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# INDO WISDOM.

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

HENRY BARNARD.

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*"Whatsoever mind can conceive, that mind can accomplish."  
"True, O Indo. Yet for the truth's sake we dare all things."*

NEW YORK.  
PETER ECKLER, PUBLISHER,  
35 FULTON STREET.

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## PREFACE.

IN final preparation of the story, *Zarine of the Inner World*, for the press, it was found that incidental to the story and interwoven with it through several chapters and periods of time, is revealed a lofty philosophy whose teachings resulted in the marvelous civilization of the Indo, a people whose material, mental and moral advancement dwarfs all the attainments or aspirations of outer world races.

It is therefore decided to publish these selections, giving that philosophy in booklet form, for convenience of those who desire "*Indo Wisdom*" apart from the distractions or fascinations of an adventurous story.

Thoughts of Indo Wisdom have beforetime appeared in the outer world, for there is nothing new under the sun, but they have not penetrated and permeated outer world society, else the error and superstition which hold our race in ignorance would have disappeared, and with the wisdom of the Indo we should have the scientific, moral and mental results which the Indo have attained.

PART I:—The impressions of Indo Wisdom upon a Union College man who, lost in an Arctic expedition in 1867, reached the Inner World through the north polar opening.

PART II:—Zarine, an Indo of the degree of Supreme Wisdom, gives the teachings of her race.

## CHAPTER XX.

### INDO WISDOM.

“FATHER, I have so many questions to ask I hardly know where to begin,” said Bruce. “This Inner World. Tell me all about it.”

David Hunter laughed. “You are giving me a large contract, Bruce. I have been here twenty years and have only commenced to know its wonders.”

They had finished the evening meal, and with camp in order the crew of the Mohawk were resting in groups upon the little plateau. Nathan, David and Bruce lay on a bed of soft moss near the crystal spring which bubbled and gurgled at their feet. Attitudes of ease denoted healthful languor from the labors of the day.

“Begin with geography,” said Bruce, “first lesson.”

“Well,” said David, “this inner surface of the earth is only about one-fourth water. The greater share of water seems to have been thrown to the outer surface by the earth’s revolution leaving the inner world three-fourths land.”

“Heigh O!” exclaimed Nathan. “That’s interesting. But how much of the land is productive and habitable?”

“There are over eighty-six million square miles, leaving out all pathless mountain and wild desert land,” replied David. “Three times as much as is available in the outer world. This is divided into hundreds of

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“There are over eighty-six million square miles, leaving out all pathless mountain and wild desert land,” replied David. “Three times as much as is available in the outer world. This is divided into hundreds of

districts which in a way correspond with the states of America.

“Each has its district council, like the one we appeared before, and each is represented in the General Council and Council of Supreme Wisdom as I have explained.”

“That committeeman spoke of their fifty billions of people,” said Bruce. “Is that true?”

“An Indo never speaks an untruth.”

“But that is more than twenty times the people we have in the whole outer world,” exclaimed Bruce in astonishment, “and we have already too many in our crowded cities.”

“The outer world averages only twenty-nine persons to the square mile,” replied David. “But not half of the outer world land is habitable. Let us assume sixty-four persons to the square mile of available land. That allows ten acres for every person of the outer world.

“Here, Ind averages about five hundred and eighty persons to the square mile. Belgium and Saxony, two old-world countries, have equally dense populations. This still allows a fraction over an acre to each person, exclusive of the waste land. You must also remember that these people produce more from an acre than you do from ten.”

“There certainly seems no lack,” replied Bruce. “Their standard of living is magnificent. I’ve seen no poverty nor overcrowding.”

“There could not be, under the Indo system,” said David. “All persons produce more than they consume or use. Every one receives as much as he or she produces. The surplus grows day by day and year by year, adding to the producer’s credit at their guild’s bank. The Indo take vacations, travel and enjoy every

luxury until their surplus credit is reduced to a limit sufficient for six months' or a year's support. Then they resume daily service until their credit account is replenished. The pleasure-loving do not advance in learning, degrees or general standing as fast as the more industrious, but each have their choice."

"But what in case of sickness?" asked Bruce.

"Ah. Sickness never occurs to an Indo. They have conquered disease. Accidents do not happen. Everything is guarded. Life and safety are above all else. There is no such thing as one person making a profit by risking the life of another."

"And what provision is made for old age and childhood?" asked Bruce. "I have seen neither children nor old people," he exclaimed with sudden earnestness. "Are these Indo immortal?"

"No. Not as we understand immortality. There are mysteries which I can not comprehend. I have only commenced to learn, yet it would take me twenty years to tell you all that I have learned. Each Indo child joins its local district and is enrolled in the first degree, or general apprentice, at the age of ten years. The cost of its first ten years of life has been already charged against the surplus account of its parents. After the child reaches the age of twenty it must repay one-tenth every year from its own credit account for the old-age fund of its parents until they are fully repaid. From ten years of age the child is self-supporting and accumulates a good surplus besides. All productive work is so simple that in many industries a child is as effective as an adult, and of course receives the same credit. You must remember that with their marvelous machinery the Indo can produce enormous wealth in three hours of daily industry."

“Who owns the land and machinery?” asked Bruce.

“Each association or industrial guild owns the machinery of its own trade,” replied David, “but no one owns the land. It is Iza.”

“What do you mean?”

“These people personify the total energy of the universe and call it Iza. They consider all nature as Iza, in which all the living have equal rights.”

“They must be a religious people,” said Bruce.

David smiled curiously. “When you have lived here as long as I,” he said, “you will never jump at hasty conclusions. Every thing here is a mystery to me. I do not know what you consider religious so I cannot answer you.”

“Why! Do not the Indo worship Iza?”

“No. Zarine says we cannot understand Iza until we attain wisdom. Iza is personified in language, but is not a person. The character or sound we translate as letter ‘I’ is the Indo symbol for heat, Z for light, A for power. Combined they signify I-Z-A the energy of the universe. They may also signify the trinity, ‘Mind, Matter and Force.’ Can you from this determine whether the Indo are religious or materialists?”

Bruce and Nathan pondered silently this problem. With present knowledge it was too deep for them.

“ZA, light and power—Zarine,” murmured Bruce. “Is there symbolism in the name of that Indo maiden?” he asked.

“Yes. ‘Child of light and power,’” replied David. “and well she deserves the title.”

“How may I learn more of Indo wisdom?” asked Bruce.

“It is revealed step by step through the Indo degrees of learning until one reaches the Supreme Degree,”

replied David. "Indo philosophers affirm there is but one elemental substance in all the universe. They name it IZA. It occupies all space and comprises all energy. All existing things from the smallest atom up to the mightiest worlds, suns and systems of worlds, float in this omnipotent ocean like crystals, forming and dissolving in this parent fluid. All forms of matter are transient manifestations of this eternal energy, Iza. The Indo teach that heat, light, power, sound, motion, color, form, cohesion, gravitation, attraction, repulsion, magnetism, electricity, thought, will, reason and life itself are but differing applications of the all-containing Iza to its transient crystals—Matter.

"All solid matter may be reduced to liquid, liquid to gas, and the Indo say, all to one primitive substance—Iza, whose differing powers and forces again crystalizing, result in gases, fluids, solids. These products recombined emerge a new universe, a new creation. The only eternal, omnipotent, indestructible substance is Iza. From Iza all things proceed; back to Iza all things return in endless cycles. By this the Indo explain life and death, growth and decay and all the riddles of existence. The sum total of the universe—Iza—never changes. Its outward forms are ever changing."

David paused. Bruce, eager for more knowledge, exclaimed, "Go on. Tell us more of Iza."

"Crystallized in solid matter, Iza appears to sleep," continued David, "But its mighty forces, active or passive, permeate all space and all matter from rarest to densest. Its passive forms of energy, resistance and cohesion, give matter its hardness and strength. Neutralize these forces by one of Iza's more active forms, heat or electricity, and solid matter flows like water.

Continue the application and the liquid disappears in gaseous form. All sleeping matter, Iza, is capable of awakening to active life. The dormant seed awakes in the bosom of its mother earth. Water, absorbing heat, awakes to steam ; this, mingling with other gases may explode into still rarer form. Gunpowder, crystalized Iza, awakes at the touch of fire. All energy is convertible to other forms, if we but knew the secret. New life ever arises from dissolution and apparent death. In all the changes nothing is ever gained or lost. Matter is but sleeping, crystalized force. Force is awakened matter. Mind is the higher form of energy which reasons, and it ever guides the lesser forms to final and universal harmony. From eternity to eternity these changes of form and organism progress and not an atom is lost in all the ages. Worlds fall asleep. Cold, black, dead suns float through space. Suddenly a blazing star appears in the firmament and a new world or system of worlds is born from the dissolution of the old. As the Indo say, 'Iza awakes.'

"Apparent disasters to individuals, nations or worlds are not evils. Dissolution, death and new birth, in all ages and by all processes work out universal harmony. Only to our limited views and ignorant, finite minds do nature's catastrophes seem irreparable. From the standpoint of the universe all is good."

"Well! We think we have bold, speculative theories in the outer world," said Bruce, "But even they find few disciples."

"The whole Indo race follow this philosophy. Their civilization is based upon it," said David. "It is interesting to discuss their speculations, but we from the outer world can not hope to comprehend them all. The key to all mystery of Iza rests in the degree of Supreme

Wisdom toward which every Indo eagerly strives. With perfect knowledge comes perfect understanding. We see the practical application of the Indo knowledge. To them is given ability to summon the unlimited power of Iza in any form. The wands they carry are called 'Izama.' To induce a manifestation of any required form of energy, the Indo strike a corresponding key of this instrument, which is attuned in harmony with Iza's forces. As a violinist strikes a chord which vibrates through a dozen instruments attuned in that key, so the Izama rightly touched vibrates in unison with the great throbbing heart of nature. The Indo have harnessed all power to their will. They summon, and all nature obeys. Rocks melt at their touch. Cohesion of metal ceases. Gravitation no longer binds them to earth's surface. Thoughts flash from mind to mind through any distance. All forces of nature yield. Nothing is impossible to an Indo of high degree."

There was a long silence. David's face shone with the intensity of his feeling. The tremendous meaning of his words hushed his hearers with awe and wonder. They had strayed far from the simple geography lesson. They realized the immensity of knowledge as never before, and Bruce knew that his learning had only begun.

In his dreams, resting within his tent that night, Bruce saw Zarine. She seemed beckoning him from a chariot of cloud. He started from his couch, sprang from the tent and saw beaming in the heavens only the shimmering bank of cloudlight which first introduced him to this world of marvels. He could sleep no more that night. Beside the rippling spring he lay musing upon the possibility of attaining the wisdom of the Indo. "Their history says that all races are of the same origin. Their philosophy teaches that all are of the universal

essence. Centuries of progress have raised the Indo so far above the people of the outer world. Why may I not study their wisdom until I become as one of them?"

By the close of the second day on the island the exiles had established the regular routine of labor and rest. Gathered at the camp, Bruce and his uncle again stretched upon the bed of moss listened to instruction by David with unabated interest.

"If, as the Indo claim, we are all portions of infinite Iza, crystalized into visible forms, how do they explain each conscious individual existence?" asked Bruce.

"You ask more than has been revealed to me," replied David. "As I understand their teachings, Indo deny that visible, ponderable matter has any active properties. Iza in such form we call dead matter. The Indo say there is no death, but that matter in passive state is sleeping. Life, growth and individuality in plant, animal or human being is the manipulation of sleeping atoms by Iza the awakened invisible force. Each organized centre of mental growth and activity is free to develop itself along the lines of its inherited experience. If errors occur, experience will correct them. New forces, new impulses, the constant striving for perfection, which outer world philosophers term 'natural selection,' affinities and repulsions, develop the individual from lowest forms to the highest intellect. Consciousness, reason, will, are the higher powers developed by complex organizations, but every sleeping atom carries a certain degree of self-consciousness. Each combination has a degree of individuality—mind—the sum of all power *of its constituent atoms.*"

"Do you mean that a pebble, a house, a machine, a flower, a tree or a man each have individual minds according to their organism?" asked Bruce in astonishment.

"That is the Indo idea of the universe," replied David. "They even attribute conscious individual mind to the earth itself, and conceive of worlds flashing conscious messages to each other as they whirl through space in the boundless ocean of Iza. If the sum of mind organized around all the atoms of our bodies is the measure of our individual intellect, then the sum of all our intellects must be the mind of the world we inhabit; and the sum of all worlds, IZA."

"I have seen engineers who believed their engines had consciousness. They pet them and talk to them as you might to a horse. Captain Bemis always speaks of his ship as if it were a living thing. It seems but a foolish conceit, but who knows?" said Bruce musingly.

"We *know* but very little," replied David, smiling at Bruce's question. "We do not even know if Indo teachings are true. They only *know* who attain Supreme Wisdom. The evidences of our senses are deceptive. Ultimate truth is beyond our comprehension."

"Why do the Indo shun us? Why will they not instruct us in truth?" asked Bruce.

"Because they believe in the persistence of impulse," replied David. "They say that impulse, force, energy, thought, once put in motion is eternal. It may be overcome or diverted by opposing forces, but never lost. Every thought, word or act dissolves countless atoms of sleeping energy in our bodies and sends forth waves of good or evil impulse to impart their force to other atoms with which they come in contact. In our imperfect development, contagion, infection, disease or moral contamination may be thus mentally propagated."

"Are we then such moral lepers?" asked Bruce indignantly.

"Be patient, Bruce. The Indo word for evil may be

translated ignorance. They believe in no evil except ignorance and its imperfect, undeveloped impulses, but to them these are real and tangible dangers. The Indo believe that the awakened forces constantly radiating from every living person influence those with whom they come in contact. That each person walks in an invisible halo of good, or miasma of evil impulse, partly inherited, partly from environment and partly of one's own creation. Centuries of right living eliminated false and ignorant impulses from Ind, but they still persist in our world. For this reason we are banished, quarantined, beyond the limit of Indo habitation."

Bruce groaned in spirit. How then was he to approach the divine Zarine?

"It is through this persisting unseen influence that the Indo explain heredity, habit, hypnotism, mind reading, personal magnetism, mental telepathy, thought waves and other mysteries that confound our ignorant world," continued David.

"Why then are not their mysterious powers devoted to enlightening our darkness?" asked Bruce. "Removing our ignorance will remove our baneful influence."

"No one, unless it be Zarine, considers us worth the effort," replied David. "Indo prefer exercising their powers on the vegetable world. They constantly strive to improve its productions. Wonderful are the achievements in agriculture and kindred pursuits based upon this law of persistence of impulse. Outer world gardeners know that budding or grafting radically changes plants and trees. It is an unexplained miracle that causes the sap from the same roots to produce red apples upon one branch, yellow on another and green on a third. One may be sweet, another sour. One ripens early, the other late. Again, the same soil and fertil-

izer grows a red rose or a white, a strawberry or a peach. The Indo understand the reason and can impart the impulse to the plant at will. We of the outer world hypnotize men. The Indo hypnotize animals, plants, trees, and even inanimate matter. By the power of their will they summon all of nature's forces. It is their claim that each individual may summon all power of the infinite Iza, limited only by their ability to rightly use it. Zarine declares that it is the duty of the Indo to convey knowledge to the outer world and so banish ignorance—evil. This question now agitates all Ind. We are the first subjects of experiment. If we improve, Zarine will be justified and her plans followed. If we degenerate, Vera will be sustained and her policy of extermination followed.”

## PART II.

### ZARINE REVEALS IZA.

“**I**N the childhood of the world Iza was. Without Iza nothing is,” began Zarine. “Worlds sleep and again awake through all eternity. Whatever has been shall be and there is nothing new that has not been. Each atom, each individual, each world floats in Iza’s infinite ocean free to develop itself unhindered. Only Iza’s primitive forces prevail in all.”

The face of Zarine glowed with supernal light. She was summoning her mental power that she might instruct the strangers.

“Sleeping Earth awoke a dazzling, formless gas flung off from larger masses. The thrill of life and boundless energy permeated all space, including that nebulous cloud. Earth’s wisdom was not, for her experience was not. Wisdom cometh only through experience. The awakened forces through long ages and many cataclysms evolved the new earth from chaos. Earth put forth budding plants and by experience bettered them. As Earth’s wisdom grew, ever higher forms of Iza were at her command, striving ever for higher forms of being. Earth’s wisdom is the sum of all the wisdom of her atoms. Each living germ is a mental focus, a centre seeking higher wisdom. Each sleeping atom is a storage cell of Iza’s energy. As in Earth’s atoms, so in your own. You are the sum of all the wisdom and

power crystalized or awakened in atoms of your bodies. Each thought awakens, dissolves, countless atoms. Each act crystalizes others. Memory records the resulting changes."

"But Iza is only good," exclaimed Bruce. "Surely there is much evil in our world—in our race?"

"Ignorance is the only evil, the only cause of evil," replied Zarine. All the sorrows, misery and seeming evil that afflict your race are because it lacks wisdom. Would any do evil if they had wisdom? Experience shall overcome ignorance, then evil shall cease. You and I, your race and my race, our world and all worlds unite in striving for that wisdom which shall destroy ignorance."

"Then are other worlds inhabited?" asked Bruce eagerly.

"In every distant star Iza is," replied Zarine. "All atoms, all creatures, all worlds are crystals of force which float in universal Iza. Each group of organized atoms rising to that degree having reason, will and thought, has power and freedom to choose its own course of development, receiving in itself the fruit of its own wisdom or folly. Each living creature, each race, each world may develop its own individuality unhindered to all eternity. All power of Iza may be summoned by the individual according as it has wisdom. Even as each Indo progresses through many degrees until Supreme Wisdom, the highest possible to our race, so all things in nature strive toward its highest degree—Universal Harmony."

"But what of the individual—myself; my friends?" asked Bruce. "Are we finally swallowed up, our personality lost in this infinite sea of Iza?"

Again the wondrous Indo smiled upon her eager pupil

as she replied, "When ye have wisdom, then shall ye understand. Ye are already swallowed up. Ye are a part of Iza; a group of her atoms. Your personality is not lost. Have ye not liberty to do good or to do evil according as ye are wise or foolish? So will it ever be. It is written in your philosophy that no atom of matter is ever destroyed. It may change in form but not in essence. That no force is ever lost. It may change from heat to light, to electricity, to motion, to any other form, but no part of the original force is lost. Know, then, that all forces crystalize—sleep. These sleeping forces ye call matter, but all is eternal Iza. All that sleep shall awake and all that awake shall sleep."

"And memory!" exclaimed Bruce. "Is memory also eternal? Is thought a form of energy like heat and light? Answer, O fairest Indo, for the ignorance of our race is past understanding."

"The finite may not comprehend the infinite," replied Zarine. "Even the wisdom of the Indo is limited. We know that eternal laws work eternal harmony. Mind, matter and force are manifestations of Iza. In her secret combinations Iza emerges a germ, a living creature. The germ has power to absorb and assimilate sleeping atoms, awaking them to living energy as the organism requires. By experience the germ, the living mentality, gains wisdom. By memory wisdom is preserved. Except for memory wisdom would be lost and nothing is lost of Iza. Wisdom therefore demands eternity of memory. Memory is a mental photograph of past impressions which may be reproduced and imparted to others. The lowest organizations of matter retain memory; always repeating, reproducing past impressions. Like produces like until a new impression is received. New impulses bring new conditions, evolu-

tion, growth. Iza works through all, the purpose of eternal harmony. Every crystal gem, every plant and flower, every living creature, every whirling globe in space performs a part according to its wisdom."

Bruce and his companions received the words of Zarine with awe and rapt attention. The greatness of her thought overwhelmed them.

"Oh thou wise Indo!" exclaimed Bruce pleadingly as she ceased speaking, "we crave to know more. Thou hast opened the door of wisdom and our eyes behold its beauty. We drink wisdom's magic waters and our thirst is not quenched. The lives of our race are too short to attain Supreme Wisdom of the Indo. Have we yet hope beyond the grave?"

"Because of the ignorance and folly of thy race their days are shortened in the flesh," replied Zarine. "The bond which associates sleeping atoms with awakened forces in the body is soon dissolved. The living, deathless germ, Iza, seeks other combinations. The individual Ego resides not in the sleeping but in the awakened Iza which ye are."

"But I have no memory of past existence," said Bruce doubtfully.

"That memory may be crystalized in sub-conscious, sleeping atoms," replied Zarine. "Many of your habits, your thoughts and acts are reproduced from long past existence. To have ignorance, evil, retained, awakened in your memory, would hinder the work of Iza. If wisdom be your chief desire ye are workers in her vineyard and shall attain your reward. In the land of Ind all seek wisdom. In the land of the strangers ignorance and folly seem the chief delight."

"And may we learn wisdom of thee, O Indo? May we aid in the redemption of our race?" All the energy

of his being was aroused as Bruce voiced the thought of all. There is divinity dormant in every human heart which once awakened yearns for the good of all.

"Desirest thou wisdom above all these?" asked Zarine, toying with priceless sparkling gems upon the stone table.

"Above all else," answered the three exiles in chorus.

"For wisdom's sake will ye endure toil, danger, exile, poverty and hunger?"

"We will."

"Know ye not that every teacher of wisdom in thy race has suffered persecution for the truth's sake? Their teachings are perverted by error and their followers are reviled."

"True, O Indo, yet for the truth's sake we dare all things."

*Two years later.*

### ZARINE AGAIN INSTRUCTS THE EXILES.

"ALL power is at command of such as understand Iza," said Zarine at one of these daily lessons. "Only wisdom to command and use it must precede the power. The feeble result of your race's outer world struggles is a measure of your ignorance."

"But we have made marvelous progress in the last century," replied Bruce. "Inventions, discoveries, mechanical triumphs are constantly increasing."

Zarine smiled indulgently. "All the power yet attained by your race is as nothing," she said. "Iza is the energy of the sun, of the stars, of the universe. All the power developed by your world's mechanical devices in a year does not equal that available each moment if ye had wisdom. The earth, the sun, the stars revolving

on their axes and around their orbits are the engine wheels and dynamos of Iza.

“Consider the moon, the little globe that raises resistless tides upon the earth ; have ye yet learned to use her power? From sun and stars Iza, in form of light and heat, comes with velocity that would carry it seven times around this globe in one second. Can ye harness this mighty energy?”

“Your race toils and digs and suffers in poverty and ignorance. Ye burn a little crystalized sunshine for power and boast of your success when nine-tenths of it is wasted. Yet ten times every second the sun yields more energy than was crystalized in all the coal ever dug from the earth. All energy is Iza and all is yours to command when ye attain wisdom.”

“The heat of the sun, how is it developed and maintained?” asked Bruce.

“The sun is but a floating atom in Iza’s boundless universe,” replied the teacher. “It has no energy of itself. It is only a transformer. Iza surges like a mighty flood, with speed and power of lightning through all space eternally. Your outer world teachers think to account for the sun’s continuing radiance by many theories, but they know not that sun and stars mark the melting pots into which eternal, invisible, omnipotent Iza flows. Iza’s rushing counter currents produce swirling eddies of condensing energy wherein suns and worlds are formed. From out these vortices of tremendous potency transformed Iza darts forth in forms of heat and light to serve the purposes of her planets. Caught by countless worlds and used by each according to their wisdom, Iza sweeps on through space to be again transformed upon some distant star. In all her changes Iza is never less, never greater. No power is wasted,

no force is lost. In endless cycles Iza moves, swifter than light, dissolving and rebuilding worlds, suns and systems. The centers of power are ever radiating, ever receiving. Iza is ever changing, yet ever changeless, losing not an atom of her resistless, all pervading energy. We are each a part of Iza and must do her work according as we gain wisdom."

"Do the Indo worship Iza?" asked Bruce, still clinging to his outer world ideals.

"No! Can ye not understand? It is this thought of worship that marks the ignorance of your race," replied Zarine. "Each tribe and sect of your world invents a so-called god and blindly seeks to worship it. Service, not worship we render Iza. Iza sees not persons. Iza hears not petitions. She is neither praised nor worshipped, quickened nor hindered by finite beings. As the focal sun transforms Iza's power for use of the worlds about her, so within each living thing, each germ, each plant, each person, each world, is a silent focus, the Ego, which receives, transforms and transmits the rays of Iza, awaking sleeping atoms into life. Only through this transmitting and receiving instrument, this inward voice, can there be communication with any atom of infinite Iza. If ye have wisdom this divinity within you throbs in unison with all your fellow creatures, in harmony with all the beauteous world about you, with all Iza. If ye lack anything ye are still ignorant and through toil, suffering, trial and experience may ye gain wisdom. Each of us may aid our fellows or hinder their development, but service to our fellows is the only possible service to Iza. She is within each of her creatures. If ye see not Iza all about you, then ye shall not see her face until wisdom opens your eyes."