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TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

From your lips speak the truth,
In your minds think the truth,
In your hearts love the truth,
In your lives live the truth.—*Selected*

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Man, the Creator

by C. Woodhead



THE vast problems which involve the questions of the why and the wherefore of the earth's existence as we find it today, with its teeming lives, visible and invisible, plants, animals, and men, are of surpassing interest to all of us. The history, traditions and religions of all nations, far back into the night of time, are full of explanations, some literally true, some symbolical of the great evolution which is progressing before our eyes. The times are now passing away when men will any longer accept the disheartening theories of the fatalists and the pessimists who look upon this world with all its possibilities of happiness and beauty as being on the road to destruction. The heart of man will not accept this theory, however much his brain may try to make him do so in moments of vicarious depression. Nature works on, ever onward, towards its own perfection. There is no greater fallacy than the worn-out maxim about "the good old times."

The explanation of the principles which lie at the foundation of things as we see them has come as a revelation to the world, once more, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, through the teachings of the Wisdom Religion, now

called Theosophy, which has lain buried from open revelation throughout the darkness of two thousand years. So simple are these explanations that the youngest child can understand them, yet so complicated is the working out of the world-wide system that it embraces this great earth and all which it contains.

Perhaps the most crucial point and the one which it is most desirable we should all rightly understand is that of the governance of this vast kingdom. From earliest childhood it has been instilled into us that the ways of "Providence" are inscrutable. But possibly no one has been able to give us any satisfactory explanation of what Providence means or who or what it is. Yet it is not very difficult to realize, in some degree, how things came to be as they are, and furthermore to recognize how greatly we ourselves are responsible for the present condition of affairs, and further, how greatly we may modify them if we go about it in the right way.

Let us first of all recognize that there is one Eternal Law of cause and effect, which lies at the very foundation of things. This Law is patent to every one of us and requires no explanation. It is the manifestation of That upon which everything is builded. Then let us consider that the Kingdom of the earth is with the sons of men. Let us realize that everything we can see, or know, or imagine is brought about by Man, man as he is or man as he has been. Let us not forget that there are beings, who once were men, who still take an all-important part in the world's direction for the benefit of their struggling younger brothers on the road towards the Great Perfection.

All these acting together make the world as we see it—all of them working by and through the Eternal Law.

The fact that Man is the King of the Earth is too little recognized. The Divine part of our nature—that which alone is permanent—has been forgotten.

The times are ripe for its reassertion and open recognition. Could it be possible for us all to awake to our possibilities, and to unite our forces for our common enlightenment and salvation from the forces of darkness and selfish error, the desert places of suffering and heart hunger would indeed blossom as the rose.

And whilst these observations are true of man's social relationships, and of his mental intercourse and cooperation with his fellows, they are also true of those problems of more material progress which are largely engaging public attention amongst this, the most progressive and enlightened of earth's peoples. Every year is showing evidence of man's increasing understanding of the possibilities and powers that lie within him for the molding of the earth and its forces towards our common destiny.

In so far as the application of these discoveries is in accordance with the Eternal Law of Harmony, working out the happiness and joy of the underlying Soul of things, so far will they succeed by becoming permanent and eternal, as

they always have done from time immemorial. On the other hand, if applied to selfish ends, so by the action of the same wondrous and beneficent Law, their destruction is sure.

To point out, in detail, how the earth today is just as man has made it, would be obviously impossible. Let us revolve the matter in our minds and see if it be not so. And having determined, as we must, the truth of the statement, let us recognize our responsibility and determine that, as far as in us lies, we will, each of us, make possible those ideals which we all recognize. We have a mightier power to make these ideals living facts, than we are inclined to believe in our moments of sloth and care of self.

The above observations were inspired by reading an article in *Scribner's Magazine* for June, 1902, entitled "The New Agriculture," by W. S. Harwood. In the course of this article it is pointed out how unobtrusively the United States is working out its own agricultural future, and incidentally that of other nations.

It appears that there are in this country fifty-six Experiment Stations employing nearly 1000 men engaged in investigating atoms of animal and plant life, for the common benefit and welfare of the people. About a million dollars yearly are given by the Government for their support. So important have been the results accomplished that a very large number of new forms of life have actually been created. The following are extracts from Mr. Harwood's article: *

This is the key-note of the success of these institutions: There is no patent, there is no private gain, there is no monopoly—it is all absolutely free to the world.

The result of this work not only provides a distinct addition to natural wealth both on land and crops, amounting to millions of dollars in value, but it serves to set still further ahead among the cycles of theorists, that date when the earth shall have reached its maximum of productiveness.

In the prosecution of the work of each station one question is always before the director and his staff, insistent, vital, paramount, ever answered, and yet never answered:

How may we most help the State?

The answering of this question may lead forward through many avenues. It may be by the training of an ear of corn to grow for a particular purpose—to be food of man or food of beast at will, by the lengthening of a blade of grass, by the creation of a new wheat, promising magnificently to strengthen the harvests of the world; it may be the line will lead to the development of the fragrance of a flower, or the enrichment of a fruit, or the curing of a disease in plant or animal; it may mean the installation of a new grass or fruit from a foreign land, destined to supplant native varieties, or the reclamation of vast stretches of arid land, or the betterment of a strain of cattle, or the restoration of an exhausted soil, or the revolution of the methods of handling a dairy product, or the solution of intricate problems and the establishment of vital laws for the feeding of man or animal, so that economy is conserved and health sustained—*the lines reach far and deep into the heart of life.*

* The italics mine throughout.—C. W.

It is quite beyond one's power of imagination to foresee what such work as this means to the race, what it means in influence upon the world's markets, upon its flour manufacturing, upon its food production.

It is related on good authority that many of the forms of plant and fruit life which we now enjoy, are due to ages of special cultivation in prehistoric days.

The more we look at it the more shall we be convinced that the future holds many and untold possibilities which we cannot foresee, and surely these Experiment Stations may be classed amongst those which are engaged in working out a beneficent future for mankind.

Of all places in the world California is most likely to benefit from such works as these. Its magnificent climate, its rugged and uncultivated but rich and fruitful soil, await the hand and mind of the creator—man—to make it the fairest country of the world. The planting and irrigation of it are but questions of determination and subjection of supposed private interests to the public welfare.

Can it be possible that the people of the Golden State will fail to recognize the future, which lies ready for the taking?

THE ARID LANDS OF CALIFORNIA

From an article in *Scribner's Magazine* for June 1902 by W. S. HARWOOD

For more than twenty years the California station, a department of the university of that State, has been at work upon a problem of national, indeed, of international importance—the reclamation of arid lands. The subject was particularly vital in the far western portion of the United States, where great stretches of waste lands have abounded since the beginnings of agriculture, a disheartening bar to development. The solving of the problem was immensely difficult. The situation was full of perplexities. But the work was searching and consistent, and the one main object was not lost sight of for an hour: to prove that these arid soils might be made fertile. Within the last two years the value of all the experimental work of the two decades has become apparent. Millions of acres of land, once believed to be desert, will now be compelled to yield richly. It has been proven at this station, that regions which have been shunned for a century as among the barrenest spots on the globe, are marvelously rich and amenable to agriculture. Many hundreds of samples of soil from the barren lands were analyzed, coming under the keenest scrutiny of the microscopist and chemist.

Broadly speaking, the investigations demonstrated, that the salts of the soil of the alkali lands, injurious to grains, grasses, fruits and forests bear no relation to the salt of the sea, the alkali land being wholly different from coast marsh lands deriving their salt from the ocean waters; that the salts of the alkali lands are native to the soil, their presence being largely due to the absence of rain-fall, (the salts staying in the soil because they are not leached out and carried away by the rain); that the salts rise to the surface after heavy rain-falls, as Professor E. W. Hilgard, of the station, puts it, as oil rises in the wick of a lamp; that when the land is flooded with water by some sudden rain-fall or by over-irrigation, so that the salts rise to the surface and destroy vegetation, it is only necessary to resort to under-drainage, a re-

versal of the usual process; that the salts in the soil have a way of running up and down in the upper four or five feet of soil following the movement of the moisture.

It was proven also, that the evil in the soil called black alkali—stretches of dark, barren regions unfit for agriculture—may be neutralized by spreading over the black earth a coating of gypsum. And then, curiously enough, as a result of investigations, a mine of the gypsum was found within the limits of the State.

Napoleon

by LORD BYRON—(*Selected*)

O MORE or less than man—in high or low,
 Battling with nations, flying from the field:
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now,
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield:
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor
 However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
 Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide
 With that untaught, innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye—
 When fortune fled her spoiled and favorite child,
 He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

The Selfishness of Sorrow

by A. X.

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LITTLE SUE was full of excitement and unwonted energy that morning. She had worked well at her lessons and her governess let her off earlier than usual, so before the luncheon bell rang there would be time for a nice chat with her little friend Amy, next door. Sue had soon mounted on the rockery at her side of the wall and signalled to Amy, who ran out and climbed on to the back of a garden seat so that they could talk quite cosily.

"She is coming today, and I am to go with Aunt Theresa to the station! The carriage will be round directly after luncheon," Sue announced breathlessly.

"Oh, how splendid!" said Amy, looking quite as delighted as her friend.

In eager tones the two little girls chatted on about the golden days that were to follow, now that the long-expected home-coming of Mrs. Dowse, Sue's widowed mother, was really at hand.

Captain Dowse had been away on foreign service ever since Sue was three years old, and for several years Mrs. Dowse had spent the winter abroad with her husband. Some months before this she had nursed him through his last illness, and for a long while afterwards had been herself too ill to travel.

Sue could scarcely remember her father, so all her hopes and affections were centered around her gentle and beautiful mother, who had spent many joyous summers in England with her little daughter. The bright memory of those glad times only helped to make the rigid and joyless routine of her dull life with an elderly aunt seem all the more gloomy. No pains were spared in the little girl's up-bringing, and all her outer wants were carefully provided for, but as regards heart-hunger and soul requirements she was starved and destitute.

The momentous meeting was over. Sue, arrayed in the stiffest of her detested black frocks, was sitting bolt-upright in the brougham glancing timidly at the sad-eyed lady, all shrouded in harsh, black crepe, who was her mother.

"When we get home it will be all right," thought the poor child hopefully. But the evening passed without lessening the feeling of mournful constraint. Her mother cried so much every time she caressed little Sue that the child began to feel quite frightened, and for once was glad when the time came for her to go to bed.

It was a doleful enough little face that appeared on Sue's side of the wall the next day, but when Amy came running up eager to hear the news, Sue tried to hide her sorrow and smiled bravely:

"She looks entirely different to long ago—nothing seems quite the same except the pretty shiny curls in her hair. Oh, Amy, she is nearly as sad as Aunt Theresa all the time, and I can't cuddle up to her with all that scrappy black stuff on her dress! She cries when she kisses me, and she's not one bit like my pretty little mother used to be," and in spite of heroic efforts Sue's lip quivered and a big tear plashed on to the wall.

"Perhaps she is ill and her head is paining her," suggested Amy, full of sympathy. "When she is better it will all be different. Did you ask her about letting you go to school?" This was one of the children's most cherished projects. Sue hated doing lessons all alone with her governess, and Amy was longing to have her friend go to school with her every day.

"No, I think now I shall never dare to ask her that," said poor Sue. "Aunt Theresa was saying at breakfast what an excellent teacher Miss Jones is, and mother said she hoped she would stay with us a long time."

Amy did her best to cheer her friend with hopes and prophecies, but as days grew into weeks things got worse rather than better, and she was nearly in despair—all the plans she had proposed to Sue for getting her mother to be happy again had proved useless.

At last one afternoon, she saw Sue driving off to town with her aunt, and so she guessed Mrs. Dowse would be alone. "Now, I shall just go to see her by myself and tell her about Sue," said Amy to herself, with sudden resolution.

She got ready in feverish haste, and before long was shown into a very prim drawing room. Her heart beat wildly while she waited there alone; then the door opened and Mrs. Dowse came in looking very sad and solemn. But something in the bright, eager face of the little visitor touched her heart, and her voice was soft and kindly as she said: "Did you wish to see me, dear? You are Sue's little friend from next door, I think." And she led the child to a seat near the fire.

"We were so glad at first that you were coming back," Amy blurted out precipitately, "and we talked and talked about it all every day, and Sue had no one to love her properly, and we thought you would not make her wear those horrid black things, and you'd let her go to school and be with all the other children, and she has had no mother loving her for such a long time now."

With a sharp pang Mrs. Dowse recalled the frequent signs of furtive grief she had noticed on her little daughter's face, and she recoiled at the picture of her own selfish sorrowing that the child's words revealed. Stung to the quick, her inner nature was aroused, and tenderly drawing the brave little girl to her side, she said: "I see you love my little Sue very much indeed, dear; it was so good and kind of you to come and tell me this."

Then the child chattered on with renewed confidence, and every word made clearer to the mother's heart how poignant and prolonged her daughter's sufferings

had been, and while she encouraged Amy to talk on, she was rapidly maturing a scheme that would end this unhappiness and inaugurate a bright new era in her little daughter's life.

"Do you know, dear," she said, "I am thinking that Sue needs a complete change of air to make her quite happy and strong again, so I am going to carry her right off with me to the sea-side in a few days, and when you get your holidays you shall come and stay with us, and what glorious times we'll have, all three together! Let us go in right now and ask your mother if you may come to us."

It was soon all happily arranged, and what a summer that was, to be sure! The mother, who had been so nearly absorbed and deadened by a morbid grief, proved to be the most delightful of playmates and companions; and in the new interests and joys which her life with the two children brought, she forgot her sorrow and her lack of strength and grew bright and happy as of yore.

The Flood-tide of Spiritual Life

by Rev. S. J. Neill*



WE know there are tides in the ocean; and we know that men have been able, by careful observation, to construct tables of low tides, and high tides for a long time in the future. The general theory is that the moon and the sun cause the tides by the pulling influence which they exert on the earth. The external world is a type of the invisible, and corresponds to it as the glove corresponds to the hand that wears it. The Universe is the embodiment of Law, and the word "chance" is a term we use to cover our ignorance. The tides in the ocean do not result from chance, but from fixed law. The general state of the tide is, we know, caused by the relation of the sun and moon to the earth: and though winds, and other causes, which vary the state of the tide, may make it impossible for us to tell *how* high, or *how* low the tide will be at a given place and time, yet these causes, too, are the result of law; not of chance.

A study of human life on this earth discloses the fact that there are many ups and downs in the life of the race. A closer study shows that these periods of rise and fall have a certain relation to each other, a certain periodicity, as truly as have the tides of the ocean. This fact Shakespeare has noted in the lines:

* Address given at Isis Theatre, San Diego, May 25, 1902

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.—*Julius Cæsar*

It is a general observation that races and nations have their periods of infancy, manhood, age, and decay. It has also been observed that the progress of civilization, in historical times, has been from the East towards the West—from the Orient to Asia Minor, thence to Greece and Rome, and then to the various European nations, and lastly to America, where various elements are coming together for the purpose of evolving a new and more advanced race.

These two general facts are accepted by all, but they are only parts of a larger whole. And in all ages there have been a few advanced thinkers who have taught that the long course of the Life of Humanity is divided into definite periods, ages or eons, some longer, some shorter, corresponding somewhat to day and night, the seasons of the year, and other observed periods in the ordinary course of nature. We often speak of the night of the Middle Ages, when darkness covered Europe: and there were periods of night in other lands and times, as in Palestine, India, Egypt, and ancient America. Thus history, as we know it, indicates beyond all doubt that the law of periodicity, which we see in the tides of the ocean, holds good also in the course of the life of humanity; and we can speak correctly of a tide in the affairs of nations, races, or individuals.

In that revelation of the Wisdom Religion given us by H. P. Blavatsky, and known as Modern Theosophy, we have, among many other things, a much fuller outline of the general plan of things given us than men had been able to get in other ages. In that revelation of the Great Law which governs the world, and the universe, we are told that humanity evolves, by certain natural stages, through great races, like the Atlantean, and smaller races, like the Aryan or Semitic, and minor races like the Greek, Roman, French, German, English, and others. Each of these has its morning, noon, and night, or its spring-time, summer and winter—in each the great tide of the world's life flows and ebbs.

Each great religion marks a spring-time of the world's life: and as spring follows a period of winter, so the spring-time of a great religion comes after a season of winter, a period of spiritual darkness and need.

If we take the case of the Mohammedan religion, we find that it came to the peoples of the Arab stock when they were immersed in a miserable idolatry. If we can judge of the state of the world 1900 years ago from certain parts of Greek and Latin authors, or from certain things found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, we must conclude that the Greek and Roman religions had become little more than a mockery, and that no strong moral and spiritual power existed to keep from corruption the nations around the Mediterranean. It was in that hour

of great need that Christianity came bringing Life and Immortality to light.

We know also that when Buddha came the religion of Ancient India sadly needed reform. In each instance, after a period of winter, after a time of spiritual darkness, there came a spiritual spring-time, or a full-tide of the world's life.

The pity has been that, owing to obstructions caused by human folly, the spring-time has not lasted so long as it should have done; the full-tide of spiritual life has ebbed very soon. If we take the case of Christianity we know that even during the life-time of the Apostles, disharmony and division began to work. And the state of the church which we find at the Council of Nice (A. D. 325), is a condition of turmoil, strife and worldly scheming, utterly foreign to the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ. Thus the spring-time of Christianity was nipped very early: the flood-tide of spiritual life was split into foam as it dashed against the rocks of human vanity, love of power, and love of rule.

Now, what is the meaning and practical outcome to us of all this? Surely it is that we may read these letters of fire and take warning. Surely the voice of history is a divine voice warning us that we neglect not to co-operate now with the Great Law of Nature that again brings the spring-time, that again produces a flood-tide of spiritual life, and that not for one nation or race only, but for the whole world.

Had Christianity remained on the lines laid down by its great Founder, the world would not be the pandemonium which it is today—the armed camp where greed, and craft, and might rule, and where nearly every man's hand is against his fellow. The mission of Jesus, as he himself says, was specially to the Jews: "I was not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." His teaching, however, being universal, being part of the Divine Wisdom, could not be limited, and hence the spread of it among European peoples. The mission of Mohamed was to the Arabs, another portion of the Semitic stock, and it has never extended much beyond them. The mission of Buddha was to a portion of the great Aryan race and, strange to say, just as Christianity came to the Jews and when rejected by them was given to the Greeks and Romans, so Buddhism, which came to reform the caste-bound Brahmins, was rejected by them, for the most part, and was then extended to other countries—Ceylon, Burma, China, and Japan.

We have, in the present day, the Ancient Wisdom Religion again presented to the world in a fuller and more perfect way than ever before. It is not too much to say that for the last 1900 years or so, the world has been undergoing preparation for the full-tide of spiritual life which is now flowing.

But one may say, what reason have we to assert that there is any tide of spiritual life at present? Do not the conditions of the world point just the other way? When, in the history of the world, were men more selfish, more

materialistic in their thoughts and lives? When were spiritual things so little esteemed? Are not the churches often as worldly as the world? Are not some of them as devoted to the outward and the conventional as ever were the effete religions of the ancient world? All this is true, and it is just because it is true; it is just because of the world's winter—because of the world's terrible need, that the spring-time from on high is coming to break up the frost and ice of the materialistic winter, and to make the flowers of hope, and joy, charity, and peace, bloom once more in the hearts of men. It is an old proverb, founded upon long experience, that “the darkest and coldest hour of all the night is the hour before dawn,” and certainly that was so in the history of the twenty-five years before H. P. Blavatsky came again to reveal the ancient Wisdom Religion.

But some one may still say, What evidence have we for believing that modern Theosophy is such a great revelation, or that it floods the world with spiritual life? That the world was in great need is some evidence, but it is not enough to warrant us in accepting Theosophy as meeting that need.

The needs of this age are at least three-fold, whereas the prominent need of any other age was confined to one point chiefly. In the case of Buddha, for instance, the need was to proclaim the true religion as being independent of caste, as itself constituting the true nobility. The need which Jesus Christ met was to give reality instead of formalism, the spirit rather than the letter, and to proclaim God as the Father of all men, and not of one race or tribe only. But today the needs of the world are many and varied. We know that the Nineteenth century developed the scientific spirit so that there was a great “Conflict between Science and Religion.” Theosophy must therefore meet all those points demanded by the age. It must explain man's nature as neither the churches nor the scientists were able to do. It must emphasize the fact that man is divine, and not a mere animal, as the scientists had taught. It must show that true religion is based in the very nature of man, and of all things, and is therefore *divinely* scientific. This Theosophy has done, and it has not only covered the points on which science was speculating, but it has gone very far beyond, and has unfolded the general principle of the universe in such a way that no future revelation will make the present one antiquated.

Another crying need of the times is for unity, for justice, for truth, for love and peace—in other words, for Universal Brotherhood. The nations of the world have been wearing out their lives to support huge fleets and armies; and the warfare of commerce has been hardly less bitter than that of the sword. Theosophy declares and proves the unity of life, and the amity and peace which should naturally result therefrom. We are all members in one body. We are all children in the same divine family. Each man is his brother's keeper. The

loss of one is the loss of all, and the gain of one is the gain of all. Theosophy meets that fear of death which holds so many in bondage, and shows that the real man never dies, for what we call death is the soul's laying aside for a time its garb of flesh.

Another great need of the age arose from the fact that men had largely ceased to believe in the old church teaching about hell and the devil, and nothing had taken the place of these beliefs, hence the tendency of many, when left without any restraint, to lead careless lives. Theosophy, by enforcing the law of Karma, showing that we reap what we sow, makes all wrong-doing a blunder and a folly as well as a sin, for who but a fool would light a fire to burn himself?

Another very essential need of the age was a right conception of the Divine. Scientists had become so immersed in their own investigations of matter that their eyes were like the eyes of moles, they could not see the sun. For them matter was all. The churches, on the other hand, had made God more and more like mortal man, hence it was most necessary that men should realize the immanence of the divine, and feel that they "live, and move, and have their being in God." The Universe then becomes the perpetual dwelling place, the solemn temple of the Most High. The All-Seeing Eye is upon all our thoughts, and in all the manifestations of law we see the presence of Divine Will. These, and many other things Theosophy teaches, and in doing so it covers the whole field of the world's need—a wider field of need than ever existed before.

Consider, again, what long preparations, on outer lines, have been taking place in the world, so as to make possible the rapid diffusion of spiritual light now. The net-work of electric wires connecting nations. The Universal Postal Union, silently bringing men nearer to one another, and making for peace. The rapid intercourse by sea and land. The community of nations along many material lines. The printing press. These and many other things are so many channels for the full-tide of spiritual life to flood all nations. St. Paul could not travel a few hundred miles without great danger both by land and sea; now he could sit in his office and send circulars to the whole world. When Jesus came his wonderful works and life were hardly known outside of Palestine; now the Sermon on the Mount would be in the morning and evening papers from California to Japan, and from Northern Europe to the Southern Pacific.

The great activity of the world, the rapid intercourse between nations, the consuming hunger for something that will satisfy—all these are signs of the times, and they indicate that a mighty tide is flowing.

We know that the ship which hardly moves responds very slowly to the helm, but when she moves quickly a slight motion of the helm is sufficient to rapidly change her course. Things move quickly in the world today, and that itself is an avenue of hope, and an indication of the mighty tide that is flowing.

We can, by a firm hand on the helm, change our lives, and change the course of the world much more quickly now than would have been possible in other times.

The cardinal feature in every great spiritual movement is that it brings *reality* in place of shams, and *truth* and *honesty* instead of lies and dishonesty. This the Theosophical teaching has done, it has been a light-bringer, and for this very reason that it has thrown light on shams, and idols, and hypocrites, holding up as its motto—"There is no religion higher than Truth"—for this very reason it has called forth the vituperation and misrepresentation. Those who love darkness have made common cause against the Theosophical Society. Thus it has been in all ages; the orthodoxy of every age has been the opponent of Truth, and those who regarded themselves as the custodians of religion have been the first to stone the prophets, and kill those that were sent for man's liberation. This in some cases arises from bigotry and mental darkness, but in most cases it springs from self-interest. The craft is in danger. But we feel certain that no obstacles, no detractors, no misrepresentations, nor any other thing can now impede the course of the mighty wave of spiritual life which is flooding the world—which is welling up in the hearts of men. The great ones who have watched by the cradle and the grave of empires and races, and who have shaped events for this time in which we now live, are not going to allow a few obstacles to block the path of the world's progress. The sun is rising with healing in his beams, and the world itself could not prevent the light shining. The utmost any man can do is to put up the shutters on his own window. The mighty tide of spiritual life is flowing—it is rising higher and higher every year, and every month. All that is worn out, all that is merely conventional, all hypocrisy and sham will be swept away; and Truth shall establish her kingdom on the pillars of justice and judgment, uprightness and peace. Then truly shall the waste places of the earth rejoice, and the desert shall blossom as the rose, and none shall hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.

THE Infinite always is silent.
 It is only the Finite speaks;
 Our words are the idle wave-caps
 On a deep that never breaks.
 We question with wand of science;
 Explain, decide and discuss;
 But only in meditation
 The mystery speaks to us.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

What Is True Motherhood?

by Phaeton



THE nineteenth century has been called the woman's century. The twentieth century will be called the century of the child.

Those who study conditions in a broad way awaken more and more to a knowledge of the present universal interest in childhood, a universal desire to give to all children a higher moral training than was given to ourselves.

Napoleon was not wrong when he said, "What France needs is mothers." What the world needs today is mothers, true mothers. We begin to realize at last that the great souls of the past cannot come back to us and work again for humanity as they long to do, until there are great and noble women willing to call them back and care for them. Like attracts like and the magnetic laws which operate on the physical plane operate also on the planes of mind and soul.

Yet, today a startling fact confronts us. The most highly educated women, as the world goes, shrink from motherhood as if it were a state most undesirable. How can the paradox be explained? First, we must ask, what is true motherhood?

Let us picture to ourselves what motherhood would mean under ideal conditions. Let us go back in thought to the Golden Age, the spring-time of the race, when there was no sorrow, no selfishness, when the gods walked beside us and all dwelt together in one vast Brotherhood. Picture to yourselves the benediction that motherhood must have brought in such an age, when the woman went forth like a warrior, to pay her debt unto the future, where both man and woman welcomed the little child, where life was joy because passion had not yet laid its filthy hand upon the human race.

Those were golden days when the woman was an inspiration to the man and together they studied the deeper meaning of life. But picture to yourself what motherhood must have meant during the Dark Ages, when woman was the toy, the courtesan, or the beaten slave; man the tyrant, the victim of his passions and appetites. Is it strange that during those days children were unwelcome, motherhood came to be regarded as a task, a misfortune or a curse?

Read the history of education during the Middle Ages. See how the children of the world were totally misunderstood, their minds crammed and stuffed, their souls left to starve. Had not a Light come during that heavy time and given to the race a higher conception of womanhood, what was there that would have saved humanity from sinking so low that at last it would have wholly passed,

the soul of it snuffed out like the flame of a candle. But the Light came, the standard was planted and lo, the world became a battlefield. History makes very plain how the real pain of it all fell upon the mothers. They could not fight a fair battle as could man, for their every step was heavy with the little children clinging to their skirts. They could not strike a single blow for themselves for their arms were about the child. Contrast the benediction of motherhood in the Golden Age with the terror and struggle, the heart-ache and the disappointment that have been the sign and seal of motherhood ever since written history began. For the true mother heart yearns to give her children something more than she had in her own childhood, something more than mere bread, mere knowledge, mere education. And, in accordance with that Universal Law by which we become strong and wise only in proportion as we contribute to the wisdom and the strength of others, so, in seeking to help the child, has the motherhood and the womanhood of the world grown strong and great. Today once again the true woman is in the van of that great army of warrior souls that sweeps on through the centuries and through all time.

Yet, is the battle over? No! Within the heart of every true woman is a deep unrest. The race has won for its children the bread that feeds the body and the bread that feeds the mind. But today a new need has arisen, for the sunlight is beginning to pour in on human life, and much that was hidden by the darkness of the past this light now reveals. We see that our children are more than bodies, more than mere intellects. We see that they are souls; and that, as souls, they demand soul-food. They demand the Bread of Heaven, and they look for it first to their mothers.

Yet what a battle awaits the mother today in her effort to guide the higher nature of her child, to win for her child the Bread of Heaven. Pitted against her are all the intellectualism, all the convention, all the sensuality of the age. Pitted against her better impulses also, are her own intellectual tendencies, her own intellectual ambitions. All these she must face and conquer or she barter her own motherhood. That is exactly why today our brightest women shrink from the difficulties and the obliteration of the mother's life because, as the frankest of them confess, "One has to give up so much."

Let us not condemn them. They do not know that Universal Law by which the seed must be buried in the ground and die ere the living plant can come to birth, that Universal Law by which the mother must bury her personal likes and dislikes or the divine, real, mother self cannot take root and grow. They do not trust enough. They hesitate to drink of that sacred cup of experience which in the beginning is as poison and in the end as the waters of life.

Oh! if the mothers of the world knew of the message the women of Lomaland have for them, they would go out like warriors to meet the difficulties of

their position, willing to become a target for the enemies of the right and of God. They would find their own souls, and in this battle for their children, they would learn their power and blossom into such a wise use of it that the world would become a Heaven, verily, in a single generation.

Let me paint you a symbolic picture. It will tell you the story not of one mother but of every mother in the world who dares this fight and wins. I paint you in that picture a mother beside the cradle of her baby boy. She is thinking of her daily life, so crowded with the hard things and the insignificant things that are left to the mothers of the world because no one else will do them. She is thinking of her intellectual ambitions, buried. She is thinking of the great men of the ages. She sees the laurel crown their heads and the palm before their feet. She hears the world's applause and this mother counsels with her soul, and cries, "Have the mothers of these men no share in all this?" And her soul replies, "No one dreams of it, if they have."

The mother looks down at her boy and says, "I could have done a broader work than this." And her soul replies, "What is broader than the foundation?" She thinks of the battles she must fight for that boy and she asks, despairing, "Will motherhood always mean heartache?" And her soul replies, "Yea, until motherhood is learned." And the mother becomes silent, silent. And out of her silence is born the peace that tells of conquest.

The baby boy laughs in his cradle. The mother stoops low and lifts him to her heart. She looks into his eyes and sees there the shining of the Infinite Light, and over this woman sweep the life currents of the divine. The old selfishness slips away from her soul like a cast-off garment. She holds her boy closer to her heart and stands erect, for her face is radiant.

Years pass away. The battle is often heavy. The fire is hot about her. But the gods bend low. They lift this woman into power and into peace, and from that mystic hour she walks beside them.

And at last the time comes when the mother can say, "I have fought the good fight. I have kept the faith." She has won for her boy the Bread of Life, and at last he stands before her a man, in the fullness and stature of the Higher Self, and the world has another Teacher.

And the mother says unto her son, "Let us help the world together." For the battle has made her young. Her heart is still aflame and the world is a place to grieve over.

The son takes his mother's hand and together they go forth unto humanity. For humanity needs their message and the pain of the world still is. But the mother says, "Nay, this is not enough; let us carry this message to mothers."

And it comes to pass that the mothers of the world hear this message and take heed.

And I paint you another picture of a fair land beside an opal sea, where men and women together teach the child; a land where pain and sin are not, where selfishness exists not; a land where dwell the gods, unto whose borders broodeth an infinite peace, and over whose mountains shineth the Eternal Sun.

And shall these things ever be? Yea, verily, in the future as in the past, when true motherhood is learned.

Thomas Paine



Extracts from an article contributed by MONCURE D. CONWAY, in the *New York Sun*

THE present year, 1902, is the hundredth anniversary of Thomas Paine's return to America after his fifteen stormy years in Europe. His *Age of Reason* caused him to be met with universal denunciation in the pulpits, in which President Jefferson was to some extent included for receiving him as a guest in the executive mansion.

But Paine's adherents made the most of his "providential" escapes from British pursuit after his indictment for writing *The Rights of Man*, and naturally his escape from the guillotine by the accident of a chalk mark being made on his door in prison when it was open, so that it was inside when the door was closed.

When, after so many perils, Paine settled peaceably in his homestead at New Rochelle, presented to him by Congress for his services in the Revolution, and continued to propagate his theistic opinions, there were many pious predictions that he would either recant or that his death-bed would be marked by some fearful judgment.

On January 18, 1809, Paine wrote his will, the opening sentence of which is: "The last will and testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my Creator, God, and in no other, for I know of no other, and believe in no other."

Paine had no fear of death, but only of living too long, and suffering like his parents, from helpless age. When at length death was plainly approaching, his only dread was excited by the aggressions of proselyters, whose eagerness for some miraculous manifestations, from heaven or hell, at the death-bed of the famous Deist, was likely to fabricate a fabulous fulfillment. He therefore sent

for the widow of his friend, Elihu Palmer, left in poverty, to watch beside him till his death.

His next anxiety was lest fanatics, in their disappointment if he was neither converted nor carried off by Satan, should subject his body to indignities, and, his parents having been Quakers, he requested burial in the Friends' graveyard in New York. This was refused solely because of his Deism, nothing being alleged against his character.

Paine, who was born January 29, 1736 or '37, died of dropsy June 8, 1809, about 8 A. M., in a house on the spot now occupied by 59 Grove street, Greenwich. No announcement was made of his funeral, probably through fear of some popular demonstration.

He was followed to his grave in New Rochelle by Mme. de Bonneville, who with her husband—still under surveillance of Bonaparte—had so long given him a home in Paris; by a company of negroes, for the freedom of whose race he had so often pleaded; and by an eminent Quaker, William Quittance, probably also by another Friend, Willett Hicks. With Mme. de Bonneville were her two sons, Benjamin (afterward General) and Thomas, who entered the United States Navy.

Placing Benjamin at one end of the grave, and herself standing at the other, Mme. de Bonneville cried: "O, Mr. Paine, my son stands here as testimony of the gratitude of America, and I for France!"

Such were the only services at the grave of the author concerning whom a committee of Congress had reported on the preceding February 1st "That Mr. Paine rendered great and eminent services to the United States during their struggle for liberty and independence cannot be doubted by any person acquainted with his labors in the cause and attached to the principles of the contest."

Then Paine entered on a posthumous career. There was no Quaker formula against Deism, and the refusal of a grave to Paine—resented by Quittance, Willett Hicks and others of the society—initiated, as I believe, the controversy which presently founded the Hicksite Quakers.

A plain headstone was placed at Paine's grave, but bits of it were chipped away by visitors. A fragment used to be occasionally shown at Paine celebrations in New York, and the destruction of the headstone ascribed to orthodox vandalism. But Gilbert Vale, who in 1837 edited *The Beacon*, said in that paper that it was done by "admiring visitors."

In September, 1819, William Cobbett, the English Radical, who was then planning to steal Paine's bones, wrote from America a public letter to Lord Folkstone, in which he advised him to read Paine's *Decline and Fall of the British System of Finance*, and said:

Yet while such a fellow as pensioned Johnson, that slave of State, stands in colossal marble in St. Paul's, Paine lies in a little hole under the grass and weeds of an obscure farm in America. There, however, he shall not lie unnoticed much longer.

He belongs to England. His fame is the property of England; and if no other people will show that they value that fame, the people of England will.

Yes, my Lord, among the pleasures that I promise myself, is that of seeing the name of Paine honored in every part of England, where base corruption caused him, while alive, to be burned in effigy. Never will England be what it ought to be until the marble of Pitt's monument is converted into a monument to the memory of Paine.

In the same month the remains were dug up.

Our expedition set out from New York in the middle of the night; got to the place (twenty-two miles off) at the peep of day; took up the coffin entire; and just as we found it it goes to England. Let it be considered the act of the Reformers of England, Scotland and Ireland. In their name we opened the grave, and in their name will the tomb be raised.—*Cobbett's Register*, vol. xxxv, p. 382

An aged Quaker informed me that a number of Friends who were on the ship Elizabeth when Cobbett came aboard with the big box at New York, left ship on learning its contents; and those who looked for a striking judgment on the vessel were disappointed. Cobbett with his strange freight landed at Liverpool November 21, 1819.

The reaction caused by the French Revolution was beginning to subside when Cobbett brought to England the bones of its famous outlaw, who, the attorney-general had declared in 1792, should never enter the country again except *in vinculis*. Cobbett's enterprise was met with mingled wrath and ridicule. . . .

Eight days after the arrival of Paine's bones at Liverpool, three different bills were introduced into Parliament, all aimed against the recovery by the people of rights lost during the French Revolution—the Seditious Meetings bill, the Training Prevention bill, and the blasphemous Libels bill. The promoters of these measures were not slow in availing themselves of the Paine-Cobbett incident. On December 2, 1819, Mr. Wilmot said in the House of Commons:

Does anybody advocate the principle of these meetings? If such a man exists it can only be in the person of the individual just returned from America, who has dug up the unhallowed bones of the blasphemer, and has brought them to this country for the purpose of creating a frenzied feeling in favor of his projects, and like old John Ziska, who desired that his skin should be made into a drum to rouse his countrymen, wishes to stir up impiety and disaffection by the exhibition of this mummery to the irritated people of this country.

As for the ridicule, it was, apart from newspaper paragraphs, chiefly represented by some anonymous rhymes, written with skill but with an affectation of rudeness, and printed in the cheapest form.

Whether even under more auspicious circumstances Cobbett could have revived enthusiasm for Paine is doubtful. In 1820 George III gave a blow to public interest in Paine's bones by dying on Paine's birthday, January 29th. Thenceforth popular feeling was entirely occupied with the sufferings of Queen Caroline and the affairs of George IV.

Cobbett at once began his efforts to get into Parliament, and Paine's bones were stored away and forgotten for years. It appears, however, that he occasionally exhibited them.

[Mr. Conway then traces in detail the fate and fortunes of Paine's bones through many years. They were successively lost, found, given away, sold at auction once or twice, and finally the purchaser of them at the Cobbett sale discovered that theft also had played its part. The skull was missing. That with the bones of the right hand had been removed and, to quote Mr. Conway, "had gone on a career of its own." Of Paine's hand he says]:

Oliver Ainslie says that the smallness and delicacy of Paine's hand were such that the late Professor John Marshall of the Royal College of Surgeons at first thought it was the hand of a female. "The head was also small for a man and of the Celtic type, I should say, and somewhat conical in shape, and with more cerebellum than frontal development."

Some little time after his father's death the skull and hand were brought from 71 Mornington Road, where the Rev. Robert Ainslie had resided, to Oliver Ainslie's house, 47 Lincoln's Inn Fields, whence they were taken away by a Mr. Penny, to whom had been confided some arrangements of the room containing them for a new tenant. Oliver Ainslie became interested in the remains only when too late to save them, and was unable to find Mr. Penny, nor did he know his full name.

He supposed that Penny may have disposed of the skull to one of the waste paper dealers near by. But this appears to me improbable. Every physician must possess a skull, which is worth more than a waste paper dealer would pay.

This skull of Paine also had the name of J. P. Cobbett written, or perhaps scratched, on it. If an obvious remark may be forgiven, Mr. Penny would hardly be so pound-foolish as to dispose of a skull so inscribed as mere rubbish, and Paine's skull may be in some London doctor's office or craniological collection.

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Mr. Ainslie had come into possession of Paine's skull some years before his orthodoxy was called into question, and the hue and cry might have been disagreeably renewed had it reached the public that while secretary of the City Mission he had the bones of Tom Paine in his house.

It appears certain that when he purchased Paine's skull some years before his orthodoxy was called into question, Mr. Ainslie was unconscious of heretical symptoms. If it were admissible for Painites to believe in the potency of saintly

relics they might point to the fact that Paine's skull fell into the hands of an orthodox member of the City Mission, and Paine's brain into those of an orthodox Baptist minister, and that both of these ministers subsequently became unorthodox.

That Paine's skull is still somewhere in London is highly probable. . . . Most of us have heard from the pulpit stories of Paine's recantation or of his frightful end, but one told me by my friend, Mr. Van der Weyde, the eminent London photographer, exhibited him as a variant of the Wandering Jew. In boyhood Van der Weyde heard shudderingly a sermon in which the preacher said that Tom Paine was so wicked that he could not be buried, the earth would not hold him. His bones were placed in a box and carried about from one place to another, until at last they came into the hands of a button maker, and now his bones are traveling about the world in the form of buttons. Every now and then one of these legendary "buttons" appears in the form of some long-exploded fiction about Paine.

But I have recently been able to terminate the wanderings of the last discoverable remnant of Paine's body. Two years ago I learned that the fragment of brain had been turned over by the aged minister, Rev. George Reynolds, to the well-known second-hand book-seller of London, Charles Higham. Seeing Higham's advertisement of the same it troubled me that any atom of Paine's unpurchasable brain should be hawked about. So I offered £5 for it, and the offer was accepted.

I brought it home with me on the *Kaiser Frederick*. It need hardly be added that the ship was struck by a cyclone, but nevertheless the remnant of Thomas Paine so ended its wanderings of four-score years, and has found a repose in the country whose cause, as he declared, made him an author.

BUILD on resolve, and not upon regret,
 The structure of thy future. Do not grope
 Among the shadows of old sins, but let
 Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope,
 And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
 Upon the blotted record of lost years,
 But turn the leaf and smile, oh, smile to see
 The fair white pages that remain for thee.—*Selected*

Design in Art

by Cashel



AMID the discord of conflicting voices, each crying its infallible remedy for all the ills artistic from which mankind suffers, it is with pleasure that one hears the call of a prophet in the wilderness who is not entirely psychologized by the prevailing fads and fashions of the day. We refer to the American artist, Mr. George de Forest Brush, who has lately expressed in pithy words what thoughtful students and critics are feeling in degrees proportionate to their experience. Mr. Brush, after discussing the false ideas of the purpose of art so largely current, contends, wisely, that a true advance in art must be the outcome of natural development and the lifting of the whole mental atmosphere of the people, and can no more come by the exclusive devotion of the few professional art students or by the mere multiplication of art museums—excellent things though they be in their degree—than swimming can be learned without going into the water. You can learn all *about* the history and technique of art, as you can learn all *about* poetry. But the most learned knowledge of processes and systems will no more make an artist than a familiarity with the rules of grammar and scansion will make a poet.

Numberless deadly dull books have been written upon the works of the great masters, their varnishes, their "composition," their "transparent shadows," and the like, and in the galleries are collected, as in a botanist's herbarium, "specimens" of all the schools of painting and sculpture, mosaic, metal-work, etc., and on the neatly trimmed lawns of old cathedral cities are found specimens of the architecture of former times.

These remains, which are now mainly objects of wonder, were the vital outgrowth of the spirit of the ages in which they were created. They reflected the whole attitude of the man of the day—the rich man and the common man too. They were part of life itself. Look at the quaint gargoyles of the mediæval churches and remember they were carved by simple men who did just what seemed to them most natural. Look at the grotesque Madonnas and altar pieces of the early Italian schools, how exactly they illustrated the spirit of the age. As evidence of this, when Cimabue's masterpiece, which first broke through the conventions of the past and expressed the growing understanding of the Florentines, was completed, the whole people with one impulse turned out to do it honor, and carried it in triumph through the city streets.

We never do that sort of thing nowadays. Why not? What have we lost? We have lost simplicity, sincerity. We have lost the power of thinking for

ourselves in the extraordinary multiplication of useless and absolutely embarrassing objects surrounding us. Our lives are made up of too many false activities. We are prisoners to custom in our own houses. Why should nearly every fashionable drawing-room look more like a bric-a-brac store covered with useless, trivial knickknacks, than a room where the owner's individuality might show itself?

Possibly it is because the proprietor has no taste and therefore trusts to his upholsterer to supply him with the "correct thing." I fear this is only too often the truth. But how much better it would be if a little honesty and simplicity were introduced into our lives, and we ceased to live in dread of what other people might say! We then could legitimately expect a real art to arise and permeate society as of old.

Mr. Brush speaks forcibly of the influence of religion upon art, and points out that individualism has reached such an extreme in modern times that it gives rise to unrest in all departments of life, including the world of art. What a picture the current art reflects of our state of civilization! The aim to appear "respectable" is dominant. Until our young artists realize that the production of acres of mediocre canvases is not supplying a real need, and turn their abilities in the direction of applied art, humbler though the external rewards may be, shall we begin to break down the barriers which have been raised between the general public and the limited art "caste."

Though it is impossible to learn to achieve great works from a study of the past alone, it is a necessary help in lifting the general level of intelligence. To all students of human life, true knowledge of history, art history or otherwise, is of the utmost service in forming intelligent views and in helping to create a healthy public opinion. False views of the past, a narrow outlook into, or interpretation of, the pageant of history thrown upon the screen of time have actually hypnotized the leaders of modern thought and have proportionately cramped their anticipations of the future.

While bearing in mind that the study of the foundations of design in art will not make us artists, we will heartily recognize that the symbolic forms we find so widely distributed are not arbitrary inventions but, like the characteristic shapes of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, express in a sort of short-hand, the inner idea concealed behind the form.

It will be profitable to investigate some of the deep causes of the world-wide manifestations of the art-spirit in its apparently different forms.

In the ordinary courses of study given in numerous art schools in different countries, the real origin of the beautiful and curious patterns we admire and blindly copy is entirely ignored. Is not this neglect of one of the most important factors caused by the ignorance of the teachers? In earlier days art was truly the handmaid of religion and the ornamentation was an integral part of the

whole harmonious unity. Used merely for purposes of space-covering, it was almost unknown—certainly during the brightest days.

We cannot trace, with certainty, the earliest development of art in any region. Many of the remains now existing are beyond all possible calculation in point of age. But some which seem simpler in construction have been considered by common consent to be of the greatest antiquity such as, for instance, "New Grange," and its neighboring structures near Drogheda, Ireland, not far from the Hill of Tara, so famous in song and legend.

A remarkable identity in design is found between these Irish remains of extreme antiquity and the cyclopean works of Brittany, Greece, etc.

In these earliest and simplest remains we should expect to find, if our hypothesis be true that the origin of much or all of the time-honored designs is to be found in symbolism, the decorative elements of many of the later periods in simpler form. And so we do. Among the most characteristic features of antique religious decorative work are the Zigzag, the Spiral or Volute, and the "Lozenge." At "New Grange," and in the other primitive chambered buildings, we find these plainly carved on their walls; but a significant fact strikes the student who examines with care. This is that these fundamental elements of a large group of designs were obviously carved for other purposes than ornament alone, as is plainly shown by their singular positions. For, though the opening of some of the Mound-chambers is marked by a conspicuous stone bearing the significant symbol of the Spiral—the glyph of eternal progress in evolution—yet, within the dark recesses of the interior we find the same, and many other forms of frequent occurrence in later periods, carefully concealed in out-of-the-way corners and behind projections where it would be absurd to place them for decorative purposes.

In ancient Greece the cyclopean remains of extreme antiquity at Mycenæ afford a most interesting resemblance to those found in the far away Celtic countries. In the "Treasury" or "Tomb" of Atreus we find the three chief mystic symbols of New Grange reproduced with exactitude, but with the refinement which was such a distinguishing mark of Greek work. Here, in front of the Mound called the "Tomb of Atreus" the pillars bear the three chief signs which occur on the ruder masonry of Ireland, Brittany, etc. In the Greek example the spiral, the "lozenge" and zigzag are combined in a most effective design.

Traveling down the ages to a much later period, when the cult of beauty had become more dominant in the Greek mind, we find the simple scratches mentioned, with other forms such as the "world-egg," the "egg-and-tongue," the "Anthemnion" and others. Previously found in embryo, so to speak, the designs have increased in complexity and elegance, but have not altered in essential nature. Following the course of art through the centuries, we still find these

forms holding a prominent place until, at last, the tide of ignorance and materialism swept away the meaning of the symbols from the reach of mankind in general. The sacred emblems became merely subjects of curious speculation, or "properties" to be fitted in by the uninspired "decorator," wholly regardless of appropriateness, or need, except the desire to encrust a bare space with some pattern to relieve the monotony. Thus we see the chaste and dignified symbols of Greece plastered over the walls of a pot-house.

Another illustration is furnished by the treatment of the well-known wave-molding or zigzag of the early Byzantine and Norman builders. That pattern symbolized spiritual existence in the "picture writing" of antiquity, and before it fell into disuse in the later Gothic period the Romanesque architects adopted it intelligently and with obvious purpose mainly for the enrichment of the chancel; the complexity and multiplicity of the zigzag carvings increasing as the altar, the most sacred place, is reached.

The introduction of certain symbols, such as this and the Egyptian (and universal) sacred cross, the Tau, in the most important places in the early churches and cathedrals, shows, to those who understand the importance attached to this form from the earliest prehistoric times, that the guilds of wandering builders had not quite lost the lingering tradition of some of the ancient teachings of the Wisdom Religion. In the chapel of the Tower of London can be seen the sacred Tau engraved upon the two chief pillars in the chancel closest to the altar; also in Canterbury Cathedral, the center of the religious life of England during the middle ages, the two main pillars which support the high altar have the same symbol upon them in addition to the spiral or volute at the corners. In the light which Theosophy has thrown upon the deeper meanings of the old philosophies and religions it is easy for us to see that the usage of these designs in the striking manner mentioned was no haphazard coincidence, and that there was more than merely the spontaneous art-instinct displaying itself.

Many other illustrations of this theory could be given, if space permitted, but enough has been said to suggest to students that the treasures we are still fortunate enough to possess of the ancient world are a storehouse of more valuable facts than some have been willing to think. The time is coming rapidly when the intelligent study of art upon the broader lines laid down by Theosophy will open doors which have hitherto been closed against us owing to our want of brotherhood and consequent spiritual and mental blindness. To that end the simplifying and purifying of our lives will directly tend.

How often would we be ashamed of our noblest actions if the world were acquainted with the motives that impelled us.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

Clouds That Hide the Sun

by a Student



As a blind man cannot see the sun although it lightens the whole world, so those blind of knowledge, or spiritually blind, also cannot perceive the omnipresent Eternal Peace that encompasses the whole universe.—*Uttara Gita*

IT is characteristic of modern speculation, as contrasted with ancient philosophies, to regard man as “evolving” or reaching up, as it were, to some hitherto unattained height. Ancient philosophies regard man as being under a cloud, in a state of lapse and delusion; and they consider his aim should be liberation and disillusionment. With the moderns, progress appears in the light of an exploration into unknown realms. With the ancients it is the home-coming.

No doubt there is no essential difference between these two, nothing more than a difference in the point of view and mode of expression. But it is often useful to correct the bias of our own opinions by comparing them with those of others. For instance, we may unconsciously fall into the habit of regarding the present life as normal and the ideal life as abnormal—something to be strained after. The influence of modern thought, in which we were bred, is so strong that it is difficult to eliminate it from our minds; and our notions as to the better life after which we aspire may be tintured with the wrong notions we had before.

We may sub-consciously harbor the notion that, in devoting ourselves to the pursuit of an ideal life, we are “sacrificing” something good, and generously courting something unpleasant for the sake of duty or some such high incentive.

Now, in the passage quoted above, we have the ideal set before us as a home-coming, a restoring to health, a removal of infirmities. The peace and joy are not elevated to some lofty and distant heaven, ever-receding, but are placed all around us; we are not asked to go searching and straining about after a new world, but to open our eyes and see the one we are now in. Heaven is not hereafter, but here; and we are gods now.

Joy is all around us,
If we would but feel it.

Now think what a vast difference these two points of view make to our hopes and prospects. The old-fashioned notions in which we have been brought up teach us to regard ourselves as weak, erring creatures, and to postpone the hope of eternal happiness and wisdom far into the future. It is the doctrine of dependency and despair with which humanity has so long been hypnotized. It

effectually kills aspiration and effort, and keeps us in continual ignorance of our possibilities—of our actual present powers. We speculate on what we may become, and know not what we are.

What a device to divert man from his treasure—to relegate all good to that imaginary sphere called the “future,” thus removing it from the present which is where we live and work!

The other point of view shows man that he *is* an immortal Soul, and there was a time when he knew it and realized it; that the Soul is filled with peace and power and knows not unrest and anxiety. But, owing to the mental blindness and paralysis brought on by long devotion to mistaken ends of lust and selfishness, the race has lost its peace and power.

And so far has the race strayed into the dark that every man is more or less consciously yearning for a return and a deliverance. We crave a restoration of health, physical, mental, moral, that we may once more be able to see the sunlight and feel the peace that enwraps all nature.

We must give up the *personal* idea which colors all our thoughts and aims, and seek for a larger and roomier ideal that will give us room to breathe. Many find this in devoted work for others, but they have to run counter to all the traditions of a society which is founded on a selfish basis. There is need for the nucleus of a new order of society to be formed, which shall encourage impersonal work instead of impeding it, and wherein the people live primarily for the sake of a common ideal, not for their individual welfares.

The peace which is all around may enter any heart that is free and open and where mean and narrow feelings are not allowed to dwell; but in the cities there are too many destructive forces at work. In Loma-land there is the opportunity for such isolated hearts to unite and together seek that peace which the greater world shall anon see and covet.

More than that: those who live the larger life in Loma-land will, as they become strengthened and fitted, go forth into the great world as Helpers, Teachers, Comforters, Bringers of Wisdom and Bearers of Peace. With the magic of a true philosophy they will touch the hearts of men. They will go into the highways and byways, they will shrink not from the publican and the sinner, they will seek the outcast and the forsaken and the despairing, they will go into the prisons which confine the body, they will break through the chains of hypocrisy which chain the minds of men, they will say to the erring man, “Look up, despair not, for verily the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, is within your own heart; and you will find it there if you will but throw off the despair that covers it up.

Those who live the larger life, students of Loma-land, will dare to speak to the erring woman, and tell her that she, too, is divine, that she may be a maker

of destiny if she will but stand forth as a soul, if she will but acknowledge her own Divinity and lay her passion and her heart-ache upon the altar of her awakened soul. But greater than all, the students of Loma-land will carry their influence and their benign philosophy into the home. They will speak unto the mothers of men and rouse them to a consciousness of their own limitless power as fashioners of the race that is to be. As Katherine Tingley spoke to the Hindus at Bombay, India, so will these students speak to all the world:

O, ye men and women, sons of the same Universal Mother as ourselves, who were born as we were born, who die as we shall die, and whose souls like ours belong to the Eternal, I call upon you to awaken from your dreamy state, and see within yourselves that a new and brighter day is dawning for the human race. This is only an age of darkness to those who will not see the light, for *the light itself has never faded and never will.*

Do Your Own Duty

by E. T. Sederholm



IN the silent battle that is being waged for humanity the lines are drawn more closely day by day. Men and women become more and more divided into two distinct camps, the one flying the banner of Light, the other the black flag of darkness. The neutral space between, once so crowded, is gradually cleared, and there are fewer of those who do not know where they stand or who from fear of losing their friends, would compromise with that which they know is wrong and evil.

There is more and more of a recognition that such a course is cowardly, that it is the duty of all good citizens to take sides, to declare themselves and to work for that which they consider right. There comes then also the desire, once the slumbering warrior spirit is awakened, to plunge at once into the thick of the fray, to engage in the hand-to-hand battle which is raging at many points along the line. This desire is natural, yet it must be held in check, for the first requirement for success in any battle is adherence to the general plan, so that the ideas of the commander may be carried out and victory not only achieved, but won in such a way that it will lead to future and still greater glories.

The brunt of this battle is borne by a few who are strong enough and brave enough and wise enough to at all points be superior to the foe, and who therefore are able to form an impenetrable wall, a solid shield around the standard,

around the Leader. They will do all the striking, will deliver the actual blows, but they derive much of their strength, much of the force needed to give these blows, from the ranks of those who stand behind. It is these silent forces, steady, and with the right attitude of mind, that, united in their endeavor for the good, furnish the real sinews of war without which the warriors in front would be powerless to force the battle.

So each one has his own duty to perform, in whatever place he may be situated. His duty is that which lies nearest at hand, and to himself as well as to the whole army that duty is the most important, the one on which the safety of the many will depend. So whether this duty seems great or small, let each one do it well, with all his might, that thus there will be no gaps in the ranks, no vacant space of duty unfulfilled. Let each one do the duty he owes his family, his friends, or those who may depend on him. Or, if his work be in the lodge, in his community or for his country, let him perform it without shirking. Whatever it be, let him fulfill it so that he may stand out as a beacon light in his own sphere, an honor to the cause he represents, and by so acting he is doing all of his share of the fighting.

All know full well what is their duty, will they but listen to the still, small voice within their hearts. That voice repeats again and yet again with Krishna : *Do your own duty, the duty of another is full of danger.*

An Arabian Fragment

by Ab-y-Hyat



AND as Yusuf ben Hassan lay under an ancient date-palm by the fountain, an angel came and talked with him. To me, in later years, when Hassan had attained that which he longed for, he told me all that the angel had said. For Hassan longed that he might come to a knowledge of God, and lead the life that is led by those who know God.

He lay dreaming by night, under the low moon and the stars; and in his dream he was washing garments, the garments of his life, in a stream that ran by the foot of a hill. He washed until in his pride it seemed to him that the garments were quite clean. As he said, in his interpretation to me of his dream: "I had kept all the law, and in nothing failed. Yet I had kept it that in my pride I might be apart from men. And I held myself by day and by night in the thought that I was a law-keeper, one perfect."

But when the angel came, white-robed and white-winged, with a whiteness like unto naught Hassan had ever seen, the clothes he had washed looked in no wise better than the unwashed robes of other men. And Hassan thought: What shall I do to make them even as the robes of the angels?

The angel showed him another stream, far up the hill, as clear as crystal, yea, of a clearness like unto naught Hassan had ever seen. And the angel said: "There, if thou wilt wash thy garments, they shall be clean of a surety." So Hassan went up the hill, and did as the angel had said, and it was even so. For the stream was the Light of God.

Hassan said to me: "Thou must wash thy garments, the garments that be woven of the threads of thine every act and thought, in the Light of God. Up to that Light thou must daily carry them. Not otherwise can they be made clean."

A Twentieth Century Note

by Mongol



THERE are many signs that the Chinese national Soul is bestirring itself. It is time. If there is to be a Brotherhood of Nations, it would be incomplete were one of the Nations to be left alone in its separate, somnolent life. Not one can be omitted if the Soul of Humanity is to be fully realized. For every Nation is in a sense but a function, an organ, of that all-human Soul. Out of evil will come good, for the march of things is immensely quickened these later days.

American agitation against unrestricted Chinese immigration is reacting upon China as a sort of irritative stimulant, tending to unify the national consciousness. The Boxer agitation was a sign of stirring national spirit, however brutal may have been its manifestation. Measures taken to repress it have still further stirred that spirit. Now the nation is beginning, as a whole, to resent the threatened partition of its territory among the European Powers, a fate from which it may be saved by the very jealousy of those same Powers; and let us hope, by the nobler attitude of England, Japan, and America.

It was recently reported that a rebellion is spreading rapidly in the province of Kwang Si. The leaders have placarded the country with announcements that the government has sold parts of the country to foreign powers, placards urging the people to resist the taxes for payment of the international indemnity.

China had to awake. It depends upon her sister nations whether she awake in peace or to the sound of great guns.

History Not a Chaos

271

by H. T. E.



WE have more than once found occasion, in writing on myths, to point out that the same story may be both historical and allegorical, the historical facts serving as a dramatic basis on which to build the allegory. Historians, however, seem incapable of entertaining such a complex idea, and are usually found speculating as to whether a legend is historical *or* mythical. In histories of Greece, for example, we find some arguing that the story of the Trojan war, with the characters concerned, are mythical; while others, basing their arguments on antiquarian research, affirm that they were historical. In many cases, however, it is impossible to select either alternative to the exclusion of the other, for both historical and mythical interpretations are too firmly established. Thus Scylla and Charybdis are at the same time actual geographical facts and symbols of probationary trial and danger; the twelve tribes of Israel are without doubt the twelve signs of the Zodiac, yet are also twelve tribes; and many ancient classical heroes have their place both in the world of men and the realms of symbology.

Such a story as the Tower of Babel is obviously a myth representing the attempt of human art, or "black magic," to reach power and illumination by illegitimate means; and similar myths are found everywhere. Yet archæologists are exploring the ruins of an actual tower whose record through history seems continuous and authentic. Considerations like these lead one at last to the conclusion that all history is symbolical, and then instantly succeeds the thought that "of course it must be so." As students of Theosophy, we recognize law and order, plan and design, and perfect correspondence, throughout all the Universe; and the words "chance" and the like have no use in our vocabulary. History is made up of the actions of men, and the actions of men are determined by their characters and circumstances, both of which are links in the great chain of cause and effect.

The events of life may be very far removed from the primal causes which determine them, yet their connection therewith is none the less certain; and the proper systematizing and interpreting of these events is only a question of coping with complexity and intricacy. We do not see the symbology and consistency of current events because we get too close-sighted and limited a view of them; but when events become lessened and blended together in the distance of historical perspective, then we get a sufficiently bird's-eye view to see the pattern. This is one reason why it is *ancient* history rather than modern that affords the basis for allegory. In ancient history we see centuries and even millenniums condensed on one page, and the pattern, though large, becomes discernible.

Our conclusion then is that history goes on repeating the eternal processes of cosmic and human evolution, and that the life-drama of a single human soul is the very same as the drama of a nation. Hence, the characters in the drama of history will necessarily represent the elements that war and combine in a human life-drama; and it will be easy for anyone writing a drama of the Soul to use any portion of history for his cast and setting. This explains satisfactorily how it comes that history is mythical and mythology historical.

We may follow this thought further by tracing its application to human life on the smaller scale; and, in our own lives and those of the people about us, trace the lineaments of the same divine patterns. Especially can this be done at Point Loma, where the life approximates more closely to primitive simplicity and the effects are closer to the causes. The idea is full of suggestion for observant minds prone to speculate whether such and such a procedure is "done with an ordinary purpose," or is "merely some symbolical ceremony." How, we may ask, could a person gifted with the power of "right action" help acting symbolically? And in the world outside Point Loma, discerning eyes may see behind the masks of the actors and the machinery of the stage, the plan of the great dramatist working itself out. Or, turning a calm and independent eye on their own life may escape for a moment from the delusions caused by self-interest and personal concern, and catch the meaning of that life. At all events there can be no excuse for a Theosophist, believing in Law, to talk and think as if he still believed history were a chaos and human life a medley.

Bible Notes

by Students

✍

But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.—St. Luke, xix, 27

I

THE most important word in this text is the word "enemies." It seems clear that the text is not to be taken as ordinarily understood; that is to say, it is not to be considered as a command to murder disloyal individuals. Such a command would be contrary to and inconsistent with other passages which enjoin us to love our enemies and to do no murder. The idea that the text declares for the committal of murder may therefore be dismissed.

A wide field for exploration, as to its meaning, is furnished by this text.

As regards man individually, we may consider the word "enemies" to mean the lower nature, which has to be slaughtered in the interests of the Higher Self.

With respect to mankind in general, the word "enemies" may be held to indicate the destructive forces which war against progress.

The text seems singularly appropriate to the notable time in which we live, for never in the history of this world has the idea of Universal Brotherhood taken such root in the hearts and minds of the people as at the present time, and never before have the forces of darkness so accentuated their opposition—hence it is necessary that they who will not fall into line should be deprived of their power for evil.

It seems to me that the slaughter of all that is bad in individuals and in aggregations of individuals or communities is what is to be understood from the text before us.

It might be asked, *cui bono?* Why should all that is inimical to mankind be destroyed; why not let evil burn itself out? The answer is that, as evil impedes progress, there results a dissipation of energy in eternally battling with it. Better that evil be destroyed outright, so that work for humanity may go on unimpeded. H.

II

It is impossible to interpret this verse in a literal, material sense, to think that the Teacher meant actual, physical enemies were to be slain before his eyes, nor is there any trace of such a thing occurring. We must look deeper for the meaning. There comes up into my mind the memory of another saying, "The foes of a man are they of his own household," meaning the evil tendencies within that ever war against the good. "The *spirit* is willing, but the *flesh* is weak," but said the Master of old, "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world," holding himself up as an example of the possibilities that lie latent awaiting development in all men when they recognize their divine origin. "Ye are all sons of God," he told the humanity of his day.

When studying the New Testament it is necessary to bear in mind that much that is given is the teaching of the Master to his disciples, to whom he states he spoke plainly, and the above verse seems to have been essentially addressed to his *disciples*. It appears to me to be at once a command and a privilege, and I take it that it applies as much in our day to the students and members of The Universal Brotherhood as it did in the days of the disciples of Christ. It is both a command and a privilege addressed to all those who are truly in earnest in their search for truth, and willing to serve humanity, and it embodies a phase of the Great Law running throughout the universe—the law of Brotherhood. It is said in one of the ancient scriptures that a holy and pure

man persisting in devotion to the true self, and whose life conforms to the purposes of the Higher Law, becomes a protector and shield to whomsoever he is with, and we get many hints and even plain statements of the great help we receive from our Elder Brothers, the progressed Souls, who, once erring mortals like ourselves, have conquered their lower natures and learned the lessons of life. The true Teacher is one in whom the Higher Nature is predominant; the "spirit" has subdued and conquered the "flesh," and the true peace exists in his household, the enemies are slain, God rules on earth, the body—as in heaven, the Soul—and his kingdom is established to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Then the Teacher turns in his divine compassion and says: "Bring hither the enemies and slay them before me." *He* is identified with the God within, and it is to that tribunal, before that bar, that we must courageously summon and face our evil tendencies and failings, and trusting and relying on our higher nature and its power to aid, relentlessly and without quarter slay the personal desires, faults and evil tendencies as they arise, making our deliberate choice for the right in the face of all odds, no matter how desperate the situation may look. This verse illustrates the power of the Self, the power we possess to slay the dragon of evil—if we look to our Higher Self. The Teacher, being the Higher Self, as it were, in manifestation, aids us to discover our faults, and when we faithfully follow our Teacher we strengthen our hold on the true Life, and in its light the illusions of the senses and desires are dispelled. We have the power to bring our hidden, lurking foes to the surface through our love and trust in our Leader, and that same love and trust will enable us to become as little children, hiding nothing, but letting the light of Truth shine into all the dark corners of our being. We can rout out the enemy and slay him in "boundless pity for suffering fellow-men," for what room will there be for personal bitterness in the face of the realization of what life really means, and the path we must tread to reach our divine destiny. This the Teacher shows us by the living example of a pure, unselfish life, the torch by which we can light our torches until all the world is ablaze with the glory of love and compassion, peace and good will to all that lives.

This state of things can only come about when the evil forces of the world are subdued and regenerated. The evil must be driven out from our hearts, and the Teacher calls to all of us to slay the enemy lurking in the world's spiritual stronghold.

E. I. W.

* * *

Jesus at meat in the Pharisee's house, and the story of the two debtors.—Luke vii, 36-49

The Pharisee desired that Jesus should eat with him, not so much perhaps for love of Jesus as to gratify his own pride.

The Pharisee seems to represent a self-satisfied, self-righteous person, or the corresponding aspect of the personality of man.

The Pharisee condition prevents the reception of spiritual light, and hinders spiritual insight. Under its sway judgments are superficial and selfishness rules. So the Pharisee, Simon, misjudges Jesus in two respects. He thinks Jesus does not know the nature of the woman who has ministered unto him, and thinks that if he did he would not allow her to touch him. Thus he underrates both the knowledge and the compassion of Jesus. There are still Pharisees in the world who in like manner misjudge the wise and compassionate Helpers of Humanity.

Jesus, knowing the thought of Simon, speaks to him the parable of the two debtors, and receives from him the correct statement that the one who is forgiven most loves most. Then a comparison is drawn between the Pharisee and the sinning woman. One having been outwardly so correct in his life, and being so well satisfied with it, felt little need of forgiveness or help, and so could feel little gratitude or love for any proffer of the same. But in the sinning woman self-satisfaction and pride are gone. She knows she is a sinner and needs help. She longs for it, and when it comes, her heart flows out in love and gratitude to the helper. The barriers between her and the light are broken down, but in the Pharisee they are still standing. These barriers must be broken down in each one of us, if we would come in touch with the Divine Helper in ourselves.

Another lesson we may learn from this story is that the criminal and the out-cast furnish a rich field for brotherhood work. They are unhampered by many of the obstructions that hedge in the so-called respectable, and their souls are hungry for Truth and starved for true brotherliness and appreciation. The wise and sympathetic work that has already been done among them proves how weary they are of husks, and how they long for the bread of life, and how many are ready to arise and return to their "Father's house" when the way is made clear. Their energy turned in the right direction would be a great power for good.

B. W.

* * *

A man's foes shall be they of his own household.—Matt. x, 36

This is a saying which is recorded as having been enunciated by the prophet of Nazareth. It was known to him as a true saying, just as the fact which it states was known to sages of still more ancient times. It is not to be considered true because he said it, but because it shows itself to be a statement of law and fact when applied to life and the affairs of life from the spiritual, mental and

physical points of view. It is in this manner that all teachings may be tested; it is in this way only that truth may be known.

While this particular saying has an evident commonplace application in accordance with its wording, yet if true, the spirit of it will be found as related to phases of life collective as well as individual, and in thus considering it we may be able to know its truth in our own experience, and obtain a deeper insight into its meaning even in its commonplace relation.

We may begin by considering the humanity of this planet as one household, and in this view we shall have the sanction of exoteric religion which states that all the inhabitants of the earth sprang from one household. And the same religion relates that out of this first household sprang its own enemy, the enemy of the head of its house. This household, we are told, was under direct spiritual guidance, and had only one rule given it which it was enjoined to observe. This rule was broken by a member of the household—not its head—who, having done so, induced the head of the house to do likewise. From this first step in disregard of spiritual guidance came a multiplication of the degrees of relation, and a change in conditions, which led finally to one of the household slaying his brother who tried to follow the path of right. And this slayer, as the record says, “went out from the presence of the Lord,” or as we may say, forsook spiritual guidance, and followed the bent of his own desires.

Whether we regard this story as a fable, or as one of fact, we cannot avoid concluding that the writer of that ancient story knew that the first and worst enemy of man was—personal selfish desire—which, when allowed control, brought about the evils recorded, and also entailed upon man all the suffering that he is heir to. He might also have written with all truth, that “a man’s foes were those of his own household.”

Coming down to our own history and times, do we not see that each national household has within itself its worst foes? Is it not the selfishness of its personal elements which persistently blocks the path of true national endeavor and progress? There is no enemy worthy of the name when compared with it. A nation may be conquered by a stronger nation, and have to exist under the most oppressive conditions imaginable, yet the conqueror would be as a friend, compared to the foes of its own household; for the conqueror is but a temporary opponent, and his objects are seen, known and appreciated at their value; but the foes of a nation’s household are ever with it—they are insatiable—their ways and the dangers thereof are not perceived, because those ways are based upon the lower selfish nature of all its members, who accept the exhibitions of that nature as unavoidable and ineradicable—so that in very truth it may be written, that “the foes of a nation are those of its own household.”

The specific application of the saying of the prophet is in regard to one’s

own family, and the context of the verse shows its bearing. He says:

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven. Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He who loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me.

Here the prophet speaks of himself, as embodying that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and calls to the sons of earth to follow *it* as he had done, and *become as he*; he points out that the following of this light would *not* bring peace, but would be at variance with the ways of the selfish world, and would bring a sword to destroy them; and that a man's foes would be those of his own household. Each individual member of his hearers could readily perceive the truth of this, for it would be apparent to each of them that no one could assume the position of dictation and interference with his ideals and form of life, and make that interference felt so persistently and acutely, as those of his own household; and they may have gone, as we go, to the root of the matter, and see that that which was the foe, of what is known as "the first man," that which has destroyed nations now extinct, and is eating at the vitals of all existing ones; that which prevents national progress; that which destroys social life, and individual happiness; is that which exists in every son of man—the proclivities of the lower nature—expressed in personal, selfish desire.

It is this personal, selfish element, and the pandering to it, which causes all sin and suffering; which prevents all progress, whether individual, communal, national, or that of the world. It stands in the way of all effort to aid humanity. It is accountable for all failures to do so. And what most concerns us, is the imminent danger which arises from it at the present time among a body of men and women who have volunteered to help in this effort of the ages; for have they not placed themselves in the position of representing humanity; are they not connected with humanity in thought, word, and deed; and is not each individual's help or hindrance intensified a thousand-fold by reason of his pledge to the Most High to serve his fellow-men? Has he not leagued himself with the Powers of Light? and can he swerve from that path one step, without exposing himself, his comrades, the Movement, and through them Humanity itself to unseen dangers from the ever-watchful, subtle, implacable enemies of the human race? We know he cannot.

We aim to heal the wounds of all the nations; to make this world a more beautiful and a happier place than any dreamed-of heaven. We know that

there is but one thing needful to accomplish this. It is that each one shall fight and conquer the enemy in his own nature; for therein lies the origin and constant cause of sin—it is the tempter—the Satan spoken of in sacred writings—the enemy of the Race. Let each one then become a Warrior for the right; let him gird on the armor of Service to Humanity; and with the Sword of Devotion let him slay the enemies within his own gates; and that which will make his sword more keen, his attack more courageous, his victory sure, will be the constant memory in his heart of hearts that **THE FOES OF A MAN ARE THEY OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD.**

C.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



I have read a good deal of Theosophical literature, including the **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH** and *The New Century*, and am much interested. Recently the pastor of our church made the statement that Theosophy taught that human souls after death reincarnated as animals. I do not think this statement originated with him, and I do not think he has read any Theosophical books. I have never seen any such statement made in Theosophical writings, and I should be very glad to hear from you definitely about it. To me it is a perfectly revolting idea, and I cannot conceive how Theosophy which, as far as I have read, is so ennobling and inspiring, could teach it.

A. G. C.

THEOSOPHY does not teach any such absurd and revolting idea, and no sane Theosophist could ever make such a statement. It is a regrettable fact that certain persons and especially some whose position and profession give them an added responsibility and should make them extremely careful of the correctness of their statements, have spread such reports. It plainly brings to light the fact that they have neither studied nor intelligently read Theosophy, and not understanding either its teaching or the work of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, they have repeated from mere hearsay or from the sensational reports of yellow journalism, what they would like rather than what they know to be true.

We have great pity for such people, especially those professing to be ministers of Christ's gospel, and yet the greatest blame should be given, not to these pastors, but rather to those who originate these false and malicious statements, who seek to tear down the Organization and spend time and money to do it. But we do blame any minister of the gospel for spreading statements that have

not been investigated and which interfere with the good work of their neighbors.

William Q. Judge makes the statement:

Reincarnation does not mean that we go into animal forms after death—“Once a man, always a man.” . . . Once Manas, the thinker, has arrived on the scene he does not return to baser forms. . . . Reincarnation as a doctrine applying to the real man does not teach transmigration into kingdoms of nature below the human.

This, too, is the teaching of H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley, and the contrary statement is utterly void of common sense and cannot be excused on the ground of mere ignorance.

The Theosophical teaching of Reincarnation is in every respect ennobling, giving to man a key to the perplexities and apparent injustices of life. It is indeed deplorable that there is even one “minister of the gospel” who knows so little of the teachings of the Master he professes to follow, but the demand of the public is that these teachings which have been so long hid shall be revealed. And one of these teachings is Reincarnation. I would recommend to the pastor referred to by A. G. C., to study the story of John the Baptist and Elias. Reincarnation is the “Lost Chord of Christianity.”

H.

I once saw printed in one of your journals that Katherine Tingley said “there should be fewer clergy.” I should like to have further light on this, as surely there is great need among the masses for more help and teaching along spiritual lines. Are not Christ’s words still applicable?—“The harvest truly is plentiful but the laborers are few.”

T. B.

The statement as quoted is not complete. Katherine Tingley said, “There should be fewer clergy *and better ones*,” for while it should never be forgotten that there are noble, unselfish and pure-minded men among the clergy, yet the fact remains that the inducements of the “profession,” such as social position, salary, etc., attract others in whom these qualities are not predominant. Then, too, there are also well intentioned men and women in the Church who, inspired by Christ’s teaching and example, feel they must work for humanity, but on the other hand many others attend for the sake of mere conventionality or through fear of death and of the “wrath of God,” and this fear plays a large part in their motive for supporting the Church and—the minister.

Christ said, “He that is an hireling careth not for the sheep.” And though another text is frequently quoted in support of the position of the *salaried* minister, in reality taken with the context it bears no such interpretation. To the seventy disciples whom Jesus sent out, he said:

And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give: for the laborer is worthy of his hire. (*Luke, x:7*)

It is generally overlooked that he also instructed the disciples to carry no purse, or as Matthew has put it:

Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, . . . for the workman is worthy of his meat.

And we know that he spoke of those *who were worthy*, who worked and labored not for the *hire* or the *meat*, but that humanity might be helped by the example of their lives—not by saying “Lord! Lord!” but by “doing the will of the Father in Heaven.”

Katherine Tingley says that the best type of minister is one who works six days in the week earning his own livelihood and coming in touch with the work-a-day life of the people, and on the seventh day preaches a heart sermon, and she furthermore says that every true, sincere and well-informed man and woman should have the opportunity of preaching, even from the pulpits of the churches.

But while we know there are many true ministers who seek only the spiritual upliftment of mankind, yet so long as there are *any* who have entered the Church from motives of self-interest or for the sake of its emoluments, just so long will it be good both for the public and the Church itself to have fewer clergy. But when there are no longer any inducements offered to these, when fear is eliminated from the teaching of the Church and the stone of creed and dogma is no longer substituted for the living bread of Christ's words and the example of his life, the Church will find it has a greater mission and a wider influence and then more of the “better,” nobler, type of men and women will be attracted to its ranks as *workers*.

The doctrine of fear has no place in Theosophy, there is no creed or dogma, there are no salaries or emoluments in The Universal Brotherhood Organization, but there is the opportunity for unselfish service for humanity and the joy, deep and ever increasing, that comes only through such service. J. F.

For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
 And what is nature's order but the rhyme
 Whereto the worlds keep time,
 And all things move with all things from their prime?
 Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
 On far retreats of elemental mind
 Obscurely comes and goes
 The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
 As trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.

Mirror of the Movement

Anniversary of Theosophical Crusade around the World

The history of The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood does not present a series of haphazard events dropped in any order by the hand of favoring chance. It is the record of another vast struggle of the soul of our Aryan humanity to come out into birth and manifestation. Read in that way only, does it become intelligible and inspiring. From time to time, the steady trend of purpose within the events comes up out of the confusion into clearer light, and then we are enabled to look backwards and forwards—sometimes far, far forwards, on to where the future is lost in the glory of the coming light, where the details dissolve in the splendor of promise.

Once there were separate Societies—they were practically that—working as units among their several peoples. In their effort to give voice to the common spirit that was in them, and to throw off the obstruction of fast hardening old forms, they suddenly gained a new impetus in their work which gave them a new consciousness of unity. This impetus was given by the new Leader, Katherine Tingley, who gathered up in strong hands the threads of the Leaders who had preceded. And one of her first acts was to lead the first of the series of Crusades, which marked—as it were with lines on the map—the new bond of conscious unity.

This Crusade was crowned and completed by the laying of the corner-stone of a new Temple, successor to those temples of the historic and prehistoric and unmemoried past which have ever embodied and symbolized the highest and secret life of the peoples in whose favored lands they arose.

The corner-stone was the promise of the Temple—at last to be no longer, as of old, merely national, but *International*; just as the unity of the heretofore separate Lodges was the promise of the coming unity of the nations. And the symbol and promise accentuated itself in the organization of Universal Brotherhood.

Step after step toward the building of this Temple has been taken from that day onward. Each building at Point Loma has been one of these steps made visible. Every building—every tent even—has marked a new manifestation of the ever-gathering life at this Center, a life contributed to from without by the thought and devotion and work of all faithful members everywhere, a life which is itself the embodiment and blood of the divine energy of the Human Soul. And each building has subserved the purposes of new activities.

From time to time the Leader has marked the epochs of the pulse-beat in special ways, often unchronicled in these pages. One of these was the great American festival day of last year, July 4, the day marking the birth of America as a nation; yet not on that account a merely national day, as will sometime become manifest to the eye of all peoples, for Freedom for America means ultimately Freedom for the whole world. The flags of all nations were brought together under the symbol of *Universal Brotherhood*, and the ideal of Peace on Earth, international true Fraternity—an atmosphere in which alone the soul of man and nation can manifest in all its beauty and powers—was celebrated in symbol, song and story.

July 4th approaches again. What will it *now* mark? On June 13th we celebrated the Sixth anniversary of the starting of the Crusade, and we all remember that about that time the Leader said that in six years the Temple would be begun.

On the night of June 13th she repeated this and said that the building of the foundation would be commenced on July 4th. The corner-stone stands square with the true four points of the compass on the crest of the hill of Point Loma, higher than the Homestead. Standing beside it one sees stretching southward the long crest of the hill towards the beacon lighthouse; west, one looks out over the still Pacific, and facing this broad expanse of peaceful life will stand the main portals of the Temple with its stately marble columns, "to stand as a record when all else has vanished." To the east is the beautiful harbor-bay and the City; northward the homes of the children, and beyond that the domed Homestead and the Aryan Temple. Yet further north the diminishing crest, sloping to the sea.

The rotunda of the Homestead, under the dome, was beautifully decorated with palms, wreaths, garlands, and flags; and there were flowers on all the beautiful historical desks, which are to be handed down to the future workers of The Universal Brotherhood. Students filled the galleries, and on the floor in the center was the Leader, with the two remaining Crusaders, Frank M. Pierce, and Henry Turner Patterson. In the circle of historic characters, were also E. A. Neresheimer and Clark Thurston, who in so many vital ways worked to make the Crusade possible. Of the latter the Leader said, "he laid its trail beforehand in Europe," and he is as much loved in England as here; and E. A. Neresheimer, chairman of the Cabinet, may almost be said to have sustained the responsibility for the whole work of the Movement in New York during the Leader's absence.

All of these spoke, dealing with the work of the Crusade from some of its many aspects and recalling many interesting incidents. Robert Crosbie also spoke, following in line with others. His work at the time of the Crusade in Boston in connection with *The Theosophical News*, which chronicled the events and progress of the Crusade, and his steadfast loyalty during that trying period are well remembered and appreciated. From a more general standpoint were the introductory addresses of H. T. Edge and R. W. Machell, and that of Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home and Raja Yoga School.

Opposite the Leader were ranged the children of the Raja Yoga School, and it was of the great future before these children and the work that awaits them in the world that the Leader mainly spoke.

The older students, who can look back to the days of H. P. Blavatsky will best appreciate the procession of events, best understand the immense development of seeds sown by that great toil-worn Teacher, seeds whose growth is in the sure hands of Katherine Tingley.

A lover of humanity may labor, up to a certain point, unnoticed and with safety, for the elevation of the race. But if he be great enough, strong enough, wise enough, self-sacrificing enough, there comes a time when he begins to wield a force not accessible to common men. It is at this point, when the inertia of the mass becomes disturbed that the hostility is aroused of those—or that—which would have humanity progress no further. That is the clue to the venom and force of the attacks against which Katherine Tingley, W. Q. Judge, and H. P. Blavatsky have had to contend all along the years of their work.

But against it all, the work has moved on. That of Katherine Tingley has now been

in progress six years and more. Look at a few of the shoots of the tree of Universal Brotherhood, developed by our present Leader :

The Raja Yoga School is in full progress. A centenary of children of many nations are in training. They show that unique training in their bearing, their readiness, their speech, their writing, their joy, their comradeship, their understanding of themselves, and their understanding of life and of some of the deeper problems they will have to face in the world, the future arena of their work. And in five years, they will be twenty times as numerous.

The musical training, among these children, and among the older students, promises a development of the powers and deeper secrets of music which the world has lost for ages. The Isis Conservatory is of course but a fragment of this work, and both it and the Raja Yoga School are parts of the work of the School of Antiquity. The superb Amphitheatre, in the great canyon lying west of the "Sacred Way" from the Homestead to the Temple grounds, now completed, will witness a true revival of all the modes and purposes of the *spiritual* Dramas, which were a part of the work of the Temples of antiquity.

A large building has been erected on the School of Antiquity grounds for the "Karnak" students, those whose work is concerned with the great and growing literary activities of the Center.

And in the midst of it all, the inner and outer work of the School of Antiquity has been going on ; one would more truly say—through and by means of it all, yet also apart and separate.



**Dedication
of Isis Theatre
San Diego**

If the Isis Theatre had been twice its actual size there still would have been some unable to gain admission on the occasion of its dedication, Sunday evening, May 18th. Certainly there was no lack of appreciation in San Diego of the importance of what had been done, and of what it meant that this magnificent building should be dedicated to the service of humanity. Long before the doors were opened the street outside was impassable and hundreds were turned away for the lack of even standing room. The proceedings were singularly impressive, and the Raja Yoga School was fully represented, and added many novel and beautiful features.

The whole theatre was decorated with a profusion of flowers and foliage, and as soon as the doors were opened the people were greeted by three of the Raja Yoga children who from amid a great bank of flowers offered to each a little souvenir bouquet. When the curtain was raised and the beautiful decorations of the stage were seen, the audience looked eagerly for the entrance of the children, but a great surprise was in store for them. The sweet voices of the children were heard from the foyer, where, unknown to the audience, they had been assembled. After singing they marched in four lines down the aisles and on to the stage. It did indeed seem a promise for the future of Isis Theatre that the first voices that were heard in its dedication were those of the children. Then came speeches by one of the Raja Yoga boys, and by one of the youngest lady students, followed by Rev. E. R. Watson, a Unitarian minister of San Diego who had been invited to speak by Katherine Tingley, and who gave a manly and courageous recognition to a work which he knew to be along the highest lines. Mr. H. C. Wyatt, who has leased the Isis Theatre proper, next

gave a short outline of the general plan he intended to follow in providing dramatic entertainment for the public, which he stated would be only along first-class lines.

Although the Leader is still suffering from the results of her serious accident and cannot walk without the aid of crutches, she was present and gave the closing address of the evening. Her speech was very short and was frequently greeted with bursts of applause. San Diego has learned to recognize that she is working along practical lines for the benefit and elevation of the city, and what she said on this occasion did but strengthen the conviction that she had not alone the will but the wisdom and power to help in the right way.



**Cuba's Independence
Day celebrated at
Point Loma**

May 20th was one of the red letter days which will mark the chronology of The Universal Brotherhood Movement. It is a beautiful sight to watch the expression of intense patriotism and tender love of their native land which is so marked in the Cuban nature, and the love that they bear for America. This day had been looked forward to most eagerly by the Cuban children at Loma-land and great preparations made for its fitting celebration. All the children of the Raja Yoga School helped, and was it not significant that among the children and students were representatives of fifteen different nations, and that in heart were included all the nations of the world?

Early in the morning all the children assembled on the Raja Yoga School grounds and marched in procession with the Cuban and American and Universal Brotherhood flags to the front of the Aryan Temple. Here speeches were made by Senorita Antonia Fabra, Philip Fabra, Senora Preval and Katherine Tingley. Cuban songs were sung and cheers given for Cuba, for the Cuban patriots, "for the living and for the dead," for President Palma, for Senor Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago, for America, and for Universal Brotherhood and its Leader, Katherine Tingley.

Then marching in front of the Homestead, the students showered flowers upon the Cuban flag, and a beautiful bouquet—a crown of victory, a tribute of love from America to Cuba—was pinned to it by Mrs. W. T. Hanson, with a hearty cheer from all. One of the most touching scenes, made by Senorita Antonia Fabra, was the spontaneous tribute of gratitude to Katherine Tingley, whom she called not only the Friend and Helper, but the Protector of her beloved country.

In the afternoon the Cuban children had arranged a series of tableaux illustrative of Cuba's struggle for liberty and portraying many historical scenes. These tableaux were given in the great Amphitheatre, and were interspersed with patriotic speeches by the children, ending with a magnificent triumphal march. It was a happy day throughout and would have gladdened the hearts of all Cuba and of Cuba's friends to witness the rejoicing of all the children at the Independence of Cuba. It closed with a social gathering of all the children in the large Group House, to which the grown-ups were invited to listen to their songs and witness their games.

Cable messages of congratulation were sent to Cuba from Katherine Tingley and the Raja Yoga children, and the hearts of all were filled with a great hope for Cuba's prosperity and happiness. As the years roll by may the bond of friendship between America and Cuba grow ever stronger and stronger.

Gift to the Raja Yoga School

APRIL 23, 1902

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood:*

DEAR LEADER: Enclosed I send you a check for \$10,000 to be applied to the children's work at Point Loma, wherever in your judgment it may be of most service.

This money is given as a living memorial of my mother and father, Lottie Davis Duncan and Hilarion Duncan, both of whom were devoted to children. It had been my intention for some time to do something to perpetuate their memory and the usual monuments did not appeal to me, but, when on my recent visit to Point Loma, I saw the splendid work being done for humanity in the Raja Yoga School; how a clean and pure body of men and women were in progress of development in the children there, I felt that to help such would be a memorial indeed. Could the world at large see these children at their play and at their work, even the most pessimistic must realize that there is a hope for humanity and that that hope is in the *children*, evenly and harmoniously developed as these are.

Deeming it a privilege to be thus enabled to help this work and honor my father and mother, I am, Dear Leader, yours most loyally and lovingly,

MARION DUNCAN ROBINSON

**Frederick Warde at Point Loma**

San Diego Union, Wednesday, June 18, 1902

FREDERICK WARDE, his wife and daughters, and several members of the company were the guests of San Diego Lodge of Elks on a launch ride across the bay to Point Loma, and there they were all the guests of Mrs. Katherine Tingley, who entertained them right royally. The party started from the pleasure wharf of Captain Napier at the foot of H street at 2:30 yesterday afternoon on the captain's launch *Fashion*, and the trip was quickly made across the bay. There were in the party:

Mr. and Mrs. Warde, their two daughters, and their grandson, David Traitel; Harry C. Barton, H. M. O'Connor and Mr. McLeod, of the company; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Niles, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Newland and son, of Victor, Col., Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Sprigg, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Blake, Mrs. T. A. Nerney, Mrs. F. W. Jackson, Mrs. T. E. Rowan, Miss Lena Polhamus, R. C. Jones, L. A. Wright, Prof. H. J. Baldwin, Joseph Bachman and son, Curry Bachman, Major Hess, A. F. Cornell, Dr. M. L. Hearne, Captain W. Mifflin Smith, Dr. F. H. Mead and Captain Napier.

At the Roseville wharf the party was met by conveyances from Point Loma Homestead and was soon on the way to the home of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. There were four carriage loads, one of the conveyances being a carry-all, the capacity of which was taxed to the utmost.

The ride to the Homestead is tortuous, but it is pleasant, and there is so much of a treat at the other end of the ride, not only in the view of bay and city and country beyond, but also in the charming surroundings of the Homestead itself, that one is doubly paid for the ride, even if it be in a crowded carry-all.

The party was met at the door of the main building by Mrs. Tingley herself and by members of her Cabinet and household, and was conducted through the large building where the charming surroundings were noted and enjoyed. Thence they were conducted to the adjoining building where the children of the Raja Yoga School, to the number of fifty or

sixty, gave an entertainment which delighted the veteran of the stage for whose benefit it was given.

The entertainment was similar to that which was recently given at the Isis Theatre just after the building had been formally turned over to Mrs. Tingley. There was much music and a number of tableaux showing historic scenes of American life. The little ones, from four to fourteen years of age, who took part, were roundly applauded and not the least demonstrative of the party was Mr. Warde himself, who sat with Mrs. Tingley, the most interested of all the spectators.

The closing number of the program was the march of the children in their costumes representing all the nations of the earth, and the costuming was remarkable for characteristic truth.

After the entertainment, which was roundly praised by Mr. Warde and the members of the party, Mrs. Tingley, though she is still compelled to use crutches because of her accident, personally conducted the party through some of the other buildings.

There was a drill of the children, of whom there are more than a hundred all told, at the close of which Mr. Warde spoke briefly to them of their work and of the excellent opportunities which they have for advancement. The last visit of the day was to the natural Amphitheatre where Mr. Warde recited that passage from Shakespeare beginning, "All the world's a stage." It was a remarkable scene, and though the seats were empty, one could easily imagine that the eminent actor was speaking to a forum.

The visitors had been so interested in the visit to the different parts of the ground that it was after 6 o'clock before they were ready to start on their return trip. It was made in quick time and the journey by carriage to Roseville and by the fast launch to the H-street wharf, was made in just one hour.

Before leaving the assembled Elks gave three cheers for Mrs. Tingley, and the visitors were cheered by the Raja Yoga children until the carriages were out of sight and hearing of the Homestead buildings. On the trip across the bay Mr. Warde expressed himself repeatedly as having been delighted with the trip, surprised at the Homestead and its work, and so altogether impressed with the events of the afternoon that he would not forget them to the end of life.

An Open Letter to Rev. W. B. Hinson

Pastor First Baptist Church, San Diego, Cal.

From *The San Diego Union*, Wednesday, June 11, 1902

POINT LOMA, June 10, 1902

SIR:—We are informed that at a meeting held by you and some members of your church on Wednesday, June 4th, 1902, you stated that one of the teachings of Theosophy, known as Reincarnation, is that men and women incarnate in animals.

As, doubtless, you profess to be desirous of having correct information so as to be able to make correct statements, we ask you to inform us what Theosophical literature or society or Teacher ever gave the authority for such an unwarranted statement.

It is well known that yellow journalism caters to the illiterate and to a certain class of sensationalists, and these might be found circulating vulgar and absurd statements, but one would expect in this Twentieth Century that men professing to be scholars would familiarize themselves with facts before cold-bloodedly circulating such a pernicious doctrine. It may pay the writer for yellow journalism to do malicious work, but something more is expected of "a minister of the Gospel."

We are very grateful to have the opportunity of presenting this matter to you, not only

because of the statement reported to have been made by you to some of the members of your church, but also because we have heard that similar statements have been insinuated into the minds of public school children by those who are supposed to have at least a reasonable regard for truth.

It is thus apparent there is more than one promoter of this false statment, but whoever these promoters may be they certainly cannot be doing this to uplift humanity — possibly they belong to the same class who desire to efface Point Loma institutions from the face of the earth. A fair and open discussion of this matter outside of “closed doors” might eradicate this evil of misrepresentation from the city and bring out to the gaze of the public, the promoters of this evil gossip.

In order to induce the people to see how false the statement referred to is, we offer you \$100 for the benefit of your church if you can produce any endorsement of this statement made by any one of our three Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley or by any member of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in good stndding.

Certainly in your experience in your religion and church, you must have known of your own doctrines being misrepresented by fanatics and by those who have used their profession, as ministers even, to support their own schemes and selfish ends, and possibly you may come in contact with persons calling themselves Theosophists who would support such a degrading doctrine. We should be the last people in the world to condemn the whole church or the teachings of Christ because of any statement made by one who merely followed the church as a profession. There is spurious Theosophy as well as spurious Christianity, but it is expected that the enlightened minister, before he attempts to teach, shall investigate sufficiently in order to discriminate between the true and the false, and thus avoid misrepresenting the good work of his neighbors. Yours, for Truth,

J. H. FUSSELL

Reports from *the* Lodges

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

Louisville U. B. Lodge No. 119, held its regular monthly meeting Sunday, June 1, 1902, under very favorable auspices. There was a good crowd and everything seemed to pass off harmoniously.

After President Wilson, stating the objects of the Brotherhood Organization and reading from the *Gita*, good music was rendered on the piano by Mr. Gideon. After the usual preliminary proceedings, Brother Gearhart then gave a talk of about thirty minutes on “Modern Civilization.”

Louisville Lodge is making an honest endeavor to carry out the work of the Central Lodge, and the success of our work here and the favorable outlook for a healthy growth of membership, is due both to the fact of our fealty to Universal Brotherhood and our Leader. Our Lodge is growing slowly, but the personnel is of the charactr to make the Lodge solid and its

work felt. With a confidence born of the *Truth*, all are firm in the triumph of the Great Law.

June 7, 1902

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*



U. B. Lodge No. 19, Santa Cruz, California

We had a very interesting Members' meeting, June 13th, it being the night of our regular meeting, and also held to commemorate the anniversary of the starting of the "Crusade of Theosophists Around the World." The following is the order of the meeting: Music; chanting of "Truth, Light and Liberation;" reading from the *Bhagavad Gita*; paper by Mrs. L. H. Littlefield; reading of the Greek Symposium—"A Promise;" paper by Miss Jessie McNaughton, giving an account of the visit of the Crusaders to New Zealand, where the writer resided at the time.

D. B. EAMES



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

We have, as usual, had a busy month. Now-a-days event succeeds event with great rapidity, and we are kept fully occupied. The circular, "On Lodge Work," was read at the first members' meeting, when also preparations were made for the public meeting and entertainment—our chief work during the month. On the night of the 13th we held a special meeting of members in honor of William Q. Judge. Some of the reported speeches of the great meeting in the Opera House, San Diego, 1901, were read. Our president gave some personal reminiscence of the Chief, particularly dwelling on the last time the Chief left these shores to cross to America. The Chief's message and last parting, when everything looked so black, was "To Hold On." Today we rejoice with gladness, for his heroism, steadfastness and dauntless courage made possible the grand harvest. Other members spoke lovingly and with grateful hearts, and we sang "The Sun Temple." This simple and impressive tribute to our Chief touched, dignified and blessed us all. On the 14th a public entertainment was given in honor of W. Q. Judge. The Lotus Buds brought floral tributes and sung some of the Lotus Group Songs, astonishing a delighted and attentive audience, after which the Lodge members, assisted by some Comrades from Lodge No. 4, Everton, gave the Symposium, "A Promise," making an undoubted impression on the public.

The monthly Public meeting was held on the last Sunday of the month.

May 7th, 1902

SECRETARY



Report of Amsterdam Lodge

The Amsterdam Lodge recently held a meeting especially for inquirers. It was held in one of the hotels, and members from Baarn, Utrecht, Haarlem and Terschelling were present. The meeting was a pronounced success. It was opened with music, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, after which Brother Schudel from Baarn gave a word of welcome. Brother Kes of Haarlem read the Leader's lecture on "Higher and Lower Psychology." After this Miss Van Rossum read a translation of an article upon "The Home Ideal," from *The New Century*. The audience listened most attentively and were strongly impressed. Theosophical literature was distributed. The Symposium of "Hypatia" was also read, after which the meeting closed with music, the *Sarabande* of Handel, by Brother Kes.

Never before have I seen an audience of mere inquirers so profoundly impressed. The

whole evening was filled with a joy and a feeling of harmony that could not be described. All members felt that a new courage and new hope had found their abiding place in our hearts.

Laura van Rossum, *Secretary* Lodge No. 4, Haarlem.



(The following reports were held over from previous issues for lack of space)

San Francisco Meeting to Commemorate the Life and Work of William Q. Judge

A special Public meeting was held by U. B. Lodge No. 7, in its Headquarters, No. 310 O'Farrell street, Sunday, April 13th, at 11 A. M. The stage was decorated with flowers and vines, with a sylvan scene as background. Beautiful and appropriate vocal and instrumental music, bright and inspiring, was rendered. Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home and the Raja Yoga School, and Cabinet Officer, spoke upon "The Inconsistencies of Human Nature; the Persecuted of one Age Honored in the Next." H. H. Somers spoke next upon "Simple Beginnings—Common-sense Theosophy," and Dr. Allen Griffiths spoke on "The Life and Work of William Q. Judge." The deep earnestness of the speakers and the heartfelt, reciprocal response on the part of members, inspired the audience with a sense of love and reverence for the noble character of the departed Chief, with a truer appreciation of his great work in the service of humanity. Local papers printed good reports of the memorial services.

The regular dramatic presentation was given Monday evening, April 14th, "The Conquest of Death" being produced this month. The splendid training afforded the members in the preparation and production of the Symposiums can hardly be overestimated. At the same time the highest teachings are given to the people in one of the very best ways.

A. G.



U. B. Lodges of Boston, Massachusetts

The monthly entertainment of the lodges of Boston and vicinity was "A Musical Symposium," and took place at Universal Brotherhood Hall, on Saturday evening, April 12.

This time the entertainment was under the general direction of Lodge 114, of Everett, while the entertainment itself was mainly furnished by members of the Boston Festival Orchestra, (who, through the exertion of Brother Franklin, of Boston Lodge No. 28, kindly volunteered their services) and by Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick of Lodge 28.

The entertainment opened with a reading of selections taken from *The New Century* on the power and possibilities of music as a helper and teacher.

Then followed the program given by seven members of the Boston Festival Orchestra, which is composed of picked musicians engaged by the City of Boston for the purpose of giving free concerts to its citizens. No one was allowed to enter or go out of the room during the performance of any one selection, and apart from the music itself, one could have heard a pin drop in the room, so deep was the silence.

After the concert, Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick read the symposium, "A Promise," under its new name of "The Conquest of Death." Mrs. Southwick was at her best, and brought out with telling effect the salient points of the drama, especially those which related to music and number.

G. D. A.



The Midsummer Time

Translated from the Swedish of Z. TOPELIUS by S. O. and H. A.



IN midsummer time it is beautiful and bright to live upon earth. Then all the birds are singing and all the trees are dressed in their beautiful green robes. In Finland, the place about which I write, the sun at midsummer dips in the sea only for a moment and then rises again.

Finland is a large country, and the northern part of it is much lighter in summer and much darker in winter than the southern portion.

If it is a dull midsummer's night, you cannot see to read without a light, in the southern parts of the country, but in the northern portion you can read even at night-time without a light for three months, even if it is ever so cloudy.

There was once a little dog which was born in the last days of April, so that he was three months old before the end of July. During the whole of his lifetime it had never been dark. When August came, and the nights grew dark, Prissy, which was the little dog's name, thought this was really wonderful. He thought that the whole of nature had crawled into a bag and he went out on the doorstep and began to bark at the darkness.

In the midsummer evenings all the boys play ball in the play-grounds, and the girls are dancing there. And those that have money can get all kinds of sweets and nice things, but the poor children are only allowed to look at them, unless some of the others share with them. During the night bright fires are seen burning on all the hills, and in Finland these fires are called Balders Bol.* And the

* The sacrificial fire of the beautiful God Balder.

fires mean that everybody rejoices because it is summer. The dark time is Christmas, when all the lights are kept burning brightly in the houses. But when it is midsummer, the whole of nature is glad and rejoices, all of the forest is like a great temple, when the beautiful sun shines down from heaven. Then the bluebells are ringing, the high pine trees are preaching, the wind is playing the organ in the branches of the trees, and the small birds with their charming voices are singing God's praise.

I will tell you a pretty story about something that happened on a midsummer night.

Carl Gustaf and his sister Sofi, had had a little sleep after dinner, so that they would be able to keep their eyes open when the night came. At six o'clock they had a glass of milk and some bread and butter, and then they started for the playground with balls, sticks, and rings. Their father had given each of them a silver penny to buy some sweets with, because there were always old women by the roadside with many good things to sell to children. When they arrived, there were many boys and girls on the play-ground, there was proud Walter who had such bad luck with his spinning top, Axel who taught Stina the map of Europe, Matthew who defended the snow-castle, Emma who heard the bluebells ringing, Aina and Therese who met the Troll in the forest.† They played ball and lots of other games, and enjoyed themselves very much. Even the sparrows who were sitting close by on the roof enjoyed the fun, singing in their own way as they always do, when they think there is something funny going on.

When Carl was tired, he said to his sister.

"Come, let us go and buy some sweets with my penny."

"Yes, we will," said Sofi.

They saw five or six boys and girls sitting by the roadside, greedily eating cakes and sweets as fast as they could. Close by was sitting a little beggar girl quietly watching them. She said nothing and asked for nothing, but did not take her eyes from them, and sometimes put her little fingers in her mouth.

"I think you are very hungry," said Sofi, "have you had anything to eat today?"

The little girl sat silent at first and did not answer. But at last she said:

"I have had nothing to eat since yesterday."

"Here take my penny and get some food," said Carl Gustaf. "We have had a meal already, tonight, and my sister has still another penny."

"Let us save my penny until we are very hungry," said Sofi.

"Yes," said Carl.

And they walked back to the playground. But the little beggar girl nodded to them and said,

† The story of Aina and Therese and the Raspberry King was told for the children last month.

“Thank you, thank you.”

And none knew what she bought with the penny.

It was now getting late and some of the children had to go home and go to bed, whilst others went to the forest to watch the fires. On top of the highest hill a great fire was placed, and from here a lovely view met the eye. The dark pine trees which stood around the hill, and the lovely flashes of fire which lit up the sky, all made a pretty picture. Old and young were all dancing round the fire. The boys were constantly bringing more wood, and shouting and laughing as never before. Their clothes greatly suffered from the dust and soot.

“Oh, Carl,” said Sofi to her brother, who came dragging the trunk of a tree, which was twice as large as himself. “What do you think mamma will say when she sees your clothes?”

“Yes, they do look queer,” said Carl. But still he could not help laughing. “But I wish you could see yourself as well. Do you know, Sofi, that your face is covered with soot. How pretty you do look just now.”

Sofi was frightened, and wiped her face with her handkerchief.

“Is it better now?” she asked.

“Yes for a little while,” said Carl.

And very soon she was just as black as before, because she would not leave the fire.

“We must really go now and get something to eat,” said Carl. “I am terribly hungry.”

“Yes we will,” replied Sofi, “I have my penny still.”

This time when they came to the roadside, they found a little boy with hardly any clothes on; he had only a little ragged shirt.

When he stood near the fire he felt warm, but when he tried to help the others to carry the wood, he was shivering in the cold night air.

“Why don’t you put more clothes on?” said Carl Gustaf.

“I have no clothes,” replied the boy, and crept still closer to the fire.

“Such beggars who have no clothes to put on, ought to be at home and in bed,” said one of the boys standing near.

“I have no home to sleep in,” said the beggar boy.

“You have two long coats,” said Sofi to the boy, who carried a fine overcoat on his arm. “Lend that coat to the boy.”

“Lend!” replied the boy. “Yes, if someone will pay me for the loan of it, I might lend it until sunrise.”

“Here you are,” said Sofi, and gave him her silver penny.

The coat was put on the boy, who felt warm and comfortable in it. No one now felt happier than Carl Gustaf and his sister, although they had to go without sweets, bread and butter, and money.

The fire burned the whole night, but the night was not long. Soon a red streak was seen in the northwestern sky, and shortly afterwards it shone like burnished gold.

"The sun is rising," said Carl Gustaf. "Come let us get on top of the mountain, we shall see it better there."

"Where is my coat? I want my coat back again," said the boy who had been paid to do a good deed. "Oh! what a fool I was," he cried. "Now I have lost the silver penny which I had received for lending my coat."

"There is no luck with the money which is earned by acting in a mean way," he added.

He found his coat on a small hill, but he did not find his good temper; he was cross and vexed with everybody.

But the poor little boy was not seen any more. No one knew what had become of him.

When Carl Gustaf and Sofi had reached the top of the mountain, they were greatly surprised to find there the two poor children whom they had benefited. They no longer seemed to be poor and unhappy, their faces were full of joy when they said

"Because you have been so kind to us, we will thank you in a way that no one has ever done before. Stand quite still beside us." Carl Gustaf and Sofi did as they were told, although they did not understand what the children meant. They forgot they were hungry and sleepy. They thought, What shall we see now?

Just then the forest became hushed, the birds ceased singing, and even the waterfalls seemed to be still.

All at once a ray of golden light was seen in the sky, the great shining sun rose, and a feeling of joy filled all Nature, and at the same time the birds began to sing again.

"See," exclaimed the beggar children.

Carl Gustaf and his sister saw how the air was filled with tiny angels, millions of them were moving up and down, and around those they were protecting; for every tree, every flower, and every animal, had its own guardian spirit. Sofi then said to her brother, "Do you see everything has its own protecting angel? But we have not got any to help us."

"Do you think so?" said the beggar children, "who are you then? Do you not already know that we are your guardian angels? You have not seen us before, but you have often felt us in your heart, every time you have done a good deed or sent out a kind thought. We spread our white wings over your cradle when you were young and helpless. We are always by your side to protect you from the evil in the world. We shall lead you through your whole life, if you try always to do what is right and to make all the little children of the world happy."

While the poor children were thus talking, they became bright and shining Beings.

Carl Gustaf and his sister promised each other, that they would always live so that their good angels would always preserve them. And when they uplifted their eyes, they heard the songs of adoration of the birds in the forests, singing songs of happiness and joy to the whole world.

Lotus Group Reports



Lodge No. 13, Macon, Ga., Lotus Group, (August, 1901, to May, 1902)

In addition to Lotus Songs, etc., the children were drilled in speaking, responding at once when called on. This was much needed as the children were timid and hung back, having nothing to say. The improvement has been marked; they now respond with interest and what they say shows an understanding of the teachings.

The first entertainment was given in November for Members only, and was divided into two parts. First, the Lotus children and Brotherhood Club boys, all in Greek costumes—read original papers, one of the older girls presiding with much dignity. The second part consisted of recitations from the poets, Lotus songs and dances.

The stage was beautifully decorated with flowers. Great attention is always given to this feature. The children did well, putting life and spirit into their parts.

After this entertainment there were continued the regular lessons Sunday mornings until the work began for the New Year entertainment, an account of which has been sent. After these entertainments, each child's part is criticized before all the others— their mistakes being pointed out and the way to improvement shown. Some of the children brought the money which had been given them for candy, and asked to have it sent to the Raja Yoga children. Enclosed please find 93 cents.

The Lotus Group invited the Members of Lodge No. 13 to meet with them on the morning of April 13th, to commemorate the birthday of our Chief, William Q. Judge.

The stage was trimmed with a profusion of wild flowers, Mr. Judge's picture in the place of honor, was framed with them.

The meeting was very impressive. It consisted of music, songs and tributes to Mr. Judge, from the members and children, who spoke from their hearts of their love and gratitude to him.

FANNY HANSON WHITE, *Secretary*



Alameda, Cal., Lotus Group Entertainment

Much interest was shown by those who were fortunate enough to be present at the children's entertainment given in the Universal Brotherhood hall Friday evening. There was

standing room only and many were turned away. The Lotus Buds and Blossoms appeared to great advantage in Greek attire, which with the white drapery of the stage, gave a dignity and tone of purity and elevation to every song, motion, and recreation throughout the performance.

Just before the last tableau the superintendent gave a short address in which he told of The Universal Brotherhood Organization and how Katherine Tingley at the society's center at Point Loma, was showing the real active side of the brotherhood. Refreshments were served and after song and recitation, the hearts of all felt that "life is joy," and the evening came to a pleasant close.—*The Alameda* (Calif.) *Daily Encinal*, June 9, 1902



Lotus Group of the Boston Lodges

The various Lotus Groups in and about Boston recently gave an entertainment that was in every respect a success. After a pleasant talk by President Somersall the children were held spell-bound by a series of stereopticon pictures thrown upon a large screen in the rear of the hall. A number of our Buds and blossoms added to the entertainment with songs and recitations. Our thoughts went to Loma-land, and, as if in response, beautiful pictures of that great Center, Point Loma, were thrown upon the screen. As we saw beautiful Loma Homestead, the Temple Hill, the Egyptian Gateway, Aryan Temple, and other views, great joy and peace took possession of our hearts.

The meeting closed with recitations and music and a splendid talk by our President.

GEO. D. AYERS, *Secretary*



Lotus Group, Stockholm, Sweden, Majorsgatan 9B.

The meetings of our Group are being continued as usual. At every meeting we have a story, sometimes from the Lotus Leaflets, again some of the "Nature Studies in Loma-land" are read, and recently the story of Theseus has been related and explained. On Sunday, April 13th, that being the birthday of William Q. Judge, we held a festival meeting in his honor. The children twined flowers and garlands about Mr. Judge's picture, and Miss Sonesson spoke to them about this noble man, without whose sacrifices all that the children value so highly in their Lotus Group work, would not be theirs, today.

The children contributed to the program by songs, recitations and some fairy tales which they had selected and prepared themselves. Following this was our song of "The Sun Temple," and the Group closed in the usual way.

GERDA NYSTROM

ANNA SONESSON, *Supt.*



Lotus Group at Kungsholmen, Sweden

The work in the Lotus Group has never been more encouraging than during the last few months. In February, besides the usual meetings, we gave an entertainment on the 15th, at which the children gave a little play arranged according to Lotus Leaflet No. 1, series 2. Both teachers and children much enjoyed the rehearsals, and we were happy to note from week to week the great improvement and increased interest on the part of the children. This entertainment was given in the Lodge rooms at Majorsgatan, 9b., and was a remarkable suc-

cess, in spite of the fact that the children had had no rehearsals in that room beforehand.

On April 13th the Lotus Group celebrated the birthday of William Q. Judge. We had a very beautiful meeting. Both grown-ups and little ones send their love and best wishes to the Lotus Mother and to all Comrades at Point Loma. The children often express great happiness in the work of our Lotus Group, and hope that when the Lotus Mother again comes to Sweden she will find many true Warriors of the Golden Cord.

ANNA SONESSEN, *Superintendent*



Lotus Group, Helsingborg, Sweden

During April we have had the usual Lotus Groups. The program has been, in general, a song, music and then silence. We have had lessons from the Lotus Leaflets with explanation; a tale from Andersen or some other writer for children, and the meetings have closed, as usual, with song and a moment of silence.

SUPERINTENDENT



Lotus Group, Lodge No. 7, Utrecht, Holland

During the last month the Lotus circle has been held with the usual regularity. The little ones much enjoy the song of "The Sun Temple," and are now learning the melody of "Trinity." We have a splendid Girl's Club, strengthened with some recent new members, and they meet every Friday evening.

J. BLANKERTS



Rotterdam Lotus Group Report, Lodge No. 5

The children are arranged in three classes, according to their age and ability. The teachers exchange every month. In the lowest class (the smallest children), fairy tales were told and efforts were made to bring the children in contact with nature, by bringing to the Lotus Circle branches and buds of shrubs and flowers. We tell them also the finest poems in the Dutch literature for children, and teach the children to recite them. The children are very fond of reciting, and often they bring in songs they have learned elsewhere. The Circle is regularly attended, most of the children being from eight to ten years of age.

The second class consists of children from eight to twelve years of age. They also are told stories and fairy tales, and sometimes narratives of the life of some hero or heroine.

In the third class Miss Irieleman told the "Coming of the King," which was an occasion for much explaining. In the highest class the children are taught self-reliance in a practical way; they are urged to read, to think for themselves and to speak about subjects which deeply interest them. We are trying to arouse and develop every good inclination in the children.

J. MEIJER, *President*

F. P. C. DE ILEN, *Secretary*



Brixton Lodge Lotus Group, from March 4, 1902

Just now the children are working hard at a new play and rehearsals occupy a good deal of time. The boys and girls who are taking part are, with one exception, those who have remained with us very steadily during the whole of a series of annoying attempts, on the part of some Sunday-school teachers and others, to induce them to leave the Lotus Group.

They are working at the play with the greatest earnestness and much improved capacity. We may regard this set of children as a permanent nucleus in our Group.

Sunday morning, April 13th, was a special occasion, for a letter was written to the Lotus Mother. This was entered into with real interest by the children, and even tiny ones were anxious to sign their names.

In the afternoon of the same day a special Children's Lotus Group was held at 19 Avenue Road, in which children from each of the London Groups took part, including a number from Brixton. All were greatly interested in seeing the house and gardens once the home of H. P. Blavatsky. The whole meeting and the part taken in it by each individual boy and girl, must have helped them to feel more than ever the meaning and purpose lying behind the work of these Lotus Groups.

A small Drill Class is held once a week for children, aged from eight to twelve. The interest in it is great, and we believe the class to be of use to the children and certainly to the teachers.

SUPERINTENDENT



Wavertree Lotus Group, England

The Wavertree (England), Lotus Group is doing good work. The children are intensely interested and often unite with those of the Liverpool Lotus Group in public entertainments. The meetings are filled with song and story, music always and a reading from *THE NEW CENTURY*. For our meeting in celebration of May 8th, White Lotus Day, we gave to each child short quotations from the writings of our beloved H. P. Blavatsky. Before long we shall arrange to hold a meeting, also, for the mothers of the children.

KATE LITTLEWOOD, *Superintendent*



Myrrdin Lotus Group, Cardiff, Wales

The Lotus Group is being carried on as usual, on Wednesday of each week. We open the meeting with the march and song, "Warriors of the Golden Cord," and after that sing the "Circle Song." During a few moments of silence we send loving thoughts to all children and all grown-ups throughout the world, not forgetting the Buds and blossoms and the Lotus Mother in Loma-land.

We always have a story from *The New Century* or the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. It is our aim to foster in the children the feeling of brotherhood and to encourage their efforts at self-mastery. Among our favorite songs are "Happy Little Sunbeams," "Tiny Buds," and "Brothers We." I have observed a marked improvement in those who attend the Boys' Club as well as the Lotus Group.

We all rejoice at the great work going on at the Center, Point Loma and San Diego.

JOHN MORGAN, JR., *Superintendent*



Lotus Group, Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

The meetings have been held on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the month of April. The children have been learning some new songs lately, among them some melodious Welsh airs, which they seem to enjoy singing. The routine is much as heretofore. On

the 12th of this month most of the children came for an outing to commemorate W. Q. Judge's birthday, after which they reassembled at 71 Park street for tea, after which they marched, sang, and kept silent moments around W. Q. Judge's portrait, which was draped in purple and wreathed with golden daffodils.

Several new children have come during the past month.

EDITH CLAYTON,

30th April, 1902

Superintendent



Lotus Group at Seacombe, England

Reports from the Lotus Group in Seacombe (England) state that the work is most encouraging in every way, the children being deeply interested, with new children constantly coming in. On the Fourteenth of April a public entertainment was given in honor of William Q. Judge. His picture, festooned with flowers, was placed upon a white-covered table and it was a beautiful picture to see the Tiny Buds march around the table reciting some of his masterly words. Lotus songs delighted the audience. In this the group from Wavertree took a prominent part.



Lotus Group, Lodge No. 2, Bristol

Our Lotus Group meetings are held regularly, twice each week. Our meetings are most interesting, with lessons, stories and music. We are looking forward with great anticipation to the little plays promised from the Center. EDITH CLAYTON, *Superintendent*



Lotus Group, Seattle Lodge No. 100

Our Lotus Group work is going on with added interest on the part of the children from week to week. On May 28, the children of the Group and the members of our Boys' Brotherhood Club united and together presented the music-play "Harmony and Joy."

The children entered into the spirit of the play with gratifying responsiveness, and the result gave us just a glimpse of what is attained at the Center, Loma-land. The hall was more than filled, and there was standing room only, long before it was time for the entertainment to begin.

The costumes of the children were beautiful and effective, and as the curtain rose on the first scene an exclamation of approval was distinctly audible.

The Rainbow Fairies were most attractive, each child being encouraged to give her own simple interpretation of the song and the preceding graceful prelude. These were followed by the Blossoms, Bluebell, Primrose and Snowdrop, dignified and sweet.

The climax was reached at the close of the second scene at the singing of "The Crusader." It is truly a song which stirs the heart, and I am sure that there was present no one who did not feel a new joy and a greater hope for the future. For the future lies in the hands of the children. It is they who must redeem the race and, knowing this, can we not better understand our Leader's great love for the little ones in our midst? Do we not find in our hearts a deepened determination to make this Lotus Group work what it should be?

E. H. S., *Corresponding Secretary*

The B. B. C. of Helsingborg

The Boys' Brotherhood Club of Helsingborg, Sweden, has been doing its usual good work and the members are enthusiastic. The sad news has reached us that recently one of our beloved members was drowned, Ferdinand Tullstorp. His comrades sent a garland of flowers and many of them were present at the funeral.

Boys' Club of Bow Lodge, England

The Leader is in receipt of a letter from the Boys' Brotherhood Club of Bow Lodge, England. In it is expressed the ardent wish of all members that the great work of The Universal Brotherhood may be successfully carried forward; their deep desire to help in the work; and their heartfelt wish that the Leader's life may be spared for many years to come, that the good work which has been so successfully carried on, in spite of all opposing evil forces, may be continued. This was signed by all members, and is only one of many such evidences of loyalty constantly received by the Leader from all parts of the world.

Boys' Club in Leyden, Holland

Brother Arie Goud reports that our loyal comrades of the Leyden (Holland) Lodge organized a splendid Boys' Brotherhood Club on April 13, the birthday of William Q. Judge. We congratulate these fortunate boys. If every country in the world would do as much as Holland, what a light would shine into the hearts of men in the near future!

Boys' Club of Rotterdam, Holland

The Boys' Brotherhood Club of Rotterdam, Holland, is doing unusually good work at its regular meetings. "The Higher Patriotism," was one of our recent subjects, treated in January. The general discussions are most interesting, and already the boys are starting out on lines of independent and original thought.

Girls' Club, Utrecht, Holland

Reports from the Utrecht Lodge tell of the organizing of a Girls' club.

Louisville, Kentucky, June 1902

Our B. B. C. and Lotus Group are progressing very nicely. A number of good speakers are coming to the front in the Boys' Club and brotherhood is having a marked effect upon the Boys' Club and the Lotus Group. Louisville seems to have a bright future before it.

W. F. GEARHART

Boys' Brotherhood Club of San Diego, California

We, the members of the Boys' Brotherhood Club of San Diego, do hereby unite in thanking Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, for the opportunity she has given to the boys of San Diego by the formation of a Boys' Brotherhood Club.

We feel that it is a great privilege to belong to this Club and take part in the Brotherhood work carried on all over the world, and to show our gratitude we will try our best to carry out the purpose of the Club and to be worthy members of the New Century Guard, and thus bring about the New Order of Ages which the world needs so much. Signed by

HARRY SCHNEIDER, *President*,

June 14

BERNARD RYAN, *Secretary*, and the other members



Children's Entertainment, April 13th, 1902, at Groningen, Holland

Translation of Report Given in the Local Paper

Last night, The Universal Brotherhood gave an entertainment in the Upper Concert Hall of the "Harmonie," in commemoration of the birthday of William Q. Judge, the former Leader of the Movement. The program was varied and was given by the Lotus-circle (the unsectarian Sunday-school of the organization), the Boys' Brotherhood Club and the Girls' Club.

After a piece of classic music and some opening words by the president of the lodge, wherein he explained briefly the purposes of the organization and the character of the entertainment, a tableau was presented by the Boys' Brotherhood Club. The members of the club were in Greek dress, armed with spear and shield. They sang a Brotherhood-song, after which the children came into the hall. As always, this was the most impressive moment of the evening. Over forty children in Greek dresses, with large Lotus collars around their necks, so that they looked like living flowers, marched with a white and golden cord, singing the "Sun Temple." The smallest—a boy five years of age—walked ahead and stepped as if he were accustomed to so walk every day. The Boys' Brotherhood Club sang a song of welcome to the children. Then there was the flower-offering. Beside the portraits of the Leaders, adorned with leaves and flowers, the oldest girl took her place, received from each child a flower. These she placed in a vase standing before the portraits. After this the tableaux were given consecutively. In the meantime, the members of the B. B. C., who stood before the stage, entertained the public with songs and recitations. One of their number did homage to the memory of W. Q. Judge. The recitations were read from a scroll. The key-note of all was that Life is Joy. The ideal life, that is being lived at Point Loma, the World-Center of Theosophy, was faithfully mirrored in the spirit of the recitations and in the glow and in the self-reliance with which they were rendered.

The tableaux of the children and the girls elicited enthusiastic applause. They were called back several times. The radiant little faces of the Lotus children showed with how much joy they gave this entertainment. Notwithstanding the proceedings lasted about three hours and the children were on duty during that time almost without any interval, they did not grow tired and would gladly have done more if time had permitted.

We do not say too much, when we state, that the work of the children was a living wonder and gave evidence, more than anything else, of the great force, which is hidden in The Universal Brotherhood Organization and which energizes it. We hope, that soon another entertainment of the Lotus-circle may be expected and that many more children and boys and girls may partake in it.