C.



. . . The son of perdition, he that opposeth and exalteth himself against all that is called God or that is worshiped; so that he sitteth in the Temple of God, setting himself forth as God.

THE APOSTLE PAUL. (*11 Thess. 2-3 et seq.*)

NOT all Life-thieves know what they are doing. And some, who have Life offered to them, even forced upon them, use it aright and in complete unselfishness pass it on.

The obscure warning of Paul in his second Thessalonian letter concerning "That Wicked One" has been variously interpreted, punctuated, and commented on. Sometimes, on the strength of a passage in John's gospel, (*17:12*) it is thought to refer to Judas Iscariot; but this is manifestly absurd.

Others have considered that as Jesus Christ may be regarded as an embodiment of the Principle of Light, there exists somewhere, or has existed, or will exist on earth, an embodiment of the Principle of Darkness.

And if the Principle of Light is that of Life-giving, then that of Darkness is the Principle of Life-taking. It is in this sense that the matter is well worth considering.

For there *is* a vast system of theft going on in this world, but so subtle and recondite in its methods that it goes utterly unrecognized. Yet it has been the downfall of whole peoples and may be found everywhere in operation.

In one of Ibsen's plays the first scene represents a Rector in a small country town sitting in the afternoon with a company of more or less adoring ladies, most of whom are in a permanent rapture at the wisdom that exhales from his reverend lips.

The picture is not overdrawn, and it is common enough in most small towns. Adoration is offered on one side, and accepted on the other.

The mental attitude of peasantry to their priest is generally of the same kind. Indeed it is an attitude general among mankind to those regarded as having—or perceived to have—intellectual or physical or spiritual pre-eminence.

In high perfection it may be seen in the attitude of emotional women towards musical and dramatic lights.

This incense of adoration is a kind of *Life*; and the evil of the offering is that it is made to one who does not give it back, but who for his own enrichment and pleasurable thrill keeps it.

Offered to the soul, it comes back in higher form, made more; it is treasure laid up in heaven and bears interest all the years.

Were it offered to another, who was generous, not self-seeking, modest, spiritual, who had touched his own divine nature, then it would provoke a rich return current.

But it is blood offered to a vampire—none the less that, though he does not know it, and seeks only the addition to his selfish life that comes as a thrill and therefore a pleasure.

The offerer is the poorer in self-reliance, less of a power, less of a self-cognizant soul, leans, is further from the path which is fore-ordained for him or her to tread as a doer of one part of the world's work. He has given from the storehouse of his central being.

The acceptor, so often a clerical tax-gatherer from the willing women, has gained a thrill, a pleasure, an accession in his personal nature, that part of our nature which in all of us is a veritable black stone across the mouth of the living sepulchre wherein the soul lies entombed. And some become so gorged with these taxes that they are at last neither capable of nor desirous of any *honestly* won accession of life. They do not work, though they seem to. They do not think; if they seem to, it is because of the fruit of *past* thought. They do not aspire, or commune with their own souls. Thus they have renounced the three sources of honest income of life, spiritual, intellectual and physical. They live wholly on illegitimate receipts. And when they meet their Osiris-Soul after death, he will say: "In life thou didst not seek me, and now I know thee not."

Vanity on the part of the receiver and adulation (sincere) on the part of the giver are the names of this life-current at its two ends.

As to *insincere* adulation, it is a Barmecide feast to the receiver. But as it is a sham and has no life, it gives him a chance to attain honesty.

But there is a dangerous group of tax-gatherers who do not merely purr and batten on the life they get from others, who do not merely let it flow into them in half unconsciousness of what is going on; but who take it, and exact it, with full intention, who consciously *use* it as a means to their own further development, who do not lie gorged with it, but strenuously work it into their personalities and make instruments of power out of the raw material.

The power they achieve is *hypnotic*; they strive to become universal hypnotists and psychologizers.

The impulsion under which they live, move, and have their being, has its personified origin in that "Son of Perdition" of whom Paul spoke.

They are the enemies of intellectual and spiritual freedom, the fosterers of *fear* in their devotees, the enemies of progress, the enemies of whatever philosophy teaches man his inherent dignity, his divinity, his position as a soul in this world of souls.

They numb the minds of their devotees, kill their wills, teach them to lean and lean till no strength is left for worthy life or worthy death.

They would fain psychologize the whole world, as they have whole nations, with their breath.

Since they serve one Master Principle they make one body, united; a sort of black brotherhood whose members may not necessarily know each other.

Continually taking, they give back nothing. They must perforce be the friends and fosterers of hate and quarrel and war; first, because these things stop men's thinking; second, because perhaps in the end they may proffer themselves as the only possible mediators, the only disinterested. Thus they will gain weight in the world's arena, a gain of far more import than territory, indemnities, and confiscations.

And they are making some of their number the inner advisors of every government.

At all times in the Christian era has the term "Anti-Christ" been freely flung here and there; but if Christ, as a Principle, is the spirit of *life-giving*, then *this*, as the spirit of *life-taking*, must be the real Anti-Christ.

With *length* of life we humans need not concern ourselves; with its *depth* and *breadth* we have every concern and responsibility. *These* are with our disposing.

The "Anti-Christ" spirit, the spirit of the "Son of Perdition," steals life from its deeps, shallows its fullness. To reap life's richer harvests, each must live an inner life self-dependingly. They do not live so who lean or fear or commit their destinies to another. To the extent that a human leans on another rather than on his own soul does his soul withdraw. "Anti-Christ" is a soul-killer whilst professing to be a soul-saver, "setting himself forth as God" or as God's Vicegerent.

The true Teacher and Helper *teaches*, does not mediate, holds out the mirror of the disciple's own soul to him, will not psychologize, calls forth self-reliance and courage, does not claim sole holdership of "The Keys" but says rather to his disciples: "Ye have the Key within yourselves; use it." He shows them how to use the Key, but never for them will he pretend to use it.

"Anti-Christ" guides his shorn victims further and further into his own embrace, psychologizing them into a deadly restfulness like that of the man dying of cold whose only safety lies in motion.

"Antichrist" in one or another of his embodiments has wrecked every civilization that the world has ever seen.

He makes but a show—when so much—of the condemnation of effeminizing luxury and virility-eating sensuality; for, like wars, these serve his pur-

pose in distracting and enfeebling thought. Free thought he quells by persecution and anathema. His agents preach submissiveness to a spiritual hierarchy as the only worthy and God-pleasing ideal of attainment. Standing, like the Roman augurs, as the only authorized vicegerents of the Gods, they draw between themselves and the people a line which they teach to be impassable.

A nation or civilization only survives whilst its life is deep and unstained and untrifled; whilst each unit feels himself a somewhat in himself and also an integral part of the whole band.

But when, from thinking of the welfare of the state, and in that thought pouring into the general life-coffer a generous tax from his inner life, each on the one hand fritters away his thought-life in sensuality, and on the other yields up from his relaxing grasp the key of his ultimate fate and destiny to a self-constituted hierarchy, becoming negative and (for himself) opinionless as to all the greater issues of life, such a nation or civilization has lost the springs of progress. And this is an urgent danger for our own civilization.

* * * *

These men, waiting by bedsides, drink into their own being the life in the last sigh of the one dying; drawing his attention from his own soul, they compel it upon themselves. By them, and not by his own soul, is he received. They guide the last volition, the last aspiration, by which alone is directed the course of the boat that now carries the naked and trembling traveler upon death's dark and cloud-covered waves.

Their image and superscription is stamped, month by month, upon the consciousness of the unborn child because of the presence of that image upon the mind of the now sensitive and dominable mother, who to them looks for comfort and relief in her flitting and wayward moods of fear and despondency.

They baptize the humble penitent—with something more than water; they administer the Eucharist, and from their hands the communicant gets something more than bread. They hold up the cross before the kneeling and submissive congregation.

At every epoch of life they have contrived that *they* stand pictured in the minds of their devotees as crowned with power, and as wielding the mighty key of destiny.

Mothers, fathers, *men*, liberty-lovers, patriots, awake and look around!

* * * *

The divine Spirit of Life arises and breaks into flame. The long cycle of old things and forces may close now—*if we will*; and, though “the signs of the consummation of the age” may be dark and lowering, and though the old things and forces may pass away in bloodshed and confusion, yet a happier order, beyond all dreaming, may quickly come forth from the palace of the morning.

But not so if we hand over as now and in the past, the new energy, as it reaches us, to these vampires of life. *They* read the signs of the times; *they*

know of "the consummation of the age;" *their* preparations are made. Unless we also make ours, *they* will emerge from the tumult—which *they* indeed are now stirring and fomenting—as the arbiter-victors. The last conflict will have been fought; the triumph of evil will be complete.

The Key-Note of Progress

AT THE CENTER OF THE WORLD-MOVEMENT OF THOUGHT

by E. A. Neresheimer



AN ALLEGORY: Ages ago, before the earth had felt the tread of man, there dwelt many fishes in the waters. Soft and cool was their element and they enjoyed life in their sleepy way. They ate and drank and slept and floated in the sunbeams or under some dark rock. They died and were born again, and so passed many and many drowsy lives.

But Father Time came with his hour-glass to dry up the waters; for it was the dawning of a new Age on the earth. And Father Time said: "The hour has struck for the Fish to enter a higher kingdom. Let them enter the bodies of creeping things, that they may continue their life's journey on dry land that thus the great Law of Progress be fulfilled."

But there were some that said: "Not yet will we give up our cool and easy fish-life. Let those that are not content pass on; as for us, we will wait yet a little longer."

And Father Time dried up the waters. And they that dallied passed into the bodies of yet lower creatures that lie inert in the mud; for there were no fish upon the earth in that day. And when they besought Father Time, saying, "Lo, we have changed our mind," he answered them, "'Tis well; tarry thus till I return." And he went about his other business.

But they that had listened to the call of Time dwelt in the bodies of things that creep on dry land. And Father Time said: "Had ye all been tardy, even as they, my work had been stayed for many a millenium. For even the dullest clod may clog the wheels of Time."

The history of the spiritual progress of Humanity is a weary tale recorded on the tablets of time and, though the end of misery is at last in sight,—it is not yet.

La Grande Sentiment, whatever it was at any time, was subject to the coloring of its time, and so were the systems of religion and philosophy, which have ever shifted to suit the requirements of each period. Every new theory, it was hoped, would solve the perplexing problems without delay; even at this late day, the doctors of speculation still think that some pet theory or brain-made scheme may be ultimately worked out that will somehow lead safely out of the mire. In the meantime, if it were not that the Gods are still with Humanity, it might perish in the throes of despair.

How incompetent are these human attempts? We have had the spectacle in history of seeing some of these systems backed by governmental power and enforced to the extreme through centuries, and still they have left nothing but mental and spiritual wreckage.

Christianity, before and after the reformation, has failed; other religions have also failed and the so-called philosophies—the make-shifts of speculation—have utterly failed. Perhaps some of these efforts would not have so badly miscarried had they been practically applied in daily life as was inculcated by their preceptors and Teachers; but human indolence, greed and misuse of power have made such sad perversion of the real character of these doctrines that most of the good that was in them has been obscured. The tenacity too, with which old and worn out dogmas have been clung to, has been ever a drag on the natural progress of Humanity. One such dogma is the “Vicarious Atonement,” which allures with its false hope, promising final redemption through an outside source, from its “on high,” but without motive or reason and exacting no effort on the part of man himself. The result has been to bring about inertia of the race and to materialize the whole western civilization.

There is a doctrine of Atonement:—a true one.

It is the voluntary sacrifice by the higher principle or kingdom for the sake of raising the lower to its own height. Nature’s processes of evolution testify to its universality. The vegetable kingdom transforms and uplifts the mineral kingdom; the animal kingdom transmutes the vegetable; the human transmutes the animal and the godlike transmutes the human. It is clear that each higher kingdom offers itself on the altar of sacrifice for the redemption of all the kingdoms below.

This is a vital truth upon which rests the keynote of evolution.

The Gods then are the redeemers of humanity? Yes!—as many Souls, so many Gods. It was Christ who said, quoting an ancient scripture, “Know ye not that ye are Gods?” And the time is now when they shall become manifest.

Desire of the Soul for sentient life is the cause of existence.

The Universe exists for the sake of the Soul’s experience.

The Soul has been involved and must become manifest through evolution.

Without sacrifice of the higher for the lower, there is no evolution.

This keynote to the evolution of Humanity is given by Katherine Tingley, the Teacher and Leader of the World Movement of Thought, the “Wisdom Religion”—Theosophy. Katherine Tingley declares and insists that the lower cannot be killed out, that it must be lifted, transmuted by the Higher into its own pure state. This task lies before Humanity collectively, and separately before each individual. It is to be attained as a *sine qua non*; its realization is the destiny of Humanity.

The first step is the recognition and affirmation of the powers of the Soul, the second is the recognition of the powers of the lower orders of evolution and the adoption of practical methods to control them. Great are the powers of the higher nature of man and infinite is the promise of their unfoldment, but pow-

erful also are the forces of the lower nature whose resistance must be overcome. A thousand-armed demon now hovers over and holds in enslavement every struggling soul. No mere intellectual precept will avail to induce humanity to lay aside the slavery of sensuous life, it requires the guidance of a wise Teacher who can actually reveal the hidden mysteries of the dual constitution of human nature, and show forth the sublime and hopeful doctrine which will redeem the godlike soul from its crucifixion in the body.

In the divine economy, in nature's own storehouse are active principles which belong to the lower orders of evolution; they are as necessary as the higher energies. It is, however, man's province not only to use these active principles for his own evolution, but to transmute them by degrees into spiritual energy; the one is not possible without the other.

Man is a creator; and certain it is that he must meet the result of his creations.

Being midway in evolution, between the highest and the lowest, he is himself the battleground of the natural forces to which are now added the forces of his own creations. Man should long ago have dominated the lower powers in himself, but he did not. Instead of riding over them and being their master, he has become their slave. Moreover, by the power of his superior qualities he has betrayed and demoralized the domain of his animal nature by infusing into it his intelligence, and thus he has condescended to become an animal *plus* intelligence instead of a God with the animal nature humanized.

Animal propensities in the animal, as we see, are not only legitimate as belonging to that special order of evolution, but these qualities, being part of the great economy, are stepping stones to higher states. However, when the human steps down and, after infusing his divine intelligence into his animal nature, forgets his high mission and becomes the slave of the animal, is it a wonder then that in such case man is worse than beast? Can we not see that the devil is man's own creation? Here is the key to the inhuman vices, abnormal greed and love of power. No human being that is in any way dominated by his lower self,—no matter how successfully it may be concealed—is fit to be trusted with power, for, under certain circumstances he will be more selfish and more cruel than any ferocious beast. Dishonesty, crime, sensuality, even new and heretofore unknown passions may characterize him at any time if perchance he could become possessed of power. Such a dangerous privilege is not safe in his hands so long as he has not passed the stage of a mere intellectualized animal;—witness the holy popes and inquisitors of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages who had almost unlimited power over certain nations, and who were the most inhuman and cruel of human ingrates. Man is the same now as then, he would be capable of doing the same things or worse (if that were possible), had not stern necessity and bitter experience provided timely restraint.

It is all-important that we first recognize *what it is* that is in human nature which causes these unnatural aberrations before we can apply adequate remedy. If it were not for the Leaders and Teachers of the Theosophical

Movement, whose teachings have caused such a revulsion of thought away from downward materializing influences during the last quarter century, we should not even at this day descry the cause much less know the remedy. No reform can be complete that does not go to the root of the evil and appreciate to the full the nature and extent of the enemy's power.

There are yet other causes of humanity's degradation, more remote but equally potent, which have been pointed out by the Leaders and Teachers of the Theosophical Movement.

The present Teacher says that the impulse to misdeeds often comes from a monster-psychological-force, which a moral weakling is powerless to resist. For centuries men have been punished for crimes in the perpetration of which they have been mere tools, while those really responsible have remained unknown. Our law courts are sometimes sadly puzzled; the evil is not yet properly located. The responsibility rests with those who have created this monster-force in which every human being, living or dead, has had his share.

Every thought makes an impression in our mental atmosphere and thus do the thoughts of Humanity swell the ocean of force in the aggregate mental atmosphere. Civilization, for several thousand years gone wrong, has made an entanglement of very complicated consequences.

Thoughts are things.

A mighty thing, a powerful enemy to the human race has actually been created by the vile and vicious thoughts, deeds and passions of men through hundreds of centuries. The strength and persistency of these have produced a real entity, ensouled by these creations and holding strong psychological sway over mankind.

Every thought that is contrary to the dictates of conscience is a particle of force that adds to the already existing sum-total of evil and consequently feeds the energy of this evil entity. Its power is enhanced by exactly that amount of force that is expended in the creation of such thoughts. Man, animal and every living thing is subject to its influence, in the measure in which it dwells in the strata of life, thought or feeling in which that activity operates. Some few persons have the power to resist its influence but most have not. Every successful effort in resisting it is a gain not only to the individual but to the whole of humanity, for, the power of this elemental monster is thereby that much decreased. The brooding fiend, being an entirely human creation, depends for its life and sustenance on the mistakes and weaknesses of mankind; likewise, its destruction can only be wrought by man himself.

These facts have been given to the world theoretically since the inception of this World-Movement, but there was little hope that a remedy could be practically applied in the selfish world without guidance and further self-sacrificing example on the part of the Great Teachers who take such an active part in the spiritual evolution of Humanity.

No one individual, nor all the teachers and well-wishers of educational and benevolent institutions and organizations, as the world goes, can even remotely

hope to defeat the progress of this, now vital force. The problem is far too deep and the power too all-embracing. No one but a Real Helper, Saviour of Humanity, can deal with so grave a matter.

Whether the world recognizes it or not, this is the time in human evolution when the opposing forces are arrayed in battle for final combat. Though it is in the universal plan that the Hosts of Compassion shall prevail at some time, it is not to be accomplished without self-induced effort on the part of Humanity, and the victory must be won on all the planes of activity. Man himself must destroy his self-made enemy. And the Golden Age *Shall* come again!

The keynotes to the successive steps which are leading Humanity into the promised land are given by our Guide and Teacher at the centre of the World-Movement of Thought. Her daily instructions are eagerly received by her students, all of whom have dedicated their lives, their all, without pay or promise to this great and noble regenerative work.

The Raja Yoga school for children of every clime and nationality at Point Loma, Southern California, is certainly the most unique institution in the world. Here are remarkable instances of genius and extraordinary possibilities; some with quite unfamiliar but decidedly spiritual attributes. Perhaps none of these would have brought these qualities to fruition in this life, but for the felicitous touch of the Leader. Undoubtedly some of these foreshadow the approaching of a new day for humanity. The limitless depths of the Beauties of the Soul are here revealed, the promise of a glorious future in which all humanity will some day share. The practical results of the Raja Yoga training already far outstrip the wildest hope for the future. The methods too are unlike those that are usually applied.

Each victory at the World's spiritual centre means a great deal to the whole human race. Here is the place for actual final contest on a large scale. The result of every practical defeat of the inimical force, if once recorded here on the physical, mental and moral planes is a triumph that is thereafter accessible to the whole of Humanity.

And, oh, the promise of the fulfillment of Humanity's hopes. Numerous children from all nationalities are drawn thither as by an irresistible longing; the rich and the poor, the homeless, the orphans; and, like steel filings are attracted by a powerful magnet, so are attracted to this chosen place on earth, one by one, the matured souls and helpers, ripe in compassion, divested of the retarding clogs of personality, ready and eager to join in this immense work under the inspiring Teacher whose every touch is success and a blessing. Pity it is that in the great household of humanity there are yet many who do not discern the incoming wave of *Spirituality*; they tarry yet awhile in the ruts of pleasure, which is the seed of pain. Little do they of the whirligig world know of the delights of a life of service in so noble and so great a cause as this; they do not even know that such a life is possible, a life that has for its aim the unveiling into the light of the highest design in the evolutions of that enigma — man.

How beautiful the thought on the other hand that Real Life only begins at this point of service and that the ultimate destiny of every man is that he give his life, his whole life and his all in the service of all."

"Compassion is the Law of Laws—Eternal Harmony; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting Right, and fitness of all things, the Law of Love Eternal."

The whole race, when it once knows its mission and its destiny will gladly follow the Great Compassionate Teachers, the Saviours, who have voluntarily undergone the pain of reincarnation, to show once more the way, the path, by which alone the Orphan Humanity may be redeemed from its great sorrow and pain.

The Warrior and the Flag

by a Student

II

THE color green is to be found in the flags of only eight of the nations of the world;—Persia, Austro-Hungary, Bolivia, Bulgaria, Italy, Mexico, Brazil and Ireland. Persia surrounds the broad white ground of her ensign by a narrow border of green, Austro-Hungary uses but a small oblong of the color, one third or more of the flag is green in all the others, with most of all in the flag of Ireland. Has the use of green in these flags any significance? I think it has.

As the Sun, in all ages, has been the symbol of the Infinite Source of all, the true Spiritual Sun, so nature has been the symbol of matter. And these, Spirit and Matter, are the basis of all the "pairs of opposites." Green is the color of nature, and the green of vegetation seems to be at one pole, the yellow sunlight and blue sky at the other. Blot out the sunlight and all the green of earth would disappear, the expression and reflection, as it is, of the life and light which emanates from the Sun. As are all reflections, it is but the illusory opposite of the real thing. Green, the nature color, speaks to us, therefore, of things below rather than things above, of separateness rather than unity, of cold intellect rather than Soul.

It is not likely that the use of green in certain flags, is accidental. One who examines, even briefly, the mental and moral condition of each of these countries, in the light of history, will perceive that a certain downward mental tendency is common to them all. All, without exception, seem to have had a marked capacity for losing opportunities, a fatal facility for taking the wrong course at critical periods.

For all things are cyclic in their advance. There are times with nations, as with individuals, when the tide of affairs, if taken at the flood, would lead on to fortune. Such cyclic opportunities have come to all nations. They came to America, to Holland, to Cuba, and these nations dared to burn their bridges behind them and step forward into the unknown, just trusting the Great Law, whose guidance those who trust it may always claim. In the flags of such nations we find, almost invariably, the red, white and blue. Those whose flags contain green, without exception, seem to be locked within an interminable cycle of experience as a prisoner is locked within the walls of a prison-house. The reasons for this each student must discover for himself. A few facts, however, may be of interest.

In all of these countries, there is great general illiteracy and depravity. All, with the single exception of Persia, are under the control of the same religious system. In Brazil none other than the established religion (Roman Catholic) is tolerated, excepting it be practised privately. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, only those who are adherents to the established religion may be elected to the Chamber of Deputies. The same authority says of Bulgaria, "the superstitions are countless and the clergy deplorably ignorant." In fact, of all these countries may be said what Charles Maclaren (late Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh) has written of Mexico: "Mexico has had her full share of the ignorance and superstition which belonged to Spain; and these evils, with her internal dissensions and her rapacious, immoral and intolerant clergy, are great obstacles to her improvement."—(*Encyclopædia Britannica, volume I, page 714*)

The history of Ireland, (whose flag contains more green than that of any other nation), is as full of pathos as the island itself is full of illiteracy and superstition. Time and again, the great opportunity has come to the Irish people and found them too nerveless to grasp it. More than once the cup of liberty has been lifted to their lips and then dashed away by some strange fate, just as they were about to drink from it.

Yet is not the Great Law just? Can any people win or profit by the outer freedom before they have won the inner? "Out of the heart are the issues of life." When the Soul of a people is free, its character purified or becoming so, then its national freedom will follow as a matter of course,—as logically as the daylight follows the sun. When the Soul is free, illiteracy and superstition do not, cannot, exist. In Ireland these conditions are general, and by all the inexorableness of the Higher Law, the freedom of this people, as a nation, cannot be until something of the true light and the true philosophy has found its way into their hearts.

Symbolic of her present mental tendencies, Ireland's flag is green. Yet in the center is the small, seven-stringed golden harp, emblem and record of a people who in prehistoric days were very great, great in art, in law, in poetry, in a knowledge of life. The religion of the ancient Irish was probably the same as that of ancient Egypt. The nation was once a nation of mystics,

warriors, philosophers. Is not the Irish harp the same as the lyre of Apollo, the Sun-God, the seven-stringed lyre which was the symbol of man himself? Does it not indicate that the ancient Irish had a knowledge of the seven-fold constitution of man? For the Wisdom Religion in all ages has likened man, with his seven principles, to a seven-stringed lyre from which the Master evokes harmony or discord, depending upon whether or not the strings are all in tune. Says the *Voice of the Silence*: "Disciples may be likened to the strings of the soul-echoing Vina; mankind unto its sounding-board; the hand that sweeps it to the tuneful breath of the GREAT WORLD SOUL. The string that fails to answer 'neath the Master's touch in dulcet harmony with all the others—breaks and is cast away."

Although the Irish people as a whole seem, intellectually, to be looking downwards rather than up, everything today indicates that the true light will yet reach their hearts, even though their minds may be turned away from it. And that will bring back to this disheartened people the greatness of ancient days. When that time comes, the golden harp will still remain upon the Irish flag, but the green will have disappeared doubtless, to give place to another color,—purple, mayhap, there is no telling.

An interesting flag is that of Switzerland, a large white cross on a red field, quite symbolic of the peace ideal the brave Swiss have always held and of the warrior-spirit that has made them perfectly willing to fight for that ideal when necessary.

Holland and France indicate their republican ideals in the red, white and blue of their ensigns.

Red, white and blue are also the colors of the Russian flag. At first glance one wonders that white, the brotherhood, peace color, should belong to what seems to us at times a nation of nihilists and armies. Yet the fact is that the three people who have given to the world the most unreserved expressions of peace and brotherhood during the last twenty-five years, have come out of Russia,—the Czar, who proposed the Peace Congress, Count Tolstoi, who has recently been excommunicated by the Greek Church because he dares to treat the doctrine of human brotherhood as if it were a fact and not a theory; and, far greater than these, Helena P. Blavatsky, who brought back to the world the Heart Doctrine, the only philosophy upon which a Universal Brotherhood can ever be established. And today, in the city of Esotero, Loma-land, the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood is established.

The red, white and black of the German flag tells us another story. The warrior spirit of this nation, though lighted by the peace ideal (as the red and white indicate) yet betrays a certain hopeless, downward tendency in the broad band of black upon the ensign, the color, always, of hopelessness and despair. The blue of hope that is so significant in the flags of America, France, Cuba and brave little Holland, sounds a note of aspiration and devotion that we cannot discern in modern Germany. A crushing militarism hangs like a cloud over the life of the people, and, as a result, that devotional patriotism to

which Americans are accustomed, is almost wholly lacking. It seems to be war for war's sake, not war for humanity's sake. Question the average German *pater familias* as to why he brought his family to America, and in most cases he will tell you "To keep my boys out of the army." Ask the physicians in the Maternity Hospitals of Vienna, and of the large cities in Germany, why so many hundreds and hundreds of unwelcome, unfortunate babes are born year after year within their walls and they will reply: "Because of Germany's standing army."* While the people of Germany, as a whole, look upon their army with pride, yet they do not bid their sons enter it, true warriors, as did the mothers of old Sparta. As the black band of their flag indicates, they often despair that its weight should be so heavy.

The flag of Spain, with its red, yellow and entire absence of the peace color, white, indicates that the ideal of peace and brotherhood has been entirely lacking. But the yellow of the flag,—for yellow is the sunlight, the wisdom color,—tells us of a pre-historic past when Spain was one of the world-centers of the Wisdom Light. To the ancient Greeks it was *Ultima Thule*, the uttermost isle, the Garden where grew the golden apples of the beautiful daughters of Hesperis. Tradition tells us of the beauty, the joy, the peace that abode with all men in this land of mystery and enchantment, in pre-historic days. Even later, when Spain was under the rule of the so-called "pagan" Arabs, it is recorded that the merest girl, laden with treasure, could traverse even the mountains alone and unmolested, so high was the ethical standard of the whole people.

But there came the Dark Ages. Spain was blighted by the low ideals which placed all Europe under a shadow for ten centuries, and which, unfortunately, shadow this land today. Her Warrior Spirit lent itself to selfish plunder and conquest, and at last her doom fell at Manila and Santiago. And this was very fortunate. Spain's Warrior-Spirit, now checked as far as outer conquest is concerned, will doubtless turn inwards upon its own weaknesses, and many recent events indicate that it will yet purify the national character and restore to it the birthright of Wisdom which was sold so many centuries ago for a mess of pottage.

The flag of China, a green and blue dragon upon a yellow field, is also symbolic of the nation's vast antiquity, when the Wisdom-Religion was taught to a willing people by the Dragons of Wisdom, an ancient name for the Initiates, or World-Teachers. There is but a trace of the Warrior-red in the flag, and even that is about to be swallowed by the dragon, indicating, what the history of China plainly records, that the nation has little of the warrior spirit and today is going backwards rather than forwards. Selfish, exclusive, proud, living in the past rather than the present, China has cultivated the "sin of separateness" so zealously and for so many centuries that her ultimate extinction as a nation is certain to follow, as a matter of course.

* I was told this by a physician whose classmate—also a physician (a woman) had just completed a year's study at the Maternity Hospital at Vienna. She said 1800 illegitimate children are born there every year, chiefly from peasant mothers—the result of Germany's standing army.

A significant flag is that of Tripoli, Zanzibar and Morocco, a solid red, unrelieved by any device or other color. It plainly tells us what is evident in the light of history, that the warrior instinct of these nations is itself unrelieved by any high ideal. So long have the energies of these people been turned into purely selfish channels, that they have become a reproach to the western world. Their "warriors" are today devoting themselves to the slave trade and the task of supplying the harems and courts of the far East with women.

In striking contrast is the Swedish flag of blue and yellow, containing the Union, (formed of the color devices of the two flags of Sweden and Norway). Blue and yellow, speaking, as they do, of the higher rather than the lower, indicate clearly the characteristics of the Swedish people. Warriors and sea-fighters in ancient days, the Swedes finally came to fight the inner battles as well as the outer, and perchance that is why we see, instead of red, a broad cross of the wisdom color, yellow, in their flag. The result is that today they are a strong, courageous, self-reliant and deeply religious people. Adhering, as a nation, to the Lutheran faith, they yet are tolerant to all churches except the Jesuitical. The same is true of Norway, which in 1814 united with Sweden.

The Norwegian flag is red, white and blue, chiefly red, with but a gleam of the white. At first it contained the Union device, but this was removed some years ago by the action of the legislators of Norway and against the wishes of the King. The Swedish flag still contains it, one indication of the strong, instinctive feeling of brotherhood which is so characteristic of this people.

The Samoan flag is that of the Maoris; that so-called "savage" nation with whom the Crusaders made such an interesting connection on their journey around the world. Three-quarters of this flag is white, more of the peace color than is contained in any other flag in the world, a square of the warrior-red and in its midst a single, large, five-pointed star. But the flag is banded with black, at which one, who knows how this brave people has been crushed and intimidated, cannot wonder. Those who know them best state that they were a fine race before the evils of civilization appeared among them, and Katherine Tingley states that there is nothing in their history to indicate that they did not come originally from Egypt. Today there are strong centres of Universal Brotherhood among them, Theosophical literature is being widely read by them, particularly the works of William Q. Judge (some of which are now translated into the Maori language). There are many evidences that their star is rising and that, as a nation, they are much nearer the outer freedom as well as the inner than the world realizes.

* * * *

Two years ago a new flag was given to the world by Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and the Theosophical Movement throughout the world. It contains one color which does not appear in any other flag in the world,—purple. Physicists assure us that this color is of the

highest rate of vibration that can be perceived with the physical eye, constituting the upper end of the spectrum as red does the lower. Colors of higher rates of vibration, of course, exist, but the normal eye cannot perceive them.

Purple has always been the royal color, the color of kings and queens. In ancient days it was held sacred. It is the color of the early dawn and the passing sunset, the color that we see in the fire when the fury of the flame has spent itself and all has quieted down to a steady, even heat.

It is the color into which distance always transmutes the green of landscape; the color the artist uses when he wishes to hint of the mystery of nature and life, or to bring to the consciousness of those who are not artists some conception of the real thing. It is the mystery color, telling of the inner rather than the outer, for the inner is always kingly, royal.

Purple is complementary, in all its qualities, to the yellow of the sunlight. Cut off the sunshine from a bit of roadway or a mass of snow and the shadow that is cast you must paint with purple. It is the binding, harmonizing, tender color, which glimpses the world of magic and of fairyland which we know is all about us, even though we cannot actually see it. The soul sees it because the soul is an artist. And when we take the personality firmly in hand and teach it to live the life of the soul, then shall we see the purple and gold about us. Then shall we blossom into power to help humanity, power to bring back into the lives of men the divine ideals which these colors symbolize.

Can you wonder that those who believe in the ideals of Theosophy love this flag of purple and gold? Its seven purple stripes speak of that seven-runged ladder up which the warrior-soul climbs to final liberation. Its golden star, symbol always of divine wisdom and guidance, is surrounded by the serpent. Does not the whole device speak to us of those Initiates, the Serpents of Wisdom, who have guarded the Wisdom-Religion from desecration during those dark spaces when humanity could not, or would not, receive it?

And this Universal Brotherhood flag of ours is no idle thing. It stands for divine ideals. It is a mighty force. The sight of it will unify the warriors of this Movement as no amount of intellectual reasoning, alone, could ever do. When the General wishes to arouse and unify his army, perhaps suddenly and at some crisis, does he deliver to his men a lecture on ethics, or even explain to them the plan of campaign? *No.* He just unfurls the colors, the flag they love and believe in, and he starts the music. He steps before them as Leader and the whole vast army moves forward as one man. Why? Because, though the brains of that army may be ten thousand, the soul of it is one, and color and music have power to reach the Soul.

It has been said, "To insult a flag is to insult a whole nation," and this is true. For the flag stands for something greater, vaster, than itself. And there was never yet a flag worthy the name that had not about it a body of warriors who would defend it and all that it stands for with their lives. And this is tenfold true of the Universal Brotherhood flag. The host is about it, about the sacred philosophy, about the Leader; warriors who would not only die for this

flag, but would live for it—which is sometimes harder. It stands to us for all that we believe in, for all that we hold sacred. We love it because we love humanity, because it symbolizes those ideals which we believe in absolutely and unreservedly, those ideals which we know are destined to redeem humanity and bring to pass the vision John saw in his exile, “a new heaven and a new earth.”

[THE END]

Ignaz von Dollinger*



THE third and concluding volume of Professor Friedrich's biography of Dollinger covers the period from 1849, when he ceased to be a member of the Frankfort Parliament, to the time of his death in 1890, and contains a full and faithful account of the career of the eminent Bavarian theologian and scholar during the most eventful years of his life. The work is based chiefly upon the posthumous papers of the deceased, and the careful study of these authentic documents has enabled the author to decide many disputed points and to correct many misconceptions. However much one may differ from Dollinger's views, it is impossible to deny his thorough sincerity, unimpeachable integrity, and insatiable love of learning. It was this scholarly taste rather than any strong religious feeling that led him to choose the clerical profession. Had he been born half a century later, he would probably have devoted his talents to historical researches or to the cultivation of natural science, for which he was far better fitted than for the cure of souls. His entire freedom from ambition in the matter of ecclesiastical preferment is shown by his rejection of the Archbishopric of Salzburg, which was offered him in 1850. His life, which extended over three full generations, comprised also three distinct periods of intellectual development, which may be described in general as a gradual and painful process of disillusion in respect to his ideal of Catholicism as compared with the actual character and condition of the Roman hierarchy. Till the middle of the last century he had cherished the belief that the Holy See, notwithstanding its frequent aberrations and departures from the early teachings and traditions of the Church, was sound at the core, and would welcome the aid of honest scholarship in correcting its errors and restoring it to its primitive purity. At this time, however, his faith began to be shaken by the bitter hostility of the highest papal authorities to the results of his own historical investigations, as well

* Ignaz von Dollinger: Sein Leben auf Grund seines schriftlichen Nachlasses dargestellt von J. Friedrich. Dritter Theil. Von der Rückkehr aus Frankfurt bis zum Tod 1849-1890. Munich: Beck. 1901.

as to German science and modern culture in all its forms. He perceived that Jesuitism and Ultramontanism were growing more aggressive and arrogant in their domination of the papacy. A striking example of this tendency was the definition and proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception by Pius IX in 1854, "on his own authority, without the co-operation and consent of a council." Dollinger never accepted this doctrine, which he was convinced had no foundation either in Holy Writ or in sacred tradition; nor did he regard its rejection as disturbing in the least his relations to the Catholic Church, since the manner of its promulgation deprived it of all binding force, and reduced it, in his opinion, to the mere utterance of "a vain and vacillating old man led to do foolish things by adulatory and unscrupulous advisers." Another shock to him was the canonization of Peter Arbues in 1867, which incited him to publish a series of articles on the Roman and Spanish inquisition with a characterization of Arbues himself and a critical examination of his claims to sainthood. These papers which appeared anonymously in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, created an immense sensation, and the Munich Archbishop Scherr, who supposed Professor Frohschammer to be the author, urgently requested Dollinger to publish a reply to them. They also inspired Kaulbach to produce his famous picture representing Arbues condemning a Jewish family to the stake, the exhibition of which in the Bavarian capital came near causing a riot.

In 1870, says Dollinger, "the scales fell from my eyes." During the remaining twenty years of his life he saw the Romish Church in its true light, and was no longer "cheated by blear illusion." The events of this third period of his career are still so fresh in the public mind that it is hardly necessary to pass them in review. In the present volume they are fully and impartially narrated, and form a record of conscientiousness and courage worthy of high admiration. After his excommunication, every effort was made to entice him back into the fold. Bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries as well as ladies of noble and royal blood earnestly entreated him to return. One of these female emissaries of the Holy See naively remarked that she had recently met a number of Italian Passionists, who frankly declared that no one believed in the infallibility of the Pope, and yet these men were in good standing with his Holiness and remained within the pale of the Church. Why should not Dollinger, she added, exercise the same discretion? In giving utterance to these words she was only the mouthpiece of Leo XIII, who urged Dollinger to come to Rome. "Apply directly to me," he said, "and declare merely that you still adhere to the views concerning the papacy which you have formerly expressed, and nothing more will be required." As Dollinger had always been opposed to the Vatican dogma, he could have made such a declaration with perfect candor and consistency; but he knew that it would be interpreted as a recantation and submission and he refused to enter into any compromise that might be misconstrued and thereby place him in a false or equivocal position. As he wrote subsequently to a friend: "I would not sully

my old age with a lie, nor seem by any sort of implication to accept a dogma which to me was equivalent to asserting that two and two make five instead of four."

In a retrospect of his life as an octogenarian he confessed that he had honestly cherished many errors, often clinging to them with persistency, and violently resisting the better knowledge as it began to dawn upon him. The recognition of this fact rendered him extremely considerate of others' mistakes, and enabled him as an historian to see events in their true relations and to avoid hasty inferences and false generalizations. His four-score years and ten neither senilized nor fossilized him. In a letter to the present writer only a month before his death, he referred to the work in which he was then engaged and to his future labors with the enthusiasm and confidence of a man of fifty. "I am now busy in completing the treatise on the Order of the Templars, and shall then take up that on the Part of North America in Literature." Unfortunately, both of these papers, as well as the academic address on the History of Religious Freedom, remained fragments.

In the three volumes of Dollinger's biography Professor Friedrich not only gives an interesting account of the career of an eminent scholar, but also a valuable contribution to the history of culture in the nineteenth century.—From *The Nation*, New York.

The Atomic Theory

by H. T. Edge

IN view of the address of the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Rucker, at Glasgow, on Sept. 11th, it may be well to recapitulate some ideas on the Atomic Theory and the attitude of H. P. Blavatsky towards it.

The atomic theory may be described as an attempt to explain, systematize, and account for the properties of material substances, by supposing them to be made up of very small particles, masses, or elements, separated from one another by intervals.

This theory affords an admirable and satisfactory means of systematizing and explaining physical phenomena; but falls short when applied to the solution of ulterior problems as to the nature and structure of the material universe.

Whether true or false, there is no doubt that the atomic theory is at least a most useful figment or convention in classifying and correlating physical phenomena; just as the geocentric system of astronomy suffices for the calculation of eclipses, or the symbol of an imaginary fourth dimension of space

may serve as a model for instructive analogical inference. But, considered as a fact, the atomic theory shows itself to be self-contradictory and absurd.

Many scientists have come to recognize this, and Prof. Rucker, while admitting it freely, endeavors to maintain a middle ground between those who would reject the theory altogether and those who would adhere to it even in its most absurd extremes. He sees the failings of the theory but cannot bring himself to yield it up.

Let us compare some remarks from *The Secret Doctrine* with some from Prof. Rucker as reported in condensed form in the following:

THE SECRET DOCTRINE

There can be no possible conflict between the teachings of occult and so-called exact Science, where the conclusions of the latter are grounded on a substratum of unassailable fact. It is only when its more ardent exponents, overstepping the limits of observed phenomena in order to penetrate into the arcana of Being, attempt to wrench the formation of Kosmos and its *living* Forces from Spirit, and attribute all to blind matter, that the Occultists claim the right to dispute and call in question their theories.—*I, iii, ch. 1*

The properties of matter, such as elasticity, expansibility, and even density, being functions of its atomic structure, cannot be predicated of the atoms themselves. Hence these atoms are not material.—*I, iii, passim*

The position which Prof. Rucker takes up, in his attempt to retain the atomic theory while admitting its inadequacy to explain ulterior problems, is not a very definite or easy one. He abandons the attempt to explain the deeper mysteries; but thinks that, since the atomic theory explains so much and is confirmed by so much inference from experiments, therefore it should be retained even in the face of our inability to picture the atoms and their properties. No better theory comes to hand, he says; and, though the atomic theory cannot be true when carried to a conclusion, it may nevertheless stand for some less fundamental fact immediately underlying observed phenomena. A few quotations will illustrate his position.

“The question at issue is whether the hypotheses which are at the base of the scientific theories now most generally accepted are to be regarded as accurate descriptions of the constitution of the universe around us, or merely as convenient fictions. From the practical point of view it is a matter of secondary importance whether our theories and assumptions are correct, if only they guide us to results which are in accord with facts. The whole fabric of

PROFESSOR RUCKER

It is impossible to deny that, if the mere entry on the search for the concealed causes of physical phenomena is not a trespass on ground we have no right to explore, it is at all events the beginning of a dangerous journey.

If it be true that the properties of matter are the product of an underlying machinery, that machinery cannot itself have the properties which it produces, and must, to that extent, at all events, differ from matter-in-bulk as it is directly presented to the senses.

scientific theory may be regarded merely as a gigantic 'aid to memory;' as a means for producing apparent order out of disorder by codifying the observed facts and laws in accordance with an artificial system, and thus arranging our knowledge under a comparatively small number of heads. The highest form of theory—it may be said—the widest kind of generalization, is that which has given up the attempt to form clear mental pictures of the constitution of matter, which expresses the facts and the laws by language and symbols which lead to results that are true, whatever be our view as to the real nature of the objects with which we deal . . . [But] the questions still force themselves upon us. Is matter what it seems to be? . . . Can we argue back from the direct impressions of our senses to things which we cannot directly perceive; from the phenomena displayed by matter to the constitution of matter itself? . . . whether we have any reason to believe that the sketch which science has already drawn is to some extent a copy, and not a mere diagram, of the truth."

"We may grant at once that the ultimate nature of things is, and must remain, unknown; but it does not follow that immediately below the complexities of the superficial phenomena which affect our senses there may not be a simpler machinery of the existence of which we can obtain evidence, indirect indeed, but conclusive . . . It is recognized that an investigation into the proximate constitution of things may be useful and successful, even if their ultimate nature is beyond our ken. Now at what point must this analysis stop if we are to avoid crossing the boundary between fact and fiction?"

"[People] too often assume that there is no alternative between the opposing assertions that atoms and the ether are mere figments of the scientific imagination, or that, on the other hand, a mechanical theory of the atoms and of the ether, which is now confessedly imperfect, would, if it could be perfected, give us a full and adequate representation of the underlying realities. For my own part I believe that there is a *via media*."

"I have tried to show that, in spite of the tentative nature of some of our theories, in spite of many outstanding difficulties, the atomic theory unifies so many facts, simplifies so much that is complicated, that we have a right to insist—at all events till an equally intelligible rival hypothesis is produced—that the main structure of our theory is true; that atoms are not merely helps to puzzled mathematicians, but physical realities."

"If we can succeed in showing that, if the separate parts have a limited number of properties (different, it may be, from those of matter in bulk) the many and complicated properties of matter can, to a considerable extent, be explained as consequences of the constitution of these separate parts; we shall have succeeded in establishing, with regard to quantitative properties, a simplification similar to that which the chemist has established with regard to varieties of matter."

Now let us put our own case concisely. Modern physicists find themselves confronted with an irresolvable dilemma—the atomic theory must be true and yet it cannot be other than false. Some boldly accept one horn of the dilemma

and ignore the logical and metaphysical absurdities of the theory. Others grasp the other horn and seek a new theory which shall obviate the dilemma. Here we have a professor trying to steer a middle course, and, by stretching (by means of qualified phrases) each horn a little way, to effect a junction which shall yield something like the circle of truth. But the dilemma is hopeless, because it comes from a fallacious point of view assumed by physicists. They have neglected to take into account the purely illusive, and phenomenal, and sensory nature of what they call "matter;" and, regarding it as a reality, they have ventured to transfer it and its properties beyond the sense-world into the subjective world, of imagination. When they scrutinize the world with the bodily senses, they are secure, for they are studying something which is real to those senses. But when they shut their eyes and think about "matter," they study what is merely a mind-picture and has no real existence. "Scientists have nothing to do with metaphysics," they say; "that we leave to the metaphysicians." But truth cannot be divided up in this way, and the results of the attempt to do so are such as we see.

What science calls "matter" is an appearance to the mind. Here let it be noted that we do not concur either with the objectivists who maintain that everything is external, or with the subjectivists who hold that all is subjective and phantasmal; but with the *Secret Doctrine*, which maintains that there is an objective reality which the mind cognizes in various ways—through the senses or otherwise. What science calls "matter" is the result of a sensuous cognition of this objective reality. It is this objective reality that H. P. Blavatsky speaks of when she says "Matter."

To use an illustration—the mind is an optical lantern, the screen is H. P. Blavatsky's matter, and the picture is the "matter" of science. Now we may examine that picture as much as we please; it is solid, objective, and self-consistent. If it is (for example) a map, it will serve admirably as an accurate guide. But, if we attempt to discover the mystery of its light and shade, and to isolate its colors, we shall fail ignominiously, unless we step behind and examine the lantern.

There is no other escape from this dilemma—that that which constitutes matter cannot be matter; in short, that the atoms cannot be matter. What then are they? Occult science answers "Mind," or rather, "living conscious beings." And we may claim, in Prof. Rucker's own words, that this theory "unifies so many facts, simplifies so much that is complicated, that we have a right to insist—at all events till an equally intelligent rival hypothesis is produced, etc."

We have shown briefly that no sane theory of the universe can be made so long as the theorizer starts from matter as his premise instead of from mind. We do not propose to enter into a description of the innumerable false conclusions and dilemmas arising from the logical elaboration of that false premise; that is a question of study, and we refer inquirers to *The Secret Doctrine* and to the authors quoted therein.

It may, however, be worth while in passing, to call attention to the false idea of "space" that obtains among physicists as a result of ignoring metaphysics. Spatial extension is an attribute of the appearance called "matter;" in fact, spatial extension is a characteristic due to the peculiarities of our sense-organs. Spatial extension cannot exist by itself. But physicists talk as if, when all matter was removed, there would remain an "extended space." Now it is evident that mere emptiness, nothingness, cannot be extended or have height, breadth, etc. What they *really* imagine, then, as "space," is simply a volume of gas or of ether, or a very large room. But, if *all* ideas of matter be excluded from the mind (no easy process), it will be seen that all ideas of distance, relative position, size, and the like, vanish also. So space is a thing which the imagination cannot picture, and is, in fact, a state of the mind when no object of cognition is present. Hence the scientific "space" is another illusion, and space as spoken of by H. P. Blavatsky has nought to do therewith.

It remains to say what we think ought to be done by physicists about their Atomic Theory. We might say: Keep it on as a "convenient fiction" so long as it will serve, and correct it from time to time in the light of future experiments; and never mind if you do eventually reach an atom so loaded with irreconcilable attributes that it would look better in a creed than in a theory. We might say this, did we not know that the materialistic theory of the universe has consequences far graver than merely to afford a subject for jests. For, profess what they may, scientists *will* overstep the limits of their domain and, from the motion of particles, attempt to infer laws to regulate man's life, hopes, and duties. Professor Rucker is a man of science of the best kind, and would never be found in the ranks of pessimism and denial of faith. But we leave him to determine whether his high ideals of duty and destiny are deducible from the axioms of physical science, or whether they spring from an inner and brighter light, whether his higher hopes and his scientific theories support one another readily, or whether they require much mutual adaptation; and what might be done in the world by other scientists not having the safeguard of a better intuition to direct their conduct. He may say that his faith and his moral ideals have nothing to do with his scientific opinions; and, if so, we at once cheerfully take issue with him on this very point. For, as far as we are concerned, the truth is one, man is one, the universe is one; nor can we forever tolerate the presence of an unexplored "buffer-state" between our spiritual and our "scientific" views. And, while there may be not a few people whose religion suffices for their simple needs, and whose modest desires and scientific pursuits do not tempt them and lead them astray; yet the world is growing and growing, and its overwhelming selfishness, impurity and greed, are more than a match for worn-out theological systems or for sciences that ignore the mind and the Soul.

For these reasons we look for a science that, like the "heathen" Minerva, shall be a goddess, beaming with light for humanity; that shall aim at showing men how to live nobly and happily; that shall see conscious life and in-

telligent mind pulsating through all nature; that shall speak of man as a Soul—not as a compound of “life,” “chemical force,” and “atoms.” We shall learn all that we need to know about the physical universe, and much more than we know now. And we shall forget all these misconceptions and intellectual abortions that lend color to the deeds of those who prey on society.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. FURSELL



In the Theosophical teachings are Heaven and Nirvana considered to be places or states of consciousness?

THE modern conception of Heaven seems to be of a place, and a place quite as material as anything we have here.

Those who have studied the Wisdom Religion find Devachan described as a state resembling the theologian's idea of Heaven; though its higher phases are far more spiritually exalted than any conception of the latter which they have as yet evolved. But could any really advanced Soul be satisfied with the material Heaven of theology or even with the more spiritual and refined Devachan? First, Heaven or Devachan is a state of consciousness, happiness, feeling or emotion which can be experienced in any locality. The same may be said of Nirvana only it is a much higher state or condition of enjoyment.

The motive given for striving to enter Heaven is a purely selfish one. It is to cease from all labor and to revel “forever” in personal delights and pleasures, regardless of the fate of any soul on earth. The student of the one true Religion has no longing for such a Heaven. He wishes to spend as little time as possible between his earth lives because he is in haste to return to his chosen work of helping to uplift the world.

Theologians find this idea so amusing that they ridicule it in press and pulpit. But which conception is the nobler, the more unselfish, the more like Christ? They declare that Nirvana simply means annihilation, when in fact it is the extreme opposite of *nothingness* because it comprises *everything*. It is divine enlightenment—the sum of all that is to be learned in human form on this earth. And yet after a man has reached this height of divine power and Wisdom they tell us he has become *nothing*. This is what Jesus meant when he urged upon his pupils the possibility and the duty of becoming “perfect,” of becoming “one with the Father.”

But Souls who have attained this high degree of spiritual power and knowledge do not always wish to remain in it for their own selfish enjoyment. They

often renounce it that they may again come in touch with the struggling souls, yet of earth, to help and save them. All the world's great Teachers and Saviors have been such Souls. Any human being may in time become such a Savior and Helper of the Race.

Is not this a higher, purer ideal to place before humanity than the theological Heaven, earned by another's toil and suffering, enjoyed unendingly and after one brief earth life, of little or no use to any one, and frequently spent in ease and selfish indulgence of all material kinds? Is it any wonder that centuries of such teaching have deadened man's spiritual perception—as well as blunted his powers of reasoning? That such is the case is abundantly proved by the inability of many so-called spiritual guides and teachers of the people to themselves comprehend teachings so lofty and sublime, yet so plain and simple that many little children readily take them up and begin to build their lives upon them.

Though Nirvana does not mean destruction or annihilation, such a thing is possible. It happens to the lower, personal, animal nature of man, that "self" which is so anxious to enter a material Heaven and enjoy its selfish personal pleasures. Yet it is the only self most persons know much about, because they live in it instead of the higher, divine Self, the Soul, which is a part of God, and is ever striving to uplift the lower, to make *it* also human and divine. If it fails to do this it must leave it to its fate. The Spirit has been "grieved away." The lower self can do this by continued wickedness, or by giving itself up to the grossly material things of life and neglecting the means of gaining spiritual enlightenment.

This is the destruction that is to be shunned, instead of the divine and God-like power and wisdom attained by one who has passed beyond earth, beyond Heaven and reached the high state of Nirvana.

CAAN EMIR

Mirror of the Movement



News from Loma-Land

Doings of unusual consequence for the prosperity of the Movement and for the benefit of mankind have followed each other so rapidly this month that it is difficult to know where to begin!

Perhaps the most significant events have been the great speeches made by Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Cal., on October 20th and October 27th, to enormous audiences which filled every available spot from which a word could be heard. The stage was decorated with exquisite taste and the "Daughters of Loma-land," in their simple Greek costumes—such a relief from the conventional dress—were grouped in graceful lines around the Leader, who wore a simple white and and purple robe. In her speech she referred to the need of education on new lines, and

**Remarkable
Speeches by the
Leader at
San Diego**

touched upon many advantages which she intended to initiate. She spoke plainly of the recent savage attack made upon this Movement by certain local clergymen. Mrs. Tingley also referred to a conspiracy against the Theosophical Movement, that had existed as far back as the time of Madame H. P. Blavatsky. She further said that as the Society had increased in membership and become more widely known another conspiracy had arisen of a deeper mold when she (Katherine Tingley) took her position as Leader of the Society, and attempts had even been made upon her life in order to crush the Theosophical Movement.

The following report of the meeting on October 20th, is from the Los Angeles *Herald*:

CRITICS OF POINT LOMA ARE SCORED

Mrs. Tingley's Answer to Recent Attacks

SCORCHING ADDRESS AT SAN DIEGO TO LARGE AUDIENCE

**OPPOSITION TO THEOSOPHY, SHE SAYS, COMES ONLY FROM DISAPPOINTED POLITICIANS,
INSINCERE RELIGIOUS REFORMERS, MORAL WEAKLINGS AND
BLACKMAILERS—SEAT OF CONFLICT**

By Ralph Strong

(Special Dispatch to the Herald)

SAN DIEGO, Oct. 20.—Katherine Tingley, Official Head of the World's Theosophical Society, tonight poured shot and shell into the ranks of the critics, both newspaper and clergy, of the Point Loma institution. An announcement that Mrs. Tingley would answer recent attacks by local ministers caused an immense audience to fill Fisher Opera House, where the Society's Sunday night meetings are held.

The meeting was conducted by the lady students at Point Loma, who, in white Greek gowns, made a pretty picture on a stage filled with greenery. Mrs. Tingley was attired in a classical costume of white. Her eloquence and earnestness were overpowering, and many times the audience, composed of a dozen sects and creeds, was swept away in torrents of applause.

Mrs. Tingley declared San Diego and Point Loma are today the centers of the contest between the good and evil forces of the world.

"It was to be expected," she said, "that any energetic step to establish a high standard of progressive work such as that of the Universal Brotherhood, would meet with strongest opposition. This opposition comes from four classes—the disappointed politician; the religious reformer who thinks more of his influence and salary than of those he should help; the morbid weaklings whose immoral courses would be checked by the inculcation of a high ideal, and the blackmailers.

CALIFORNIA A DUMPING GROUND

"It is my belief that California is a dumping ground for these types. Special laws are needed here for the better protection of boys and girls, and to stop the tide of degeneracy slowly and surely eating out the life of our youth, and with which the churches are utterly inadequate to cope. My knowledge of this danger is such that I feel forced to take a stand that will soon be brought to public attention."

The speaker, said that before the recent persecution from the ecclesiastics she felt that the Universal Brotherhood, in holding up the highest philosophy of life and applying it practically, would in time have an immense effect on the age, but the action of the clergy has brought them out so clearly as enemies of human progress that she felt she had a new mission—to work into the churches and to appeal to the fathers and mothers to protect their children against those who go about in sheep's clothing, preaching Christ crucified and at the same time using their profession as a cloak for vice of the worst description.

She accused San Diego of including professing "religionists" who endeavor to confuse the public into believing that there are mysterious doings at Point Loma, insinuating the most outrageous things, but when cornered, these traducers can marshal no facts.

LOCAL CLERGYMEN SCORED

"The Universal Brotherhood," she said, is non-sectarian and non-political and strives towards the highest moral life." The speaker scored local clergymen for their alleged unchristian course, and urged them to act quickly in an attempt to reform those of their congregations who need reforming. She declared that the best Christians are being driven from the church, and that those best fitted to fill the pulpits are being mentally strangled.

Mrs. Tingley charged a local minister with using his name in correspondence with the representative of his church in Cuba to alarm mothers preparing to send children to Point Loma for education. She declared her determination to unearth the subtle efforts



DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS COMPANY A, NEW YORK, OF NEW CENTURY GUARD

of those, she asserts, who are behind the scenes in attacks upon the Universal Brotherhood, while catspaws alone are visible in the arena of battle.

* * *

Further information in regard to these meetings and the attacks upon Point Loma institutions, published in the local papers, is being sent from time to time to the Lodges and members of the Universal Brotherhood.

In all her actions, one thing is plainly to be seen and is apparent to all, especially to those who know the Leader best, viz.: that she is absolutely fearless, and that no intimidation by anyone or any body of people can move her from her work of the purification and the uplifting of humanity.

After years of persecution, Katherine Tingley has at last stepped out and is fearlessly showing who are the people who are attempting to break down the Universal Brotherhood and destroy her work. When we go to trace back to the cause of the slander, the cause of the insinuations that have been made against Katherine Tingley's work, we find that these may be traced to members of a so-called Theosophical Society with which Mrs. Annie Besant is connected. The writer of this would not presume to state this unless he had positive facts to sustain it.

Probably nothing has so well served to bring the Universal Brotherhood and its work more prominently before the public than the open attacks which have been made by people who have sought the City of San Diego, near our great center, to ventilate their

"grievances," and to endeavor to evoke sympathy for themselves and bad feeling for this Organization. It is also instructive and interesting to note that in each case where they sought legal advice, they have at their own petition had their case dismissed. In each case there have been published indisputable facts uncovering the motives of those who have attacked the Universal Brotherhood, and revealing also the strength and purity of the latter.

As a result of these attacks public interest and appreciation of the Universal Brotherhood are continually increasing and deepening, not only locally but in far-distant places to which the echo of the great battle being waged here has reached. Humanity is awakening to the existence of hope and wherever the banner of the Universal Brotherhood flies there is a rallying center around which the hopeless and despairing cluster, and becoming conscious of this power and high destiny, step out to help others as wretched as they were formerly.



SKIRMISH DRILL, NEW CENTURY GUARD, COMPANY A, NEW YORK

**Enlargement and
Expansion of the
"New Century"**

In order to cope with the expansion of the work and great increase of interest *The New Century* has been enlarged and new features added, and will appear weekly in the future. It is now a most comprehensive weekly of sixteen large pages and contains a great variety of news and other articles diversified with beautiful illustrations. Special attention is given to the progress of San Diego in particular and California, the star State of America, in general. The future development of this State is practically unlimited upon material lines and there is every reason to suppose that, as it has every possible advantage of climate and other natural resources, great seats of learning will arise here and that its future civilization will be grander than that of ancient Greece, which it so strongly resembles in many physical features. *The New Century* being conducted under the close personal supervision of Katherine Tingley, will be a potent factor in the development, on the highest lines, of a true, brotherly civilization at this favored locality, and, through the example set, in the world.

There can be no doubt that this State has the opportunity of attaining the first rank in all that tends to make life worth living, and the Universal Brotherhood is able to assist powerfully in this development. All members of the Universal Brotherhood should study *The New Century*, it is a binding force, uniting the center and circumference, and containing the spirit of the work as it progresses from stage to stage.

Isis Conservatory of Music

A third event of note has been the establishment of a branch of the Isis Conservatory of Music at San Diego. It is situated at 1940 B street, and occupies a handsome private residence, rented by the Leader for the purpose. The first courses will be on Singing, Violin, Piano and Harmony, and those who know the splendid and rapid results achieved under Katherine Tingley's methods will not be surprised to hear that a large number of pupils has joined already. The Leader has lately devoted much time to working out some of her original ideas upon music and methods of teaching it, founded upon her deep knowledge of natural laws, which will be special features of the Isis Conservatory's work.



A GROUP OF CO. A, NEW YORK, NEW CENTURY GUARD, IN CAMP AT FORT LEE, N. Y.

Close of the Great Debate on Theosophy and Christianity

After being continued for many weeks the great debate between the representatives of the ecclesiastical position and the students of Point Loma has been concluded. Large audiences assembled to hear them, and the last debate which more properly should be described as the summing up, was extremely well attended. Two speakers, Mrs. G. G. Bohm of Chicago, and Mr. Sidney G. P. Coryn, President of the Theosophical Society in England, and an old pupil of Madame Blavatsky, gave eloquent and logical addresses, clearly elucidating the whole position and showing in an unanswerable manner that Theosophy and the great, essential teachings of Christ are one and the same thing, but that Theosophy throws light upon many difficult and obscure matters in Christian teachings. The debate is being prepared for the press and will shortly be in the hands of the printers. It will be of great value to all students of Theosophy as it places the philosophy in the simplest and clearest manner and answers all the objections brought by theological opponents.

* * *

The New Cuban Children

The joyous shouts and happy faces of the forty new Cuban children who have recently been brought to Point Loma, show the splendid promise there is for the future of that unrestful Island. They are learning English rapidly and can already sing "Happy Little Sunbeams" and other Lotus songs correctly. Several of the older boys who show the greatest promise, have been admitted into the senior classes of the Raja Yoga School, a privilege they highly appreciate. Additions to the numbers of children in the Interna-

tional Lotus Home are taking place continually. No more reassuring sign for the future of the Movement could be imagined, for these souls are having the most ideal surroundings in which to gain a firm foothold of wisdom and self-control, which will be a staying power for their whole lives and prevent the risk of failure in their great future work for humanity by reason of defective training. To see the long procession of children to and from their homes and the school, refectory or Temple, is a glorious sight and the noblest tribute to the genius and wise compassion of our great Leader, Katherine Tingley.

* * *

Raja Yoga School The rapid increase in numbers that has taken place has made necessary an enlargement of the teaching staff of the Raja Yoga School. A full curriculum of studies has been established including Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, all English subjects, Drawing, Music, Natural History, Astronomy, Botany and other sciences, etc. The boys are al-



RAJA YOGA BOYS OF LOMA-LAND ON THE FIRING LINE

ways happy and busy at work or play. Excellent discipline prevails, for they have a deep sense of honor and responsibility and take great pride in keeping up a high tone of conduct in every way.

* * *

**Visit of Lotus
Children from
San Diego**

Quite a stir was made by the recent visit of the children of the San Diego Lotus Group to Point Loma, where they were royally entertained by the Raja Yoga children and had the privilege of seeing the Lotus Mother. Arriving about two o'clock in large tallyhos they marched in a long procession from the entrance gate, with banners flying and conducted by the New Century Guard, up the long drive to the Temple, where they were received by the children of Loma-land. Prominent among the youthful hosts was the large contingent of Cubans who have recently arrived. The Cubans had been received with song and flowers and most heartily welcomed by the San Diego children at the station after their long journey, and were glad to have the pleasure of helping to give their new friends a good time. The San Diego children then attended the "Rainbow Play" in the Temple, and were shown over the Lotus Home, the Homestead, the Amphitheater and a part of the grounds. Sundry sports followed and after some light refreshments and candies had been disposed of the return journey through the still evening air was commenced. Such a day they had never had before nor dreamed of.

Expressions of gratitude and joy burst from their full hearts, and altogether, both the guests and their entertainers, understood they had gained a new and delightful feeling of unity which would be a precious memory. Days like this, spent in company with fresh, earnest and whole-hearted children are a source of great joy to our beloved Leader.

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More New Arrivals

Many well-known comrades have been welcomed at Loma Homestead lately and immediately have found plenty to do! The activities are now only restricted by the want of workers.

The new comers include, among others, Mrs. Dick from Dublin, Mrs. Bohn and her children from Chicago, Miss Lester from Pasadena, Mrs. Shurlock and her children from Liverpool, Brother Sederholm, one of the members of the Cabinet is here on a short visit, Brother Turner from Kansas City, Brother Sidney G. P. Coryn and his wife and children and Miss N. Herbert from London, all well-known and devoted workers in the cause of Universal Brotherhood.

* * *

Amphitheater, etc.

The Amphitheater is nearly completed and becomes daily an object of increased interest and beauty. Its perfect fitness for its purpose, the way it nestles in the enclosing cliffs contrasting in its snowy whiteness with their rich tawny red, and the glorious view of canyon and ocean obtained from the seats impress every one with surprise. Some striking views of its principal features and the surrounding scenery will soon be published.

The sunsets and sunrises lately have been very beautiful, and on one or two occasions remarkable lunar effects have been seen, halos and lunar rainbows. The evening sky with Venus blazing in the west, closely grouped with Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, etc., is a constant source of admiration in this limpid atmosphere and sundry telescopes are in constant demand to observe these planets.

OBSERVER

Reports of Lodges

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Lodge No. 1, England--Report on Lotus Group

There are two main divisions in the Lotus Group meeting at 19 Avenue Road. The senior members assemble on Wednesday at 6 o'clock. This class is always open to visitors, little friends and strangers anxious to know and see what we do at Lotus circle; these, after attending three consecutive times may become members. At this meeting we have much singing and music which is directed by Mr. Dunn, who knows so well how to call out from the heart of each little one that fire of enthusiasm and joy, which make their whole being vibrate with joy and gladness. Many of those who have been present throughout the past year are now able to sing very sweetly in chorus or solo, and thus add greatly to the joy of the meeting. A story follows which, when occasion permits, is rendered more realistic by Mr. Dunn's accompaniment on organ or piano. A series of stories selected from George MacDonald's "Phantastes," and from Bram Stoker's "Under the Sunset," have been given during June and July. The symbolic meaning of our march with the Cord, and the character required of a "Golden Warrior," are often discussed by children and teachers. It has been deeply interesting to note the growing power to discuss in kindly and chivalrous act as well as word their knowledge of Brotherhood.

On Thursday evening the members of the Gymnastic class meet, and in their white costumes fall into line to march and drill to music, using dumb-bells, wands and balls as a preparatory training in promptness of act and concentration; rings, scarves, wreaths,

cymbals are used for more graceful and flowing movements. The great value of this department of work in the Lotus Group has been seen at once in the ease and self-possession displayed by the most regular attendants who, from time to time have assisted in the monthly entertainments. After the drilling is over blackboards and notebooks appear, and an hour is spent in drawing, painting or examination or chat upon the wonders of nature. The use of the microscope greatly interests all. Elementary lessons on Physiology and Botany have been given, supplemented by work in the garden and walks in the park, or out on the heath, all of which have been golden opportunities in which the hearts and minds of teacher and child have drawn near to one another, dimly but surely learning together the *Oneness*—Unity in Life—Brotherhood.

On Friday, the little ones under seven years of age, gather together, a troop of little Sunbeams, who dance and sing and play, march, drill, listen to fairy stories (which are never ending) gaze with silent and solemn delight at the wonderful pictures which *their* wondrous charm makes to grow like magic under the hand of their big sisters, as they call for one after another colored illustration. Other wee mites of some few months contentedly cuddle a dollie, until they fall asleep to the music of the songs, or if fretful and shy are carried by their little mothers who have been commissioned to take charge of them for the evening, out into the garden among the flowers, and soon come smiles instead of tears. So the time passes all too quickly, and in the silence ere we say "good-bye," many thoughts of love go to the dear Lotus Mother, who calls these little ones from the streets into her home and garden, and still more into the Sunshine of her great love that they may grow strong and pure, fit for a life that may ever be one of "Helping and Sharing."

August 31, 1901

—ADA ROBINSON, *Superintendent*

Report of Lotus Work, Lodge No. 30, England

The work done in the Group during August and September has been very good. In August the Group had an outing in Epping Forest, and a very enjoyable day was spent close to the heart of "Mother Nature."

Lotus report sent out to parents has had very good effect upon attendance. Reports will be issued monthly now.

Program in class continues as before:—Music, with rhythmic motion of the body; Nature lessons dealing with the One Life, and Fairy stories being strong features in the classes.

The harmony of the Group was never greater, and we feel we have a band of young Warriors capable of moving shoulder to shoulder in "Helping and Sharing," and demonstrating the effect of the Lotus work in their home lives.

Dramatic Work: A new play is now in rehearsal, and the children hope to give it in public about the end of November.

The following is a copy of the report sent to parents:

MONTHLY REPORT OF LOTUS WORK

In sending this *first* monthly report of the Forest Gate Lotus Group it may be useful to give a brief outline of the method of education followed.

Direct appeal is made to the children to recognize the Divine Unity existing in themselves and in all Nature. They are reminded that "Helping and Sharing" is what Brotherhood means. They are invited to "render noble service to all that lives."

Thus they are not trained to *compete* with each other, but to *combine* with each other; to aim at Harmony *now* and to continue this aim when they grow up. The songs they sing are full of gladness, and musical drill is associated with these songs, so that body, mind and heart may act together in harmony. Sometimes fairy stories are told to them; at others they are asked to peep into the Fairyland of Nature by watching how beautifully a flower or a crystal is constructed. All this is done in the full assurance that the children themselves are Divine; and therefore the purpose of a training in a Lotus Group is not so much to *instruct* the children as to *educate*—to draw forth from their own souls

their knowledge of their oneness with all things, of the foolishness of selfishness and of the true joy of life in Harmony with Nature which, as a great poet has said, is the "Garment of God."

Classes are held on Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock and on Tuesday evenings at a quarter past 6. On Monday evenings a Club for girls is held, particulars of which may be had on application. In addition to the above other classes for singing, etc., will probably be started as the season advances.—AGNES E. MATHEWS, *Superintendent*
October 2, 1901

Report of Work at Lotus Group No. 1, Stockholm, Sweden, for June and July, 1901

During this time we have only had two regular Sunday meetings, June 2nd, and June 9th. As lessons both days we had Lotus Leaflet 12 of Series I.

Here in Sweden the schools always have holidays from June 15th until August 15th, and some from June 1st to September 1st.

Nearly all the children and teachers of our Lotus Group spent this summer in the country, so very few having been present when those of us who have been in town from June 17th have assembled every Monday at 11 o'clock. We have then always hoisted our Lotus Flag, sung "The Sun-Temple," and during our silent moments sent loving thoughts to all our little comrades. We have told stories about flowers and animals, had drill and sung some of our Lotus songs together.—ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

Stockholm, August 4, 1901

REPORT FOR AUGUST, 1901

During this month there have been held three meetings with those of our boys who have been at home and "on guard," August 5th, 12th and 19th. At the first meeting we built boats, hoisted the flags of different nations and sailed for Point Loma. Arriving there the captain of each boat, in a neat little speech, delivered greetings from the children to the Lotus Mother.

At the second meeting we had the story of "Castle Cor," and at the third "The Sleeping Beauty" in a new symbolic form.

We now intend to begin winter's work September 8th, when all the children will assemble again.—ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

Stockholm, August 31, 1901

Renewal of Activities at Seattle

Seattle Lodge No. 100 has renewed its activities after the summer rest, and repeated the Symposium Hypatia on the 14th instant. With our renewed energy, the untiring efforts of Brother Spinks, and the faithful labor of the members, we were enabled to eclipse all former efforts.

New stage settings had been painted for the occasion, one an interior of great beauty, representing the banquet hall in Pompeius' house, with a landscape in the distance visible between massive marble columns.

The other a Greek temple scene of elegant simplicity, where Hypatia addressed her little band of students.

Owing to the illness of our own member who was to have impersonated Hypatia, Edna B. Lund of Tacoma, kindly came to the rescue at the last moment and contributed her share toward the success of the entertainment.

The musical program, consisting of vocal and instrumental selections, was rendered by talented artists whose assistance had but to be solicited to meet with a ready response.

The audience which filled the house, listened with the closest attention, being reluctant to depart, after the tones of the Ode to Apollo, and Truth, Light and Liberation, intoned behind the curtain, had died away. In fact, the entire entertainment only emphasizes our great possibilities if we do but labor along the lines suggested by our Leader.

Seattle, October 24, 1901

EVA H. SCHROEDER, *Secretary*

U. B. L. No. 18, Trollhattan, Sweden

To KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader of the Theosophical Movement:

On this day, the third anniversary of the first meeting of our Lodge we, its members, wish to give you our sincere thanks for having had the grandest of all privileges—to work in service for humanity.

Your Leadership has given us hope and trust in our own divine possibilities. The dawn of the new day is already here, and we begin to feel in our hearts the light, the joy of life, that will sweep away all the darkness and sorrows in human life.

September 18, 1901

SIGNED BY ALL THE MEMBERS

Report of Canningtown Lotus Group, London, England

This group continues to make very great progress, the discipline is excellent and the *esprit de corps* all that could be desired.

The class held on Sunday, September 21st, showed in a marked degree the progress this class is making.

It may be interesting to give a detailed account of the class held on this date. The children waited in the anteroom, where hats and coats were taken off until, punctual to time, when they marched into the room in splendid step singing "We are a Band of Young Crusaders" and holding the Golden Cable Tow. At the finish, the circle being completed, they sang the "Circle Song" to a graceful and undulating motion of body and cord. "Brothers We" followed while still holding cord, and then silent moments,—the "golden boats" being directed to Point Loma. Then they marched to seats singing "Warriors of the Golden Cord." A nature lesson followed from a flower. The wonderful knowledge the Pilgrim has was slowly adduced, the class making out the Pilgrim an "Architect," a "Chemist" and a "Master Builder." The answers came readily from the class—no guessing, but answers made intelligently and with certainty. "Happy Little Sunbeams" followed and then "Tiny Buds Are We" were found to be fully awake for their song. One of the comrades told the fairy story of "The Tying of the Purple Hearts" and many of the children showed by their marked attention that the Fairy Queen "Purple" was as real to them as she certainly was to the teller. Flowers were afterward distributed to the children and all marched out singing "Warriors of the Golden Cord."

WALTER FORBES, *Superintendent*

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 7, San Francisco, California

The regular Monthly Entertainment and Symposium was given September 13th. The musical program was especially good and "The Wisdom of Hypatia" was unanimously pronounced the most artistic and successful presentation of that Symposium ever given. There were several changes in the caste and some new scenery and stage furniture all of which gave a new spirit.

HENRY B. MORGES, JR., *Secretary*

October 3d, 1901

Universal Brotherhood Lodge, Sioux City, Iowa

The regular public monthly meeting was held in our Lodge Room on the 15th of September. Four papers were read, Miss Wakofield taking up the second object of the International Brotherhood League as a review of a former paper. Appropriate music was furnished throughout the meeting.

On the evening of the 16th of September a public entertainment was given in the Lodge Room. The Symposium "A Promise" was repeated with all the parts taken by different members of the Lodge. Each part was carefully rendered and showed the effort to get at the soul of the play. Miss Bessie Scott, our talented violinist, played two fine selections during the evening.

Mrs. H. D. PIERCE, *Secretary*



by Kate Lambert

THERE were just five of them, in one shell, and they all lay in a row as cozy as could be, just as if they were all tucked up in their little beds, and indeed they were cozily packed up in their own little green home. They were a bright green color, and their little house was a bright golden green, and they were five little sweet-peas in one pod.

They lay there and began talking to one another, and they said, "We are green, and the house is green, and the whole world is green!" And they were quite right, that is just what they should have thought, when they were little babies like that. And they began talking about the world outside, what they thought it was like, and what they would have to do when they got out there, and what work they would have to do. And their little home was very cozy and cool and pleasant, swinging out in the sun and the breeze all day, and very cozy and warm, swinging all night under the moon and the bright stars and they were very happy as they lay and talked and dozed and dreamed and grew bigger.

As they grew bigger they sat up and talked again about the world they must be going out into very soon now, and they said, "The time must be very near now, we have grown so big, and we have changed from green to gold, and

our home has turned golden too. All the world is gold!" And they were quite right in what they said that time too, for all the world is golden to little ones who are just going into it like that. And presently one said, "I am going to travel a long way, I am certain of that;" another one said, "I am going to get just as much fun out of the world as I can;" two others said they were going to take life easy and get all the good out of it they could, and the biggest one of all would never say anything but, "What is to be will be," and he waited patiently for what had to happen.

Suddenly one day they felt an awful tug that hurt them, and the stalk on which their little house swung, broke, and they felt themselves rammed down into a little boy's pocket with a lot of other peas in their pods. "Whew," they said, "how hot and stuffy this is after swinging in the breeze as we have done for such a long time; we shall all be choked, we shall die." But the biggest of them all said, "Wait patiently awhile; this means going out into the world—we shall soon be there now." Presently they felt themselves pulled up by the little boy's fingers, and crack! wenc their little home, and they all rolled out into the sunshine, onto the little boy's hand, and he looked at them and said, "These are lovely round ones, just the right size for my pea-shooter." He popped one in at once and shot it out. "Now I'm going to travel around the wide world, catch me if you can," cried he. The little boy popped in another, and shot it out. "I shall fly straight into the sun," cried that one, "that is a shell worth looking at; that will exactly suit me," and off he flew. "We shall sleep wherever we go," said the next two, "but we shall roll on all the same and enjoy it." They rolled down onto the ground and bounced about, but the little boy got them into the pea-shooter and shot them out. "We shall go further," they tried as they went off, "Goodbye." "What is to happen, will happen," said the last and biggest, "and I will do my very best whatever happens."

He flew up against the old board just under the little garret window and bounced off just into a little crack that was filled up with moss and soft mould, and the soft moss closed over him, and held him tight so that he should not fall down, and there he was a prisoner. But Mother Nature knew exactly where he was, and she did not forget him. He tucked his feet into the soft mould and said, "Now, what *is* to happen will happen," and he just sat quietly there and waited.



* * * *

The garret window was at the top of a very queer old house, in a queer old street, in a quaint old town in Germany, and it was in the very poorest part of the town now. But it was a very lovely old house, and a very rich old Baron had lived there long ago. But now, instead of the Baron and his lady and his lovely daughters living in the old house, there were quite a number of people



of all ages, for in almost every room lived a poor man and his wife and ever so many children. The old carved wooden figures and the heavy old wooden beams had seen many sad sights since the old Baron's merry days—had seen poor little sick children, and pale women weeping, and strong men groaning, because of all the sorrow and sadness of life.

And now I want to tell you that inside that little window in the little garet at the very top of the old house, lived a poor woman who had to go out every day and do very hard work. She had to scrub rough floors, and chop hard wood into small pieces for people to burn, and many other things, and for all her hard work she could get very little money, hardly enough to keep herself and her little daughter. She had a little girl who was very delicate, and for a whole year she had kept to her bed, and the poor mother thought she was soon going to lose her. For once the poor mother had two little girls, but one had gone to sleep and never woke again, and the other one fretted and fretted and grew thinner and paler, and in the spring she had gone to bed and did not feel strong enough to get up again. All through the long hot summer she had lain there, and all through the long cold winter she had lain there, and always when her mother said, "Dearie, let me get you up for a little while today," she would say, "Oh, mother dear, I could not bear to be up, it is so hot; do let me lie here;" or "Dear little mother, it is so cold, and I'm much happier in my warm bed; do let me stay here."



The poor mother watched her get paler and thinner, paler and thinner, and now it was spring time again, the sun was shining warmly and brightly. The mother said one morning, "Now dearie, let me push your cot over to the window, so that you can lie in the warm sun," and the girl had smiled gently and said, "No, mother, don't move me; the sun will have to be much stronger before it can warm me." The poor mother went over to the little window and stood and looked out, with the tears dimming her eyes, and she thought, "My only one now is going to leave me—she looks just as her sister looked the night before she went away, and I don't believe she will wake *here* again in the morning; she is going to leave me all alone, and yet I dreamed that she and I had work to do in the world together!"

* * * *

Now you remember where that sweet pea had tucked his feet into that little bit of soft mould in the crack near the window? Well, he sat there a long

time and looked through the moss up into the little bit of sky that he could see, and he thought of a great many things, and remembered a great many things that he had done in other lives; bye and bye he fell asleep and dreamed of a great many things that he had to do in lives to come, and he did not know how time went in the least.

But Mother Nature was keeping count of all that for him, and so after he had dreamed a long time, she began to whisper to him that it was time to wake up; and she whispered and whispered day after day until he began to move, and then she told him he must begin to grow, and he must grow tall and strong, and that he had work to do. He thought she kept telling him what that work was, and he listened and listened, and all the while he was sending his little roots out, all out into the soft mould. Presently he sent a dream out of his heart, and a tiny green shoot appeared then, and grew up and up through the moss into the sunlight.

And now he heard much more plainly what Mother Nature was whispering to him, and he listened and tried to understand, but he could not understand all of it; only that there was work to be done, and that he had a part in it, and his part just then was to grow and grow as quickly as he could, and creep round that corner, and climb along the wall until he could peep into that little garret window. That much he understood, and that much he meant to do, as quickly as possible and as well as possible. There was something at the end he couldn't understand, but he had learned to wait, you know, and so he waited. But you must not think he stopped growing—not a bit of it; he went on growing steadily, and in that the moss helped him again.

Now you remember I told you that when he first fell into that little crack the soft moss closed over him and held him there tight, so that he should not fall down and his life be wasted? For that little bit of earth and moss grew on a slope, and so she kept him safe, you see, and when he began to grow she threw all her arms out, and made a strong hedge for him to lean against while he stretched and struggled to go round that sharp corner that he had to turn before he could grow along the wall and reach that window; for she knew what he had to do just as well as he did, and she helped in many ways with all her might. I don't believe he could really have done his work without her, and I will tell you why. She helped him in ways that he understood, and to do things that he could not do for himself.

Now when he was just beginning to grow strong, and needed all the sun and warmth he could get, she took in the heat from the sun rays, and kept as much of this heat as she possibly could while the sun shone, and then when the sun had gone she gave out this heat again to him, so that he was kept warm and happy all the time, and fit for his work. And when it rained their little bit of earth didn't hold much, so she gathered all the rain-drops she could get, and she held them carefully with all her little fingers, and when he got thirsty she gave him just enough to go on with, and would not let him drink it all up, and she always made it last until the next rain came. And

in that way he was able to keep fresh and green, and growing the whole time, and never had to stop because he got dried up and tired. At last he got over all the difficult places, and he had thrown out some tendrils to hang on to the wall with, and he had thrown out some green leaves here and there, but not many, for he knew he was not to waste his strength on green leaves just at present.

He was getting very near the little window, and so when the poor mother came to the window that morning that I told you of, the little sweet pea heard all her sad thoughts; then he understood suddenly what his work really was, that he had to get to that window and save that little girl; that he must see her, and talk to her, and tell her to live, live, live—and all this he must do before tomorrow morning. He looked at the distance between him and the window, and he said, "I've not done my best, after all. I don't believe I can grow that much by tomorrow morning." And then he heard Mother Nature's voice, saying, "You are my brave boy, and you *have* done your best. You must reach the window tomorrow morning, and see the girl, and talk to her, and tell her this," and she whispered something to him. "All right, Mother," he said, "I *will* do it."

So he worked and he grew and he grew, all that day and all that night. The moss helped him then, as you may think, with all her heart; she poured all her stored-up warmth into him, and she shook all her raindrops, that she had meant to make last a long time, one by one down into the mould where his roots were, that he might drink them up and keep strong; and so they worked together all that day and all that night. Early the next morning the sweet pea found that he was close to the corner window pane, and that with one more effort, one more big "I will," he could just peep into the window. A dear little circlet of seven green leaves that had crowned him when the first ray of the sun fell on him that morning, nodded and danced in the corner window pane, and tapped gently on the glass. Then the mother moved in her bed, got up, and went and looked at her child. Her eyes were not closed as she had feared to find them, but were wide open and gazing at the window. "Mother," said the girl, "what is that at the window?" "What, dearie?" said the mother, looking still at her child. "The window, mother. There is something green at the window, nodding and dancing and smiling at me."

So the mother went to the window and looked out. "Dear Heart," she said, "a beautiful sweet pea has taken root in that crack, and has grown around to the window, and pretty it is. Shall I carry you over to see it, dearie?" "No, mother," said the girl, "don't move me. I will lie here quiet and look at it." So the mother left her alone, and all day the girl lay and looked at the sweet pea at the window. It seemed to her that it was whispering something to her all the time, something about life being joy if you only work for others; that she had a great work to do in the world among all the little children, all the little children who were wanting help so much, and waiting for it; and she must live, live, live, and grow strong, and go out into the world and do that

work; and that her mother would help her.

All day long she lay and listened to this, and sometimes she slept, and still the little sweet pea went on whispering to her all that Mother Nature had whispered to him that he was to tell her, and she heard it all the time in her sleep. When the mother came home and looked at her child, she saw that a great look of love had come into the girl's eyes, and in the mother's heart sprang a great hope that her child would live.

The next morning as soon as the mother stirred, the girl spoke. "Mother," she said, "I believe I am going to get well." "The gods grant it, dearie." A great song of joy rose from the mother's heart, and as she opened the window she said, "There is a sweet little blossom bud coming on the sweet pea." And the girl said, "Oh mother, I must see that." So the mother pulled her couch over to the window, and she lay and smiled at the plant and its bud.



Surely you have not thought that the sweet pea had stopped growing, I hope, because it had not, and indeed it found the more it told Mother Nature's message to the girl, and the harder it tried to help her, the more it knew itself, and the more it grew itself, and that is always the way in helping others.

And now the sweet pea knew that he had not only to tell the girl to grow strong and beautiful, but to show her how to do it. So he was just hurrying to make himself perfect and show her what can be done if you will only try. And so he was doing all he could to make one little perfect blossom to complete his crown of leaves, and it was to be a rosy red color, which is a true

color, the color of pure love. And the girl sat at the window and watched the blossom coming, and she knew what it was telling her—that she must grow rosy and strong as well as beautiful and good. And so she grew stronger and stronger every day, and a little rosy-pink color began to creep into her cheeks, and a bright light into her eyes; and at last, one day, the blossom opened wide and was perfect. Then the girl looked long at it, and understood *all* the little sweet pea had been telling her all the time, and just what her work was to be. Her cheeks flushed a rosy-red, just like the blossom, and she heard a singing in her heart.

And so, one day, while the blossom was at its widest and freshest and best, the girl stood at the window and looked up at the blue sky, then she clasped her two hands over the blossom, and bent down and kissed it gently. Then she turned and took her mother's hand, and went out with her into the world to do her work.

Blessings Near at Hand



We look too far for blessings ;
 We seek too far for joys ;
 We ought to be like children
 Who find their chiefest toys

Oftimes in nearest attic,
 Or in some dingy lane ;
 Their aprons full of weeds or flowers,
 Gathered in sun or rain.

Within the plainest cottage
 Unselfish love may grow ;
 The sweetest, the divinest gift
 Which mortals ever know.

We ought to count our joys, not woes ;
 Meet care with winsome grace ;
 For discontent plows furrows
 Upon the lovliest face.

Hope, freedom, sunlight, knowledge,
 Come not to wealth alone :
 He who looks far for blessings
 Will overlook his own.