

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast
 No backward glances towards the past;
 And though somewhat be lost and gone,
 Yet do thou act as one new-born.—GOETHE

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General Sanchez Hechavarria

One of the noblest examples in public and private life, beloved by all, a man of the highest integrity and honor, a true patriot, warrior and statesman—the memory of General Sanchez Hechavarria will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen and of all lovers of Cuba.

One of his very last acts, while upon his death-bed, was to sign a protest sent to the Government at Washington, demanding the instant release of the eleven Cuban children detained at Ellis Island, New York, while on their way to Point Loma, Cal. It is said that when he heard of the cabled message which, it was claimed, had been received from Cuba and had caused the children to be detained, he expressed not only great regret but disgust that such an unfounded report should emanate from Cuba; nor could he believe that it could have been sent by a Cuban, or that anyone who loved Cuba would work against Katherine Tingley who had done and was doing so much for Cuba and the Cuban children.



Extracts from the discourse of SR. SIMEON POVEDA FERRER, at the meeting held in memory of General Sanchez, January 5th, at *El Centro Nacionalista Maceo*, Santiago de Cuba
 Translation from *El Cubano Libre*

TODAY, united in thought because of our common grief, we meet to pay tribute to an illustrious man, to him who has returned to that land from whence he came. . . .

Grief has its outer and graphic symbolism today, but already within our hearts it has been transmuted into a sweet and sacred song, born of an ideal love and consecrated by the divine majesty of suffering. . . .

Grief-stricken, yet are our people dominated by a common feeling which causes the hearts of all to vibrate in unison as an Æolian Harp. Weep not, for the fire of battle dried his tears, but be thou reverent before the memory of this

man who, another Cincinnatus, gave his country all that he had—his strong arm, his estate, his unblemished honor and his virtue unsullied.

Francisco Sanchez Hechavarría was one of those extraordinary beings who rise at times of crisis. He was the son of a family whose deeds of glory form a bright constellation in the pure sky of our political history. In the war of '95 he proved his brilliant skill both as soldier and gentleman—courage he had, skill, generosity and training.

Shot and shell touched him not, for he was destined to bring to completion an even greater work than the freeing of an enslaved people. He was called, by an unusual state of affairs, to unify this Oriental people on lines of truth and principle and honor, a democracy which tends toward social equality, not by the tearing down of those who are above but by the culture, the uplifting, and the ennobling of those who are below.

An orator fiery as Danton, original as Vergniaud, spontaneous, virile, dignified—he never cared to clothe his thoughts with useless words nor mere literary filagree, repudiating the devices of empiricists. His simplest words, patriotic and courage-inspiring, bespoke the greatness of his soul, the selflessness of a heart which cherished hatred toward naught save tyranny.

Beyond a doubt no contemporary orator was so extravagantly applauded, yet never for applause did he sacrifice his love of truth. His words ever wakened and vivified a glowing love for country and compatriots. Sincerity was his genius, honor his religion, and justice his God.

He was to the people a hope and an ideal and was chosen, by their suffrage, to the highest position as Provincial Governor, the greatest, noblest and most beloved of all in our provinces. In war a perfectly disciplined soldier, in peace and at all times, an accomplished gentleman, he had a soul fitted to create as well as organize, virtues which, united to the patriotic love of his great heart, were strenuously needed for the governing of a people just born, as is Cuba, into a life of liberty and modern rights.

One of our profoundest thinkers, Enrique J. Varona, educator and philosopher, said not long ago that people of our birth and temperament perpetually oscillate between the two extremes of demagogism and tyranny; and he based his statement upon the want of equilibrium which he had observed among the majority of Spanish-American peoples. But, fortunately, that has no application to the land which cradled Cespedes, the Maceos and the Moncadas; for here the popular heart beats, serene and calm, and true patriotism serves at all times to preserve order and balance. If in other places, the triumph of democracy has brought dangers for lack of the knowledge to discriminate between rights and inherent duties, here, on the contrary, it has served to cement the union which exists between governed, between rich and poor, between white and black.

Well we know that we could not have achieved this unity if the hearts of those who constitute the aristocracy of Cuba had not pulsed with justice, love of liberty and respect for the rights of the masses.

A most important factor in our magnificent evolutionary struggle was Francisco Sanchez Hechavarría, during the brilliant, though short, period of his governorship, upon which he placed the seal of his virtue, of his activity and originality, of his patriotism and energy and of his incorruptible dignity.

Even the enemies—which he had in common with all courageous souls—became silent and filled with admiration; while his friends, the people whom he so loved, made him their idol. But cruel death mercilessly cut off his life at the time when he was of such great service to the Province he governed, and just when he was cherishing the fairest projects for his country.

Even though our idol has met the common fate, not so our love for him, which is grounded in the public conscience; for we Orientals shall ever invoke his name as a symbol of virtue. . . . What the American people said of Washington will be said of him, “that he was first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

Convinced that I am, in these words, but interpreting the desires of a vast number of those who love this man, I take this opportunity to invite all who wish to do so to aid in the erection of a commemorative stone, upon which shall be graven an epitaph symbolic of the undying gratitude of this generation and which will serve to quicken those who aspire to gain the people’s love. And let this epitaph read:

Here lies Francisco Sanchez Hechavarría, the *Aristides* of Cuba, who truly merited the name given him by his fellow-citizens—the *Just*—a man not to be corrupted.

Lack of Proportion

by Henry T. Edge



IN comparing the dominant race of present civilization with other races, as in comparing the ancient Romans with the ancient Greeks, one observes that in each case the former is distinguished by a deficient sense of proportion.

The Greeks esteemed an all-round and well-balanced culture and development, both in their works of art and in their life private and public. The Romans, on the contrary, were noted for extreme thoroughness in a few things and a total neglect of others.

The Roman character is well illustrated by Roman roads, which ran straight across the country, scorning to climb hills and descend valleys, but tunnelling and

bridging. In comparing the Greek and Roman methods of constructing theatres, it has been pointed out that the Greeks took advantage of natural conformations and scenery, while the Romans built their theatre complete just where they wanted it, in scornful defiance of natural aids or drawbacks.

And our race has inherited this straight-lined, thorough, inflexible manner. It also tends to run to extremes and to overdo details at the expense of the whole.

Our efficiency in the study of the body and its ailments and treatment has far outrun our achievements in the study of the mind and its needs and functions; and it is this want of proportion between the two that causes such unequal results and such variety and contrariety of opinion on questions of hygiene.

And when anyone discovers this lack of proportion, does he not forthwith "run to the other extreme" and commit a similar excess in the opposite direction? It is neither practicable nor necessary to make a catalogue of cases wherein we thus run to extremes. Plenty of instances will occur to anyone. The schools of therapeutics, the arena of diet controversy, the social panaceas, political war-cries, and religious opinions will furnish an ample contingent. Most zealots cultivate some one virtue or faculty exclusively and to excess, neglecting the others, and thus producing an ugly result which brings that virtue or faculty into contempt.

The armchair philosopher, whose puny physique and trifling habits comport so ill with his mighty imagination and soaring spirit, is rightly contemned by the robust and healthy practical man, who instinctively feels that, not until one has mastered the details of common life, should one venture into the unknown and affect to spurn the common herd. The peculiar circumstances of modern civilization enable us to develop our theoretical and imaginative life out of all proportion to our practical capability, and thus are bred a type of unbalanced natures. In our material constructions and equipments, too, we can find abundant illustration of this same tendency. Consummate excellence exists side by side with shiftless neglect in our cities, and the architecture itself may be beautiful in its details but utterly incongruous and chaotic as a whole.

And what is the cause of this characteristic excess and lack of proportion? It is the failure to see things as a whole, the inability to see the unity of things, the concentration upon details and limits.

Nor is this confined and disproportionate method peculiar to our ideas; it is in our sentiments as well. In our individualism, our self-centered lives, our personal interests, our isolated homes, we find the same tendency manifested.

There is much to be said for the phrenologist who examines your head, finds out where the prominences and depressions are, and marks for you on a chart your excesses and deficiencies with the injunction to cultivate or restrain as the case requires, for this method enables you to stand outside yourself and get a leverage on your own propensities.

In the end the law adjusts all excesses and disharmonies, and compels conformity to its decrees. We learn that our very virtues may count as hindrances through the excessive zeal with which we cultivate them, and that there are other virtues which stand in as much need of cultivation. And, from a study of the defects of other people, we learn how perfectly similar are our own. Then, weary of our narrowness, we leave off clinging so fast to our own beloved notions and allow more genial influences to rule in our lives.

Present Opportunities

by L. R.



LIFE is a series of paradoxes, and this truth is emphasized in times of greatest activity. Even the present age of energetic commercialism shows the working of a force that is powerful for good if rightly directed. When the world moved more slowly there was less opportunity for progress than we have today. Force, *per se*, is a colorless thing which is characterized by the motive behind it or the direction in which it is turned. Under existing conditions there is enough courage and strength and activity to transform the weary old planet into a paradise if the force so freely operating were guided by unselfishness. The very activities of modern civilization which menace it hold the potential means of its salvation.

The prevailing rapidity of development makes this a period of transition along every line of thought. Men are suspended in mental mid-air, so to speak, between the inadequacy of old standards of life and the uncertainty of new ones. It is a rare opportunity for confident and courageous philosophers to inspire the vacillating majority with faith to step firmly forward into the new order of things. Men's minds are now especially susceptible to impressions, and a strong desire to reassure and encourage the puzzled masses will make the helpful thought gravitate to its own. An earnest, positive conception of truth will travel along mental lines to the negative, uncertain seekers of truth in diverse paths. A calm, steadfast conviction will convince men to whom the believer may not speak and give faith to many whom he may never see.

Thinking minds today are critically analyzing the status of all our institutions—religious, social, educational and economic. The blind faith of earlier generations in the established order of things is conspicuous by its absence. Educa-

tors are discussing the imperfections of the public school system. The changing vote of political parties measures the growing sentiment for live issues. The church is devising means for overcoming the indifference and skepticism within and without its walls. Some of the sanest minds are asking themselves—and self-questioning is apt to be impartial—whether, after all, the best instrument of just government has yet been found. In short, the impetus of modern progress has swept the people beyond their outgrown institutions; while the confused eagerness to find better systems keeps the average mind in a state of negative activity.

These cosmopolitan mental audiences to whom any confident soul may send its messages are seeking in various ways for the truth that liberates. Unfortunately most of the seekers expend their many-sided activities in attempts to improve externals, not going deeply enough to find the cause. The forms and methods of faulty systems are but the surface symptoms of a general disease. Conditions which emanate the best influences of life cannot be created out of a popular desire to simply get the most of things.

Physiology shows that the evolution of a new sense always precedes and dictates the development of the organ through which it will functionate. The same law operates in the social body. The keen, alert mentality of today, guided by self-seeking desire, is the quality of sense to naturally produce our unsatisfactory institutions. To reach the root of present difficulties, reformers must recognize the philosophy of changing men's motives instead of evolving new methods of expressing them. This seems evident enough, upon reflection; but the prevailing superficial quality of thought tends to exaggerate the importance of surface conditions and so neglects the underlying fault.

This excess of force expended upon externals would seem wasted but for the necessary experience thus gained. The ground must be gone over thoroughly. The inadequacy of superficial methods can only be recognized by proving them to be practical failures. There is hope while investigation continues, for he who seeks shall find. The danger, however, is that the active reviewers of many systems will settle back discouraged by a perplexed feeling that the truth is past finding out. There is pressing need for those who see that the general fault is one of motive rather than of method, to keep definitely *sure enough* of this truth. Their certainty will react to convince others.

The active mind and brain which evolved the modern machinery of life have become correspondingly developed in sense and sensitiveness. The average individual daily grows more sensitive, more susceptible—consciously or unconsciously. Countless cases of nervous exhaustion—many of whom live wholesome personal lives—show the disintegrating effect of the jar and friction of modern life upon the highly organized nervous systems. Negative and sensitive,

ignorant of the laws of the developing unfamiliar sense, these cases reflect the depression which ebbs and flows in restless, stormy thought waves around them. At times the social mind grows weary and pessimistic with the endless round of seeking and finding and losing of seeming solutions of its problems. The resulting wave of depression must affect every sensitive, fine-grained nature which is not confidently positive. Safety lies in firmly refusing to be the negative pole for the current of popular opinion. The positive always goes to the negative and carries its influence. Simply to *believe* that "everything is provided for" is a practical kind of wisdom more potent than mere words to help the wavering. Silent, willing loyalty to the truth can finally convince where language fails.

William Q. Judge said:

It is not that you must rush madly or boldly out *to do, to do*. Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it; and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying out anything but some small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of.

Refuse to be dismayed with the restless activity and materialism around you. The soul is urging men on to seek the truth, and they translate the impulse according to the dominant tone in their natures. The perturbed modern life is a distorted translation of what is essentially a spiritual message. Men feel the stir of the onward impulse and seek to express it along the familiar lines of physical and intellectual sense. Now is the opportune time for believers in man's divinity to increase their faith. The public are ready, waiting for this message.

The earlier presentations of Theosophic truth appealed to the intellect and to a taste for mysticism. But things have changed in a quarter of a century and men's minds have broadened and awakened. The philosophy is not now presented as a novelty, but offers to each man an extension of whatever phase of truth is dearest and clearest to him. If the philosophers keep the leaven of their trust in the general thought atmospheres, it will work with the law which regulates results. The influence of tongue and pen may not compare with a calm, unflinching, positive faith. The philosophy of life taught by Katherine Tingley at the Point Loma institution may be received by any earnest student, though he be poor, unlearned, disabled and alone, and by striving himself to make his life pure and unselfish he may transmit daily messages of clear, hopeful, positive truth to the restless, changing, negative seekers all along the crowded line.

SOUND is the organ, but the art of sound, namely, music, is the conscious language of feeling—of that full, overflowing love which ennobles the sensual and realizes the spiritual.

—R. WAGNER

“The Lute of Apollo”

By H. B. M.



WHEN one reads a book that has been written with a purpose and a high ideal, particularly if it finds a sympathetic response in oneself, one feels a deep sense of gratitude to the author; and realizing the lifting power for good it has exerted upon himself, wishes that his friends also may read and be touched and inspired. Such was the case when by seeming accident I picked up a little book entitled *The Lute of Apollo*, an essay on Music by Clifford Harrison (an Englishman).

After reading, I felt that the truth and power which lie behind all *true Art* were clearly and beautifully shown, not by a mere theorist, but by one who had had a glimpse into the heart of things.

Anyone who reads this book will, I believe, more fully realize what Katherine Tingley is endeavoring to accomplish—is accomplishing—in Art and Music.

The author says in beginning:

In the worship of *Art* with a very big A, is it not forgotten that art is but a symbol of some thing beyond all Art? The artist himself indeed often asks for and desires nothing beyond art or above art. For him art begins and ends in itself. Therefore it is not surprising that he has often to lament over what he calls the cruel and crass indifference of the world towards art pure and simple, and the Philistine admiration it occasionally exhibits towards something which, though poor Art, hints and images the great beyond. . .

The author sees and recognizes, as do but few artists and writers, the “Beyond,” the “Invisible,” which is the power, the strength, and the beauty that still dwells in the remains of all ancient works of Art.

The ancient artist drew his strength from within not from without—making the *without* but the symbolic garb of the *within*; and thus his works stand today a living history of the Soul’s evolution, its struggles and final triumph and mastery over material things.

What has come to us from the ancients in Art has been only that whose expression could survive the ravages of time and spoliation, such as architecture and sculpture, and some writings. But of ancient music, we know as yet but little. The ancients seem to have had no clear system of musical notation; or, if they did, we have as yet no evidence that will give us the key; and thus we lose much of the deep thought of the ancient art world, for music most truly is the “Voice of the Beyond.”

The writer of the *Lute of Apollo* recognizes this:

Music preeminently is the symbol of the Beyond, and derives its power from sources a materialistic age alternately girds at and denies.

And in this denial lies the cause of failure to reach the highest in Art. Those who see the beauty of form alone and strive to imitate, fail, utterly fail, to produce anything lasting. The form must be born of the *Idea* and the *Idea* must be conceived in the heart, where alone resides the immortal self, the *Divine Artist*.

As to the title of the book, the author says:

I have written these pages connecting the thought of music with a title which may associate it with the natural sunshine of the world and the supreme center of Life which that sunshine shadows and reveals in its light.

What could be more suggestive than the *Lute of Apollo*?—Apollo, the sun-god, the symbol of the perfection of all art and life, the perfect man, embodying all the powers of Man and the Universe.

And his music, hidden and as yet soundless in the hearts of men, the music of his lyre, the eternal music of the Spheres, is ready to be awakened in every human heart that truly strives to live the perfect life.

The power of music to reach the soul by what might be termed “direct cognition”—a gaining of knowledge without intellection—was recognized by one of the greatest of musicians, Richard Wagner. He looked upon the ear as the direct organ of the soul. The cry of yearning, of joy, of pain, wordless yet full of meaning, touches the heart-spring of feeling, that sense by which we most truly know. And who has not heard these wordless tones in some great symphonic work? The composer in moments of inner silence has listened in his heart and there heard *Eons* speaking; as the breezes of feeling play upon the mystic Æolian Harp, speaking a universal language of joy, of sorrow, of yearning, of final triumph, and the soul victorious mounts on high, bathed in the glorious radiance of the Sun-god Apollo, the composer writes tone pictures to be listened to by men of earth.

Weber has said, and truly, that music was the universal speech of mankind.

When will men believe that there is a higher faculty than the intellect and a means of greater scope for gaining knowledge than by experience?

Some of the purposes of music as Mr. Harrison sees them are described as follows:

Music is a splendid incentive to courage and good spirits. . . . Music is a potent aid in all those calls to higher living and deeper feeling—feeling which is no waste of emotion, since it should be expressed in subsequent action. . . .

It is an open question whether music does not hold a force for healing illness and soothing pain or overstrung nerves. . . .

It could be made a leading and influential factor in education as Plato recommended and as many thinkers and men of insight have believed.

The true poet, as an artist, is the channel through which the invisible becomes visible.

Could one gather the verses and lines that praise and proclaim the mystery of music, from English poets alone, they would form an analogy in themselves and be a trumpet-tongued witness to the sovereignty of the Master-voice of the World. . . .

Unfortunately, people are too apt to read poetry lightly, to regard a poet's thoughts as metaphors and poetic fancies—beautiful to quote and to use as the decoration and flourish to life, but not to be taken seriously and revered as flashes of high inspiration and truth. . . .

The mysterious authority and high investiture of music would be more understood and confessed if we only believed with more than empty phrases that a great poet is, in the deep sense of the word, a seer.

He speaks of Browning's *Abt Vogler* as a master thought on music, and hints at the probability of the historic Abt Vogler's connection with the mysterious Rosicrucians; making at the same time a significant statement which might go to show Mr. Harrison's source of inspiration. He says, in effect, that, if Abt Vogler belonged to this order, as was suspected both of him and other historic characters, then it was *not* strange that evidence documentary or otherwise has never been discovered; a thing incomprehensible to the intellectual researcher, who declares such an order a myth, or at least composed of fools. Mr. Harrison seems to fully comprehend and understand the reason why members of the mysterious Brotherhood never proclaimed their connection; though hinting at its teaching in writings of the day in such a manner that only those who had the inner vision could read and comprehend. And these men, whoever they were, knew the laws of life in its highest aspect and therefore that which lies behind all Art and Music.

The following quotation from a manuscript certainly shows insight into the deeper mysteries of music and the potency of sound:

Like attracts like, Harmony can awaken, can create harmony, the vibration of sound is not only a means of transubstantiating a sentiment, or a cloudy abstraction; it is a force, a physical power capable of influencing matter. This can be tested and proved. It can produce unheard-of phenomena based on the union of expressed Harmony with the corresponding Harmony shut up in substance.

And further, to quote Mr. Harrison's own words:

Half the words written about Music, have nothing to do with the force that moves us in harmony and melody.

They do but deal with the art of sound called "music" or the science of sound called acoustics. Nay, many of the musical compositions we listen to . . . some signed

by great names . . . are but arrangements, artistic, scholarly or trivial as the case may be, of musical sound. Indeed it is scarcely too fanciful to see in the recognition—intuitive, irrepressible and often unreasonable—which we sometimes give to the beauty of music, even when listening to music of a trivial character, proof of the greatness of the force at work, which no limitation or even degradation can wholly make inoperative. . . . Music to us is something expressed but not covered by musical sound. . . .

The relation between music and color are hinted at.

Music is too ethereal, too volatile, too living to be accurately measured by any external reference. If any such references exist and are ever found they will surely be discovered in motion and color.

The relation between color and music is now a confessed truth, but the art of bringing them together has yet to be discovered.

I believe the Drama will be the link which will bind the two, as it binds all the arts, both plastic and æsthetic; and music and architecture are often spoken of as having been associated in ancient times. Architecture has poetically been styled “frozen music;” and, as before stated, a poet often expresses a deep truth which the prosaic mind looks upon as mere fancy.

The natural phenomena of the world which are often spoken of as music are, Helmholtz points out, musical more in their sense of rhythmic motion than in their sound. . . .

Arabesques in architecture have been quoted as allied to melodic phrases; that this utterance is real and in no sense a mere play of poetic fancy, is proved by taking a sheet of glass, sprinkled with fine sand, holding it at one side and passing a violin bow along the middle of the opposite side. Exquisite designs are formed by an invisible geometry as subtle as it is perfect.

It has been said, and truly, that “God geometrizes.” Carlyle says:

See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music—if you can only reach it.

How can one look upon nature and not see the presence of the “Divine?” What wonderful forms and exquisite colors are there portrayed. The crystallization in quartz or gem, in ice or hoar frost, is geometrically perfect, each after its kind, so that the nature of the substance can readily be distinguished by its crystal formation; and this is the same law at work which gives each flower of a kind its similarity in color and form, and also renders the marked difference between kinds. It would seem that if we can understand, see, and hear musically, we can know all there is to be known in nature and man, and in Art, the highest expression of man.

While Mr. Harrison sees music in nature, he also sees the error of those who claim for nature music as we generally understand that term.

The musician—with a few notable exceptions—declares that there is no music in nature. It is not a question of beauty or emotion, but of structure and degree. . . .

All the region of beauty, the natural music of the world, is repudiated (and rightly so by the laws of the Schools) by the Art of Music. Yet is it not music too and of a very real and lovely kind? In our hearts we rebel against the argument that closes the door at the Art of Music and shuts out all the natural music of the earth. The world will never do this, whatever the Schools may say. . . . Let us take a glance back into that shut-out region of natural music. . . . We can sometimes learn a great deal from the dumb creatures—as we curiously have named them—and from the voices of nature. . . . Animals, winds and waves, all animate and even inanimate things, have their music surely, just as we have ours, but the scales are different; may not this be the truth?

The error lies in the notating their voices with our scales. That they possess not only music of their own but also have a potential capacity for the perception, and even imitation of our music, seems undeniable.

There are those amongst us who wish to imitate the music of the birds, of the winds, of the ocean's roar; but who is he that wishes to *imitate* anything? Imitation is the curse of the age in Art. Imitation and progress are opposites. We hear much about characteristic music. How many know what characteristic music is? Many fancy that it is the imitation of something in nature by means of musical sound, the wind, the birds, an ocean's beat, or perhaps the running of a brook, or a spinning-wheel. There are many attempts at this, and where the attempt has been, as most of them are, to imitate the concrete sound, it has failed both as imitation and as music. Why imitate the beauties of nature when we have living nature herself to look upon in all her glory, defying all imitations of man?

Is not the real characteristic music based upon the idea that arose when the phenomena were seen or heard, awakening in the heart a soul-melody aroused by the beauty of scene or sound or by its opposite? One knows that the glories of a sunrise or sunset are inaudible, at least, to our physical ears, but it is just that inaudible music of a glowing morning or clouded sunset, with its wonderful city of light, that can best be expressed by that intangible something called music. And music thus inspired would have the color and tone characteristic of the scene, but it would be the soul's song as it rose in pure prayer to greet the *Eternal*.

Music is a language and its true expression, Art; and Art is never Art without an Idea behind it, and to be real and lasting it must partake of the Divine.

The Soul understands the music of nature and translates it often into the speech of man through his acts. Any one who knows intervals thoroughly and who has tried to notate bird songs on paper, knows how poor an imitation can be obtained. Our notation will not reproduce them either in pitch or rhythm; and,

were this possible, the violin is the only instrument capable of reproducing the scales in which they are sung. There are an infinite number of degrees of pitch, their difference being often so minute, that even the most perfectly trained ear cannot distinguish between them. It would seem that in a scale of two hundred simple tones tuned but one vibration apart, all scales comprehensible to man must be contained. Pitch today is a matter of agreement, not of nature. Different ages and different races have different pitches. Pitch has been raised considerably during the last century.

Philosophically there is an absolute pitch based upon a unit of one vibration per second, giving a tone called C. By doubling the number of vibrations and thus obtaining the octave we reach middle C with a vibration of 256, a low pitch when compared with the modern pitches. That there is an absolute pitch there can be but little doubt, but to fix an absolute name to an absolute pitch, one that will remain true to the higher laws of vibration and music, is not possible on the present lines, and with the knowledge now possessed about music. This absolute pitch might give in part a link between natural and human music; but the real mystery lies deeper. The mystery of pitch itself is dependent upon it; it is to be found in the understanding and meaning of *Number*.

To quote Mr. Harrison:

If the link exists between all the scales of music, natural, human and Ideal—from the soundless harmonies of matter and growth up to the inaudible harmonies of Spirit and Love (and that they exist we cannot doubt), we find it, so far as it is revealed to us, in movement and the notation, not of sound, but of number.

That mysterious law of number, of which Pythagoras has been called the father, has puzzled modern scientists and musicians. They know that sequence of sound is governed by the ratio of small whole numbers, but their meaning is still a mystery. Upon these ratios were built the philosophies of Pythagoras and Plato, the whole science of Greek music, and the laws governing their life and art.

Of the music then produced we know but little, but their Art works certainly give evidence of a knowledge of the laws of proportion and symmetry unknown to us. Upon these laws Plato constructed his Republic, and his Music of the Spheres, that celestial harmony audible to those alone who can find and listen to the divine harmonies in their own souls, which are awakened by those who strive for the “perfect life.”

It is the music of Apollo’s seven-stringed Lyre, latent in each mortal bosom, which when sounded makes one immortal as the gods.

Bible Texts

by C. J. R.



If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.—*James i:5*

THEOSOPHY declares that “Truth, Light and Liberation” are awaiting all men who ask rightly. “Knock and it shall be opened unto you.” But it tells man that he can only gain the secret password which will lead into the place of peace by the effort *to give*. Everyone knows that a teacher learns more than his pupil by the act of imparting his knowledge. So in the spiritual life, the effort to give draws down power from the source of all power. It evokes that within which is the real Warrior. To work for others, generously, persistently, is to pray.

But on all sides the despairing cry comes, “We are weary with asking; there is no reply. Peradventure the Lord sleepeth!”

Consider, have you asked in the only way which can be expected to command an answer—by disinterested service of man? For

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

Have you asked from your own base, the secure vantage ground of your true soul, or have you been content to ask others to do your asking for you—Jesus or the saints? And, if you have asked, perchance,

Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your pleasures.—*James iv:3*

That is the key to the failure of so many who deceive themselves into believing that they are truth seekers. They ask for the good things of the body or the mind with the satisfaction of the egotistic self-centered personality alone in view. Occasionally they get the material benefits sought, “the special lots,” but—

For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—*Matthew xvi:26*

He does not gain wisdom and peace, nor the power to help his fellows.

* * *

He that findeth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.—*Matthew x:39*

What can this mean but that real life is the life of the soul? All the great Teachers have shown forth the impersonality of the soul-life. The Christ which dwells within, that Spirit which sooner or later will take root and grow in us, is the blazing light of impersonality, and Jesus, who came with the same ancient gospel of salvation as have all the inspired teachers of the world, makes the destruction of the narrowing sense of self the key-note of his Word. In that is the law and the prophets. It is the hardest of all tasks for it includes all others. But as the disciple begins to try to eliminate the strength of the personal idea—and “Try” is the only advice that is given—through the quick-gathering storms of opposition, of suffering, and of tempting pleasure, the far shimmer of the Gates of Gold flashes out and the spires and domes of the Heavenly City dimly appear.

Theosophy, the essence of true religion, has ever enforced the noble and unselfish doctrine of compassionate impersonality, which leads out of the limitations of the lower self into the larger life of divine love for all beings in which the sense of being isolated or separate from others is lost.

The pure teaching of Theosophy is well expressed by Paul, the wise master-builder:

I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.

I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be free and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.—*Philippians iv:12*

In both Old and New Testaments the simple gospel of work for humanity is enforced in order to gain this Christ-state of unshakable peace in which the disciple, by ridding himself of his personal egotism, at last becomes a powerful force for the uplifting of mankind, and gains life eternal.

Compare the following extracts, which are chosen out of a great number of similar meaning:

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked that thou cover him. . . . Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee: and the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.—*Isaiab lxxviii:6, etc.*

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—*James i:27*

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—*James i:22*

And the Golden Rule:

As ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise.—*Luke vi:31*

This is pure Theosophy, the teaching and practice of The Universal Brotherhood.

* * *

For he had great possessions.— *Matthew xix: 22.*

The story of the rich young man gives the key to the deepest of all mysteries—the very root of evil, egotism, one form of which is shown in the desire for personal aggrandizement. It is not necessary to consider whether Jesus meant to condemn the holding of material property in itself. His lesson condemned the attachment of one's desires to the enjoyment of things because they are *mine*. The possessions may be physical or mental, but as long as we identify ourselves with them they are a hindrance. The "vow of poverty," which all who would step out into Life must take, is a mental attitude, enabling us to judge the true relation of things. It must be renewed daily by a strong interior effort to think oneself as really apart from, and unaffected by, all the accidental circumstances of our lives, and by holding our possessions, the favorite associations of material life, or the favorite intellectual attainments, even the favorite virtues, as in trust for mankind. Thus will the disease of personal egotism be attacked at its very core, for the only way to reach the deep-seated enemy of the soul is by working on lines of brotherhood.

We all know the effect of even ordinary hard work in throwing off ill temper. But good work in itself would be nothing unless founded upon the pure motive of love for all mankind, of sympathy which is inspired by the realization that all souls are rays of one great divine unity, though in apparent separation for purposes of experience.

The world needs people who have learned the lesson of compassionate impersonality. It is only through such saviours that it can be given hope and shown how to redeem itself. The fathers and mothers of the coming races have the golden chance of giving their children that early training which will permit the giant weed of egotism no foothold, nothing to feed upon. So a race of free men shall arise, free in the deepest sense, free from the tyranny of the demon within, and ready to go forth unhampered by personal baggage, to rescue the perishing.

The rich young man in the story was well-meaning, he tried to keep the law and the commandments, even to the loving of the neighbor as oneself, but he could not give up his *personal* possessions even to follow the Christ. To be perfect but one thing was asked, the same that is demanded of us all before we can commence the upward journey with hope of success. To the one who is just turning to the real life it seems hard to make the desperate effort. The whole fabric of being seems to rock at the prospect of yielding the cherished possessions of self to the Higher Law, but "to be carnally minded is death," and there is no alternative.

Sooner or later all must face and conquer the lower nature and triumph over this frightful incubus of egotism that weighs down the whole world in sorrow. Then Life is known to be Joy, and the haunting dread and fear of plunging into the stream is seen to have had no cause. The simple, practical humanitarian work of The Universal Brotherhood, which is Theosophy in action, breaks down, quickly and effectively, the wall of egotism which has imprisoned the soul.

To the Memory of Walt Whitman

by C. W.

THE song of the lover of nature
 Born of the breath of the night,
 Equal of spirit and stature,
 Equal in darkness and light,
 Lover of earth and the sea,
 Mighty, with heart of the free,
 Whose life no sorrow can blight.

The wind bore him breath from the fallows,
 And scent of the pastures and leas,
 From the ripples of sun-caressed shallows,
 And tempest-torn breakers and seas
 That lash at his heart, as with chains,
 Yet the torment of tempest and rains
 Is as soft to his soul as the breeze.

As subtle, as deep and as changing,
 As open and wild as the sky,
 To the heart of her lover—as ranging
 And keen as the flash of his eye:
 Yet the ebb and the flow of the sea
 Are no firmer of purpose than he,
 Nor the strength of their purpose more high!

On sullen white crest of the billow
 His spirit goes wandering to find
 Light, and the clouds are its pillow,
 Borne high on the breast of the wind:
 He is with them, is in them and of them,
 Dwelleth neither below nor above them,
 But is made of them, spirit and mind!

With more than the flowers of the meadows
 The soil of his soul is in bloom;
 It is played on by sunlight and shadows,
 Expandeth and seeketh full room.
 All earth hath no space for its growing,
 But the skies are more fit for its flowing,
 It is heedless of guerdon or tomb.

Free poems are the songs of his singing,
 The breath and the voice of his soul:
 Like laughter of innocence ringing,
 Like foam-whitened breakers they roll,
 Breaking forth from him singing, in rivers,
 With the ease of a leaflet that quivers,
 The voice of him single and sole.

He reads clear in the bosoms of all men,
 Has love for them all, and to spare:
 He unravels the knots that appal men,
 In all things showeth forth what is fair:
 E'en in frailty and weakness and error,
 In sorrow and madness and terror,
 In misery, darkness and care.

His high hope, thro' it all, never faileth,
 He has never lost sense of the light:
 He knows not despair, nor bewaileth
 The tempests and passions that plight,
 But leadeth with strong, steady hand,

As forth from some desolate land,
All men unto wisdom and might.

There be few at the first, who shall hear him,
And many shall cast him to scorn;
He standeth alone—none is near him—
Yet long ere the twilight hath worn,
The sun of his grace shall assail them,
His singing shall save and not fail them,
Tho' the light of his days be withdrawn.

But one here and there down the ages
Of darkness and death shall arise,
To give fight to the evil that wages
(With lives of mankind for its prize)
Fierce war 'gainst the forces of Light,
And he, in the midst of their fight,
Sees the banner of liberty rise!

How I Became a Theosophist

by M. B. K.



THE world had never seemed right to me. From the time when a child I silently resented being told that I had "my father's temper," on through school days when I used "my father's retentive memory," and was scolded because I had none of "my mother's neatness," up to the days when life had to be faced alone, there was always a resentment in my mind toward whoever or whatever had started the machinery of my being.

If I turned to the so-called Law of Heredity, I saw myself a sort of living crazy-quilt, made of patches and scraps of the natures of my ancestors, and it seemed to me they ought to be ashamed of their handiwork! There were days when I passionately blamed my parents for bringing me into the world at all, since I must all my life be hampered and disfigured by attributes which *they* had given me. And if I went wrong, who was to blame?

"Not I," I told myself. "I had not made myself." Had there not been deeply rooted in my inner nature a feeling that "somehow" I was responsible, and *must* try to grow better those early struggles to understand might have ended recklessly.

Then there was the church. There was the calm, loving picture of the Christ, to which one so naturally turns for an ideal; but even he, as the church presented him, left the question unanswered and provoked others as hard to answer. Why must Christ take *my* sins? Why could I not save myself? I was unwilling to let my faults be merely "forgiven," and for another's sake, too. I was willing to work out my own sentence. Like Bret Harte's M'liss, I didn't want to be "beholden."

Passing years brought firmer endeavors to do right for right's sake, trying to shut away questionings and do the duty next at hand, trusting that death would be a door to wisdom and another world answer the puzzles of this.

But there was something ahead. A light waiting until my life should be ready for it, and all at once it came.

Into a newspaper article there crept, in spite of efforts to keep personal feeling out, a bitter little sentence about the God who visited the sins of the fathers upon the children. The editor cut the sentence out, but wrote to me, "Come to the office early tomorrow, and we will talk this over."

Puzzled, I obeyed, and there in the dingy office a sun arose that illumined my whole existence, past and present, lighting all the dark corners where doubts and questions lurk, and sending ahead of me glorious beams too bright for my eyes to follow. I shall never forget the crowded, littered room, with its one chair and low table, on which my friend perched, and the girls in the bindery glancing curiously across the air shaft wondering perhaps at the long earnest interview.

It may seem strange that I had not before heard more of Theosophy. Maybe I had not been "ready." Or perhaps it was because the Society had not attained its present standing in the west seven years ago. Certainly, beyond a shadowy idea that it was a fad, I knew nothing of its teachings.

However, I learned more of it that day. I learned of the law of Karma, of invincible equity, and of the never ending progress made possible by Reincarnation, and a great burden fell from me. I was the result of my own past, *not* the creature of a whole family's past. My quick temper and sharp tongue were *mine*, and mine the power to subdue them. No placid belief in a crucified Christ could save me. I must save myself—and the Christ was in me and in all men. At last, at last, I could see Justice in the world and a reason for life.

There was no questioning in my mind; no wondering whether it was all true. As the earnest voice of my friend went on, I listened as one listens to a strain of

music heard a long time before, and asks, "Where did I hear it? What is it a part of?" And to more than one statement the involuntary answer came, "Yes, I know." And I did know it, but had "forgotten."

For more than a year I read the books and attended the meetings of the Society, and then joined it formally, assured that the principles of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood must be the motive and direction of my life, however full of stumbling this life of mine may be.

And after seven years the light has never failed. In sorrow, by the side of the bed of death, in the midst of failures, it shines clear and true, pointing ahead to broader life and never ending growth.

Mr. Alderman Pepperdine

by William Jameson

(Author of "My Dead Self," etc.)

CONCLUDED



CHAPTER IV

LITTLE HATTIE

ON the left hand border of Clapham Common, as you look towards Balham, there is (or used to be several years back), a lane, still showing traces that it had been not so very long ago a real country one. Little cottages with rural gardens in front of them may be noticed here and there; whilst a large, irregularly built farm house, now acreless, calls forth a vision of corn fields and green meadows to blot out those speculation-built villas springing up round the neighborhood.

To this old-fashioned, comfortable dwelling, Heathcote, at the hour appointed, conducted Miss Pepperdine. The door was opened by a tall, cheerful-looking girl, with whom Heathcote shook hands cordially. Then he introduced her to the Alderman's daughter as "his friend Miss Agnes Jenn."

"Oh! I am so delighted you have come," exclaimed the girl impulsively. "We have all been worrying Mr. Heathcote to bring you, ever since we heard the news. Auntie *will* be pleased."

Clara could not help feeling a little bewildered. She had prepared herself for surprises—since not a word of information could she extract from her lover, as they crossed the Common, as to who and what Mrs. Ruffe really was. Still, the

surprise was somewhat of an ordeal to a young lady (conventionally brought up, remember) to be formally introduced to a girl who wore the cap and white apron of an ordinary servant maid. And the frankness with which this girl greeted her ("gross presumption," it would have been termed by her own mother), would possibly have been trying, but for the fact that "Miss Agnes Jenn's" tone and manner were distinctly lady-like. All Clara could imagine for the moment was that Miss Jenn was a connection of the mysterious "Auntie," and at the same time one of those "advanced girls," sometimes mentioned in Society journals, who delight in eccentricity.

But really and truly, this supposition was entirely erroneous. The only sense in which Miss Jenn could be regarded as an *advanced* girl was that she had got on in life a little. As a child she had swept a crossing in the south of London (in the intervals of her board school education). Her mother, whom she assisted in this task, dying when Agnes was nine years old. The child, who was consequently quite forlorn, was one day promoted to the companionship of Mrs. Ruffe. Clara Pepperdine did not learn all this, however, for some time after she had made the acquaintance of that lady.

Agnes Jenn led the two visitors into what was formerly the farm-house kitchen, where eight or ten girls about as old as herself were having supper of oatmeal porridge. They rose simultaneously and bowed. The next moment a rather pretty, but small woman, who sat at the head of the table, was introduced to Clara as "Mrs. Ruffe."

"I am truly grateful to Mr. Heathcote for this," said Mrs. Ruffe, regarding her affectionately.

"I am not so sure that I am," replied Clara, glancing with mock severity at her lover, "for"—she stopped. In a flash of thought she realized that she had said something suitable for the pages of *Punch*.

"Oh, do forgive me, Mrs.——"

It was no use. Her own laughter and the laughter of all the others made further apology impossible.

"I understand and sympathize. I am real Irish myself," said Mrs. Ruffe (her smile as she spoke was evidence of the fact), "and these girls of mine don't let me have much mercy when I betray my——"

"Country," suggested David Heathcote, mischievously.

"David! I must really teach you how to behave," exclaimed Clara, flogging his hands with her glove.

Ah! marvelous is the influence of spiritual atmosphere. In many a drawing-room, where it was the recognized duty of everyone to please, had Clara been inwardly chilled the whole evening through, because there were none present congenial to her. But, immediately on entering this old farm-house kitchen, she found

herself both talking and acting as though it was her own home she had entered. She was at that moment, however, among her kindred in soul, who compelled her without knowing it, to be perfectly natural.

And her doubts concerning the position of Agnes Jenn, and her curiosity about the inmates generally of this quaint house and about David's interest in them—these things were forgotten. She felt like one meeting friends from some distant land. To be with them was enough for the present; the exchanging of experiences would come in due course.

Still, in a quite unexpected manner, Clara learned—before even she could take the seat by Mrs. Ruffe's side, to which that lady invited her—all that David had teasingly withheld from her earlier in the evening. It happened in this way. One of the girls was seated in a big chair in a recess, nursing a child, dressed in black, who had fallen asleep. Probably it was the noise of their merriment that aroused her, for the little one suddenly started up and, bursting into tears, exclaimed in piteous tones:

“Mama! mama! Why don't you kiss me, too? And, oh! Your lips are so cold.”

There was a simultaneous murmur of sympathy from those present, and eyes that had just been dancing with merriment became tearful.

“Poor, little lamb!” said Mrs. Ruffe, in a tender whisper, bending over the child and kissing her. “You shall sleep in my bed tonight; that's the best I can do.”

“Yes, you shall sleep with Auntie tonight,” echoed the girl on whose knee the orphan sat. “That will be a treat. Now, let me carry you upstairs, dear; you must be so tired.”

“Let me carry her, I am stronger than you,” interposed Clara, earnestly.

“Which shall it be? You shall decide for yourself, Hattie,” said Mrs. Ruffe, gently.

Heathcote, as he watched the scene, had difficulty in restraining his own emotion. It was not only the cry of the forlorn child for her mother that touched him, he was impressed by the wonderful gifts of women for dealing with sorrow. For all this talking to the little one was evidently just their tactful method of diverting her thoughts from that hopeless dream of the dead. And Clara had taken share in it as naturally as the other two! But what would little Hattie's decision be?

She was wide awake now; and sliding off her youthful nurse's knee, stood up and said, with old-fashioned deliberateness:

“I can walk, thank you; but I should like this lady (indicating Clara) to take me to bed, please, for she is like mama. I know she isn't mama, because (here a little shiver) mama is dead, and (a deep-drawn sigh) I nursed her.”

Hattie Clement could not have been more than nine years old, but her dark, mournful eyes and firm mouth indicated a nature fitted for the maturing influence

of sorrow. She evidently belonged to that circle of souls who are privileged to "Count life by heart-throbs, and not by movements of the dial."

It was not difficult to believe the child's statement about nursing her mother, nor to believe what she told Clara, while the business of undressing was going on, that "Dr. Murray had promised to recommend her to his rich customers as a nurse when she was grown up."

After Hattie was in bed Clara sat by her side for some time holding a whispered conversation with the girl who had accompanied them upstairs. She had already guessed the mystery of Mrs. Ruffe's avocation. That lady was undoubtedly the matron of an orphanage; and now, from the lips of this girl she listened to a glowing account of the way in which the establishment was conducted, and of the means by which the orphans were brought to it.

"Auntie tells us," said the girl among other things, "that we are all to be reformers. She thinks, and so does Mr. Heathcote, that the selfishness of family life is one of the chief causes of the poverty and misery there is in the country. People, rich and poor, are so terribly anxious about the success of their own families that they forget all about the success of the big human family. Now we, as orphans (she tells us), especially belong to the *big* family, so we ought to make its success one of our chief objects in life, whatever position we may find ourselves in when we go out into the world. And while we are here, Auntie teaches us to show what she calls a 'proper family spirit,' and be nice and kind to everybody, without thinking a bit whether they are good or bad, rich or poor. And we must never, never be *servile* to anyone, because that would mean 'disgracing our connections.'"

Clara felt very humble as she listened to this short essay on social duty from the lips of a girl several years her junior. Instinctively she sympathized, yet only dimly comprehended, and therefore she was oppressed by a sense of neglected education. But her spirits revived when the girl told her that little Hattie Clement (by this time fast asleep) was one of Mr. Heathcote's own discoveries. In the neighborhood of King's Cross he had one night observed the child singing. There was no one with her; and since neither in power of voice nor in style was there anything to suggest that she was one of the juvenile prodigies of London streets, very few indeed were those who had stopped to listen. When the song was ended, the audience, scanty enough, hurried away; they had not been entertained. Then the poor child burst into tears. A sympathetic inquiry or two from Heathcote revealed a singular story of childish devotion. Her mother, a widow, was poor and ill—ill enough to need beef tea. Little Hattie, being sent on an errand by a neighbor, had run all the way in order to be able to stop for a few minutes and sing, so as to get that beef tea. Her idea was not original. She had read in a story book of a girl doing the same kind of thing, so she thought she would try. In-

stead of giving the little heroine money and passing on, as an ordinary man would probably have done, Heathcote took her hand and led her to the house of a medical friend of his hard by in the Caledonian Road. The doctor was at home, and the two friends were able to accompany Hattie Clement to the street in Clerkenwell where she lived. What was possible was done for the sick mother until she died; and in her death she had the consolation of knowing that her only child would become a member of Mrs. Ruffe's unique family.

Clara was eagerly listening to some further particulars of her lover's acts of practical goodness among the poor, when Agnes Jenn softly entered the room to say that Mr. Heathcote wished to see her, as he was compelled to go away at once on a matter of most urgent importance. So, once more kissing the sleeping child, Clara hurried down-stairs.

"It is really a duty that calls me away," my darling, said David, taking her hands in his. "Something has come to my knowledge that demands instant attention. I don't want to be mysterious, but there isn't time to explain. Mrs. Ruffe and one of her young people will see you home; for I must hurry away to London this instant."

Half an hour earlier Clara would probably have felt rather hurt by being kept in ignorance of the cause that thus suddenly deprived her of David's society, on an evening especially her own. But what she had been learning had made him somewhat of a hero in her eyes. She was in no mood, then, to assert a sweetheart's claims. As they parted she said timidly:

"Let me help as much as I can. I will try to be worthy of you, David."

CHAPTER V

A GREEN BOX

Heathcote walked rapidly towards the Clapham Road, and hailing the first hansom cab he caught sight of, instructed the driver to take him as quickly as possible to the city company where Alderman Pepperdine was being entertained that evening. His first intention had been to make at once for a certain street in Clerkenwell, whither the business in hand led him. It was those tender parting words of Clara's that altered his purpose. And yet, if he had stuck to his original design, she might have been spared a great deal of anxiety and sorrow. Truly mysterious is the blending of good and ill in human action.

This hurried journey across London was occasioned by a conversation Heathcote had with Mrs. Ruffe about Hattie Clement while Clara was upstairs putting the child to bed. But its object had nothing really to do with the affairs of the little orphan. David had one thought chiefly in his mind when he started, namely, the recovery of those missing bonds. And it was only natural, considering how

Mr. Pepperdine had acted in the matter, that his junior partner should wish to reserve to himself the triumph of regaining those precious documents. Inspired with worthier thoughts, however, by Clara's affectionate humility, he soon forgot, as the cab rattled along, the personal question between her father and himself, and became absorbed in speculations about the discovery he had made only a quarter of an hour ago.

It happened in this way: Mrs. Ruffe had briefly told him how she had gone over to Clerkenwell the day poor Mrs. Clement died, and had also that afternoon attended her funeral.

"And did you learn any more about her history?" inquired David, eagerly.

"Practically nothing. She told me that her husband, when they married, was without a relative in the world. His antecedents were superior to hers, however. Her own parents were dead, and there were none of her relations to whom she would willingly trust her child. She had been allowed to endure the struggles of widowhood unaided, and since we had undertaken to look after Hattie, and had saved the little one from completing her education in the workhouse, death was no longer a trouble."

"But ought we, in justice to the child, to accept Mrs. Clement's opinions of the fitness of things without attempting to verify what she has said?" remarked Heathcote meditatively.

"That was very much my own thought, and I told her so," replied Mrs. Ruffe.

"And what did she say?"

"She said that as she was dying perhaps she saw a little further than I did. The choice lay between allowing the child to grow up as a dependent upon people who would possibly consider her a nuisance that only public opinion hindered them from getting rid of, or, on the other hand, accepting the motherliness which I (Mrs. Ruffe) was able and willing to afford. In the former case, Hattie's character might be warped for life; in the latter— Poor Mrs. Clement could say no more, but she looked at me so beseechingly that I promised it should be as she wished. And the more I have thought of the subject since, the more I have felt the wisdom of her desire."

"Well," said Heathcote, after a pause, "on the whole perhaps it is better we should accept the responsibility. Still, my dear friend, this reticence is mysterious, and you know that I, as a business man, hate mysteries."

"Oh, I should have told you before," exclaimed Mrs. Ruffe; "Mrs. Clement has not left us entirely without a clue to her history. She had previously given me a packet of letters. It was her wish that these should simply be handed over to her daughter when the child reached a responsible age; but I told her I could not accept them unless she left you free to use your judgment about reading them. She said she felt very grateful to you, and was sure that one who went about do-

ing good as you did could not fail to understand what was best for her little daughter.”

Heathcote sighed. A man of his character would naturally do so when praised. Then he said quietly:

“I think, at least, I ought to take the opinion of the Brethren (this was the name half humorously given to themselves by the supporters of the Orphanage), about reading those letters. Where are they?”

“Here, in the child’s box,” replied Mrs. Ruffe. “I meant, of course, to give them to you, whatever you decided to do.”

A small trunk, painted green, stood in the corner of the matron’s sitting room, where this conversation took place. As she stooped to unlock it, she remarked:

“It is really touching to think of the kindness of those poor people where Mrs. Clement lived and died. This box is a present from one of them to little Hattie. He made it and painted it himself, and has pasted some ‘pretty picture stuff,’ as he called it, in the lid. I’ve scarcely had time to notice it myself; but look!”

Heathcote looked, a cry of amazement burst from his lips.

The box-lid was lined with one of those missing Italian bonds!

Alderman Pepperdine’s “company” was located in one of the turnings out of Cheapside. Arriving there, Heathcote sent in his card and waited.

“Hullo! Heathcote, my boy—how are you?” suddenly said a voice at his elbow. It was Mr. Renshaw.

“Why ever didn’t you join us tonight?” he continued after they had shaken hands. “The Alderman is in splendid form. Made a grand speech after his health was proposed—never heard anything like it in my life; so clear, so forcible, so—so moving! ’Pon my honor he is a credit to the city. Wonderful man; he’ll do something for us presently. Such a big brain! hasn’t he now?”

Before Heathcote could reply, the subject of these eulogies appeared. On the back of his card David had written Italian Bonds, in explanation of his unexpected visit.

Apologizing to his civic henchman, Renshaw, the Alderman drew his partner aside. Then, without entering into unnecessary details, Heathcote rapidly explained his discovery and his present purpose.

“I will go with you,” said the Alderman, decidedly; “this is a matter that must be thoroughly probed, and there’s nothing like doing it at once. It was quite right of you, David, to come to *me*. Just wait a moment.”

Then Alderman Pepperdine returned, accompanied by Mr. Renshaw, to the banquetting hall to excuse himself to the chairman and guests. As the hour was late enough for him to retire without discourtesy, his hurried departure occasioned no remark—an important fact to a business man dining with business men.

A few minutes later Alderman Pepperdine's carriage was being driven rapidly in the direction of Clerkenwell. Before starting, Heathcote had some difficulty in instructing the coachman where their destination, Tysor street, exactly lay; for that worthy—formerly in the service of a distinguished nobleman—was totally unfamiliar with the neighborhood.

For some time the partners were silent. Both of them were able to see pretty clearly how those bonds had disappeared. The theory of theft could no longer be entertained; since a thief would have taken good care that no part of such precious property were put to the base use of which Heathcote had so strangely been made aware. Therefore, the only explanation of their loss was Mr. Pepperdine's own carelessness in leaving them within the folds of the *Times*. This fact was scarcely calculated to promote conversation.

At length the Alderman broke the ice by saying: "Extraordinary stupidity there is in this world, to be sure! to line a box with eight hundred pounds' worth of property—tut, tut, tut!"

"Yes, it does seem absurd when you think of it," said David. "Let us hope we shall find the four other bonds all right." He was struggling with a temptation to add: "We shall soon know how they were lost, I suppose," when the carriage suddenly pulled up. They had reached the end of Tysor street. They alighted, to find themselves amid all the flare and hubbub of Saturday night's trade.

At the private door of a fried-fish shop half-way down the street, Heathcote stopped and, acting on Mrs. Ruffe's instructions, knocked twice.

"Phew, what a stench!" muttered the Alderman. He half wished that he had left his partner to manage this business by himself. To add to his annoyance, a small boy, carrying a beer can, at this moment exclaimed rudely:

"Oh, my! ain't we a toff!"

This allusion to his personal appearance reminded Mr. Pepperdine that his overcoat was unbuttoned. To display the full glory of evening dress—diamond studs included—was scarcely prudent in such a neighborhood, so he hastily buttoned his coat and turned up the collar.

Heathcote was just about to knock again when a shuffling of feet along the passage, and the faint glimmer of light through the key-hole, indicated that someone was coming to the door.

"You had better not say too much, David," whispered Alderman Pepperdine, "about—ahem—the value of those bonds, if we find they are safe; no use throwing money away. A sovereign, or a five-pound note at most. Only goes into drink, you know."

The door was opened by a stout woman, who held a lamp in her hand.

"Is Mr. Stamper at home?" inquired David, politely.

The woman wiped her mouth with the corner of her apron, and then hurriedly exclaimed in a tone of astonishment: "Lor, Mr. 'Eathcote, you did give me a turn! My 'usband's havin' 'is supper, sir; but I'll call him down."

"Well, we want to talk to him for several minutes," said David. "I scarcely like to intrude at this late hour, but it is about a matter of business. This gentleman is my partner, Mr. Pepperdine."

"Good evenin', sir," said Mrs. Stamper, bobbing a courtesy. Then she added: "Pr'aps you won't mind steppin' up to our front room. There's only the two youngest sleepin' there—if you'll excuse 'em."

"With pleasure," said the Alderman blandly. He felt he ought to be doing something.

They groped their way after her, up the narrow staircase and into the first floor front room. A strong odor of herrings came from the back one as they passed it.

"How people manage to exist in such stifling dens, I can't imagine," remarked the Alderman, in a low tone, when Mrs. Stamper had gone out to tell her husband. This is a most singular adventure of ours," he added, "and these people seem to know you, David. How——?"

The entrance of Ned Stamper, looking rather scared, put a stop to further inquiry. His wife followed him. He was a man who evidently needed moral support sometimes; and she looked quite capable of affording it.

Heathcote explained that he had seen Mrs. Ruffe that evening, and had accidentally discovered that little Hattie's box was lined with a document of very great importance to his friend and himself. How had Mr. Stamper come by it? And had he any more like it in his possession?

"I picked five on 'em out of a dust box in the city, Sir. It was one mornin' as I was a goin' to work. But I'm blessed if I know where the others is, barrin' one; and that I made a kite of for one of the little 'uns. He's got it in bed with him over there."

Alderman Pepperdine sprang to the chair bed, and snatched this precious kite from the sleeping child. The Bond was hopelessly mutilated. He groaned, and muttered: "This is frightful!"

"Why, I've saved two sheets of pretty paper like that," exclaimed Mrs. Stamper. Then she went to a chest of drawers, and brought out two of the Bonds safe and sound. Only one had now to be accounted for. The Alderman visibly brightened.

"Why, missus! you know where it is," said Ned Stamper, slapping his thigh. "Where?"

"Now, didn't you wrap it round *her* picture she gave yer, the very day before she died?"

"Yes! Yes! To be sure I did, Ned! I'll run an' get it."

"Lor! what a life she'd had of it, pore soul," remarked Ned Stamper, while his wife was gone. "My missus was awful fond of her and the little girl too."

"Been better off, Sir." (This to Mr. Pepperdine) "Come down to second floor back and a sewing machine. It just killed her."

"Dear me, dear me, how sad!" remarked the Alderman, in conventional phrase. "What a time that woman is," he said to himself.

"I'd put it at the bottom of a box," said Mrs. Stamper as she began to unfold the costly wrapping of the portrait. He took it from her hands to complete the task, for he thought of the kite. The next instant, his mind was concentrated on a dead past. In truth, he felt that some one had risen from the dead, in judgment against him.

"Oh! how could you!" wailed poor Mrs. Stamper.

The photograph of Mrs. Clement had fallen to the floor. Adam Pepperdine stood for a moment, with rigid features, staring wildly at the space it had just occupied. Then without uttering a sound he fell backwards insensible.

The catastrophe was so sudden, that those present seemed powerless at the moment to do anything else than gaze at the prostrate man. The spell was broken by Mrs. Stamper. Pointing to the portrait lying at the Alderman's feet, she said to her husband in a tone of pent up indignation:

"Ned; may I never breathe again if it isn't true! You mark my words. That man is her brother! That's Hattie's uncle!"

Heathcote saw enough to realize the truth of this statement. And it flashed upon his mind how little Hattie Clement had told Clara only a few hours before, that she was "like mama."

He thought of his darling, and the sorrow awaiting her, when the next moment he was kneeling beside her unhappy father.

Many months elapsed before Alderman Pepperdine showed signs of recovering from that stroke of paralysis which fell upon him, as he gazed upon his neglected sister's portrait. It was not truly his sister that he recognized; for she was a mere child when they last met. It was their mother he seemed to see, whose last words to him were: "Be kind to your sister, Adam."

Why he left his mother's injunction unfulfilled is a problem I leave for the consideration of "successful" men. Perhaps it was because years afterwards his sister married a proud and independent man, who, by the way, was an unsuccessful doctor. Those letters bequeathed to little Hattie suggested this.

But David Heathcote burnt most of them, the night before Clara became his wife. Since it was agreed that her little cousin Hattie should live with them when they returned from their honeymoon, he felt that for the sake of his wife, he was justified in blotting out the dead past as far as possible.

When they married, Mr. Pepperdine was just able to move about a little, and speak with some distinctness. The old Adam had not altogether been destroyed, however; for he muttered occasionally: "Why didn't she tell me that her husband was dead, and that she was poor? I never was a skinflint."

But when last I heard of him there was better news. Little Hattie said that "one evening Uncle Adam cried while she sat on his knee, and that he let her comfort him and wipe his tears away."

Death's Lesson

by Echo



“**N**O, Jane, not today; dinner at five as usual, and don't disturb me again if it can be avoided.”

Esther Franklin turned away with a sigh as the servant went out. It was Sunday, a day of days, with a cloudless sky and all the air fragrant with the perfume of garden roses. But she did not see the day's beauty as she sat before the chiffonier taking out books, ribbons, garments and then, half mechanically, putting them back again. She was nervous, restless and dry-eyed. She opened the upper drawer. There were the books Helen loved so, her history, some tattered "compositions," the little white slippers she had worn when Will and Esther were married, the fan Will had given her on her birthday, some ribbons and bits of lace. She knew the precious list by heart.

Then she turned to a wicker box that no one ever opened but herself. It was all blue and white and fragrance, filled with wee garments daintily made. Esther had helped to fashion them ten years before when her mother had confided to her a great, great secret. And when the little sister was born Esther put away her dolls and almost forgot about her playmates, in the joy of actually living what seemed to her a real romance. For truly, caring for a baby, with no share in the pain and the responsibility, is a romance, verily. It is for all the world like a picture without any shadow.

But the shadows came. After a year of invalidism the mother died and Esther, then barely fifteen, became the only mother that little Helen ever knew. From that time until Helen's death, nine years later, the sisters were inseparable.

One bequest of a loving heart is wisdom, and few children could have been more wisely and carefully reared. When Esther and Will were married Helen

became the sunlight of their home. When she died it seemed to Esther as if the light had gone out of her life.

Esther shut the little basket and sank down upon the rug before the broad window. A humming bird was poised above a blossom just outside, and although her eyes rested upon it she did not see it. "Oh, I cannot bear it, I cannot ——"

A knock at the door—"May I come in?"—and Esther's husband entered. "Dear, little sister," he said, taking both her hands in his own as she arose. "Again, today? You must not grieve so. You will be ill. Besides, Esther, isn't it just a little selfish when so many suffer far more? We have been so blessed!"

"I believe, dear," he continued, with an unusual tenderness in his voice, "I believe that even Helen's death is a blessing, if only we looked at it in the right way." Esther was nervous and dry-eyed, but she became quieter, as was always the case when Will was at her side.

Will Franklin was one of those fine and rarely balanced natures which Heaven vouchsafes to earth but seldom. Naturally a student and thinker, he had, although scarcely past his boyhood, already made an impress upon the business world. In him the comrade had never been forgotten in the husband. He had been Esther's playmate as a child, her comrade and companion during young womanhood, and when he asked her to be his wife it seemed to her the most natural and the most beautiful thing in the world. His strength was that which is born of conquest, and its bequest had been a certain tenderness and reserve that was more like unselfish mother-love than anything else. Esther trusted him absolutely and he had never, even in the slightest degree, made light of her trust.

"Will, I *can't* understand," and Esther turned to him like a tired child.

"But look at it from Helen's standpoint, dear," was his reply. "It is as if she had suddenly stepped into the sunlight. How fortunate she is! Surely we can be joyful when we think of *her*, dear. It's really not Helen's death that we grieve about, but what we fancy is our own loss—isn't it, dear?"

"But, Will, the house is so empty. I can't get over the separation, even though I know she is happier, even though I know we will be together in the lives to come."

"Perhaps, even in this life, who knows? But even if not, you should not grieve. Do we not both believe in that Great Law of which death is as much a part as birth? It is but a sleep, a rest, like the sleep of the flowers, dear. Let us feel the joy of death *for Helen's sake*. To her it is a release, a blossoming. For her sake let us not allow a selfish grief to spoil our lives."

"Will," said Esther impetuously, "you didn't love Helen as I did. That is why you can talk of joy."

The words were cruel words, and Will started as if he had received a blow.

The grief one feels for the dead is a little thing compared with the grief one feels for the living. Besides the shadow that fell upon his life when Helen died—for all that was a part of Esther's life was to him both sacred and beloved—his heart was aching and his grief was keen as he saw Esther slowly breaking down under her self-imposed nervous strain. He recognized in her sorrow that subtle selfishness which is so universal among those whose loved ones have died. For this he did not know the remedy, though he would have given worlds to have found it.

* * *

“Yes, Jane, what is it?”

“Please, ma'am, Maggie has sent word to ask ye if ye'll let her have an extra day for the washing—the baby died last night.” Esther looked at her husband, startled. The words had a tight, dry sound, and there was something strange about putting washing and a baby's death in the same sentence.

Will Franklin saw his opportunity. Oh, that love were always as wise as it is tender! Oh, that love were always as resolute as it is wise! “Esther, put on your cloak. Yes, Jane, tell her yes, certainly, and have James send the carriage around at once. Come, Esther, Maggie is in trouble, and we will see what we can do.”

Esther was more than startled. In all her life she had never seen Will assume an attitude of command in reference to herself. She looked at her husband. He stood quietly, his face so calm that she could not read it. She obeyed him. It seemed to be the only thing to do.

They drove rapidly to the little house in the suburbs, where Maggie lived. “Mis' McLeod,” her neighbors called her. It could hardly be called a home; two shabby rooms in the midst of an unkempt garden patch. A few neighbors stood in the doorway, one or two in their “Sunday clothes,” but most of them slovenly and illy clad. They stepped aside as Will and Esther unfastened the weatherbeaten rope which served for gate-latch, and entered the yard.

In the dingy “other room” Maggie stood, white and tired, feebly helping the old grandmother dress the wee, frail form for the casket.

“Tell her that you will help, Esther, and see if you can't get her to lie down,” said Will, quiet but firm.

“Maggie!”

“Oh, Mis' Franklin, you're not angry about the washin'?”

“Maggie, dear, we've come to help you. Don't grieve, Maggie!” and she took the coarsened hands in her own. “Think how happy little Fred is, where it is all joy and sunshine and love. You believe in God, Maggie, don't you? Well, just think how much better God will take care of little Fred than you could possibly do. Why Maggie, it's beautiful when you think of it that way!”

The two women looked at each other, one little more than a girl, unused to toil, wealthy, petted and spoiled; the other a care-stricken woman, who looked twice the age she really was, bent and burdened with overwork. Maggie drew a long breath. The tears came into her eyes. "Why, Mis' Franklin, that's so!" she whispered.

"Let me dress little Fred, Maggie, please. I'd love to, and let grandma make you a cup of tea."

Mechanically Maggie obeyed her. As Esther bent over the tiny dead baby a queer feeling was tugging at her heart-strings. The room had become very quiet. Will had been standing in the doorway. At last he came up to the bare little casket. "Let me help you, Esther," he said, with all the old tenderness in his voice. Her eyes filled with tears, eyes that had not wept in months.

"Yes, you may hold these flowers a moment, Will," and they worked on together.

* * *

A week later Esther again opened the drawers which held Helen's garments. Her cheeks were flushed and she moved rapidly. She took out some of them and did not put them back. "Just a moment, Will," she said. "Tell James to wait. It is selfish of us to keep these things when Maggie's oldest girl is so in need of garments, and these will just fit. And these books I will take to Clarence. I believe it would make Helen happier than it would to have them lie here unused. . . . Death may bring a blessing, Will, if we do not shut all the peace out of our lives. I see now, and I don't believe I can ever be unhappy again." And as their eyes met, Will's heart lightened, for he saw that Esther understood.

Brotherhood

by J. S. M.



THEOSOPHY is Divine Wisdom, and although we are all possessors of this priceless treasure we none of us realize it, and very few have any conception what it really is.

Humanity may be likened to a profligate who has inherited a vast fortune of gold and one priceless diamond. The fortune is at his command, but the diamond is in a locked casket, the key of which he has lost. So he passes his days in squandering his golden patrimony, until he has forgotten his other inheritance, and it lies neglected in its casket in some unvisited room of his palace.

The immortal soul is the profligate, who has fallen heir to a body and five senses and a mind. These are his golden treasures. The Law of Brotherhood is the gem, locked in the casket of Divine Wisdom. The key is purity of thought and motive.

In the childhood of the race, divine wisdom was possessed of all. Man knew himself to be an immortal soul, Brotherhood shone upon his life and expressed itself in every thought and word and act, and his heart was pure.

But as time passed on, the glittering allurements of material life, the witchery of the senses, dimmed more and more the gem of Brotherhood, till at last it disappeared, taken by the immutable law of cause and effect, and securely locked in the wisdom he had forgotten, but not before the key of purity had been lost. At times in the life of man great souls who had regained the memory of the past have appeared, hoping to woo him back to Brotherhood and love by the chastity of their lives and the effulgence of their great compassion. But humanity as a whole has been more than content with its material possessions, and the sinless ones have been crucified on the altar of human selfishness, till today divine wisdom is covered to our sight with the cobwebs of avarice and the dust of forgetfulness, whilst the lustrous gem of our Brotherhood lies hidden therein, unknown and unsought by the vast majority.

Yet for each one of us who is squandering his heritage of body and of mind the door of the palace of God is open, and we have but to conquer our lower selves, to wash away our selfishness in the very heart-blood of desire, replace the key of purity within our hearts, and of itself the wisdom of God will be unfolded and Brotherhood will illuminate our lives.

As an immortal soul, man is indeed in possession of divine wisdom, but his mind is so clogged with merely intellectual conceptions that he fails to perceive the glory of the divine. The song of Brotherhood is all around us, but we are amongst those who seeing, see not, and hearing fail to understand.

Still the wondrous truth pervades the universe. Brotherhood still shines undimmed within its casket, and here and there pure-hearted men and women are endeavoring to bring back to the knowledge of men the memory of their divine origin, the knowledge that they are immortal souls, brothers eternally.

All religious sects profess to teach and believe in the brotherhood of man, but in practice confine themselves to members of their own peculiar sect, or, at the broadest, those who profess belief in their particular religion.

Theosophy proudly proclaims that all men are brothers, and welcomes to her mother breast all humanity, extending to all the priceless treasure of the love that only a mother can give, bidding white, black or yellow, Jew, Christian, Moslem or Brahman unite upon the broad platform of Universal Brotherhood. For this her followers were persecuted, and the fair name of our beloved Leader, Kather-

ine Tingley, attacked by the malicious enemies of mankind and every effort made to render nugatory her labors in our behalf.

In spite of their most strenuous endeavors, however, the Brotherhood Organization gains daily in strength and influence. The work of Katherine Tingley is more and more recognized a power for good, and the dawn of peace and good will to ALL shines clear on the horizon of the immediate future.

Capital Punishment

by Alfred D. Robinson



IN considering a question like this, one must first of all disabuse one's mind of a most popular fallacy which is fostered by our political code of ethics, viz., that a community, state or country is subject to a different moral law from the individual—the belief that what is becoming in the aggregate would be criminal in the unit, and *vice versa*. Let us imagine that we are freed from this notion and are resolved to hold the State responsible for its acts as a larger individual differing in no degree from each one of us more than one grain of sand differs from the other—a mountain may be of sand, but the fact that we call it and it is a mountain does not free it from any of the laws that apply to sand in the grain.

To the individual is allowed only the two excuses for taking life outside of mental incompetency or accident—the act of self defense and defense of another. The law may contain in its immense embrace many quibbles to justify or excuse: it must, for in only a small percentage of murder cases does the criminal pay the death penalty—but those two are the only reasons that in the popular mind, untrained in legal lore, make the difference between justifiable homicide and murder in a deliberate killing.

Therefore the State in exacting a life for a life should be defending itself or another. It is not defending itself, for the death of one of its people does not threaten it. It is not defending the one killed, because he is already beyond its aid. What is it doing? Making an example to deter others and taking upon itself the prerogative that should belong alone to the giver of life—that of taking it? I have heard many a man say, when the question of the abolition of the death penalty came up: “What should be done with the murderers? We don't want to be at the expense of keeping them.” But I have sufficient respect for this civi-

lization, much as it lacks respect for itself in many ways, this one in particular, not to consider seriously the idea that murderers are hanged, electrocuted or otherwise disposed of, to spare the expense of their providing. As a deterrent of crime the death penalty is a conspicuous failure, for not only do murders keep increasing in the legal death-dealing countries, but diverse and ingenious new methods of committing them are constantly being employed. It would seem that the tasting of blood by the State in these executions acted on the more unfortunate ones in its borders, as it does on the wild beasts of the jungle, driving them with the horrid thirst it creates to the commission of other bloody deeds.

It is recognized by every court that the motive back of the crime is the real crime, and the realization of this should make each man pause and examine his own heart and see whether he dare to stand for this blot on our land's escutcheon. Do you not all believe that back of all our laws stands that universal, infallible, absolutely just law that shall mete out to each his due? Can you then say that your heart has ever been so free from murderous thought that you dare say: "This my brother is worthy of death for what he has done; I have seen and weighed his motives and he should die. Away with him to the scaffold!"? I am amazed that a jury of twelve men should ever be found who dared to vote a fellow being into the other side of the grave where he must stand in that unseen but nevertheless real court, presided over by a Judge that can see into men's hearts and innermost thoughts, a messenger from them to say, "These being holier than I adjudged me unfit to live on the same earth, which is thy footstool, so they have sent me to thy throne."

But the chief reason why this punishment should be abolished, the lack of realization of which forms the only reason for its retention, is that you do not kill the man because you break his neck or chop off his head, for the neck is not the man nor is the head, nor the body; and here we return to the Alpha and Omega of this movement to uplift humanity—the soul is the real man. The death of the body is the removal of the shell that holds in the chains of the ordinary visible universe the many complex parts of man. All of you know by inner conviction, if you only stop to examine yourselves, that you use the body. You know what a vast storehouse of forces you have garnered by just living and thinking and acting. Is there any law that you know or have ever heard of that justifies the assumption that you can with a stroke of an ax destroy all those forces? You know that modern science teaches you that a force exerted must be spent and that laws are parallel on every plane. So when the body is rendered inactive by its death these stored-up forces are released to expend their energy uncontrolled by corporeal matter, and in that state are more potent for harm than before this event.

The action of thought between people at long distances is universally recognized today, you have all observed the force you generate within yourselves by

dwelling in thought on a certain subject, you know the persistency with which a thought once started pushes you on to action. Now consider the state of the mind of the man who is hanged, what a seething mass of revolt against his kind it contains, how it dwells on the bloody deed committed and the atrocious one to expiate it. What a cauldron of moral poisons! And then see the State pour out its contents upon itself, watch the murderous thoughts flow here and there insinuating themselves into the hearts of those whose wall of moral stamina has cracks and breaks, poisoning the minds of fathers, mothers, brethren and children, and perpetuating the reign of crime in the land. When I think of it I see the witches in Macbeth round the cauldron mouthing their incantations while they mix the potion. Here is their recipe:

Round about the cauldron go,
 In the poisoned entrails throw,
 Toad that under cold stone
 Days and nights has thirty-one
 Sweltered venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
 Filly of a penny snake
 In the cauldron boil and bake ;
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg and howlet's wing
 For a charm of powerful trouble
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
 Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat and slips of yew
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe
 Ditch-delivered by a drab
 Make the gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Think of evil thoughts to correspond with each of those gruesome items and then realize why capital punishment does not deter crime.

So far we have considered the subject from the side of the executioners and not from that of the executed, and it is hardly necessary. I never heard any one bold enough to say that hanging was the best thing for a man, though in some instances it has been remarked that it was too good or good enough. If the orthodox one-life theory be true we hurry many a man straight to hell, for many a man is executed without confessing his sins and being absolved. But if reincarnation be true we merely stop an incarnation at a height of immorality with all the tendencies to insure a villain in a future one. If neither be true and this is all there is to life—which in his heart no man believes—then we forever deprive a fellow of his all because he did the same to another, as logically might we punish an incendiary by burning his property.

If I have not by this time convinced you of the necessity of promoting this object of The International Brotherhood League, I have confirmed myself in that belief, and will close by remarking on the means to this end. Firstly I emphatically affirm that the majority of humanity is of the same opinion, but capital punishment was the method of our fathers and we hate to depart from old established customs, which is a shifting of responsibility or an attempt at shifting it, which cannot be done, and moreover is a small, mean course. And, ashamed as I am to say it, thousands upon thousands support this wrong with their apathy and their silence against their conviction, because to advocate its abolition might open them to a charge of being weak and sentimental humanitarians, etc. In God's name, is the taking of a fellow man's life a manly act?

What are we to do? Do as this International Brotherhood League is doing. Speak against the death penalty at every opportunity, think against it all the time. When an execution is to be carried out and the community is torn and animalized by the desire for blood toll, oppose this passion wave by an earnest desire, a hope, yea, a prayer to man's higher nature to assert itself and save us from this blood-guiltiness. Instead of dwelling on the crime committed think of the ignorance of him who did the deed, and remember he is your unfortunate brother. Ah, that makes you start? But, BROTHER I repeat and emphasize, he was your brother.

It seems so simple to answer the question which the supporter of capital punishment propounds, as if he deems it unanswerable—"What would you do with murderers then?" We would treat them as morally sick, confine them where we could exercise brotherly care to reclaim their wandering sense of the eternal fitness of things, and act the part of brothers, *not* executioners.

Short-Sightedness of Civilization

by H. T. E.



AS a race we have lost our faith in the efficacy of the eternal principles of truth, justice and honesty. We have lost it, also, as individuals. Self-indulgence and greed for gain have dimmed our finer perceptions and sensibilities.

Our intellectual beliefs afford no sanction for such a faith. The materialistic philosophy of life rejects such factors as high principles.

“After all, why should I?” “Does it pay?” and similar questions arise in the mind and receive cynical and skeptical answers.

And when a life guided by high principles is advocated, even then it is often regarded as something contrary to reason. A high motive is defined as one that overrides common sense, and it is considered wicked to associate duty with expediency and to point out the *advantages* of right living.

“Honesty is the best policy,” says the proverb; and the materialistic mind regards this as an invitation to abandon principle and be honest from a base motive, as if honesty *could* be opposed to our interests in any way!

Our civilization is after temporary gains, and doubtless fraud and injustice can bring these. It is after personal advantages, and these too may be won for a time by grabbing, as a dog grabs another dog’s meat, or by treachery like a snake in the grass.

But is it consistent with our pride of progress and our pride of enlightenment to behave like a lot of reckless buccaneers or irresponsible schoolboys turned loose?

We laugh when we read of pirates on a desert island eating all they can and throwing the remains of the food into the fire, as they fall into drunken sleep in the fever marshes. Short-sighted people, these! But what would our civilization look like to a hero of the Golden Age? We have enough sense to urge us to provide for a little longer time than the pirates—but that is all.

Our policy of wealth-seeking, corrupt legislation, litigation and self-indulgence is childishly and idiotically short-sighted.

No man who could view life from a broader standpoint would so wantonly violate the obvious laws of health and happiness and so suicidally frustrate his own interests and the interests of those with whom his life is bound up.

Such a man would see that honesty, truth, justice and humanity are all laws of life, necessary conditions of well-being. He would not violate them any more than he would put his finger in the fire.

It is bitter experience that teaches men these truths, and that by slower march of time also teaches them to races. But how much trouble can be saved by keeping the end in view! It is better that I should know beforehand where the true path leads than that I should be left entirely alone to seek it out.

Let us look abroad at our country and see to what misery the people are being brought by this short-sighted selfish greed, this cynical disregard of the obligations of humanity, this universal corruption of the judicial function.

Then we shall realize that, whatever science or religion we may have, and whatever they may be good for, they have failed to supply our one great want—the want of a trust and belief and faith in the reality, efficacy and beauty of justice, truth and humanity.

We can calculate with great accuracy in dollars and yards and horsepowers. But where is our science of moral dynamics? In this we show an ignorant recklessness worthy of the lowest savages.

To demonstrate the true laws of life. That is the work of The Universal Brotherhood at Loma-land and wherever its influence can reach. We have to show and prove to the world that principles are real saving factors—nay, the essential conditions—of human life. A life lived both individually and collectively according to these principles is a life happy and beautiful. This the contrast will speedily show, and the wise ones will know where to look for refuge from a life that has no backbone.

The Unconsidered Moments

by C.



GREAT is the hidden power of the unconsidered moments. They are the moments when the mind lapses from whatever it is intent upon, and either wanders among its own stores of débris, or becomes impressionable by any items of sensation that chance to reach it through any of the senses, generally the eye.

Suppose, in writing, in the pauses of thought, the eye falls upon a disorderly room, dusty in every corner, and perhaps with the remains of a meal upon a table. Is the mind not affected? Is the flow of thought exactly what it would have been had the eye rested on neatness, cleanliness, order and perhaps the delicate play of color in well-arranged flowers? Habit may have made the surroundings, in either case, well-nigh unnoticed; suppressed them below the level of *conscious* criticism or approval. But it is not too much to say that character itself is

deeply permeated by the impressions the mind picks up in those unnoticed, unremembered moments.

It is in the unconsidered moments of thought that the work we may do in building our characters is picked to pieces.

What is the condition of its own chambers and furniture upon which the mind looks in its moments of relaxation of effort? With what matters does it occupy itself when it is no longer held on some compelling topic?

For, the moment the will lets go of it, up come the trains of memories, pictures past and present, hopes, regrets, impulses and all the vague, almost imperceptible and indescribable mass of camp-followers that haunt the edges of the field of active thought.

Practically all this crowd are rodents about the roots of character. They build nothing, only destroy what the moments of efforts had built. They all waste and stain the waters of that spiritual consciousness which we accumulate with so much difficulty.

We *know* that the early morning moments of half waking do this, and that an hour of such will enervate the will and emasculate the purpose-making power for a whole day. But these same moments, whose injuriousness we recognize when they come together and at a special time, we permit to occur indiscriminately and fortuitously all day long. And then we wonder that character is so difficult to build, aspirations so difficult to maintain and satisfy.

Paradoxically, it is not the moments of effort that we have to look after; it is the moments of effortlessness.

Get flowers—for the table and for the mind. When the eye is looking at nothing in particular, it will store the purity and fragrance and beauty of them.

And in the mind plant *its* flowers, pure thought of your own and from books, music, high feeling that has been registered by finding vent in action; and in meditation cultivate its whole soil.

Then, in relaxing effort, you will sink back among these; and as you do so, it will be no hard task to prevent the intrusion about the roots, of the gliding snakes generated in the lower world of conscious life.

The Gospel of Work

THE gospel of work can be as completely misunderstood as any other gospel. Work of whatever rightful kind can always be raised into an art, an alchemy, by proper performance, by right purpose. All work that rightfully falls to any man may be used by him as a means to spiritualize his nature, to advance the Golden Age. Some men, unobtrusive, saying little, unnoticed, are yet the very antiseptics and sweeteners of the group they belong to—the home, workshop, club, drawing-room: not because of the kind of work they do, but because of the way in which they do it.—*The New Century*

by a Student



EVERYONE is making plans and everyone is breaking them. In fact, it is with plans as with rules, that they are made to be broken. A plan so rigid that it can not be altered an iota is useless, for it will be old and out of date before it is carried into effect. New conditions constantly arise, many of them brought about by the very plans we make. They are an effect of the plans, but could not always be foreseen originally, and so it happens that they in turn become new causes producing new and unexpected effects, which often would mar the work we are aiming at completing.

It therefore becomes imperatively necessary that the original idea or plan be modified to meet and counteract these new, disturbing causes. The final work will be the same, in a measure, but the details may be almost unrecognizable. And even the final result, in all really successful work, will differ from and be better than the original plan, for the view of the building enlarges as the work goes on. So it should be, and so it will be, if we but hold ourselves pliable instead of allowing our minds to crystallize into stereotyped forms. The latter means stagnation, the former ever changing, ever growing life.

Nature is elastic and pliant. She works according to a grand plan, or Law, but the details are filled out from day to day, so that they may fit into the general, ever-changing frame-work. Nature grows, and growing life conforms to all conditions as it finds them. Nature works with a consciousness that is ever awake, ever attentive to the most minute details, and she is therefore able always to do the right thing at the right time.

Our consciousness is as yet much less complete, but if we love our work we will also take care of the little details, so step by step completing our task. We will then do it full of joy, with our heads erect and with our eyes raised towards the light that is shining in the distance and which should be our guiding star. It is the light of Truth without which we will be unable to distinguish the plans, no matter how perfectly they were drawn by the Master. And our work must be put together with the cement of brotherly love. It is love that holds the universe together. Without it the tiniest piece would crumble, with it the seemingly disunited elements are bound firmly together and stand as a solid mass defying destruction.

WITHOUT the aid of poetry, music can awaken the affections by her magic influence, producing at her will, and that instantly, serenity, complacency, pleasure, delight, ecstasy, melancholy, woe, pain, terror, and distraction.

—DR. CROTCH.

Sign-Posts Along the Path*



THE POSSIBILITIES OF LIFE

THOREAU pointed out that there are artists in life, persons who can change the color of a day, and make it beautiful to those with whom they come in contact. We claim that there are masters in life, who make it divine, as in all other arts. Is it not the greatest art of all, this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once, when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to color the day for those about him. Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity either paralyze them by indifference, or actively drag them down. When this point is reached, then the art of life is converted into the science of death. . . .

And no one can be quite inactive. Although many bad books and pictures are produced, still not every one who is incapable of writing or painting well insists on doing so badly. . . .

Neither happiness nor prosperity are always the best of bedfellows for such undeveloped mortals as most of us are; they seldom bring with them peace, which is the only permanent joy. The idea of peace is usually connected with the close of life and a religious state of mind. That kind of peace will, however, generally be found to contain the element of expectation. The pleasures of this world have been surrendered, and the soul waits contentedly in expectation of the pleasures of the next. The peace of the philosophic mind is very different from this and can be attained to early in life when pleasure has scarcely been tasted, as well as when it has been fully drunk of. The American Transcendentalists discovered that life could be made a sublime thing without any assistance from circumstances or outside sources of pleasure and prosperity. Of course this had been discovered many times before, and Emerson only took up again the cry raised by Epictetus. But every man has to discover this fact freshly for himself, and when once he has realized it he knows that he would be a wretch if he did not endeavor to make the possibility a reality in his own life. The stoic became sublime because he recognized his own absolute responsibility and did not try to evade it; the Transcendentalist was even more, because he had faith in the unknown and untried possibilities which lay within himself. . . . The Theosophist who is at all in earnest, sees his responsibility and endeavors to

* Extracts from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky

find knowledge; living, in the meantime, up to the highest standard of which he is aware. . . . Man's life is in his own hands, his fate is ordered by himself.—*Lucifer, vol. i, p. 338*

* * *

We live in an atmosphere of gloom and despair, but this is because our eyes are downcast and riveted to the earth, with all its physical and grossly material manifestations. If, instead of that, man proceeding on his life-journey looked—not heavenward, which is but a figure of speech, but—*within himself* and centered his observation on the *inner* man, he would soon escape from the coils of the great serpent of illusion. From the cradle to the grave, his life would then become supportable and worth living even in its worst phases.—*Lucifer, vol. i, p. 112.*

* * *

Each of us can relatively reach the Sun of Truth even on this earth, and assimilate its warmest and most direct rays. . . . We know that by paralyzing gradually within ourselves the appetites of the lower personality, and thereby deadening the voice of the purely physiological mind—that mind which depends upon, and is inseparable from, its medium or vehicle, the organic brain—the animal man in us may make room for the spiritual; and once aroused from its latent state, the highest spiritual senses and perceptions grow in us in proportion, and develop *pari passu* with the “divine man.”—*Lucifer, p. 428*

* * *

HITHERTO, it was remarked in almost every historical age that a wide interval, almost a chasm, lay between practical and ideal perfection. Yet, as from time to time certain great characters appeared on earth who taught mankind to look beyond the veil of illusion, man learned that the gulf was not an impassable one; that it is the province of mankind through its higher and more spiritual races to fill the great gap more and more with every coming cycle; for every man, as a unit, has it in his power to add his mite toward filling it. Yes; there are still men, who, notwithstanding the present chaotic condition of the moral world, and the sorry *debris* of the best human ideals, still persist in believing and teaching that the now *ideal* human perfection is no dream, but a law of divine nature; and that, had mankind to wait even millions of years, still it must some day reach it and become *a race of gods*.

Meanwhile, the periodical rise and fall of human character on the external plane takes place now, as it did before, and the ordinary average perception of man is too weak to see that both processes occur each time on a higher plane than the preceding. But as such changes are not always the work of centuries,

for often extreme changes are wrought by swift-acting forces—*e. g.*, by wars, speculations, epidemics, the devastation of famines or religious fanaticism—therefore do the blind masses imagine that man ever was, is, and will be the same. To the eyes of us, moles, mankind is like our globe—seemingly stationary. And yet, both move in space and time with an equal velocity, around themselves, and—*onward*.—(*Lucifer, Vol. V, p. 270*)

Silence in the Desert

by a Student



HAVE you ever been in the desert, where all is quiet? Some say the desert is dead, that it is depressing. My friend, they know not life nor death. The desert is sand and sand and sand, but it pulsates with a life so intense that it infuses its essence into your whole being, makes your blood run faster and fills you with new hope and with an added, nobler interest in life.

For things are not always what they seem to be, and there are other forms of life than those we see in the animal and in the vegetable kingdoms. Most of them are unseen, and yet exist as truly as the most material forms. We feel their presence as soon as we but open up and not shut ourselves against them. We feel it most in the silence, and nowhere is the silence so perfect as in the great desert. The silence there is not the physical silence alone, but the compelling grandeur of the sunlit waste or of its starry night enforces an inner silence which is far more rare. It hushes all the voices of the body and of mind so that both become enraptured listeners, filled with enthusiastic admiration for the grand nature-song, which now springs from the silence. It is a song of strong pulsating life that sends a thrill through you, causing all the chords of your being to respond. The inner silence changes now to softest and melodious harmony, in unison with that you hear.

It is in moments such as these that we can realize the “fullness of the seeming void,” the majesty of nature and, far from feeling small and crushed down we, too, feel raised above the plane of every-day routine, we lift our heads and feel that we are a part of all that is, and that the melody which our hearts give out must be attuned to the universal chorus.

Great is the desert, the sunny, sandy, wide and silent, living desert.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



The *Democrat-Chronicle* of Syracuse, N. Y., commenting on Katherine Tingley's libel suit against the *Los Angeles Times*, deplored the fact that the meaning of "Raja Yoga" was not given during the trial, and asks: "As it seems unlikely there will be an 'official' reply to the query, perhaps some outsider will kindly tell us what 'Raja Yoga' means?" Will not the Students' Column take up this subject?

INQUIRER

IN *The New Century* for Feb. 1st, 1903, the meaning of Raja Yoga was given as follows: "Raja Yoga means the Royal or Kingly Unity or Brotherhood. It refers to the balance and harmony of the whole nature—physical, mental and moral." Is it not clear that the perfect expression and development of human life can only be realized through the attainment of this balance? If indeed, we are "the temple of the living God," that Temple ought to be a fitting habitation for the indwelling Divinity. We very well know that a weak and sickly body does not argue a weak and sickly mind, and there are many instances of vigorous thinkers whose thoughts, noble and beautiful in their essence and clearly expressed, have been helpful to the progress of the world, who yet have had feeble, puny bodies. But for all that, the truth of "a healthy mind in a healthy body" is self-evident. And the question naturally arises: What might not have been the work and influence on the world of these great thinkers if they had not been hampered by the difficulties and hindrances of physical weakness and disease?

Is it not, therefore, necessary to have a right basis on which to build? Is it not just as necessary to train and rightly educate and control the body and the appetites and so-called *natural* tendencies as it is to train and educate the mind? But how many of our schools today so regard education? How many boys and girls, young men and women, who according to the world's standard leave school or college with what is regarded as a fair education, yet know anything about themselves, their *natural* tendencies, their moral make-up? Ought they not to be taught what to avoid, and be forewarned of the approaching dangers in their lives?

It does not require any prophetic vision to see something of what life would be, and what the world and civilization would be in one generation, if the children received this deeper education, this true education. The sickly, puny, or even crippled student and thinker may be able to rise above his infirmities, and may know much happiness and joy in his life, but ask him the question and he will

tell you that for the perfect work, that to accomplish the work which every sincere man feels and knows is *a man's work*, there must be a basis, a healthy, controlled physical body, there must be a harmonious and balanced development of the whole nature, mental, moral, physical and, we add, there must be the supreme governing of the whole nature by a superb will which is part of man's divine nature.

This is Raja Yoga, and this is the system of training which Katherine Tingley is giving to the world in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. F.

* * *

THEOSOPHY DOES NOT TEACH TRANSMIGRATION

It is hardly believable, yet there are a few people in the world who, in order to confuse the public mind as to the true teachings of Theosophy, assert in spite of all statements to the contrary, that Theosophy teaches transmigration, viz: That the soul of a human being may after death reappear in an animal form. So persistently is this false statement made that it must be clear to every honorable man and woman that it is a part of a systematic plan to befog the public mind as to what Theosophy really does teach. We know that the power of Truth is to make free, but also there are those who would rather have men and women slaves that they might remain in power and profit by the credulity and superstition of those whom they thus hold in mental and moral subjection.

One of the teachings of Theosophy is Reincarnation, which is that man returns again and again to earth to take up again his work *as man*, and so to learn all the lessons of *human* life, and to advance toward that Godlike perfection which Jesus and all great teachers have held up as man's destiny. It will be thus seen that this teaching of Theosophy, viz: Reincarnation, is the very antithesis of transmigration which is falsely said to be taught.

Katherine Tingley has said on this subject (see *The New Century*, Feb. 1st, 1903), that "*the transmigration-of-the-soul theory has no part in the belief or teachings of the Theosophical Movement*. It is true that this false theory has been subtly and carefully circulated by a certain class of ecclesiastics and others, who are enemies to The Universal Brotherhood, the headquarters of which organization are at Point Loma, California. It has misled many honest-minded people as to the rational teachings of Theosophy, which are founded upon common sense, and are in no way adverse to the teachings of Jesus, whom all true Theosophists respect. The belief in the transmigration of the soul is the first step towards the retrogression of humanity. Theosophical teachings are constructive and elevating, not destructive and degrading."

STUDENT

Heaven Is Within*

by H. M.



“**B**LESSED are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

These eternally beautiful and true words prove themselves nowhere more gloriously than when one walks out in Nature like a little child. He observes the divine law in its loveliest and purest manifestations; he observes God face to face in infinity's wonderful, mysterious life and activity; here the spirit of the universe greets him in the flower's perfume, here it speaks to him in the roar of the storm and in the gentle waving of the grass, in the wind's breathing through the wood, in the song of the birds and by the voice of the soul in the depth of which all the rays of the Everlasting unite in one great thought of the Divine.

If you would search for God, then search for Him in the people's life throughout humanity's history. But do not search for Him only in one nation or in some especial race, nor at a fixed time, forgetting all other nations and all other times. God has appeared in humanity's history ever since its beginning to this moment, and will appear in it till this earth shall cease to be. God appears and is living and moving in the people's history whether they encamp on Mount Sinai or live near the Ganges, whether their eye rests upon the diamond ice fields of the polar sea, or the equator's sun darkens their skin, whether they proudly count themselves to be civilized, or are regarded as savages by the civilized.

Majestic figures, noble men and women, we see among the nations. And rolling up the curtain of the world's history, we may observe the activity of the divine spirit as a deep undercurrent in the people's actions. What a mirror is here held up to us! How clearly may we distinguish in this self-revelation of the Divine the causes and the effects of all events, of all magnificent appearances before which we stand in admiration. Here we observe that Light and Right are immortal, and even that their seeming fall becomes a step for ultimate victory. Powerless, ridiculous and foolish seem then all obstacles which are erected by the infatuated against humanity's development. And how overwhelming is that terrible justice which appears from time to time in the history of the nations; how often one single breath of wind has laid in ruins what seemed to be built for centuries and millenniums!

It is thus we may perceive that the Spirit of God lives in humanity and appears in the people's life. But He appears also in ourselves—in the individual life of

* Read at a public meeting in Helsingborg, Sweden

each! The divine law lives within our hearts, in our knowledge, in our opinion of good and evil. God lives in us, in the consciousness of a noble effort, of a pure will. God lives in the Heaven or Hell of our conscience. If we then ask this question, Where is God to be found? we are able to answer: In the history of humanity and of Nature and within ourselves. And in searching there for him he blows on us with the breath of His Holy Spirit, thus, as by the rushing of the wind, filling us with inspiration; raising us far above the misery, the triviality and the dust of the earth; an inspiration that makes us feel that something lives in our hearts which fights for the crown of perfection by gigantic power.

There is only one Heaven
 Where eternal happiness is.
 Not among the crowded stars,
 Not among the legion of worlds,
 Is it to be found by man;
 But within his own heart,
 When he does the right.

A Yaqui Incident

by a Student



IN the midst of the present Yaqui war—or shall we say persecution—an American prospector was riding alone through the Yaqui country. One night he staked his horse, as usual, and laid down to sleep on the ground, only to be awakened in the middle of the night by the Yaquis who, in a friendly way, ordered him to get out of the country, without even so much as interfering with his horse, sorely as they were in need of saddle ponies. He was an *Americano*, and that was enough for the Indians. Americans in Sonora come in close contact with the Yaquis and always treat them well. The Yaquis on their side appreciate this friendship, and return it in full.

WHATEVER the relations of music, it will never cease to be the noblest and purest of arts. . . . Its inherent solemnity makes it so chaste and wonderful, that it ennobles WHATEVER comes in contact with it. —R. WAGNER

MELODY, both vocal and instrumental, is for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening their affections toward God. —HOOKER

Mirror of the Movement



The Winter Flowers of Loma-land

The words "Winter Season" conjure up to many people a picture of snow, ice and cold, the landscape covered with a white mantle, the streams locked in an icy embrace, and vegetation dead. But to those who dwell in the valleys or on the mesas of Southern California, and especially in the vicinity of San Diego, "winter" means the time when the hills and valleys deck themselves with brightest green and the many kinds of beautiful wild flowers add brilliant color to the scene. Winter, in this favored spot, is the time of the welcome rains—which this year have been more than usually abundant—consequently the fertile earth has responded in most bountiful fashion.

The same causes which bring rain to Loma-land bring snow to the mountain peaks lying east and north of San Diego, and add to the grandeur and beauty of the view a sublimity beyond description. These snowy peaks also serve the valleys and the mesas, for they fill the streams, rivers and reservoirs with life-giving water.

Snow on the mountain peaks, sunshine, fruit, and flowers in the valleys, an atmosphere which quickens the pulse, brightens the eye and makes life a joy—such is "winter in Loma-land."

* * *

Pending the determination of Mrs. Tingley's suit against the *Los Angeles Times*, the grounds of Loma-land were closed to visitors by the advice of the attorneys in the case, to the great disappointment of the many tourists who desired to visit. The necessity for that restriction having passed, the grounds are now open, and the privilege is being taken full advantage of by the ever increasing number of tourists to this favored region.

* * *

The Meetings in Isis Theatre

There is no lack of interest in the weekly meetings held at Isis Theatre. The house is invariably filled, and more often than not is crowded. This fact is the best of evidence that these meetings supply a need of the people of San Diego for instructive, elevating discourses, classical music and examples of the best decorative taste.

For four consecutive Sundays the entire program of these meetings has been given by the Isis Conservatory students, the public appreciation of which can perhaps be most fittingly described by a few extracts from the public press :

Again Isis Theatre was crowded last evening at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. Again there were no speeches, but a very interesting and entertaining musical program by the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music. There was not a dull or mediocre number on the program. The audience was enthusiastic in its praise. . . . The stage was a perfect bower of greenery, potted plants, ferns, palms and cut branches from evergreen and pepper trees. In the center of the footlights was a great loose bunch of

calla lilies, farther back on the stage a pedestal of white and colored blossoms and green foliage, to the right the hidden orchestra behind a silk screen half covered with leaves of silver and green — all this with its rich background of green foliage made a striking nature picture. . . . The audience was thoroughly appreciative throughout the entertainment, applauding unstintedly, and manifesting in every way its enjoyment of the evening.

Katherine Tingley delivered an address at Isis Theatre, San Diego, on Sunday evening, January 18th, from which the following extracts are taken. Although she had not been announced to speak, a very large audience was present, attracted by the admirable music which has recently been so prominent a feature at the Theatre. She said :

I believe that it is the mission of all good people, and especially of members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, and of all others who are really lovers of justice, to endeavor to raise journalism, to support in every possible way the good in journalism, and to give their aid to newspapers which are trying to work on right lines, and also *to absolutely condemn every journal which is working in the opposite direction*. One is almost afraid to come on this platform and tell the truth. And why? Because there are newspaper representatives who bend their energies to change the meaning of the words uttered, to make them appear entirely contrary to what was actually said. Over and over again has it been done, not only with speakers on this platform, but with speakers on other platforms, and workers for humanity all along the line. . . . It seems to me that we could very easily, if we were so minded, establish a new order of journalism. There is something of that kind needed in your city, . . . an independent, daring, courageous newspaper, a newspaper with a soul in it, . . . you already have newspapers, and they are doing some work, but you want another newspaper, an independent newspaper that will work for the good of all. But this can never be accomplished until you have a man in the editor's chair who will dare to defend the right at all hazards, a man who could never be tempted even though a million were laid at his feet, who could never be persuaded to obscure the truth. . . . My opponent in Los Angeles dreamed a year ago of "wiping off the Hill the Institution which is at Point Loma" and removing my humble self from your neighborhood. I can assure you that he has found by this time that he cannot do it. Probably there are a good many people in Los Angeles who have been much libeled through this paper. They may have been so situated that they could not step out and demand justice. Maybe their causes have been very just, maybe their sufferings have been very great, but they have not had the freedom to step out and defy this majestic representative of journalism. They were not able to do this — so that when Katherine Tingley was fighting her little battle in the Superior Court last week she was fighting for those who would be attacked if she had not defied that journal. . . . I see your city with its glorious possibilities, and I hope for its prosperity, for its larger commercial life and for its higher education. We should all hold this hope and work more energetically for its ultimate glory. We should leave our politics aside and our religious differences aside and come together as one great family, heart to heart and hand to hand, to feel the throbbing, spontaneous life of this beautiful city and make a new record for it.

**Rev. Mr. Watson's
Stirring Address at
Isis Theatre**

Sunday evening, January 25th, despite the threatening weather, one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences of the season heard the Rev. E. R. Watson, pastor of the Unitarian church, who delivered a stirring address on the subject: "Is Christianity Menaced? Where and How?" The Unitarian church choir was heard to splendid advantage. The opening and closing numbers—the prelude to "Parsifal" and Handel's "Largo," respectively, were rendered by students of Isis Conservatory of Music. In his address the Rev. Mr. Watson took the high ground that real Christianity was an overshadowing essence which nothing could menace. Among other things he said:

Men and women have come together and have said: "We will receive *this* teaching of Christianity, and we will build an institution, we will have a priesthood, and we will have our literature, and we will have this minister and these officials and they shall represent Christianity to us;" and they have rested upon these outward forms. But the time has come when the world no longer asks for empty form, the world no longer cares for apostolic succession, or for some particular little revelation in some old document. The world is longing for God's angels to sing as they sang of yore, and as they have sung every night and day since men began to think and pray. This is what men are longing for, and now in our confusion, when the world in its struggles seems to be turning away from the institution which no longer contains the vitality or the helpfulness which they expected, we say that Christianity is threatened. But by what is it threatened? It is but the empty form which is threatened by the spirit which has departed. . . . I had hoped that the little children would be here to sing to us tonight (Raja Yoga children). I know that some of them have inherited all the blessings of home love, but there are also among them, little drifted lives that have been gathered in; little hungry hearts that have been touched and have learned to sing and be happy, they have been touched by the holy influence of something divine in ourselves, and I wanted to point to these little lives and to say, here is the same work that the Great Master was doing, and to ask if it is this that threatens Christianity, and if this work can be a menace to the great spirit overshadowing all pure Christian lives. No; there is no threat in this, no menace in this. Such a thing is impossible. . . . But someone is a little timid about the institution; about what the deacons may say, or the elders may say, or about what some minister who is not properly consecrated, and such an one says: "Keep this one away; this one does not belong to the great family, because he has not received the invitation from some particular institution." But some great life has touched something out there in the highway—in the parting of the way—and has said: "Come with me, little life, for thou art a part of the great family. All is harmony for thee, and all that the soul may inherit belongs to thee." If there are any people who have been trying to do this thing, and who have not been properly anointed, I anoint them tonight in the name of God.

The Rev. Mr. Watson is the clergyman in San Diego who would not sign the circular published by the clergymen of that city, attacking The Universal Brotherhood. He spoke on this occasion by invitation of Katherine Tingley and under the auspices of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

**"The Flood Tide
of Opportunities"**

On February 1st another large audience greeted Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, who was advertised to speak on "The Flood Tide of Opportunities." She said in part:

We are even now beginning to mount a wave, borne along on the incoming tide, whose crest reaches far above our present vision. . . . I think the greatest evidence of this is in the broader conceptions of life that are growing in the public mind; the general unrest, uneasiness and yearning for something better. . . . The deeper currents of life are being stirred. A sense of the real bondage we are under is being more keenly felt and understood, and a desire to break the shackles is taking its place with the many other desires which heretofore have served only to tighten them. Many have been moved to make discoveries in the direction of archæology of late, and this has thrown a flood of light over history which is opening up wonderfully the human mind. If we can trace our origin, little by little we shall trace our journey and see where we have gone astray, and where we have wronged ourselves and others. These discoveries have given blow after blow to narrow, sect-bound, so-called religion, which is so opposed to true religion, and which has done more than anything else to hold back the human race and blind its eyes. The true spirit of Christianity is emerging from the clouds, though bigotry must receive its death-blow before it can enter the full light of day. . . . So it is natural to be looking for an incoming tide just now. It is due, so to speak, and the signs of it are in the air. It is these great spiritual impulses which lift us, as it were, on to a higher level. What we have to see to, is that we are able to grasp the new situation and hold our ground, and not let ourselves be sucked back by the receding waters, which would engulf us and our whole civilization, for nature seems to inflict a heavy penalty on those who neglect or throw away their opportunities. Today these are so rich, so full of promise, so capable of transforming the whole of life, that it must be that not only a tide, but a flood tide, is coming in. The wisdom religion, the essence of all religions, has again been given to the world, furnishing it with opportunities unending. The possibilities for man to understand himself, with his rich experience behind, are greater than ever before, and with this understanding must come a life that is higher than ever before. . . .

The musical program presented by the students of Isis Conservatory of Music was thoroughly enjoyed and heartily applauded. It contained several new features, which were rendered with the usual skill and "quality" of the Isis students.

**I HEAR the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonics;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys upon some great instrument,
And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.**

—LONGFELLOW

Reports from Lodges

U. B. Lodge, Portland, Oregon

Members' meetings have been held as usual ; these being for members of our own Lodge only. On Sunday evenings we have a general gathering, which includes such visiting members who may be in town. The time at these latter meetings is devoted to readings from UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, *The New Century*, or from writings of the three Leaders. On the last Sunday in the month our public meeting was held. The program consisted of music, reading from the *Bhagavad Gita* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and a paper on Brotherhood, after which the report was read of the San Diego Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in connection with the Raja Yoga School. The hall was very prettily decorated with cedar, fir boughs and Oregon grape vine.

On New Year's Eve we held a special meeting. During the first part of the meeting each of the members spoke in regard to the work of The Universal Brotherhood. Afterwards readings were given from the writings of the three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. A spirit of complete harmony, good will, unity of thought and purpose pervaded the meeting.

F. O. BRECKENRIDGE, *Secretary*

January, 1903



U. B. Lodge No. 2, Helsingborg, Sweden

During the past year the Lodge held public meetings once each month and also a special meeting at which Dr. E. Bogren defended the work and name of H. P. Blavatsky against the statements of a certain Professor. Dr. Bogren also visited Malmo and held a special meeting for the same purpose in response to the request of the members of that Lodge, twice visited the neighboring town of Engelholm for the same purpose, but although the Professor had been invited to each of these special meetings, he did not come.

Our Lodge room has always been beautifully decorated with flower and green. We always have fine music, and for this we are much indebted to two of our members. Several public entertainments have been held during the year at which were given the Greek symposia, *The Wisdom of Hypatia* and *The Conquest of Death*, and readings from Swedish authors.

At the members' meetings we have read the "Suggestions to Lodges," using the remainder of the time for study and preparation for the public meetings. The special feast days and anniversaries have been kept by both members and Lotus children, celebrating each anniversary in tableaux, song and music. At the monthly public meetings a certain time is set apart for The International Brotherhood League and for news from Loma-land. Both the Boys' Brotherhood Club and the Lotus Group are continuing their work very successfully.

ERIK BOGREN, *President*



U. B. Lodge, No. 3, Forest Gate, London, England

Work goes ahead in London well, and the added dignity given to Lotus Groups by the circular just issued has raised the enthusiasm in that important branch. It is just three years

since the Leader gave an important touch of dignity to the English work at Brighton and Avenue Road. Most of the English comrades have re-lived that time lately. If the three-years cycle has done so much for England what will the ten-years cycle do. W. F.



U. B. Lodge, Sacramento, California

On New Year's Eve a meeting was held to await the New Year. The articles, "Cuba of Today," and "Watchman, What of the Night," were read. Music and songs followed with a social hour. Then just before the old year passed, quotations were read from the three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and a spirit of harmony, aspiration and courage was felt by all as we silently awaited the birth of the New Year. The memory of that hour will not soon be forgotten.

January 25th, 1903

J. A. W.



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

The meetings of Louisville Lodge No. 119, Universal Brotherhood Organization, are well attended, and the interest is growing stronger and keener at every meeting. The last meeting was opened by Brother W. F. Gearhart, by reading the objects of the Organization and the thirteenth chapter of the *Gita*, followed by an instrumental selection, after which President Wilson then read a well prepared paper on the "Heart Doctrine," which took him about thirty-five minutes to deliver. The questions sent in (and there were a good many), were ably answered by the President.

Louisville Lodge, if it does as well in the present year as it has in the past, may well feel encouraged to go on with its work. One marked feature in our Lodge work that will add very materially to its greater usefulness, will be in the greater facilities for the distribution of our literature. Our Lodge has doubtless passed through its first seven years successfully and will, with the courage born of Truth, hope to weather the other two septenate periods to full manhood.

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*

January, 1903



U. B. Lodge No. 82, Minneapolis, Minnesota

During the past year regular monthly business meetings have been held and in addition four special meetings. The study class has been held every Tuesday evening, at which generally selections from the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH OF *The New Century* were read by acting Chairman and discussed by the members of the class. The public Sunday evening meetings have been held once a month and have been well attended, and with good music and flowers have been much appreciated and helpful. At these meetings readings were given and also original papers. Four entertainments have been given, the best musical talent in the city helping.

SECRETARY

January, 1903



U. B. Lodge No. 13, Macon, Georgia

A special meeting of the Lodge was held on the evening of December 31st, 1902, to again rekindle the fire of our devotion to the work of The Universal Brotherhood Organiza-

tion, and to await the birth of the New Year. The program was as follows: Music; reading of selections from the writings of the three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley; short addresses by the members, after which the New Year was awaited in silence.

SECRETARY



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

On the first Sunday in the month the "Suggestions to Lodges" was read and the Study Class continued its reading of "*Echoes from the Orient.*" A social gathering was held in the middle of the month, with music and light refreshments. We are preparing to give a presentation of "*Hypatia*" on the 13th of January to commemorate the "New Year Jubilee"—Second Anniversary. On the 28th of the month our public meeting was held, it being a very successful one. Brother H. Crooke, the English President, was present and gave an inspiring address. It was from him we first heard of the famous victory of Raja Yoga and release of the eleven Cuban children. The subject of the meeting was "Review of the Year," The Universal Brotherhood work was referred to as showing Universal Brotherhood becoming a living power in the world. The public meetings are most encouraging. We rejoice in the good news from Point Loma. With fraternal greetings to all.

January 7th, 1903

JOHN T. CROPPER, *Secretary*



U. B. Lodge No. 30, Forest Gate, England

The past year closed with the Lodge in better condition than it has ever been so far as I am able to observe. The united public meeting at Eastham Hall was in the general opinion of members the best of these meetings yet held. The Lodge activities go on steadily. We are all aglow about the news that comes each week through *The New Century*, and I think this news deepens our sense of responsibility.

WILLIAM JAMESON, *President*

January, 1903



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

After reviewing the experiences of the year just ended, we all feel encouraged to press forward in the face of every difficulty, for we have learned that no sooner do we *face* the rocks and mountains in our path than they melt away and disappear. The "Isis League of Music and Drama" is the channel through which most force has flowed and we can also record a marked advance in the quality of the Public Lodge meetings and in the members present. We seem to have learned at last how to interest and hold the attention of the audience. On New Year's Eve the members who were able, met in the Lodge room at 9 P. M., and spent an hour in reading passages from the writings of our three Leaders. At 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned till 11:30, when we reassembled to await the New Year, and then with greetings departed, filled with a renewed Joy and an unbounded hope and confidence in the glorious work of Universal Brotherhood and in Katherine Tingley as our Leader.

January, 1903

EDITH CLAYTON, *President*



The Song of the Light

A Fairy Story, by C.



WINNIE had been naughty in some small childish way, and through the wall I heard her mother trying to bring home to her the true inwardness of the situation.

“Winnie, that was very naughty, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, mother; I think it was.”

“Well, why did you do it?”

“Oh, I wanted to — then, and yet I didn’t want to. Something made me — but it was *me*. And I was so sorry, at *once*. Mother, what is it that makes you want to do things you don’t want to? It seems to me as if there were two of me. Is everybody two?”

“More than two, my dear.”

“*More* than two! But where are they?”

“Shall I tell you a little story?”

“Oh, yes, mother, do!”

And I knew that Winnie must be nestling into her mother’s lap with much prospective enjoyment.

“Once upon a time —”

“Yes,” purred the little voice, contentedly; “that’s the way to begin.”

“—there was a beautiful castle with many rooms. Each room was entirely of its own color, the walls, the furniture, and the ceiling. And they didn’t

have windows opening into the open air, but into the middle room, which was the largest of them all. The middle one was heart-shaped."

"Did it have any windows, mother? Because if it didn't it must have had a lamp."

"No, it didn't have any windows nor any lamp—at least none that you could see. But in the very middle of this room was a light, brighter than you can think of. Sometimes it looked quite white, and sometimes a little bit purple, and sometimes rosy, and sometimes all colors—like the inside of that shell you picked up yesterday on the shore.

"Of course, this light shone into the other rooms, all round, through the windows. But each room had a window of its own color, so the light that came into it came through of that color.

"Now, in that house lived a little girl."

"Oh, mother, all alone?"

"Well, she was partly alone, and partly she wasn't."

"Mother, how could that be?"

"Well, I'll tell you how if you'll listen. There were little fairies in all the other rooms, such pretty little things! But, no; stop—they weren't all pretty. At least, while I looked at them they changed."

"Oh, mother," (clapping her hands) "did you *see* this?"

"Yes, I saw it; and I think I'll tell you where, presently.

"They changed a great deal, and were sometimes very pretty, and sometimes they seemed quite horrid little things. Sometimes they played prettily to themselves in their own rooms and sang little songs. And sometimes they ran in and played with Cora (for that was the little girl's name). And she, too, went into their rooms sometimes.

"And there was another thing. While I was looking at the light in the heart-room and listening very carefully to all that went on, I heard the sweetest, loveliest song that ever was sung on earth. It was coming right out of the light, and was very, very soft. It changed all the time, like the light, and every minute it seemed more beautiful than the minute before.

"And I noticed that Cora sometimes listened to the song and let it come right into her, and even tried with her sweet little voice to sing the same herself, and sometimes she didn't listen to it and forgot all about it. And then the light began to get smaller, and of course the little rooms got darker. And *then* it was that the little fairies lost their beauty and looked horrid. And they quarreled and came running in to Cora, and instead of singing, whispered horrid little ideas into her ear. So then she took to *saying* horrid things and *doing* them. Sometimes she knew that the fairies made her say and think those things and do them; and sometimes so small were the fairies she did not see them, and thought it was all herself.

“Of course, she was not happy, though she tried to make herself believe she was. And all was dismal and noisy and quarreling. But even then I could hear, ever so soft, the song of the light.

“Then, all of a sudden, Cora would remember herself. She would listen again for the song, and it would get stronger and even sweeter, and the light grew greater and more beautiful and shone again into all the other rooms. And the moment she began to think of the song and the light, the nasty little thoughts chased away out of her mind, and the fairies became once more exquisitely graceful and beautiful and sang their songs, and all was happiness again. They ran to and fro, and *now* whispered pretty and charming thoughts into Cora’s ear, and helped her to do all sorts of loving things.

“Winnie, did *you* ever see that castle and hear the song of the light?”

“Mother,” (very slowly) “I *think* I have seen the castle, but—I don’t—exactly—think I have heard that song.”

“Well, you try, and one day I think you will. And even now you can *feel* it, don’t you think?”

“Yes, I *think*——”

And there was a little kiss, and then some little feet ran to the door.

Why wasn’t that story told to *me* eighty or ninety years ago when *I* was young?

A Crown of Wind Flowers

by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



TWIST me a crown of wind-flowers;
That I may fly away
To hear the singers at their song,
And players at their play.

Put on the crown of wind-flowers:
But whither would you go?
Beyond the surging of the sea
And the storms that blow.

Alas! your crown of wind-flowers
Can never make you fly:
I twist them in a crown today,
And tonight they die.

Malmö, Sweden

During the last three months the Lotus Group has been divided into two classes. The first class, the youngest children, have met Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock, and the second, of the older children, on Thursday evenings at 6 o'clock. The first class has been occupied with songs, stories and play. Some of the members of the second class attend these meetings and help, this being done with great interest and pleasure. In the second class, the first half of the meeting is conducted in English and the children have learned some of the Lotus songs in English, such as "Happy Little Sunbeams," and also sentences. The other part of the meeting is devoted to singing, declamation, and speeches about the Lotus children's ideals and how to make them a part of life—to illustrate this many stories have been read or told. Then come the silent moments, which are always of a serious and harmonious character.

On December 29th the Lotus children had their Christmas tree and New Year's festival. Many of the children's parents and other interested visitors were present, large and small, to the number of over one hundred. The program opened with a series of tableaux, "A New Time," in which the children did their part with great talent. Then the children were told of the real meaning of the Christmas feast, that it is to give and send out the heart-light. The parents were told of the past year's work in the Lotus Group, and then the children sang their songs. One little Lotus Bud 12 years old, in a very clear, soft voice, sang "Cleansing Fires," every word sounding clearly in every corner of the great hall. Views of Point Loma were shown by means of a stereopticon, a Christmas present to the Lotus Group from The Universal Brotherhood Lodge, and the remainder of the evening was spent in games and dances around a beautiful Christmas tree, and all the children and visitors had refreshments.

The festival ended as it began, with singing, and the children's bright eyes and the parents' gratitude made the feast a victory and made us all realize the truth that "Life is Joy."

January 15th, 1903

ANNA MANSSON



Lotus Group Report, Bow, London East, England

Dear Leader: I am writing on behalf of the Lotus Buds of Bow, who wish to send their love to you with these violets which came off the tea table, for they have just had their New Year party, and after tea they gave three cheers for you. I feel sure you must have heard them. Mr. Dunn came for a little while and played some music for us, and the children had games and several recited. It is wonderful how well the tiny ones of five years do recite. They also sang their Lotus songs and spent a lovely time, going home very happy at 9 o'clock. Signed on behalf of all the Lotus Buds.

ADA L. ROFF

January 6th, 1903



Christmas Entertainment, Youngstown, Ohio

The Lotus Group rooms were very prettily decorated with holly and evergreen, and in one was a Christmas tree, brightly dressed, upon which were gifts for each member of the Group, and a treat of nuts and candy. Previous to the arrival of Santa Claus, who distributed the gifts, an entertainment was given composed of instrumental selections on piano and guitar, readings, recitations and songs. Everyone had an enjoyable time and went home happy.

MARY C. HINEY, *Superintendent*

Report of "Purple" Lotus Group, U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

We have had varied and delightful experiences during the past year along this branch of Universal Brotherhood work. The children are becoming very enthusiastic since helping the Club girls with "The Dawn of a New Day," and they are now beginning to get up a play for which they will be entirely responsible, and to accomplish which they seem determined to use every effort. The spirit of the meetings is, as a rule, just as it should be, and there is one "Tiny Bud," Gwladys Landmade (a Welsh child), who leads the whole Group, with unconscious sweetness, dignity and strength, in singing, speaking and marching. It is a revelation to see how the Raja Yoga children at the Point teach each other, and we are taking the hint, with excellent results.

EDITH CLAYTON, *Superintendent*

January, 1903

**Lotus Group No. 1, Sioux City, Iowa**

We had a very pleasant Christmas festival. The stage was covered with white and adorned with two Christmas trees with the presents, and some branches of the pepper tree sent from San Diego by one of our comrades. The children gave recitations and sang songs, after which Santa Claus, in costume, distributed the presents, and all went home happy.

It is gratifying to see how the higher nature of the children is unfolding. Their appreciation of the work and their interest in it increases all the time, and I think the last year's work has been the most delightful of all.

On the 13th of April a memorial program was given in honor of William Q. Judge, the stage being beautifully decorated, a large portrait of Mr. Judge forming the central adornment. On the 17th of November the little play *Diamond Soul* was well presented, and its beautiful lesson seemed to be appreciated.

The conduct of the weekly meetings follows the general plan. The practice of brotherhood and the reign of the higher nature over the lower are emphasized. Good stories are often used in teaching. Fraternally yours,

BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD, *Superintendent*

January 17th, 1903

**Report of Girls' Club, U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England**

This Club is stronger and altogether better in tone than ever before. The latest interest has been preparing *The Dawn of a New Day*, which they gave at their entertainment on December 27th to a large audience, chiefly relations and friends of the girls. It was their first attempt at anything of the kind, and some of the parts were very creditably rendered. They are now desirous to give a similar entertainment every two months. This new departure is beginning to have as marked an effect on the girls as it has already done among the Lodge members, in the symposia. Our only regret is that we have so little time in which to do all that is waiting to be done, such as dancing, drawing, musical drill, singing, etc. The girls have proposed that the proceeds of the next entertainment shall be sent to the Leader for the Raja Yoga Schools.

EDITH CLAYTON, *Superintendent*

January, 1903