

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF A NOVITIATE

Poems and Essays of  
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*Editor of* ||

“Glad Tidings of the Dawn”

A Quarterly Magazine Devoted  
to Theosophical Ideals and  
Their Realization

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

*Issued by*

THE IDEAL PUBLISHING CO.

P. O. Box 731, Los Angeles, Cal.

Price \$1.00 per copy







CP567

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**Inscribed to  
Saint Narada**

*"The Words of Wisdom are chance pearls,  
thrown among the rocks by the sullen waters of  
oblivion, which diligence loves to gather and  
hang around the neck of memory."*

To you  
Annie M. L. DeBoer

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By ANNIE M. L. DeBOER



# LIFE'S IMMORTALITY

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to  
be never;  
Never was time it was not; end and beginning are  
dreams;  
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth  
the spirit forever;  
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the  
house of it seems.

—Bhagavad-Gita.

For centuries the question, what am I, whither  
am I going, and what shall I be? have thrilled  
human hearts and dominated human thought.

Clement, an illustrious Roman and one of the  
founders of the Christian Church, in speaking of  
himself has told the story of the world's seeking:

"From my earliest youth, doubts, of whose origin  
I was uncertain, perplexed me. Shall I exist after  
death no longer, and will no one bestow a thought  
upon me while ceaseless time is burying all human  
things in forgetfulness? Will it be the same with  
me as if I had never been born? When was the  
world created, and what existed before the world  
was? If it existed from eternity, then it will be  
everlasting. If it had a beginning it will also have  
an end. And what will there be after the end of  
the world, unless the stillness of death? Or per-  
haps there will be something which it is now im-  
possible to think of.

"Having been troubled with such thoughts from  
my youth, I frequented the schools of the philoso-  
phers in order to discover something certain; but I  
saw there little else than the advancement and  
destruction of theories—controversies and counter-  
controversies—first, the proposition was demon-  
strated, and believed, that the soul is immortal;  
then again, that it is mortal. When the first pre-  
vailed, I rejoiced; but when the other, I was  
dispirited.

"Thus was I driven about by opposing proposi-  
tions, and was at last compelled to admit that  
these things did not appear in their true light, but  
only as they were presented by the opposing views  
of different persons. I was then seized with a  
greater perplexity of mind, and groaned from the  
very depth of my soul."

He then determined to travel to the land of  
mysteries and search out in Egypt a magician who  
would conjure up for him a spirit, thinking thus to  
secure satisfactory evidence of the immortality of  
the soul, but a friendly philosopher withheld him  
from thus seeking the truth by the practice of "the  
unlawful art", fearing that he might never again  
enjoy peace of mind.

Socrates, the philosopher, and greatest sage the  
world has ever known, avowed his despair of



ever discovering a solution by the aid of reason's light alone, while he whispered a hope that some messenger might come to earth who might bring some light on the immortality of the soul. Long years after, there appeared one greater than Socrates, who proclaimed himself a Messenger of Life and Immortality, but the same scorn that destroyed the philosopher rejected the Christ, and the great majority of mankind are waiting, like Clement of old, to hear the voice of some loved who has passed to the "Unknown Land." Although the so-called dead are not dead at all, they are nevertheless separated from the living by the barriers that the material or physical world maintains. They may be ever near us, but we are not conscious of their presence, and our voices must call in vain for their manifestation upon physical planes of consciousness. Only in the realms of occult science may the living enter into communication with the astral world, but the pathway of adeptship is beset with danger for any but the divine teachers and Saviors of the World, whose help we may as freely implore for the so-called dead as for the living, and just as we find our power of friendly help not altogether limited to our own order of being, so higher and holier beings possess in fuller fruition those privileges of communion which are so helpful to us here. When our spirits are attuned to the spirit of righteousness, our prayers and aspirations exert an influence far beyond our conscious range and bring us into communication with the invisible helpers of the world.

Leaving the realms of the astral worlds to those more fitted than ourselves to look beyond the veil and grapple with the mysterious, may we not in the light of twentieth century knowledge form an intelligent hypothesis for an unquestioning belief in the immortality of the soul?

Materialistic science maintains that the universe is the result of natural forces, and that man himself is purely the result of evolution, but science has failed to detect a transition from the lifeless to the living. Wherever there is life it has been evolved from pre-existing life, and no forces of nature have been found adequate to produce out of inorganic matter the chemical compounds which make up living cell, and to group them into organs and bodies endowed with the functions of life, but the gulf between the living and the dead has been bridged, and this proves the existence of a power greater than nature.

There are multitudes of beings lower in the scale of existence than man. Life exists in every variety of animal, in the earth, the air and the sea, and in every species of plants, and in all stages of development, life is the result of a countless number of preceding efforts. Human life, the very



flower of evolution on the planet earth, reaches back into the remotest eternity of time.

If evolution has by an eternity of effort brought man to his present stage, which while the highest type of evolution on this earth, is not yet such a vehicle as the soul would desire, is it not reasonable to conclude that the process of evolution will be continued until that has been completed which has been begun?

If our human life is a result it is a promise also, and as the soul has made use of all the past, so must the soul make use of all the future, for while man is the highest of all the dwellers on the planet earth, the earth is only one of the planets warmed by the sun and the sun only one of a myriad of similar suns, which are so distant that they group as stars, and may we not believe that in some of the innumerable worlds there are beings far higher in the scale of evolution than ourselves? As our little planetary system is but the innermost reaches of the illimitable universe, and as sun after sun and constellation after constellation reach on and on in a complexity of systems so vast that only the mind of God has power to grasp the complexity of it all, so only God may know the capacities and possibilities of an immortal soul.

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The soul of man contains both the past and the future. We are part of the first cause which originated all things and which leads through every experience and transformation to the end that was ordained for the beginning. Each speck of protoplasm originating in the womb of Infinity held within itself all the potentialities of the immortal soul. Step by step and round by round in the endless cycles of evolution, the soul is unfolding its possibilities and powers. Eternity has time enough for the full development of every latent talent; and through his every growing spiritual power, man is drawing ever nearer to the divine fulfillment of his immortal destiny.

If materialistic science cannot explain the origination of life, no more can such science explain the law of gravitation, the law of motion as against the natural forces of nature that tend to rest and inaction. No one knows why a stone falls to the ground, nor why it falls sixteen feet in the first second; no one knows why frost crystals are symmetrical nor why the rose is red and the violet blue, and science cannot explain human intelligence and the existence of the immortal soul with its capacity for joy and sorrow, its deep wells of affection, and hope of immortality; therefore, materialistic science does not accept the immortality of the soul.

Is it consistent to believe that this body of ours when consigned to the elements shall live again in



leaf and flower, in plant and tree, but that our human intelligence and love—all that has made life beautiful and worth while—shall at the death of the body pass into oblivion and cease to exist forever?

Between, the infinite past, when, as science maintains, there was no life, and the infinite future when there will be no life, the moment of the present emerges, a moment only, though measured by millions of years. In this moment of time, man as a child of the dust has painfully developed so far as to become conscious of the difference between right and wrong. He knows that good is that which promotes development and is in harmony with health, beauty and happiness, and he learns to recognize evil as that which retards and frustrates development, and is akin to disease, ugliness and misery; therefore, he is said to possess a soul and a hope of immortality, but to what purpose—to what end?

It is said by a modern scientist that our earth has been destroyed many times by the power of radium. Radium emanations have been found in springs, in the air, in rocks, etc., and this has given rise to his theory regarding the evolution of the worlds. He says scientists have deduced that if the earth contained only two parts radium per million million, this minute quantity would raise the temperature of the earth's core 1800 degrees in 100,000,000 years, there being no escape for the imprisoned heat. He argues that as the ages roll by, the interior of the earth must become hotter and hotter, until finally, after millions of millions of years, the crust may give way to the heat within, and the bursting earth go up in flames, becoming a burning gas ball, just as our sun appears today. This he calls the incandescent age. After another ten million years the incandescent earth will have expended all its heat into space by radiation and gradually will cool. A new crust then begins to form. This is seen at present on Jupiter and Saturn. Thus he argues that worlds do not die, but slowly pass from one stage to another, in an endless cycle.

If this theory is true, where then has been the soul of man, and what record has been kept in the archives of eternity of his intellectual, moral and spiritual progress? In the wreck and dissolution of worlds are souls annihilated, and has God no record of the universe—no link to bind the past with the present and the future?

If the soul may not live again in another life, in another world, why is it made greater than this world? Why should the soul desire immortality if that desire may not be satisfied? We like to think of ourselves as living after millions of years and sometimes in moments of exaltation we dimly



remember that we have always existed, in fact we believe that we are immortal. Why then should we be tantalized by a dream that is only a dream? We may promise ourselves a limited existence after this life, but we will not be satisfied—the soul can accept nothing short of eternity. This eagerness with which we look beyond the present to the future is a promise of immortality. The soul is never satisfied, and if we are not heirs of immortality, then we are too divine.

In all the ancient mysteries is beautifully symbolized a belief in the immortality of the soul. In autumnal decay, in wintry darkness and buried seed, in opening bud, and summer light and ripening fruit is symbolized the fate of man. In the *Mystical Hymns of Orpheus* is a hymn to Adonis in which he is likened to the sun, sinking to Tartarus, the black abyss under the earth—the realm of the dead—then rising again to Heaven, the bright expanse above the earth which was the realm of the living. When he rises, all things rejoice in his smile; when he sinks nightly, sky and earth wrap themselves in mourning.

Thus the human destiny was symbolically interwoven with nature. Aphrodite, bewailing the death of Adonis, is nature mourning for departed man. Every autumn Persephone, symbol of the buried grain, was carried down to the dark realm of shadows, from whence she returned each spring, becoming the "Queen of the Dead." Thus the changes of nature typified the changes in the human lot, and the earliest imagination of man was concerned with the immortality of the soul.

Socrates tried to explain the desire for immortality in the hypothesis of the soul's pre-existence to that of the body in the bosom of the Absolute, the Infinite, the Eternal. The ideas which Socrates held to be universal, and of primary importance, were those of Equality, Justice, Goodness, Beauty, etc., and he held that the world could not have been made beautiful if there had not existed a primary conception of beauty. We must acknowledge that mind has always existed, or something must have arisen out of nothing. That we do not all remember a previous existence is no proof against our having had a previous existence. Sometimes even in this life our recollection of certain events is blotted out and sometimes the memory suddenly returns of events that have not crossed our minds for years. May we not conclude that the time will come when we will be enabled to recall the events of many lifetimes, when the aggregated experience will lead to a fuller comprehension of God's Great Eternal Plan; and when we more fully comprehend will we not be more sympathetic and compassionate toward those intelligences who are yet not as highly evolved as ours?



The kind of immortality imagined by Socrates was that of metempsychosis or endless progression. This theory has been attributed to Pythagorus, but in an old Philosophy of Ancient Greece we find the following:

"Herodotus affirms this tenet to have been first taught by the Egyptians, and from them communicated to the Greeks, although some of his countrymen assumed it as their own invention. It was, as he understood it, to this purpose;—that the human soul, for the sake either of punishment or purgation from corporeal attachments, was ordained to roll through all the varieties of animal bodies, whether those of the earth, or of the water, or of the air; and having completed its course of such vicissitudes, in the space of three thousand years, it then returned to inanimate bodily form. But this doctrine, or what was similar to it, was by no means peculiar to the Egyptians. It obtained among the Celtæ of Gaul, whose Druids taught that the human soul did not perish, but passed from one body to another; and held also this general principle, that all things which were in existence, although changeable in their corporeal forms, retained still their distinct natures or essences. The immortality of the soul was the boasted principle of the Scythian Getæ, who got their particular denomination from it; and, together with that of the transmigration, was generally spread amongst the eastern nations, as the common doctrine of their philosophers."

The ancient Egyptians had a conception of a revolt and battle among the gods, when the defeated deities were thrust out of heaven and shut up in prison bodies of flesh. Life was a pennance, necessarily repeated in order to be effectual.

In the ancient celtic mysteries established at Samothrace and observed by the Druids, the applicant was led through a series of scenic representations "without the aid of words," which shadowed forth in symbolic forms, the transmigration of souls. He assumed the shape of a grain of wheat, a tree, a rabbit, a hen, a horse, etc. He died, was buried, and was born anew, rising from a dark confinement, which symbolized a tomb, to life again. The heirophant then put him in a little boat and set him adrift, pointing to a distant rock which was called "The Harbor of Life," and across the stormy waters he sought to gain the beckoning refuge.

The doctrine of the Ancients in regard to the endless progression of the soul is not refuted in the Christian doctrine of immortality, for Paul's idea of a future life was not that of the resurrection of the same body, but that of the soul from one body to another—from one "corruptible body"



to "an incorruptible body", from an earthly body to a celestial body, and the process of regeneration—or reincarnation, if you please—was likened to that of the vegetations of the seed, "for that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

There are many instances in the Christian Scriptures which show that a belief in reincarnation was received among the Jews. It is recorded that as Jesus was passing near Siloam with His disciples He saw a man who had been blind from his birth, and the disciples said to Him: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" When Herod heard of the miracles of Jesus, he said: "This is John the Baptist, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead, and therefore mighty works are wrought by Him." At another time, Jesus asked His disciples whom the people thought He was, and they replied: "Some think thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and some Jeremiah, or some other of the old prophets, a forerunner of Messiah."

Then Jesus asked:

"But who think ye that I am?"

And Simon Peter said: "Thou art the promised Messiah himself" for there was a tradition among the Jews derived from the words of the Prophet Malachi, that before the Messiah was received, Elias would appear and proclaim His coming. Therefore when the disciples recognized Him as the Christ they were confused in regard to the prophecy and asked the Master: "Why do the scribes say that Elias must first come, and He replied, in substance: "It is even so, the prophet's words shall not fail; they are now fulfilled, but you do not understand. It does not mean that the ancient prophet will appear again in the same physical body, but one in his spirit and power shall go before me; John the Baptist is the Elias which is to come."

Of all the parables of the Christ, the most impressive one—the one fraught with deepest meaning—is the following one:

"So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground and the seed should grow up, but when the fruit is ripe, he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come."

Thus we are sown in this world to ripen and be harvested and garnered in another world and in another sphere of being. And in the beautiful assurance to his disciples. "In my father's house are many mansions," we may conceive of the universe as one vast house of many rooms or mansions. We may pass from one room to another, and Oliver Wendell Holmes probably had this beautiful conception or symbol of Jesus in mind



when he wrote *The Chambered Nautilus*, in which the closing stanza:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,  
As the swift seasons roll—  
Leave thy low vaulted past  
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting  
sea."

And the goal of many lives shall be, as the Buddha said at the moment when he had achieved a state of detachment and at Oneness with the Infinite.

"Through many different births  
I have run, vainly seeking  
The architect of the desire-resembling house.  
Painful are repeated births,  
O House Builder, I have seen thee,  
Again a house thou canst not build for me,  
I have broken thy rafters and ridge pole,  
I have arrived at the extinction of evil desire.  
My mind is gone to Nirvana."

The repeated return of the soul to the earth in a different body and amid different surroundings is made necessary, if we are to accept the law of evolution, and no intelligent person of today will say that souls are especially created for a new body. Souls develop slowly, through many experiences, and the many times repeated incarnation is for the purpose of bringing the soul with every type of experience—so that it may develop spirituality or Godlike qualities—and the soul is always born into the condition it has made for itself, for throughout the successive incarnations of the soul the Law of Karma, the all-pervading Law of Causation has controlled his destiny. As there are all possible grades of civilization in nations, so there are all possible grades in the position of individuals which make up the nations. One is rich, another poor, one has health, another is a cripple or deformed; one has opportunity and another hopelessness; one is born into surroundings that elevate, another into surroundings which bring only suffering. Karma teaches that a soul is placed just where it belongs; that a man possesses what he has earned, and receives what he deserves, and that this law was set in motion by a great Loving Power that controls the Universe; that when we are in harmony with this law it helps us and all creatures, and that while our existence here in this life is but temporary, real existence continues, without ceasing, in higher or lower forms according as we make use of the opportunities which this life affords, and that we



are aided in the development of our higher self by beings more highly evolved than ourselves to whom we are bound by a mighty fellowship of love, and that as our spirits are attuned to the spirit of righteousness we may have communion with saints and fellowship with God—to whom, through our long pilgrimage, we are bound by invisible chains of love, and likewise to all other souls, who also partake of divinity, and whom we cannot injure without injuring ourselves.

I cannot do better than to close this article with the eloquent words of William Jennings Bryan:

"If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rosebush whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No; I am as sure that there is another life as I am that I live today.

"In Cairo I secured a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than three thousand years in an Egyptian tomb. As I looked at them this thought came into my mind: If one of those grains had been planted on the banks of the Nile the year after it grew and all its lineal descendants planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would today be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world. If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can thus pass unimpaired through three thousand resurrections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a body suited to its new existence when this earthly frame has crumbled into dust."

## NATURE

Nature never did betray

The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege  
Through all the years of this our life to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greeting where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us.

—William Wordsworth.



## A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

The one first postulate or ground principle of our philosophy of life is the great Law of Karma, or Causation. All beings below the Infinite One are bound in the chains of Environment by the consequences of their virtues or vices. Merit or demerit can only be balanced or neutralized by the full fruition of its own natural and inevitable consequences. The arrow continues in flight until all of its imparted power is spent. Thus the cessation of a virtue or vice does not put an end to its effects until the full force is exhausted.

Philosophy teaches obedience to Natural Law.

Karma is one of the fundamental laws of nature, and like all laws of nature, it is eternal, invariable, inviolable, changeless and never to be broken. But we need not feel ourselves hopelessly in the grip of a mighty power that whirls us away wherever it will, for this power may become a blessing to us in its action upon ourselves and others, as soon as we have at our command sufficient knowledge to work in accordance with the law. For only by obedience to the law are we enabled to conquer the law, and become "Masters of our fate."

We learn that mental and moral laws are a part of natural law—that God's law and nature are not in continual warfare as our old Orthodox conception of the Universe led us to believe, but that moral law and natural law is in complete harmony—that the physical and super-physical worlds inter-penetrate and that causes set going in one bring about results in the other. Karma is but natural law—the law of cause and effect. It underlies all other laws, and none may escape it.

All parts of a world, of a system, or a universe, are inter-related, and whatever affects a part affects the whole. God is All and in All and man must place before his mind the ideal of perfect unity with all that exists. As the Early Egyptian philosophy teaches, "All things are of One, and One is all things." If all things are of One, and One is all things, then my brother's Karma is my Karma, and when man becomes fully conscious of his own divinity he is conscious of the divinity of every other soul. All are a part of the Absolute—the Eternal—and if in manifestation some are unequal—or not as highly evolved—mentally or spiritually—as others, the universe must be laid under tribute to their wants, for not one soul can attain to the highest perfection of bliss and peace and eternal compensation as long as any other soul is held by Karma—and separate from the bosom of the Eternal Good of All.

According to the way we live, whether it be in harmony with the great spirit of Truth and Unity, or whether it be in fighting against these and



seeking selfish ends, so will be the results that we bring about in our lives. Thus, by a knowledge of the great law of Karma, we are enabled to hasten our evolution—for as we each and every one of us have within us a spark of divinity—having come forth in the beginning from God, and having passed through millions of different stages in all kinds of forms we should at last become “perfectly wise and perfectly good,” and be at One with Him who is the Creator and Author of our Universe and in whom we now “live and move and have our being.” When we started on our long pilgrimage we were only inert matter—and asleep—but the little spark of divinity or Light we had received from God has led us on and on, growing brighter and brighter all the way, quickening our senses—and developing our minds, and our sympathies—and at the end of our journey we shall have gained the power of being perfectly conscious on every plane of the Universe—or identified with all that exists and with God, who is our Goal.

This world—this universe—or any other universe—has *always* existed in the Thought of the Creator. But we can only grasp—only realize—such phenomena—such part—as our finite minds have power to grasp successively. There may be a thousand things in heaven and earth undreamed of in our philosophy. If our eyes were opened to see the inner worlds, how vast would be their comprehensive organization, but our knowledge may not transcend our experience. To understand God would mean to be God—but the relation of the individual mind to the *universal* mind may be conceived and the organization of the corporeal world is the expression of this relation in the phenomenal world. Our abstract knowledge enables us to see that our physical life is not independent, but is contained in a larger system. So the long chains of Intermediate links of successive phenomena—with their relative inter-dependence—lead us into the all embracing combination of the divine life.

On a large scale the order of Creation or causation is chaos, light, worlds, vegetable forms, animal life; then man, then soul, then spirit, and *then*—what? There begins the long journey homeward to to God.

As in the Creation of the natural world, so in the mental and moral worlds there is always some link between phenomena that is never broken. One event—one act—brings into existence another event—another act, or another effect—and as an imagination of high power seizes and associates at the same moment all the important ideas of its work, so that while it is working with any one of them it is at the *same* moment fitting them



all into a perfect whole, so the Master Minds, the Builders or Devas of the Universe, are fitting all the little events—all the little trials and discipline and suffering of our lives—into the beautiful pattern that exists in the thought of the Eternal.

So long as we live in harmony with the law it will be well with us, and although we may be far removed from the possession of infinite goodness, infinite power and infinite wisdom, we have come to the attainment of the True Knowledge which secures emancipation, and by obedience to the Law are we enabled to conquer the law.

When viewed from the brief duration of time, life seems confusion, but when we have acquired an understanding of the Truth we know that there is always exact compensation, eternal justice, an abiding peace and fullness of joy, and fruition of all our hopes. Sin and sorrow and suffering exist, but behind all the conditions of existence is found the great truth of eternal compensation—of eternal Justice.

Theosophists, of all people in the world, should be the most forgiving, for as the French say, "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*"—to understand all is to pardon all. When once the great plan of the Logos is revealed to our vision we forget self and our own petty interests in divine service to all, and we are not alone in our service to humanity, for above us rises a great hierarchy of more highly developed beings who are assisting in our evolution and the evolution of every other soul. When once the Gospel of Divine Wisdom has permeated our minds, the glory of it will shine through our lives, making us teachers of the Truth—whether we will or not.

It is a joyous thing to have come into possession of a Truth that brings with it a certainty of help to others in the great problems of life. When one we love is bound down 'neath the weight of sorrow or pain, we need not be dumb in their presence, or prate idly of "God's will", for out of the evil of long ago shall come a present or future good, and the acceptance of duties, trusts and environments may be made a stepping-stone to the higher life of the soul. How joyous to know that there is nothing to be saved from but ourselves—our own error and ignorance, and selfishness; no divine wrath, no place of eternal punishment; and that the whole world is moving forward to an end more glorious than the highest flight of poetic imagination may yet conceive; and, more glorious still, to know that we will not be separated from those we love, for as our lives in the past have formed the associations of this life, the law of attraction holds good in all the worlds, and although we may be separated while the soul of



some loved one returns to earth for other experiences and other lessons, the time of the separation will not be long, for in the scheme of eternity a thousand years are as but a day, and when we have reached the plane of Wisdom, or Divine love, we are free from rebirth, and our progress will thenceforth be on spiritual planes, where there is no separation.

### THE PURSUIT OF THE DIVINE IDEAL

I am Life — Human Life—  
I have tasted mortal tears.  
Memories of other worlds are mine;  
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow thrill me  
with remembered bliss of days that are no  
more.  
Voices from the infinite reaches of Eternity are  
bidding me hasten onward to the consumma-  
tion of my desire.

I am Life — Human Life—  
The vast, haunting, bewildering and inevitable  
riddle of the ages;  
I am human sorrow and the incarnation of human  
hope;  
Through measureless wanderings and triumphant  
rest,  
I have sensed the visible and invisible worlds.

I am Life — Human Life—  
The entire and eternal soul revelation of the  
universe;  
The Hindus, Egyptians, Chinese, Druids, Phœni-  
cians,  
Etruscans, and old Slavonic peoples have in me a  
common origin;  
I am the Genesis and Exodus of the world.  
Through poverty, oppression and slavery,  
Through migrations and colonizations and endless  
flights,  
From primeval forests and barren wastes of desert  
sands;  
From Egypt, India and Scythia,  
Through sunny fields of Southern Italy and in-  
cense breathing Arabia;  
Across the Euphrates and the Tigris and the  
flowering vales of Cashmere,  
From Eleusina, Mecca and Jerusalem,  
I have passed to the Elysium of the soul.

I am Life — Human Life—the mother of gods  
and men.  
I am the Egyptian Isis and Osiris—the Hindu Isi  
and Isana;  
The Demeter and Dionysus of Greece, the Roman  
Ceres and Bacchus; the Disa and Frey of Scan-  
dinavia,



And the Mater Dolorosa and Dominus Salvator of  
the Christian world.  
In my poems of truth, in philosophy, art and  
religion,  
Is revealed my hatred of intolerance and injustice;  
My cry for Freedom and my prayer for Light.  
I have repeated myself in different phases, in different  
ages, and under different skies,  
And in each cycle of evolution from flights into  
darkness and resurrections into Light,  
*I have come nearer to the Great Ideal.*

I am Life — Human Life —  
I have known love, fame, ambition, treachery and  
defeat.  
In moments of my greatest triumph has been revealed  
my utmost frailty.  
As deep as is my mystery, so deep is my sorrow;  
My days of rejoicing have been changed to weeping.  
War, avarice, and hate make desolate my fair  
fields.  
Death shadows my footsteps and my sorrow is repeated  
without end.

I am Life — Human Life —  
The mystery of the ages, the riddle of the Sphinx,  
the Isis of a thousand names,  
And my answer is ever the same:  
"I am all that has been, is or shall be, and any  
veil no mortal hath yet uncovered."

I am Life — *Divine Life* —  
Ever I walk the earth as one whose spiritual ear  
is attuned to other worlds and other planes  
of being;  
The far tone of ante-natal music from out the  
misty realms of memory—the pathos and passion  
and beauty of a dream,  
Thrill me and haunt me, with remembrance of that  
Divine land from which I came and to which  
I shall return  
When the days of my pilgrimage are over and the  
Peace which passeth all understanding shall  
encompass my soul.

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The truest heroism is that which is unseen,  
unknown. Public martyrdom of every shade has  
a certain eclat and popularity connected with  
it, that will often bear men up to endure with  
courage its trials; but those who suffer alone,  
without sympathy, for truth or principle, those  
who, unnoticed by men, maintain their post, and  
in obscurity, and amid discouragement, patiently  
fulfil their trust, these are the real heroes of the  
age, and the suffering they bear is the truest martyrdom.



## A WREATH OF POSY FOR THE ROSE

"A flower is not a flower alone;  
A thousand sanctities invest it,  
And, as they form a radiant zone,  
Around its simple beauty thrown,  
Their magic tint becomes its own,  
As if their spirit had possessed it."

The Persians have a tradition that all roses were white until Bulbul, the nightingale, burning with love for a fair rose, pierced it with a thorn, and her blood as she expired tinged the leaves of the flower with red; but Carey's poetic lines are more beautiful:

"As erst in Eden's blissful bowers  
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers,  
An opening rose of purest white  
She marked with eye that beamed delight.  
Its leaves she kissed and straight it drew  
From beauty's lips the vermeil hue."

That all roses were originally white the poets would have us believe, and Anacreon, the Greek poet, says that they arose from the foam that hung in snow-white flakes on the limbs of Aphrodite, as she came forth from the sea in transcendent beauty.

In the study of mythologic symbolism a rose in bloom was a symbol of divinity. It was God, both male and female, manifested as Love and Light. It was born of the sun and the morning star. Its color was that of the dawn as beautifully set forth by the poet Ansonius:

"There Paestan roses blushed before my view,  
Bedropped with early morning's freshening dew;  
'Twere doubtful if the blossoms of the rose  
Had robbed the morning, or the morning those;  
In dew and tint the same, the star and flower,  
For both confess the Queen of Beauty's power.  
Perchance their sweets the same, but this more nigh  
Exhales the breath, while that embalms the sky".

It was also the symbol of youth. Youth is the rose-time of love, the June of its summer.

The tendency of roses to quickly fade has given the poets of every land a simile for fleeting youth:

"Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Then die, that she ;  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee—  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and rare."



And Hafiz, the Persian poet, questions:

"Can cheeks where living roses blow,  
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,  
Require the borrowed gloss of Art?"

But as the nature lore of earliest times also reflected the very opposite, so the rose as a symbol of life also reflected Death, as typified by the cruel thorns which remained after the rose had vanished; and this symbolism is also expressed by Ansonius:

"I saw a moment's interval divide  
The rose that blossomed from the rose that died.  
*This* with its cap of tufted moss looked green;  
*That*, tipped with reddening purple, peeped between;

One reared its obelisk with opening swell,  
The bud unsheathed its crimson pinnacle;  
Another, gathering every purpled fold,  
Its foliage multiplied; its blooms unrolled,  
The teeming chives shot forth; the petals spread;  
The bow-pot's glory reared its smiling head;  
While this, that ere the passing moment flew  
Flamed forth one blaze of scarlet on the view,  
Now shook from withering stalk the waste perfume,

Its verdure stript, and pale its faded bloom.  
I marvelled at the spoiling flight of time,  
That roses thus grew old in earliest prime;  
E'en while I speak, the crimson leaves drop 'round,  
And a red brightness veils the blushing ground.  
These forms, these births, the changes, bloom, decay,

Appear and vanish in the self-same day.  
The flower's brief grace, O Nature! moves my sighs,

Thy gifts, just shown, are ravished from our eyes.  
One day the rose's age; and while it blows  
In dawn of youth, it withers to its close.  
The rose the glittering sun beheld at morn,  
Spread to the light its blossoms newly born,  
When in his round he looks from evening skies  
Already droops in age, and fades, and dies.  
Yet blest that, soon to fade, the numerous flower  
Succeeds herself, and still prolongs her hour.  
O virgins! roses cull, while yet ye may;  
So bloom your hours, and so shall haste away."

The Persians claim that roses are a product of their land:

"And in Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;  
Each blossom that grows in their garden bowers  
On its leaves a mystic language bears."



In Persia the rose is inseparably connected with the song of the nightingale. As one of their poets has said: "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose. Moore has crystallized the beautiful belief in poetry as beautiful as in "Lalla Rookh":

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day  
long;  
In the time of my childhood it was like a sweet  
dream  
To sit in the roses and hear the birds song.

That bower and the music I never forget,  
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year  
I think: Is the nightingale singing there yet,  
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

And Byron alludes to it in "Giaour":

"For there the rose 'mid crag and vale,  
Sultana of the nightingale;  
The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs are heard on high,  
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale."

The opening of the rosebuds by the singing of the nightingale is a figure of speech much used by poets of the east. Thus:

"The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes  
and rent the thin vests of the rosebud and the  
rose."

Moore has told of the hundred-leaved rose of Cashmere, but it is only a dream.

The Mohammedans say the rose sprung from the sweat of Mohammed. Thus they will not tread upon the leaves, or see them wither upon the ground.

Solomon likens the church to the "Rose of Sharon." And we read in Isaiah 35 (one of the most beautiful chapters in the Bible): "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose"—a prophecy that has been fulfilled in many desert places of the earth.

The flower degraded by the Greeks and Romans to feasts and conviviality was raised by the Christians to its true sphere.

In the Litany of Loretta the Blessed Virgin is called "Rosa Mystica", or mystical rose, and in a poem from the Spanish we read:

"When the Eternal God would make himself a  
child,  
To Gabriel he said, in tender voice, and smiled:  
'Go, my Gabriel, go to the land of Galilee;



There, in a lonesome place, a hamlet you will see;  
'Tis Nazareth the blest, the blest for ever more,  
Where you will see a rose-bough a-bloom beside  
the door.

In a little house—you will know it by the sign—  
Lives the chosen maiden, White Rose of David's  
line.

In Montalembert's "Life of St. Elizabeth" is told  
the legend of the miraculous roses.

St. Elizabeth often visited the poor and ministered to their needs. At one time, during a time when famine threatened in Hungary, over which her husband ruled, and economy must be practiced within the palace, Elizabeth could scarcely meet the wants of her people, for her husband had forbidden her to distribute food. One case of suffering especially appealed to her, and she concealed some articles of food in the folds of her dress, going alone on her mission of charity.

Just as she had descended the castle steps she met her husband and some friends returning from the chase. The king was astounded to see her, and asked her to reveal to him her secret mission. She held her dress in terror to her breast, but he gently disengaged her hands and discovered—only sweet clusters of red and white roses!

Shakespeare has made Juliet avow that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"; but we doubt it. A rose is—a rose, and its associations are peculiarly its own, as is also its name, and of all roses the writer loves the sweet wild rose the best, because it is so intimately associated with childhood days.

During Caesar's reign so abundant had forced flowers become in that city that when the Egyptians, intending to compliment him on his birthday, sent him roses in midwinter, they found their present almost valueless in the profusion of roses in Rome.

The following translation, a Latin Ode to Caesar upon the present, will give some idea of the state of floriculture then. There were hundreds of varieties of roses, cultivated by the Romans now entirely lost:

"The ambitious inhabitants of the land watered by the Nile have sent thee, O Caesar, the roses of winter, as a present valuable for its novelty, but the boatman of Memphis will laugh at the gardens of Pharaoh, as soon as he has taken one step in thy capital city, for the spring in all its charms and the flowers in their fragrance and beauty, equal the glory of the fields of Palestine. Wherever he wanders or casts his eyes, every street is brilliant with garlands of roses. And thou, O Nile, must yield to the fogs of Rome. Send us thy harvests and we will send thee roses."



## SWEET LAND OF OUR VISIONS AND DREAMS

When a child I learned of a place called Heaven,  
Far away in the starry sky,  
Where the souls of the good are carried  
By the Angels, when they die.  
I loved to hear of this far-away land,  
The story was always new;  
And I even wished that the Angels would come  
And take me to Heaven, too.

Sometimes in my dreams I thought the clouds  
At sunset as gates would unfold,  
And I caught a glimpse of the glittering spires  
Of that city whose streets are pure gold.  
I saw the Angels, a white robed throng,  
As they sang around the throne;  
Now that vision returns, though the years have  
been long,  
For memory treasures her own.

O, somewhere I know is a beautiful land,  
Where the dreams and the dreamer shall meet;  
Where the world weary soul shall find peace and  
rest,  
And the rest shall be long and sweet.  
It may not be far—since many I love  
Have passed to that mystical shore—  
Some day we shall know and shall understand  
With the faith of a child once more.

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## MY SONG

I sing a song of the one that fails,  
Of the one who toils in vain;  
Of all who may never know the joy  
That the victorious gain.

I sing of the man bowed down 'neath the weight  
Of calumny and wrong—  
Battling hard with a cruel fate—  
Of him I sing my song.

I sing of the women who are driven down—  
Down into the depths of despair—  
God pity them all and grant that they  
May Thy great mercy share.

I sing of the poor little stunted child—  
The child of despair and crime—  
O! Heaven forbid that my heart should refuse  
To give them more than a rhyme.

This world has laurels enough to bestow  
On all who win in life's race;  
I sing of those on who fortune turns  
A dark and frowning face.



## NATURE, THE GREAT TEACHER

It should be one of the chief points in the education of children to awaken their susceptibility to the charms of nature. They should early be taught the delights of common things, in order that they may take the place of that craving for sensationalism and artificiality which leads away from the healthful pursuits of life. It is possible to acquire a knowledge and love of nature in the later years of life, but this knowledge nearly always comes in the early education of childhood days when the sensibilities are delicately impressive and the desire for knowledge is most active.

Every child loves dirt and water and the open air, and these elements fulfill a divine purpose in his spiritual and physical economy.

The great business of childhood is growth, and the first duty of a parent is to give to a child a healthy body, for without a healthy body he can be of but little use to the world.

Pure air is the life of the blood, which nourishes the body. The terrible aggregate of infant mortality in the cities shows how deadly impure air is to the existence of infant life. Adults often live in air that children die in, or rather, die slowly where children die quickly. Then, too, children must have exercise, not gymnastics, but the freedom of the woods and the hills, in order to develop every muscle, and they need contact with the dirt, with the soil. Dirt is not filth; dirty children are those unclean from the unwashed excretions of their skins. Many a sickly child allowed to play in the dirt would become strong and well. Then, too, there is the beneficent influence of the sunlight which is essential to perfect health. Light is a powerful stimulant to the skin, rousing it to the performance of its excretory function. Many a sickly child has been restored to health by daily baths of sunlight in the open air. Life in the city is a life of shadow. Hundreds of thousands of children sleep in rooms that are never reached by one ray of sunlight, and on their way to and from school they pass in the shadow of stone walls. God pity them all, and may those who delight in philanthropy devise some means whereby the schools, at least, shall be great open-air courts, heated artificially if necessary, where the sunlight may enter freely at all times of the year. Of course, they may not be deported bodily to the country, for there are multitudes of people of ample means whose children are entire strangers to the charms of country life. Those people have no intelligent conception of the necessity of pure air, exercise and sunlight to the healthful development of their children. Engrossed as they are in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, they forget the lives that have been placed in their keeping.



The late war took many a youth who had been reared in an unnatural atmosphere of city life, into the open-air training camps of the country and made a man of him.

No child allowed to play in the dirt and sunlight of the open air ever developed an unnatural appetite for food or any sensual indulgence. Only an unnatural, artificial life induces an unhealthy appetite. A child that plays all day long has an appetite for the simplest and best food.

Then, too, the early association of childhood with nature is essential to the growth of a healthy mind and a healthy soul. In the formative period of a child's life it is absolutely necessary that all influences be such as tend to call out and develop that which is good. Goodness cannot be developed in an unhappy child, and the instinct of play, of natural—not artificial play—is an animal instinct which they hold in common with lambs, kittens, puppies, and other young animals.

Nature is always the best teacher. To make the personal acquaintance of plants, trees, hills, and streams, and a thousand form of animal life; to observe the processes of birth and decay, of seed time and harvest, and learn how by the labor of human hands the food is drawn from the soil, is a great privilege, and without such knowledge no education can be complete. It is said that the country boy holds the key to all knowledge, and all literature, and in the knowledge of the relation of nature to human want and human happiness he is enabled to become a power and a leader in the world of affairs. But it is not alone in its influence upon health and character that an early love of nature is to be considered. A love of nature, an intuitive understanding of nature, is a fountain of inspiration to the soul. The soul attuned to the contemplation of nature sees a thousand charms never revealed to a sordid mind. Homer had no books, yet his soul "kept house in the universe". His heart, like the Aeolian harp, was responsive to the passing breeze. A mind cannot fail to bring good tidings whose feet are on the mountains. Our greatest poets and prose writers, our greatest orators and artists have been those most keenly susceptible to the delights of nature; and in childhood days we lay up in the receptacle of memory the natural impressions which we draw upon for refreshment in after years.

To the student of nature is opened an inexhaustible store of knowledge and enjoyment. To the mind trained to think no object of nature, no event of life is destitute of interest; all places, all times are full of interest, full of joy; "the music of the spheres" is not an empty phrase, for he has acquired a sense by which he hears it; the objects of nature form an animated society in which he



delights to dwell, and with all things he claims brotherhood.

It is only the material or tangible part of nature which may be calculated and made to minister to sensual pleasures. If the lessons of the harvest with its good seed and tares, and the angels its reapers; the teaching of the sparrow and the divine love which watched over them; the grass and the lilies of the field clothed with splendor, bring no lessons to the soul, then are we no more highly evolved than the beasts that perish. The higher the order of intelligence the more the divine image becomes palpable in all around them, and more highly evolved spirits and angels have perceptions far more acute and rapturous than ours. High gifts have been wrought into the dim soul which are destined to be gradually awakened through the growing perceptions of the mind.

In all the myriad forms of natural beauty—in the changing seasons, in the bursting bud and expanding leaf, in liberated streams and singing birds and timely showers and pulsing sod, is found the renewal of organic life, the endless conceiving and forming and begetting, through pain, death and decay, through sorrow, hope and tears, into the glorious consciousness of Divinity. There is no understanding a little and leaving the rest for him who would "consider the lily" and explore the infinite realms which lead from nature up to Nature's God.

In all the varied forms of nature is found a beautiful symbolism and a marvelous fabric of thought, and to those who understand their hidden lore, every object is invested with deep significance and earnest, passionate beauty. In fact, all that the world has given to Beauty owes its incarnation to the innate love of the monad for the manifest laws of nature.

It is a mistake to think that all who are thrown into close association with nature are lovers of nature. In this twentieth century world lovers of nature must acquire by education and observation a certain kind of intellectual training; not necessarily the training purchased from accepted schools of thought, whose diplomas and degrees do not confer upon the recipient any unusual powers of mind, but only imply the possession of artificial knowledge derived from books, which is an invaluable adjunct to education, but not education itself. Education means development from within. Most people think of education as a process of filling up, or cramming, the brain and memory with facts, data, etc. Children are sent to school as to a prison—to be confined and handled and filled up, and shook down and examined. True, education is purely and simply a leading out into natural channels of development.



The school room should be an enchanted spot which the child may enter naturally and joyously. Education is in the power of concentration that leads to contemplation and meditation. When the soul possesses these powers it may go direct to the sources of knowledge. The privileges of the university will not supply the want of thought, but thought and observation will amply atone for them. And we should be careful to place our children in schools where they will be taught to think, observe and derive their education and their happiness from objects that lie immediately around them. It was a beautiful idea of the ancients that the universe is an allegorical representation, under the visible forms of which are couched ideas and wisdom that only the wise can read. Every object of land and sea was the subject of a myth, and this myth had a meaning founded in the deepest laws of life, and all were curiously connected in one vast system—dove and serpent, flower and tree, cup and ring, were each the object of a pretty fable, having a deep meaning, and each and all were the essential parts of one vast whole. Man had not learned to worship God apart from His creation. This form of worship is not common today, but exceptional. What the ancients possessed as intuitional we may only regain by education and contemplation. Sometimes, however, there are souls who may yet discern the loveliness, the deep inner meaning of things. We call them poets, painters, people of genius, and speak of them as gifted, but they have only brought over from the past in a greater or less degree what the ancients possessed as a natural sequence of their close association with nature. Simple melodies, more highly evolved forms, and less attractive, colors appeal only to people of intuitive minds. Among such simple and refined pleasures are the song of birds, the study of wild flowers, the formation of crystals, and all the varying aspects of nature in her more retiring moods.

Of all the many forms of nature study none is more delightful than a study of flowers, wild flowers in particular, for in reality all flowers must revert to their original type, and one need not be familiar with all the technical terms and botanical lore, although such knowledge of the schools is helpful, when not detrimental, as it very often is, to a revelation of those hidden mystical meanings which the soul of things reveals to him who is athirst for the truth.

Nature has made all her scenes and the sights and sounds that accompany them more beautiful by causing them to be suggestions of certain sensations. The music of birds, like the fragrance of flowers, awakens the affections and the imagina-



tion, delighting the soul with visions of memory, of golden mornings and glorious sunsets, of rustling leaves in the autumn woods of childhood, of the song of the reapers under the harvest moon, of hollyhocks and climbing roses, and the old elm that beat a tattoo upon the roof that sheltered the attic bed.

There are flowers too holy for culture and birds whose tones inspire the soul with a sense of freedom and unutterable longings for the Infinite.

One of the sweetest poems the writer has ever read is from the pen of Bliss Carman, and is entitled "The Rainbird". I give it here because of its innate beauty and simplicity:

### THE RAINBIRD

Far off I heard a rainbird,  
Listen! How fine and clear  
His plaintive voice comes ringing  
With rapture to the ear!

Over the misty woodlots,  
Across the first spring heat,  
Comes the enchanted cadence,  
So clear, so solemn-sweet.

How often I have hearkened  
To that high pealing strain,  
Across the cedar barrens,  
Under the soft gray rain.

How often have I wondered,  
And longed in vain to know  
The source of that enchantment—  
That touch of long ago.

O brother, who first taught thee  
To haunt the teeming spring  
With that divine sad wisdom  
Which only age can bring?

—Bliss Carman.

The poet is one gifted to read the mystic symbols of nature. True poetic language always expresses the invisible thought of the soul; and, as Coleridge has said: "Whenever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is always something deep and true in the meaning, too."

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A philosopher once said: "If the gods would grant me all knowledge, I would not thank them for the boon; but if they would grant me the everlasting pursuit of it, I would render them everlasting thanks."



## I LIVE IN THE GREAT FOREVER

With apologies to an ancient Hindu, who sang  
the words I have quoted, many thousand years ago.

"I live in the great Forever,  
I lave in the ocean of Truth:  
I bask in the golden sunlight  
Of endless love and youth.

God is within and around me,  
All good is forever mine:  
To all who seek, it is given,  
And it comes by a law divine."

In the majesty of the tempest,  
In the lightning that cleaves the night,  
In the sorrow that lifts the spirit  
Upward to realms of Light.

In the radiance of the morning,  
In the glow of the evening sky:  
In the song of the reapers returning,  
After the day has gone by.

In success that rewards endeavor,  
In peace at the close of day;  
In voices that come in the silence  
From the land of the far-away.

In all the bright birds that are singing,  
In all the fair flowers that bloom,  
In the ceaseless resurrection  
Of life from death and the tomb.

In the tender word that is spoken,  
In the laugh of a little child,  
In the bread that is daily broken,  
In the faith that is undefiled.

In the golden glow of the sunset,  
In the silver sheen of the night,  
In all the bright worlds above me,  
Circling in radiance bright.

In the sunlight on hills and valleys,  
In the scent of the rain-washed sod,  
My soul is forever singing  
In worship and praise to God.

Thus I live in the Great Forever,  
With God, while eternities roll,  
His spirit forsakes me never,  
His love is the Home of my soul.



## SUPPLICATION AND ADORATION

(Written for the Church of the New Age)

Grant us Thy blessing, Lord,  
As now before Thy throne  
We kneel in adoration  
And worship Thee alone,  
Who art the Mighty Trinity  
Of Wisdom, Love and Light.  
Strengthen us in courage,  
And guide us through the night  
Of all our earthly sorrows  
Until at last we stand  
Rejoicing in Thy presence,  
One great unbroken band,  
Where Cherubim and Seraphim  
And all the mighty throng  
Sing praise to Him who is the theme  
Of Love's triumphant song.

Thou art the King of Glory,  
Descend to us, we pray,  
For lo, the earth expectant waits  
Thy coming, Lord, today.  
Pour out Thy blessing freely  
In all Thy sevenfold grace;  
Sanctify and purify,  
That we may see Thy face.  
We worship and adore Thee,  
Make our spirits free  
To come within the presence  
Of Thine Infinite Majesty.  
Thou art from the beginning  
Thy Uncreated One  
Thine essence is outpouring  
All Power from sun to sun.

We worship and adore Thee,  
May holy fires refine  
And lift us from the dross of earth  
To joys which are divine.  
Submit the senses to the soul,  
Exalt the highest self  
And teach us to discriminate  
In all Thy boundless wealth.  
We worship and adore Thee,  
Make our profession real,  
That in a world of sorrow  
We may have power to heal  
And lift each burdened spirit  
Unto Thy fount of Truth,  
Where all may share the blessing  
Of Thine immortal youth.



We worship and adore Thee,  
Because Thou art divine,  
Thou gavest unto each of us  
A little spark of Thine,  
And dimly as our candle burns  
Its feeble rays of Light  
Are whispering of to-morrows  
And guiding through the night,  
And we have but to reach our hand  
And clasp a brother's hand,  
To form a mighty channel  
And find that radiant bands  
Are reaching upward to the Throne  
From whence our light descends,  
And that worlds and worlds of power  
With our little candle blends.

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### FARE ON, MY SOUL!

"The awakened soul must sail or die."—Edmund Gosse.

Fare on, my soul, nor rest content;  
Thy course is ever onward bent;  
Though naked, poor, despised, alone,  
Heaven waits for thee, thy way is known.  
Fare on, my soul, nor count the cost;  
Fare on, my soul, though all is lost  
That my poor heart so fondly craves;  
Fare on, my soul, through storm-tossed waves,  
To that far haven where thou shalt reign  
And all thy high estate regain.

Fare on, my soul, fare ever on,  
Until thy goal at last is won;  
Though ages pass and stars grow old  
Ere yet thy journey has been told;  
Press onward to the realms of light  
Through all the sorrow of the night.  
Thou art not fettered, thou art free!  
Fare on, my soul, I'll follow thee.

—Published in the Messenger, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles.

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### GROWTH

As through the sunshine and rain,  
From seed to plant, then flower,  
The world-old miracle is wrought  
Of growth in Nature's bower.  
So not with observation comes  
God's kingdom in the heart;  
His angels build all silently  
And weave in every part  
The golden threads of love and truth,  
In joy, sometimes in tears—  
To Faith and Love shall be revealed  
The fruitage of the years.



## THE LAW OF UNITY

In the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, the Roman philosopher, are found the following passages which partook of the Ancient Wisdom:

"Constantly regard the universe as one living being: and observe how all things have reference to one perception, the perception of this one living being; and how all things act with one movement, and how all things are the co-operating causes of all things which exist. Observe, too, the continuous spinning of the thread, and the contexture of the web."

"Time is like a river made up of the events which happen, and a violent stream, for as soon as a thing has been seen it is carried away and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away too."

"In the series of things, those which follow are always aptly fitted to those which have gone before, for the series is not like a mere enumeration of disjointed things, which has only a necessary sequence, but it is a rational connection; and as all existing things are arranged together harmoniously, so all things which come into existence exhibit no mere succession, but a certain wonderful relationship."

"Frequently consider the connection of all things in the universe and their relation to one another."

"We are all working together to one end—some with knowledge and design, and others without knowing what they do."

It seems to me that the Emperor of Rome discovered in part a great truth, but he does not take us far enough; he does not give us any *reason* for the great interdependence of all that exists. We must go much farther back—to the most remote civilizations of ancient Egypt and India, to find the triumphant Truth—the grandest inspiration that can come to any human soul—the thought of a Power, illimitable, incomprehensible and eternal, behind all the phenomena of the universe—enduring while all things change—filling immensity and eternity—holding worlds, systems and universes moored to His throne, and yet manifesting His love, in each grain of dust beneath our feet, in every atom of every universe—to whom he has given life and intelligence and unity, with Himself the great Author and Creator of All.

God is All, and in All, and man himself, whom He has made a little lower than the angels, and clothed with glory and honor, is yet but a part of the great cosmic law of the universe—he cannot separate himself from all other created things. The longer he rebels against the law of unity, the greater will be his suffering, for he must inevitably return to at-one-ness with God and all that exists.



Were the human soul complete in itself, no necessity for striving would exist. Man would be a God unto himself, but the innate longing for the Infinite, and our yearning for that fullness of time, when the past and future shall live with us as really as the present itself, reveals itself in an insane seizing upon something in the present which we insist upon worshipping and calling divine. "We cannot escape from the intuition of Eternal Love; it is ever knocking at the door of our hearts in sweet unexpected missions of grace and tenderness. We are haunted by it in our lowliest walks, and out of earth and sky, flowers and trees—the loveliness of moon and stars, and sweet human eyes, creeps into our spirits the knowledge that God is Love, and all His handiwork an expression of harmony and unity. "There is an invisible bond of unity between the finite and the infinite," and as all are a part of the Infinite all are bound in the unity of love. When man becomes fully awake to his own divinity he is conscious of the divinity of every other soul, and the problem of unity of the finite and infinite has been solved. Indeed, there are moments in our lives when we are deeply conscious of the bond that unites us with all animate and inanimate things. As one writer has expressed this: "I seated myself after sunset by the water's edge. Nothing was heard but the dash of the waves as they broke upon the lonely shore, and I gradually fell into that state so well known among solitary travelers; no distinct remembrance of my separate being remained to me. I seemed to be but a part of some great whole—to undulate with the lake, to sigh with the winds, to vegetate with the trees, and blossom with the flowers." This feeling of the Infinite may so pervade the soul that man may lose consciousness of his own personality, regarding himself as but a part of the absolute unity of the world. When we are "in tune with the Infinite" we do not fear death, nor the loss of all personal identity—we are not bound hand and foot under the despotism of a pitiless fate—for in the glorified humanity of all, the union of the finite with the infinite is at last accomplished. Even as Christ took our humanity upon Him, so infinite love must pass through all degrees of suffering and experience—and it was of this unity He spoke when He said:

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, that they may be all One, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee."

The interdependence of all humanity is an essential characteristic of life itself. Without adherence and interdependence no creature could maintain existence for a moment. There is no matter, no spirit that is not held in unity of some



kind with other creatures, in which unity is found their strength. This unity of a common humanity manifests itself in sympathy, in mutual helpfulness, in deeds of mercy and kindness, and inseparable dependence upon each other. No soul can develop all its latent powers without the trust and confidence of its fellow beings, and in times of suffering such as the world has recently undergone—is now undergoing—we feel a common danger and a common devotion to a great principle—a great Ideal unites our common humanity.

\* \* \*

Unity manifesting in lower form of life than the human gives beauty, order, symmetry and variety to flower and plant and tree. It turns the dust into crystals of marvelous beauty and symmetry. It forms continents, rivers and oceans, and the fleecy clouds that pitch their tents in the blue vault of heaven. "It is the clinging together that gives power to the winds, weight to the waves, heat to the sunbeams, stability to the mountains; and melody and harmony to sound." To every atom of matter in the universe God has spoken His command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." "Thou shalt attach thyself to His eternal throne with all thy capacity of unity, and draw with thee thy fellow creature to the same center." Since the world was created not a grain of sand, not a drop of water has ever broken that law. Particle to particle, atom to atom, sun to sun, system to system, all material creatures are moored to His throne. Only the spirit of man rebels, to learn at last, after many wanderings and much suffering, that in unity only may be found peace and rest. He who sets his spirit against the law of Love or unity in its operation in the moral and spiritual world, would set at naught the mighty law that centers in God, and which binds together all the hearts that beat with spiritual existence. He who cherishes hate in his heart would sever the attraction that binds together all created things. It is the nature of hate to inspire fear, and fear leads to slavery and dearth of all the finer qualities of the soul; hence hate must be met, first with courage, which leads to power, and power must be tempered with love and mercy, ere the final victory is won.

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"Listen, I will tell thee  
The song Creation sings,  
From the humming of bees in the heather  
To the flutter of angels' wings.  
An echo rings for ever,  
The sound can never cease;  
It speaks to God of glory,  
It speaks to earth of peace."



## THE INVISIBLE WORLDS

There is a world within and around us other than the material world or the visible world where the mind may wake to consciousness, and where the vast results of spiritual existence are garnered and stored and utilized in the immortal development of the soul. From this supernatural realm the man Jesus poured forth His divine philosophy of life; here Dante wrote his "mystic unfathomable song"; here Shakespeare wove for our delight all those noble qualities of the soul; and here the blind Milton dwelt in "the light that never was on land or sea." When the soul has developed the power to wake to consciousness in the invisible realms of being, it matters not what the circumstances of life may be.

"His eyes may open on a prison cell, but the bared walls glow with imagery,  
His ears may be filled with execration, but are listening to the music of sweet thoughts;  
He may dwell in a hovel with a hero's heart, and canopy his penury with peace,  
For mind is a kingdom to the man who gathereth his pleasures from knowledge."

"Man is a resplendent spiritual being and within each soul infinity lies hidden." The transitory material or physical realms which address themselves to the five senses, are only the threshold to the inner invisible realms of the soul. Man has already outgrown his environment with mere matter and he is not content—all his faculties are not filled—he feels that his real self will not be satisfied with time and worlds. His soul speaks "of power illimitable," "wisdom unsearchable"; and at-one-ness with the Author and Maker of All." Constantly before him the "unknown is breaking into light," and "the universal heart beats with the promise of divinity."

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## TOGETHER

You are not lost to me, my dear,  
Though days and years have fled;  
I never think of you as gone,  
Nor feel that you are dead.

There is no death; 'tis but a dream—  
A phantom of despair.  
Now clothed in garments of the light  
I see you smiling there.  
And not alone my struggling feet  
Press onward day by day—  
One walks with me whose heart was glad  
To tread the self-same way.



## AWAKEN!

"He came unto his own and his own received him not, but as many as received him, to them he gave power to become the sons of God."

Children of the Dawn, awaken!  
Glory fills the earth and sky.  
Night's dark mantle falls around her,  
And her legions soon must die.  
For the radiance of The Coming  
Breaks athwart the world with Light;  
Lo, His steps are on the mountains,  
Splendor falls on every height,  
And the valleys break forth in singing;  
Rocks and rivers, hills and plain—  
Hush my soul, it is The Coming  
Of the God in man again.

He who once in Bethlehem's manger  
Came to earth a little child;  
He who once as the Lord Buddha  
Spake and stilled life's passions wild  
Comes again; Ah, who may know Him?  
How may He again appear;  
He who cometh in the Glory  
Of the day that is so near?  
Will He speak with noise of trumpet,  
Sounding forth His mighty word,  
Or within our hearts' deep silence  
Will His tender voice be heard?  
Will we know Him? Will we heed Him?  
Will we see Him face to face  
As He stands within our presence,  
Clothed in all His matchless grace?  
Will we love Him, will we serve Him,  
Have we kept an inner shrine  
Where the fires are ever burning  
For the guest who is Divine?

Ah, my soul, even now He is waiting;  
Have you closed and locked the door?  
Lo, He standeth at the portal  
Where He oft hath stood before.  
Yesterday He was an outcast,  
Blind and of an alien race;  
Now He comes as thine accuser  
And thou turnest away thy face.  
Or perchance as one who wronged thee,  
Lo, He pleads for mercy there.  
Seek Him not where thou wouldst find Him,  
For He is not anywhere—  
Save within thine own soul's being—  
And as thou art, so is He.  
Haste, then, make thy life a temple  
Fit for One who dwells in thee.



## THE GOD OF THE IDEALIST

Upon an Egyptian temple as Sais was engraved the inscription: "I am all that hath been, is, or shall be, and my veil no mortal hath yet uncovered.

The God of the Idealist is the mystical unity of Oriental Theosophy—the Unchangeable, Unborn Everlasting—the Universal Soul of the World. All proceeds from the Creator, exists in the Creator, and returns to the Creator. He is the "eternal spider who weaves from his own bosom the tissue of creation". All history is God, "the Universe is a two-fold epic, one part being the Journey out from the Absolute, and the other the return back again—one the Iliad, the other the Odyssey of creation".

Man is himself part of the Absolute; his individuality and personality are but a detachment of Divinity, and the natural yearning or aspiration of the soul is to be in communion with God. Religion is the relation of man to himself as to another, and the consecration of self to the service of all. I must love my neighbor as myself, for as a part of God I feel this love as the instinct of my nature—there is an inevitable bond of unity between the infinite and the finite, and the finite tends to approach and become absorbed in the Infinite. All partake of the divine essence, and all are bound in the unity of love. "All is God", therefore the Idealist must place before his mind the ideal of unity, and strive in all his actions to attain it. Were man all, were man God, no necessity for striving would exist, but as man is only a part of the Absolute, the necessity for striving exists. All are equal in idealism, all are equal in the promise of divine fulfillment, and if in their manifestations on the lower planes of being some are, in reality, unequal, the universe must be laid under necessity to their wants. As Mrs. Besant, in her book, "The Masters", has written: "The sorrows of everyone must be our sorrow; the pain of everyone, our pain; and the joy of everyone, our joy." We must give because we cannot keep, we must love because we cannot hate, and we may serve for the joy of serving. The mistakes, the strivings, the slinnings of any are but the self strugglings of Infinite Love, and it is our great privilege, our great joy to aid in the Divine fulfillment and become Saviors of the world or ideals and teachers unto others in their journey homeward to God.

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A theosophical friend has invented a capital way to prevent the smell of cooking in a house. It is to have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper.



## THE MYSTICAL NUMBER SEVEN

Seven is composed of the two first perfect numbers, equal and unequal—three and four; for the number two consists of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect; it comprehends the primary numerical triangle, or trine, and is square or quartile; conjunctions considered by the favorers of planetary influence, as of the most benign aspect.

In six days creation was perfected, the 7th was consecrated to rest. On the 7th of the 7th month, a holy observance was ordained to the Children of Israel, who fasted 7 days, and remained 7 days in tents; the 7th year was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and at the end of 7 times 7 years, commenced the grand jubilee; every 7th year the land lay fallow; every 7th year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondsmen were set free. From this law may have originated the custom of binding young men to 7 years' apprenticeship and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7 or three times 7; every 7th year the law was directed to be read to the people. Jacob served 7 years for the possession of Rachel, and also another 7 years. Noah had 7 days warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air into the ark by 7's, and the clean beasts by 7's. The ark touched the ground on the 7th month; and in 7 days a dove was sent, and again in 7 days after. The 7 years of plenty and the 7 years of famine were foretold in Pharaoh's dream, by the 7 fat and the 7 lean beasts; and the 7 ears of full, and the 7 ears of blasted corn. Nebuchadnezzar was 7 years a beast, and the fiery furnace was heated 7 times hotter to receive Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. By the old law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother 7 times; but the Christ's revealed religion extended his humility and forbearance to 70 times 7. "If Cain shall be revenged 7 fold, truly Lamech 70 times 7." In the destruction of Jericho, 7 priests have 7 trumpets 7 days. On the 7th, they surrounded the walls 7 times and after the 7th time the walls fell. Balaam prepared 7 bullocks and 7 rams for a sacrifice. Laban pursued Jacob 7 days journey. Job's friends sat with him 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams as an atonement for their wickedness. Miriam was cleansed of her leprosy by being shut up 7 days. Solomon was 7 years building the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted 7 days. In the Tabernacle were 7 lamps; 7 days were appointed for an atonement upon the Altar, and the Priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garment 7 days. The children of Israel eat unleavened bread 7 days. Joseph mourned 7 days for Jacob. The Rabbins say that God employed the power of answering this number



to perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name answering the value of the letters in the Hebrew word which signifies 7; whence Hannah, his mother, in her thanks, says "that the barren had brought forth 7." In scripture are enumerated 7 resurrections—the widow's son by Eliar, the Shunamite's son by Elisha, the soldier who touched the bones of the prophet, the daughter of the ruler of the Synagogue, the widow's son of Nain, Lazarus, and our blessed Lord. The Apostles chose 7 deacons. Enoch, who was translated, was the 7th after Adam, and Jesus Christ the 77th in a direct line. Our Saviour spoke 7 times from the cross, on which he remained 7 hours; he appeared 7 times; after 7 times 7 days sent the Holy Ghost. In the Lord's Prayer are 7 petitions, contained in 7 times 7 words, omitting those of mere grammatical connection. Within this number are connected all the mysteries of the Apocalypse, revealed to the 7 churches of Asia. There appeared 7 golden candlesticks, and 7 stars in the hand of him that was in the midst—7 lambs before the 7 spirits of God; the book with 7 seals; the lamb with 7 horns and 7 eyes; 7 angels with 7 seals; 7 kings; 7 thunders; 7 thousand men slain; the dragon with 7 heads and 7 crowns; the beast with 7 heads; 7 angels bringing 7 plagues and 7 phials of wrath. The vision of Daniel was 70 weeks. The Elders of Israel were 70. There are also numbered 7 heavens, 7 planets, 7 stars, 7 wise men, 7 champions of Christendom, 7 notes in music, 7 primary colors, 7 deadly sins, 7 Sacraments in the Roman Catholic Church—the 7th son was considered as endowed with pre-eminent powers. The 7th son of a 7th son is still thought to possess the power of healing disease spontaneously. Perfection is likened to gold 7 times purified in the fire; and we say, "you frighten me out of my 7 senses." Hippocrates says that the septenary number, by its occult virtues, tends to the accomplishment of all things, to be the dispenser of life and fountain of all its changes; and, like Shakespeare, he divides the life of a man into 7 ages. In 7 months a child may be born and live, and not before; and anciently it was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day. The teeth spring out in the 7th month, and are shed and renewed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At twice 7 puberty begins; at thrice 7 the faculties are developed, manhood commences. At four times 7 man is in full possession of his strength; at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world; at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never; at 7 times 7 he is in his apogee, and from that time decays; at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric; at nine times 7 or sixty-three, he is in his grand



climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times 7, or three score years and ten, has, by the Royal Prophet, been pronounced the natural period of human life. "The shield of Ajax consisted of 7 bulls' hides." There were 7 chiefs before Thebes. The blood was to be sprinkled 7 times before the Altar. Naaman was to be dipped 7 times in the Jordan. Apuleius speaks of dipping the head 7 times in the sea for purification. In all solemn rights of purgation, dedication, and consecration, the oil or water was 7 times sprinkled. The house of wisdom, in Proverbs, has 7 pillars.

From the Science of Correspondence, we learn that the number 7 signifies:

• What is holy and inviolable like the number three.

A state of peace and rest.

The union and conjunction of good and truth after 6 days of labor.

An entire period from beginning to end, thus a full state.

The coming of the Lord, the end of a former state, and the beginning of a new state with those who are about to be regenerated.

The celestial marriage, or state of heavenly peace.

The celestial man, the celestial church, the celestial kingdom, and the Lord Himself.

Seven days or a week, whether of days, months, or years, denote an entire period, great or small from beginning to end, including every state of reformation, regeneration and temptation, both in general and in particular.

The seventh day or sabbath of rest signifies the union of the Divinity called the Father, with the Divine Humanity called the Son, thus the Divine Humanity itself in which that union has taken place.

The seventh or sabbatic year, also the year of jubilee, after a period of seven times seven years, represented the marriage of good and truth in the inmost heaven, and a state of celestial peace and tranquility.

Seven-fold denotes what is holy and inviolable.

The essential divine principle, the celestial principle of love.

From the Secret Doctrine we learn that the odd numbers are divine. "The evil numbers are terrestrial, devilish and unlucky. With the Pythagoreans the binary was the origin of differentiation, hence of contrasts, discord, or matter, the beginning of evil."

"The early Gnostics claimed that their Science, the Gnosis, rested on a square, the angles of which represented respectively *Sige* (Silence), *Bythos* (depth), *Nous* (Spiritual soul or Mind), and *Alethia* (Truth).



"It was they who were the first to introduce and reveal to the world that which had remained concealed for ages: namely, the *Tau*, in the shape of a Procrustean bed, and Christos as incarnating in *Chrestos*, he who became for certain purposes a willing candidate for a series of tortures, mental and physical. For them the whole of the Universe, metaphysical and material, was contained within and could be described by the digits of Number 10, the Pythagorean *decade*.

"This Decade, representing the Universe and its evolution out of Silence and the *unknown* Depths of the Spiritual soul, or *anima mundi*, presented two sides or aspects to the student. It could be, and was at first so used and applied to the Macrocosm, after which it descended to the Microcosm, or Man.

"There was, then, the purely intellectual and metaphysical, or the '*inner Science*' and the as purely materialistic or '*surface Science*', both of which can be expounded by and contained in the Decade. It could be studied, in short, from the Universals of Plato, and the inductive method of Aristotle. The former started from a divine comprehension, when the plurality proceeded from unity, or the digits of the decade appeared, but to be finally re-absorbed in the infinite circle. The latter depended on sensuous perception alone, when the decade could be regarded either as the unity that multiplies, or matter which differentiates, its study being limited to the plane surface; to the cross or the *Seven* which proceeds from the ten—or the perfect number on earth as in heaven.

"This dual system was brought, together with the decade, by Pythagoras from India. That it was that the Brachmans and Iranians as they were called by the ancient Greek philosophers, is warranted to us by the whole range of Sanscrit literature, such as the Puranas and the laws of Manu. In these laws or 'Ordinances' it is said that Brahma first creates 'the ten lords of Being, the *ten* Prajapati or creative Forces; which ten produce 'seven' other Manus, 'devotees', or holy Beings, which are the Seven Angels of the Presence in the Western Religion. This mysterious number seven, born from the upper triangle, the latter itself born from the apex thereof, or the Silent Depths of the unknown universal soul, is the sevenfold Saptaparna plant, born and manifested on the surface of the soil of mystery, from the three-fold root buried deep under that impenetrable soil.

"Pan, at one time *absolute nature*, the one and Great-All, possessed a seven-piped flute, the emblem of the seven forces of nature, of the seven planets, the seven musical notes, of all the septenary harmony.



"The sacred numbers 3, 4, 7 are the sacred numbers of Life, Light and Union.

"The old Esoteric doctrine teaches:

"When the first *seven* appeared on the earth they threw the seed of everything that grows on the land into the soil. First came three, and four was added to those as soon as stone was transformed into plant. Then came the second *Seven*, who, guiding the *Jivas* of the plants, produced the middle (intermediate) nature between plant and moving living animal. The third *Seven* evolved their *Chhayas*. . . . The fifth *Seven* imprisoned their Essence. Thus man became a *Saptaparna*.

"Thus man became a seven-leaved plant.

"Numbers 3 and 4 are respectively male and female, Spirit and Matter, and their union is the emblem of life eternal in spirit on the ascending arc, and in matter as the ever-recurring element, by procreation and reproduction.

"When the Three and Four kiss each other, the Quaternary joins its middle nature with that of the Triangle, and becomes a cube; then only does it become the vehicle and the number of Life, the Father—Mother, Seven.

"The number seven is closely connected with the moon, whose occult influence is ever manifesting itself in septenary periods.

"The 4 was called by the Pythagoreans the Key Keeper of Nature; but in union with the 3 which made it seven it became the most perfect and harmonious number—nature itself. The four was 'the Masculine of Feminine form, when forming the 'Master of the Moon,' for this planet is forced to alter her appearance every seven days. It is on seven that Pythagoras composed his doctrine on the harmony and music of the Spheres, calling a "tone" the distance of the moon from the earth: from the moon to Mercury half a tone, from thence to Venus the same, from Venus to the sun  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tones, from the sun to Mars a tone, from thence to Jupiter half a tone, from Jupiter to Saturn half a tone, and thence to the Zodiac a tone; thus making seven tones—the diapason of harmony. All the—melody of Nature is in these seven tones, and therefore is called 'the voice of nature.'

"The Septenary was sacred to several gods and goddesses; to Mars, with his seven attendants; to Osiris, whose body was divided into seven and twice seven parts; to Apollo (the Sun) between his seven planets and playing the hymn to the seven-rayed on his seven-stringed harp; to Minerva, the fatherless and motherless, and others.

"It is not the Jewish bible that brought number seven into prominence. Hesiod used the words 'The seventh is the sacred day' before the Sabbath of Moses was ever heard of. The use of number



seven was never confined to any one nation. This is well testified by the seven vases in the temple of the Sun, near the ruins of Babion in Upper Egypt; the seven fires burning continually for ages, before the altar of Mithra; the seven holy fanes of the Arabians, the seven peninsulas, the seven islands, seven seas, mountains and rivers of India, and of the Zohar; the Jewish Sephirata of the Seven Splendors, the seven Gothic deities, the seven worlds of the Chaldeans, and their seven spirits; the seven constellations mentioned by Hesiod and Homer; and all the interminable sevens which the Orientalists find in every MS. they discover."—*H. P. Blavatsky in Secret Doctrine.*

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### IF YOU LOVE ME TELL ME SO

If you love me, tell me so,  
Love would temper winds that blow;  
Love would make the fleeting hours  
Bring us all life's sweetest flowers—  
All the gems that sparkling shine.  
Dearest would be yours and mine.

If you love me, tell me so:  
Speak the words so sweet and low  
That the birds would wake to hear  
Music so divinely dear,  
And the stars that shine above  
Would be envious of our love.

If you love me, tell me so;  
Love me dear, come weal or woe.  
Why should I just wait and wait  
Until it shall be too late,  
Hoping, trusting, doubting, fearing,  
When you might be so endearing.

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### ZADA

An angel came to me one morn—  
We communed awhile—  
And life is brighter, fairer,  
For the light of her sweet smile.

We did not meet as strangers—  
I knew her when she spoke—  
And all the wealth of harmony  
Within my soul awoke.

Her eyes were eloquent with the light  
That ne'er shone on land or sea,  
And their liquid depths revealed a wealth  
Of soulful sympathy.

Her spirit lingers with me,  
And her love, so pure and sweet,  
Draws me ever nearer Heaven  
And the blessed Master's feet.



## TO SAINT NARADA

My love for you is a principle,  
A clear, undying flame  
That warms and thrills and inspires me,  
And beckons to heights of fame.  
You are my Saint Narada,  
My light and my guiding star,  
And I am the poet Usana,  
And we came from a land afar;  
Always our spirits commingled,  
Somewhere in etheric space;  
But my soul came into being  
Within the light of your face.  
We stood in primeval shadows,  
We listened while Sappho sung,  
We have spoken in every language  
Since we met when the world was young.  
We watched while the Christ was nailed  
Unto the cruel cross;  
We have erred and judged without mercy,  
And paid the bitter cost.  
Always we two were fated  
To meet, then separate.  
We drew to ourselves all Karma  
By our fierce desires and hate;  
And now in the light of knowledge  
Of all that has been our own,  
There remains but the sweetest essence  
Of the love that our lives have known.  
I called to you in the dawning  
Of our lives' most golden day,  
And you are here to bless me  
In a divinely beautiful way.  
As sweet as the fragrance of flowers,  
As clear as a vesper chime,  
As calm as a benediction,  
As pure as a spirit divine.  
Thus into my thoughts you come stealing  
In the calm of a quiet hour,  
Bringing a wealth of healing,  
And filling my soul with power.  
You linger to soothe and bless me,  
And I thrill because you are near,  
But when I reach out to possess you  
I find that you are not here.

*"I will be merciful to their unrighteousness and  
their sins and their iniquity I will remember no  
more."*

All, all, shall be forgotten,  
The faithless servitude—  
The rebellious sins and doubting  
The cruel ingratitude.

All, all, shall be forgotten,  
O Love Supreme, Divine,  
That welcomes to Thy presence  
Each wandering child of Thine.



## TO ESTHER

God bless you, my dear, when the sunshine shall  
waken

Your eyes from their slumber, your heart from  
its rest;

When song birds have joyfully caroled in greet-  
ing,

And Zephyrs of morning have fondly carressed.

God bless you, my dear, when the morning is  
calling you forth from your slumbers to  
service and praise;

May you walk in the light of the love that sur-  
rounds you

As you gather the flowers of life's happy days,

God bless you, my dear, when vespers are calling

Your soul from the cares of the day unto prayer,

When flowers have faded and snowflakes are  
falling,

And song birds have fled from the chill wintry  
air.

When day has departed and shadows of evening  
shall gather around you and you are alone

In visions of midnight in waking or dreaming—

If you call me, I'll come—for your heart is my  
home.

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## SPRING

By A. M. L.

(My first published writing in *The Midland*, a  
Presbyterian magazine, published at Omaha, Neb.)

Again the frosts of winter have passed away  
and old Time in his slow, unceasing round, has  
brought us the glad and happy springtime. The  
spring rains are gently falling, awakening every  
thing to a new and beautiful life. The birds are  
chirruping among the budding branches. The  
farmer is scattering broadcast the seeds that will  
yield him a bountiful harvest. The prairies are  
covered with a soft carpet of green that will in a  
short time be decked with wild flowers of every  
imaginable hue. As we mortals walk forth into  
God's beautiful sunlight, comes there not thought  
of that blessed assurance, "If God so clothe the  
grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow  
is cast into the oven, shall He not much more  
clothe you, Oh ye of little faith?" And we are  
led to Him, "The Giver of every good and every  
perfect gift," and from whose hand all blessings  
flow. We exclaim with that prophet of old, "Oh  
Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom  
hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of  
Thy riches."



## NOTHING IS LOST

Nothing is lost. All things in the Universe are moving forward toward the grand consummation appointed from the beginning. What we call death and decay is only a change—an awakening again into similar or more beautiful forms of life. Nature is a great reviver—a great economist. All things fulfill their appointed task or mission in the divine plan. The leaves fall to the ground to mingle again with the elements; the flowers we love wither and decay, but the seed or life germ is safely stored in Nature's great treasure house to awaken again into beautiful forms of life. The mighty oak in time succumbs to the elements, but the acorn lives to perpetuate the species. The mountains are worn by erosion and shaken by volcanic elements, but the valleys become enriched, and where once was only a wide expanse of ocean fertile plains and mighty forests may reign. Worlds may be destroyed and mingle again with the star dust, but from the chaotic atoms in God's good time new worlds shall be evolved. The laws of nature are just and equitable, although the magnitude of her operations is beyond the comprehension of our finite minds. We who unwillingly crush myriad forms of life beneath our feet are shocked and appalled when a cyclone or earthquake—perchance a war—sweeps thousands of our fellow creatures from the face of the earth, and yet is not the physical form of mankind likewise subject to the law of change and decay?

We, too, are but fulfilling a part in the great cosmic law of the universe, but our mission is one of ineffable glory and splendor, for the soul of man is immortal! What matter then, though the physical or material form decay and mingle again with the elements; what matter though the earthly house of our habitation be shaken again and again? The soul is capable of an independent state of existence and shall gather unto itself, through successive incarnations, all experience or discipline necessary for its evolution or return unto the divinity which is our birthright, and of which we cannot be defrauded—for, truly:

*"Thou hast made us for thyself and our hearts are ever restless 'till they rest in Thee."*

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A perception of Truth is intuitional and the masses always accord in their estimation of glory and shame, of vice and virtue, and courage and cowardice. A belief in eternal justice is one of the divine attributes of mind, and it stands as one of the Eternal Truths that whatever may be the strife and contention upon the earth, Justice will triumph in the final ordering of all things.



## FOR THE SWEETEST, THE DEAREST AND PRETTIEST

"For the sweetest, the dearest and prettiest,"  
Wrote the child with the gift of flowers.  
And the grandmother brushed the tears away  
In remembrance of happier hours.

"For the sweetest, the dearest and prettiest,"  
Grandmother with snow-white hair,  
With kindly eyes and voice grown sweet  
With blessing and murmured prayers.

Lending their grace to your spirit  
Are the angels of other days.  
Old books, old songs, old friendship  
And the dear old fashioned ways.

Your frailty gives grace and tenderness  
Unto the strength of youth;  
Your advice is a benediction  
Of love and experience and truth.

Blessed is the home where you linger,  
A loved and honored guest,  
And blessed are those grandchildren  
Who nestle close to your breast.

---

Plato's *Critias* contains the earliest record of Atlantis. It reads:

"Among the great deeds of Athens, of which recollection is preserved in our books, there is one that should be placed above all others. Our book tells us that the Athenians destroyed an army that came across the Atlantic seas, and insolently invaded Europe and Asia, for this sea was then navigable; and beyond the straits where you place the Pillars of Hercules was an immense island, larger than Asia (Minor) and Libya combined. From this island one could pass easily to the other islands, and from these to the continent beyond. The sea on this side of the straits resembled a harbor with a narrow entrance, but there is a veritable sea, and the land which surrounds it is a veritable continent. On this island of Atlantis there reigned three kings with great and marvelous power. They had, under their domain, the whole of Atlantis, several of the other islands, and part of the continent. At one time their power extended into Europe as far as Tyrrhenia (Etruria in Italy), and, uniting their whole force, they sought to destroy our country at a blow, but their defeat stopped the invasion and gave entire freedom to the countries this side of the Pillars of Hercules. Afterward, in one day and one fatal night there came mighty earthquakes and inundations, and then that sea became inaccessible, on account of the vast quantities of mud that the engulfed island left in its place."



## PETER

I hear you when others had forsaken Him  
Saying: "Master, where shall we go?"  
"Thou hast the words of eternal life—  
Thou art the Christ, we know."

And then when the Supper was over  
And the Master washed your feet,  
So shamed were you and rebellious  
That such humble service was meet.

And soon again you are speaking  
In your self-confidence:  
"O Master whither goest thou?  
May I not follow thee thence?"

I love thee, my Lord and Master,  
I would lay down my life for thy sake."  
And then the Master told you  
You should deny Him thrice, ere day break.

Impulsive repentant Peter,  
Did not the Christ love you best,  
Knowing that you must suffer  
Far more than all the rest?

"Go tell His disciples and Peter,"  
How tender the angel's thought  
Of Peter, bowed in anguish  
With sorrow over wrought.

And when near the shore of Tiberias  
You cast yourself into the sea,  
So eager to greet the Risen Lord  
And know indeed it was He.

And then to hear the question,  
"Simon Peter, lovest thou me."  
One, twice, aye thrice, you answer—  
"Thou knowest that I love Thee."

And now in your lonely dungeon  
You drop the clanking chains  
To pillow your head on the cross of Christ  
And rejoice in its cruel pains.

"Not as Thou didst die. Nay, I am not fit."  
Ah, Peter, even now your pride,  
Thou you have repented, and suffered and served,  
You may not die, as He died.

---

"And as material life is planned,  
That even the loneliest must stand  
Dependent on his brother's hand;  
So links more subtle, and more fine,  
Bind every other soul to Thine  
In one great brotherhood divine."



## THE DESERT

There's a turbulent land in the limitless west  
Where methinks I would go, if my spirit unblest,  
Should ever be fated to wander afar  
From the mansions of rest where the glorified are.  
There the winds with the sands of the desert sift,  
And coil and writhe and circle and lift  
Out into the far horizon line,  
A spectral sea of treacherous brine;  
Where the wraiths of travelers seen no more  
Forever search for an unknown shore.  
There the rabbit nests in the mesquite shade  
And the wily coyote his lair has made;  
Where the horned toad and the desert owl  
Are undisturbed by his dismal howl.  
There at the foot of the mountain lies  
Like a river of death, the black Mal Pais,  
Where torrents of red hot lava were poured  
From the crater's mouth, like hell from a goard.  
Plowing a path through the fertile plain  
That may never blossom or wave with grain;  
Where gaping holes and caves of despair  
Are fit for naught but the rattlesnake's lair—  
Or the home of the "bob cat," who roams at will,  
Out over the foothills to plunder and kill.  
There the eagle at nightfall furls his wings  
And sinks to rest, where old Boreas flings  
His mantle of snow over beetling crags  
And world old volcanic mountain snags.  
There rivers of silver wind out to the sea  
Through turrets of gold whose immensity  
Is lost in the purple and dreamy haze  
That falls over all when night softly lays  
Her fingers of rest on the brow of care,  
Whispering of Heaven, and Peace, and Prayer.

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## TO E. J. C.

When self become submerged in life  
We are the part we play,  
The Ideal ever is the real  
All else must pass away.  
My sister, in your eyes I read  
A heart, a soul, an aim;  
You are a woman nobly planned  
And in "Was she to Blame,"  
I found the secret that could thrill  
Responsive to your every will.  
Be all that you have taught me  
To think that you can be.  
Be Truth and Goodness, mother love,  
And grace and charity.  
Be to the night the starlight  
And to the day the dawn;  
Be sunshine after shadows,  
And hope when hope is gone.



## NIOBE

Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus, according to the ancient story, was blessed with seven sons and as many daughters. In the pride of her heart she dared to triumph over the goddess Leto or Latona, who had only two children, Apollo, and Artemis, called by the Romans Diana. To punish Niobe for her insolence, Apollo and Diana destroyed all her children with their arrows; and, according to some stories the wretched mother was turned into stone through grief, and even the solid rock still continued to shed tears.

The story of Niobe became a favorite subject for sculptors; and it is not improbable that there were once several groups representing the mother and her children. Pliny speaks of one being in a temple of Apollo at Rome in his time:—"It is doubtful whether Scopas or Praxiteles made the dying Niobe and her children."

There are a number of short Greek pieces in verse, commonly called epigrams. Several of these epigrams refer to some figure or figures representing Niobe, or Niobe and her children. One of them, in two lines, runs thus:—

"The Gods turned me while living into stone,  
but out of Stone Praxiteles has restored me to life."

This was evidently intended to express the writer's admiration of some piece of sculpture to which the chisel of Praxiteles had given a living and breathing form.

But there is another longer inscription which alludes more particularly to some group of which the Niobe, at Rome, seems to have been a part; or at least there can be little doubt that the following lines refer to a *similar* group:—

"Daughter of Tantalus, Niobe, hear my words  
which are the messengers of woe; listen to the  
piteous tale of thy sorrows. Loose the bindings of  
thy hair, mother of a race of youths who have  
fallen beneath the deadly arrows of Phœbus.  
Thy sons no longer live. But what is this? I see  
something more. The blood of thy daughters too  
is streaming around. One lies at her mother's  
knees; another in her lap; a third on the earth;  
and one clings to the breast; one gazes stupified  
at the coming blow, and one crouches down to  
avoid the arrow, while another still lives. But  
the mother, whose tongue once knew no restraint,  
stands like a statue, hardened into stone."

---

"Titus Vespasian, the Roman Emperor, at the close of a day in which he had neither gained knowledge nor conferred benefit, was accustomed to exclaim, '*Perdidi diem*.'—'*I have lost a day*.'"



## GOODBYE, OLD HOME

Goodbye, old Home, a long farewell  
To all the scenes I love so well;  
Goodbye, old home, blest hallowed spot,  
Whatever be my earthly lot,  
Where're I go on land or sea  
Thou shalt be dear to memory.  
Should fortune strew my way, with flowers,  
I yet would long for thy sweet bowers;  
Should wealth and fame perchance be mine  
Here would my heart's affection twine.

Goodbye, old home, I leave with you  
So many secrets—pray be true.  
Thou knowest many happy days  
When life was one sweet song of praise;  
Thou knowest the lonely anguished hours  
When death had called our sweetest flowers,  
Thou knowest the friends whose light foot falls  
We loved to hear within thy walls.  
Thou knowest the lessons that I learned,  
Thou knowest the love that I discerned—  
How sad it is to bid farewell  
To the old home I love so well.

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## LIFE'S JOURNEY

“He travels the fastest who travels alone”—  
Behold him at dawn of day,  
With face turned toward the purple hills,  
Already far on his way.  
Before him gleams the goal of his hopes,  
The Mecca of his desire,  
His heart is thrilled with the joy of the quest,  
His steed climbs higher and higher,  
Up to the crest of the sunrise hills,  
Where, outlined against the light,  
He pauses a moment as in farewell,  
Then vanishes from our sight.

He travels the fastest who travels alone,  
But he brings no sheaves, no grain;  
His hand has not lightened a brother's load,  
Or soothed a heart in pain.  
Better to travel the winding road  
And linger awhile by the way;  
Better to live and love and hope,  
And do what God bids us today.

For all must come to their journey's end  
Ere the gates of Nirvana shall close,  
And whether a soul is early or late,  
Only the Master knows.

—Published in “The Messenger”, Krotana, Hollywood, California.



## "JUDGE NOT"

*"When we condemn another, by that act we condemn ourselves."*—R. W. Trine.

Can we rightly judge another,  
Dare we say that naught of good  
Lingers with an erring brother?  
Kindly words are heavenly food,  
And the souls who are denied them  
Lower sink in depths of sin,  
Little caring what betide them  
When the heart is starved within.  
Life is made so hard and bitter  
When one toils unloved, alone;  
Many ask the bread of kindness  
And we give them but a stone.  
For this old world is so busy  
All would take and nothing give.  
Hearts grow hard and heads grow dizzy  
In the struggle just to live.  
Words of praise are seldom spoken  
Though we do our best each day—  
Flowers are kept for memory's token  
When our lives are worn away.  
You who call your self a Christian,  
And who pass from day to day  
Some poor outcast, erring sister,  
Without one kind word to say,  
Little know your own heart's secrets,  
Nor what the future will reveal.  
Some day you may suffer keenly  
All the scorn you made her feel.  
You have been so loved and sheltered  
In a quiet comfortable home,  
While the one you scorn was battling  
With the powers of evil—alone.  
Then, besides you should not judge her  
Just because you do not know  
In what guise the tempter won her  
From the way she sought to go.  
When this veil of flesh is severed  
And the mists that blind shall roll  
From our vision, we'll see clearly.  
Soul may then commune with soul  
And the one we thought so sinful  
Suffering may have glorified  
Even as the lowly Master  
Who by us was crucified.

---

Hearts would break 'neath sorrow's weight  
And life would be in league with fate,  
If thou didst not our grief abate.  
Sweet Sympathy.

Thou bringest to pain the balm of sleep  
Thou bidst the eyes of grief to weep  
While 'round about the angels keep—  
Sweet Vigil, Sympathy.



### FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

In this New Age there are many thoughtless people who term marriage an antiquated institution—the tomb of love and a source of stupidity to the whole human race. They quote Carpenter on Love and Ouspensky on Love, and Hinton on Love and prate of love as a “cosmic phenomena” in which men (and women, too, we suppose, and probably the children “are mere accidents.” It is said that a new sex relationship must replace the old, that a new morality and a new sex equality must replace the marriage law, and it is boldly stated that the new sex relationship of the future will not be a union for the birth of children, but a spiritual relationship, a platonic relationship, if you please, between man and woman—“when the union results in children, the state may interfere but children apart, it is unbearable that the church or state should interfere with lovers.”

Voicing our regret of the great prevalence of divorce cases, to a friend, a successful physician, and a recognized philosopher along many lines of thought, she frankly said to us: “Why, you are way behind the times,” and she forthwith brought forth so many arguments to prove that the divorce law was often woman’s only means of escape from what was often a life of slavery—and a veritable hell, that for a while thereafter I contemplated the complete annihilation of this essay. I could not write in favor of divorce, never having been divorced, so I decided not to write anything at all upon such an unpopular subject. Then one day I read an outline of my written thoughts to another friend, and she said: “Go ahead! Give your ideals full swing. They are needed.” While yet another woman said to me, “Oh, yes, you are just the one to write ideally of marriage—your husband died.”

But weighing everything both for and against the essay, we decided to write, because we are old-fashioned enough to believe that the marriage law is a part of moral law, and that men and women are not merely victims of love but masters of love and arbiters of their fate. Those people who boldly state that two people should live together only as long as passionate desire binds them together, would put themselves rather below the scale of animal existence, which as it rises in the scale of evolution tends toward a life-long union.

In the beginning moral law was embraced in natural law. Primitive man was subject only to natural law. The primitive form of love was the reproductive instinct which attracted one sex to the other for the purpose of re-creation. The observance of this form of love is yet seen throughout all nature, but as mankind progressed in the



scale of evolution the altruistic or spiritual form of love came into existence, and this form of love is always a promise of immortality.

That which is sought in love is perfection, and perfection is God, thus the idea of love unfolded in all its beautiful significance discloses the idea of God. Men and women will live and die for the attainment of perfection and it is necessary that the marriage ideal should give promise of perfection. The Buddha said that religion is the faculty of Love, and this idea or ideal of love has been beautifully expressed by a woman to whom love was in reality a religion.

"That love which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater than himself is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is not so, whether of woman or child or art or music? Our caresses, our tender words, our still raptures, under the influence of autumn sunsets, pillard vistas, or calm, majestic statues or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere ripples and waves, in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty; our emotion at its keenest moment passes from expression into silence; our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object and loses itself in the sense of the divine mystery".

Is it then any wonder that the man or woman disappointed in love may exclaim in bitterness—with Milton's Satan: "All good to me is lost; evil be thou my good".

Perfection in the marriage state must be attained since marriage is a part of moral law and divine law, and perfection cannot be attained when marriage is entered into with the probability of divorce. If the perfect ideal of indissoluble marriage is ever altogether rejected by the world, society will fall back to a degenerate state. Of course a spiritual and moral union—an ideal union—ought to survive the repeal of the marriage law, but to assume that the ideal union will survive, is to concede to mankind, a higher state of evolution than the great prevalence of divorce cases in the world of today would prove to the contrary. Perfection in Love cannot be attained by the marriage that is entered into with the hope of divorce, or by the willful putting away of the marriage tie with its attendant self-sacrifice and suffering and responsibilities. Moral law and the attainment of an ideal of perfection is always a principle of self-realization, or soul evolution—and this development is always attendant upon the acceptance of duties, trusts and responsibilities. In scripture marriage is a symbol, whereby spiritual life is joined to the temporal frame. "The Holy City, New Jerusalem," is called "The



Bride, the Lamb's Wife"—and it is so called because natural marriage corresponds to spiritual marriage and spiritual marriage is the union of true and faithful souls with the Lord. They are internally and spiritually married to Him. The circumstance of the angel's calling the New Jerusalem, the bride the Lamb's wife, is conclusive of the fact that it typified an ideal state of Love and Marriage on earth, and ideal marriage is always a symbol whereby man and woman may attain to the highest unselfish devotion which life affords.

Within the family circle is inculcated that that discipline and self-sacrifice which is absolutely essential to the formation of character. The enthusiasts of sexual revolution would seem to err in putting the welfare of the state before that of the family. It is said that each child should be a ward of the state to be maintained and educated with the supreme object or end in view, of making an ideal citizen. It is said that maternity or child-bearing is only an economical problem to be dealt with in its relation to the state. They forget that the family has always been a unit before the state, and that love of home is the very foundation and essence of all patriotism. The Spartan mother who told her sons to fall upon their swords rather than surrender to the enemy, first instilled within their hearts the virtue of filial obedience. The family has always been the inspiration of all healthy national life, and the gradual and insidious repeal of social law is a grave error and one fraught with momentous import in the spiritual evolution of the race. The grave in the backwoods where the pioneer and his faithful companion were buried side by side, tells the history of the development of our American nation, and as long as hardship and privation and self-sacrifice may be endured, American ideals are safe. It is only when wealth and luxury begin to eat into the heart of a nation, which is the home, that civilization and spirituality is endangered. Rome survived until luxury and the laxity of the marriage law undermined the state, and all readers of classic literature know what a state of morals, or lack of morals, intervened and made necessary the coming of the great founder of Christianity, who proclaimed "monogamy holy and indissoluble." The evolution of humanity moves in cycles—history repeats itself. Rome fulfilled her mission to the world in the evolution of many great souls, then she sank into barbarism.

It is sad indeed, when one reads history in the light of Time. It should always be read in the Light of Eternity.

We are glad to say that with all the boasted emancipation of the American woman and the



great number of divorce cases, there is yet a yearning for the normal lot—for the sweet home life. Women desire love, dependence and self-surrender for the very natural reason that Pope the poet-philosopher, set forth in his ideal of a perfect union of the sexes.

"For woman is not undeveloped man  
But diverse; could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this  
Not like to like, but like in difference,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other even as those who love."

A man cannot give his best to the world, either in the labor of his hands or his brains—if he may not return in the evening to the sacred influence of a peaceful and happy home, and home—ah, what is home without children. To the childless man and woman I would say—you have been denied children that you may learn the lesson of unselfishness—adopt two or three—or a dozen orphans, only be sure to stop adopting before your home becomes an institution, which is the other extreme of a modern city apartment house where no dogs, cats or children are allowed.

It is held that hopeless uncongeniality or "incompatibility of temper" is a justifiable cause of divorce, but it is far more excusable than infidelity in the marriage relation which should be the only cause for divorce other than insanity. Such reasons for divorce as drunkenness or addiction to the drug habit are now obsolete, and as to "incompatibility of temper," it is in reality a proof of a rather advanced stage of evolution. We can imagine that the bride obtained by capture would be rather docile and submissive, and Herbert Spencer in one of his sociological works insinuates that all the so-called graces of women are in reality forms of hypocrisy. "In a savage state of society woman was compelled by necessity to practice deception in order to please her brutal lord and secure favor in his eyes among dangerous rivals. She must return caresses for blows, smiles for discourtesy. She dared not, she could not accomplish her purpose by force, so she became an expert in domestic diplomacy. Thus a false relationship came about in the marriage state.

What the twentieth century woman would do with the husband who attempts to beat her remains to be told. We venture the assertion that her physical and mental training combined will be sufficient to maintain her rights without recourse to the divorce courts. Somehow we have always failed in pity for the woman whose husband beat her—but just where the line may be drawn against weakness and submissiveness is



rather hard to predict, for it takes all sorts of people to make up a world.

When the writer was editor of a newspaper in New Mexico, we were given first hand information by an eye-witness of a rather extreme case of "incompatibility of temper". A man in the town drove his wife away from home at the point of a revolver. In fact, he did take a few shots at her as she fled to a neighbor's house. We wrote up the occurrence for our paper, not sparing the desperado, and the day the paper came out, we too, looked into the muzzle of a loaded gun. We were told to retract and I believe we got out a special edition, so that there might be no delay in our execution for the woman came also, and reprimanded us severely for our interference in their conjugal happiness. The man gave no reason for the "gun play", but had they lived in Hollywood they might have excited no comment as everybody would have supposed that they were rehearsing for the "movies".

The desire for self-assertion impels many women to seek a separate existence. It is difficult to avoid a desire for self-assertion, when one's good qualities and evil qualities are taken as a matter of course. When the full conjugal tribute is paid to the ego, it seldom assumes offensive forms. Democracy is only beginning to revolutionize all forms of government and we cannot yet hope for its complete dominion in the household. However, we are glad to say that when a woman marries, in our commonwealth at least, she no longer comes "under the hand of her husband." Up to the sixteenth century women were slaves, doing all the drudgery; they plowed the ground with a crooked stick; they cut the grain with a knife, and thrashed out the wheat with a club, then ground it into flour between a couple of rocks, baking the bread in the ashes of an open fire. And all this while her liege lord was busy about the definition of spirit or "universals" or the origin of the race. Sometimes in the sixteenth century—aye, even in the tenth and eleventh centuries—many thousands of men were gathered together in woods or canyons of the mountains for the discussion of philosophical themes; now, if sometimes the men are left at home to take care of the babies while women congregate at club or lodge meetings, to likewise discuss transcendental themes, it is only because the great wheel of life has turned part way 'round and the men find themselves bound to the earth side while women are lifted up into the upper air of freedom and emancipation from drudgery. Woman now has her legal rights as well as her spiritual rights, although we did hear of a woman who applied for a divorce or was divorced in order that she might "make her will."



One of the things that adds fuel to the divorce courts is the average American's love of publicity. It is considered quite a compliment for the affairs of the home to be "aired" in the society columns of the Sunday newspaper. In this the ideals of the average American home differ from the average English home. The average Englishman has a conviction that privacy is his invaluable privilege, but the average American rather loves a house set upon a hill, and it may even be a glass house, for he has learned not to throw stones; in fact, we are rather too tolerant of some well-known evils, especially the divorce evil.

For centuries the domestic infelicities of temperamental people has been dished up in some form or other to satisfy a morbid sensation-loving public, and the press of today is yet making capital of wedded unhappiness, until "to wed or not to wed has become the theme of the modern Hamlet's soliloquy; but standing out in beautiful relief against all pictures of wedded unhappiness, we have in history the life-long devotion of Vittoria Colonno and Ferdinand d'Avalos, Alfiri and the Countess of Albany, the Brownings, and thousands—yes, millions—of others, the influence of whose lives has gone out from the home to sweeten the world.

A husband and wife should be friends in the highest and truest sense of the word; and friendship rightly understood embraces mutual trust, sympathy, devotion, and love; in fact, love rightly understood embraces all other virtues.

The ideal wedded love is friendship love—such love as that of the Countess of Albany and Alfiri. In his autobiography Alfiri states that he is indebted to her for all that he had achieved; and the following is his beautiful tribute to her:

"As the years go on, and as time robs my friend of her youth and beauty, I cling to her more and more. Through her my brightest nature has been developed, my soul refined and elevated. Between us there has never been deceit, disloyalty, distrust or untruth. Quitting this world, in which she has been my only comforter, I shall know no other sorrow save that of leaving her. When that time comes I implore heaven to call me first."

A woman need not, because she has taken the vows of chastity to one man, shut out from her life all inspiration of friendships. Our ideals find personification where they will, and the love that a woman gives to the Christ sometimes finds personification in one who is not altogether divine, *but it is essential always that the beloved individual be kept at the line of distance which is included in the ideal, for fidelity and life-long devo-*



tion to the marriage vow is absolutely essential to the preservation of family, society and civilization.

It is all well enough to talk about children being cared for by the State, but moral law posits self-development, and the discipline of family life with its attendant self-sacrifice tends to the up-building of character in the children. We cannot hope for much in the way of self-realization when a child is educated and cared for by the State. The greatest law that has been framed in recent years is the mothers' pension law: that law tends to keep the home intact against widowhood and poverty. The writer is a great believer in old-age pensions, and all sorts of pensions, but let us safeguard the home, and not, for the sake of re-population, put a premium upon immorality and promiscuity, as France is doing today.

I am going to close this essay with a letter—a letter received thirty years ago—from a woman then much older than myself, my pastor's wife (the wife of a United Presbyterian minister), whose friendship enriched my girlhood days, and the memory of whose love has been the inspiration of every beautiful ideal. I was an ungainly, awkward country girl when I first met her, but she invited me to her home and introduced me to other young people whom I met there, and when I came from school to teach school she wrote to me, and when I wrote to her, telling her of my marriage, she wrote me this letter. It is yellow with age now, like the other letters received from her which have been treasured throughout the years, and as I bring them again from their receptacle, to copy for these pages, the spirit of the writer comes to me in blessing, as though she understood why I give to others that which I love so dearly. Once, years ago, the same dear friend came to me in a dream, when I had been troubled because I had seemingly drifted away from the faith which she had taught me to love; but even then it seemed she understood—and maybe, if I could be with her now she would be in sympathy with my ideals. And after you have read that letter will you not read again a great teacher's admonition to "Self-Sacrifice and Renunciation"?

Rock Valley, Iowa,  
June the 22d, 1891.

My dear Friend Annie:

Your letter was indeed a surprise to us, but from the depth of our hearts we wish you rich blessings and happiness.

If they cannot be found in married life, I know not where to search for them. I believe it is the *true life*, the *satisfying life*, the contented life. Of course there is nothing perfect here below, but it is ours to make it as nearly so as possible.



A *happy home* is not for the husband or wife to make *alone*, but both *together*, each doing *his* and *her* share.

The *kindest* and the *happiest* pair  
Will have *occasion* to *forbear*,  
And something every day they live  
To pity and perchance forgive.  
The love that cheers life's greatest stage,  
Proof against sickness and old age,  
Is gentle, delicate and kind,  
To faults compassionate or blind,  
And will with sympathy endure  
Those evils it will gladly cure.

And another has said :

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We who improve his golden hours  
By *sweet experience* know  
That marriage rightly understood  
Gives to the loyal and the good  
A *paradise below*."

May the vows you have taken prove to you and  
*yours* not only a paradise below, but may it be a  
union to continue all through the ages of eternity.

Lovingly yours,

Mrs. C. L. McCracken.

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### INDIAN MOTHER'S SLUMBER SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Breathe the breath of morning ;  
Drink fragrance from the fresh-blown flower,  
Thy gentle brow adorning.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Rocked by the flowing river,  
While for thy gentle spirit gift  
Lindoyah thanks the giver.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Sweet be thy rosy dreaming,  
While o'er the flowing spirit land  
Thy blessed eyes are gleaming.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
No danger here is bidding,  
While soft along the greenwood bank  
The light canoe is gliding. —Selected.

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"Answer me, burning stars of night,  
Where hath the spirit gone  
That past the reach of human sight,  
Even as a breeze hath flown ?  
And the stars answer me : 'We roll  
In light and power on high,  
But of the never-dying soul,  
Ask that which cannot die !'"



## SELF-SACRIFICE AND RENUNCIATION

We talk of the Great Renunciation, we speak of Those, before whose feet we bow, as Those who have "made the Great Renunciation". Do not dream that They made Their renunciation when, standing on the threshold of Nirvana, They heard the sobbing of the world in anguish and turned back to help. It was not then that the real, the great renunciation was made. They made it over and over again in the hundreds of lives that lie behind Them. They made it by the constant practice of the small renunciations of life, by continual pity, by daily sacrifices in common human life. They did not make it at the last hour when, on the threshold of Nirvana, but through the courses of lives of sacrifice, until at last the law of Sacrifice became so much the law of Their being that They could not do anything at the last moment, when the choice was Theirs, save register on the Record of the universe the innumerable renunciations of the past.

You and I, my brothers, today if we will, may begin to make the Great Renunciation, and if we do not begin it in the daily life, in our hourly dealings with our fellows, be assured we should not be able to make it when we stand on the mountain crest. The habit of daily sacrifice, the habit of thinking, the habit of always giving and not taking, only thus shall we learn to make that which the outer world calls the Great Renunciation. We dream of great deeds of heroism, we dream of mighty ordeals, we think that the life of discipleship consists in tremendous trials for which the disciple prepares himself, towards which he marches with open vision, and then by one supreme effort, by one brave struggle, gains his crown of victory.

Brothers, it is not so. The life of the disciple is one long series of petty renunciations, one long series of daily sacrifices, one continual dying in time in order that the higher may eternally live. It is not a single deed which strikes the world with wonder, which makes true discipleship, else were the hero or the martyr greater than the disciple. The life of the disciple is lived in the home, is lived in the office, is lived in the market place, yea, amid the common lives of men. The true life of sacrifice is that which utterly forgets itself, in which renunciation becomes so common that there is no effort, that it becomes a thing of course. If we lead that life of sacrifice, if we lead that life of renunciation, if daily, perseveringly, we pour out ourselves for others, we shall find ourselves one day on the summit of the mountain, and shall discover that we have made the Great Renunciation, without ever dreaming that another act were possible.

ANNIE BESANT.



## THE BOOK OF ESTHER

Lovers of dramatic literature will find events of absorbing interest recorded in the Bible narrative of Queen Esther. The events as recorded took place in the Persia founded by Cyrus the Great, who was succeeded as ruler by Cambyse, Darius, Xerxes the Great, Artabanes, Ahasshirus, and other kings down to Alexander the Great, who reigned as conqueror. The city of Shushan was the capital. This city was surrounded by a wall 120 stadia in circumference. The palace of the king was built of white marble and covered with gold and precious stones. We are told in this most fascinating story that there was a banquet given in the palace to all the princes and nobles of the land. Upon this occasion the pavilion in which the banquet was held was "fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble", and there were ottomans "of gold and silver upon a pavement of red and blue and white marble", and all this was to show "the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honor of his excellent majesty in the court of the garden of the king's palace."

Now, in this banquet the golden wine cup passed briskly 'round and the bacchanalian revels shook the splendid pavilions, and it was not a proper place for a gentleman, and certainly not for a woman. So the queen made a feast for the women apart in the royal house that belonged to King Ahasshirus." Now, this feast was in reality the final seven days of a festival which had lasted as many months, and the king having exhibited everything in proof of his greatness, but in reality of his weakness, finally conceived the idea of "showing off" his wife to his guests, as the brightest jewel in his crown. So he ordered that she be arrayed in her royal apparel and conducted into his presence and the presence of his guests by seven chamberlains, "to show the princes and the people her beauty", but she *refused to come at the king's commandment.*"

"The king was very wroth and his anger burned within him." He called his cabinet together to know what should be done to the disobedient queen, and they decided to divorce her, to take away her crown and send her forth a wanderer from the palace. And when he had divorced his beautiful, proud queen, Vashti, he gave orders that all the beautiful maidens in Persia should be assembled in order that he might choose another—victim, if you please. Now, Mordecai, the Benjamite, who had been carried captive to Jerusalem, and who was a Jewish politician and a statesman, conceived the ambition of presenting his adopted daughter, Esther, who was an orphan and a captive, as an applicant for the king's favor.



So he brought her to the king's house, where for twelve long months she waited to be presented to the king. During the probationary or preparatory period, it is recorded that Mordecai "walked every day before the court of the woman's house to know what Esther did and what should become of her", and so great was his solicitude that he applied for the position of porter to the palace. When the hour of her presentation to the king arrived, among all the richly attired applicants for the king's favor, Esther alone required nothing of adornment but her natural beauty and modest, simple apparel, as she walked into the presence of the king; and we are told that "she obtained grace and favor in his sight more than all the virgins." So he set the royal crown upon her head and made her queen instead of Vashti," and although Mordecai was overjoyed because of her good fortune, he admonished her not to reveal her station and her creed, while he himself remained as an humble porter before the gates of the king's palace; and while in this station he was so fortunate as to hear two conspirators plotting against the king. He immediately conveyed to the queen the knowledge, which saved the king's life.

Now, the king's favorite at court was Prime Minister Haaman, and this man was in reality "a power behind the throne", for all the people did homage unto him—all prostrated themselves in his presence, excepting the Jew Mordecai. Day after day Mordecai refused him reverence, and when Haaman learned that he was a Jew, one of a captive and despised nation, his hatred knew no bounds, and he resolved that *all* Jews should die, and accordingly cast lots for the date of their extermination, which fell on the month of Adyar, the 13th day, which gave twelve months to his victims. Then he applied to the king for a decree in favor of their extermination, representing them as a race of worthless outcasts, difficult to govern; and to win the consent of the king to their extermination against the loss of subjects who produced revenue, he promised the king twelve thousand talents of silver—about nine million dollars. So the king gave his signet ring to Haaman to affix the decree, and the Jews were thus condemned to slaughter. So the decree went forth, "to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day, even on the 13th day of Adyar, and all the spoils were to go into the king's coffers.

Indeed, it is recorded that "the city of Shushan was perplexed". The king and Haaman sat down to drink, but "the city of Shushan was perplexed, and in all the provinces there was weeping and wailing, sackcloth and ashes", and Morde-



cai, because he was conscious that he was the cause of all this misery, "went 'round the city crying with a loud and bitter cry. And when Queen Esther noticed his grief she sent a messenger to know what troubled him, and thus the queen heard of the cruel decree of the one to whom she was bound by karma, and whom she could not possibly love, knowing his weakness of character. What could she do to save her people? The king had not yet bestowed upon her his guilty confidence; besides, she had promised Mordecai not to reveal her nationality. Now, however, he implored her to confess the fact and seek to gain the kings' mercy for the lives of her people. Mordecai had asked nothing for himself; his adopted daughter was queen, yet he must save the people from the slaughter, and he said to her:

"If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall their enlargement and deliverance arise from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed," and in a moment her answer was given:

"Gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan and fast ye for me; I also and my maidens will fast likewise, and so will I go unto the king, which is not according to the law, and if I perish, I perish."

And the king upon beholding her said: "What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be granted to thee, even the half of the kingdom", and Esther, in her tact and diplomacy, simply asked the favor of the king and his friend Haaman's presence at a banquet which she intended to give in their honor.

Her request was granted and the invitation conveyed to Haaman, who was overjoyed at first because of the great favor the queen had bestowed upon him, but when he again passed by the king's gate, and the Jew Mordecai still refused to prostrate himself before him, he confessed to his wife and his friends: "All this availeth me nothing as long as I see Mordecai the Jew still sitting at the king's gate." So it was ordered that a gallows should be erected at once, and the king's consent asked for Mordecai's execution thereon. But the hand of karma was moving toward the downfall of the enemy, for the king had been reviewing the chronicles of his realm and it was recalled to his notice that Mordecai, who saved his life against the plot of the conspirators, had never been rewarded, but was yet an humble porter at his gates, and just at this moment of remembrance of Mordecai, Haaman appeared before him, and the king, having Mordecai in mind, said to him:



"What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?"

And Haaman, thinking in his vanity that he was the man whom the king wished to honor, said:

"Let him be clothed in royal apparel, with the royal crown upon his head, set him upon the king's horse, lead him through the gates of the city and proclaim, 'Thus shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.'"

And the king said:

"Do even so to Mordecai, the Jew, who sitteth at the king's gate."

And in the midst of the rage and mortification of Haaman the order came from the queen for him to attend the banquet.

Now, this banquet had been appointed as the time when Queen Esther would plead before the king for the delivery of her people, and she said:

"If it please the king, let my life be given to me at my petition and my people at my request." And the king, astonished to hear that her life was in danger—her people in danger—said:

"What people, what danger threatens thee?" and Esther said: "We are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish."

And the king said: "Where is he who dost presume in his heart to do this?" and Esther said: "Thine adversary and enemy is the wicked Haaman."

Thus the truth dawned upon the king, and he rushed into the garden for reflection, while Haaman in his terror threw himself upon the couch of the queen, supplicating her mercy, but the attendants muffled his face and hurried him out of her presence, and *"he was hanged on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai."*

And we wish—that the king might have shared his fate.

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### MILTON'S SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide,

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present

My true account, lest he, returning, chide:

"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"

I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need

Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his

state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,

And pass o'er land and ocean without rest;

They also serve, who only stand and wait."



## ABSENCE

It is spring time in the country,  
All the fields are gay with bloom,  
And the apple and lilac blossoms  
Fill the air with their perfume.

In the fields, the lengthening furrow  
Tempts the flocks of greedy birds,  
And the tender, juicy grasses  
Are as manna to the herds.

All the sweet low calls of spring-time,  
Vibrate on the pulsing air—  
Heaven bestows on earth a blessing  
Every whisper is a prayer.

But I may not worship with you  
Mother Nature—I must stay—  
And it is in vain you call me  
Thru the night and thru the day.

I am one of many millions  
Caught within the cities' strife,  
Where the wheels are turning swiftly,  
But the noise is life—sweet life.

I am side by side with others  
As we tread the busy streets;  
As we toil at desk or type case,  
And my heart its kindred greets  
In a world of understanding  
As our humble tasks we share.  
And sometimes we meet and mingle  
Where we dine on princely fare.

But at night when o'er the city  
Erebus her wing has thrown,  
And the soul is free to visit  
All the places it has known—  
Then I find that in my dreaming  
I am with you, mate of mine,  
And we wander in the home-paths  
As we did in Auld Lang Syne.  
For my heart is ever calling—  
Calling for you night and day—  
And the country was all sadness  
For me, when you went away.

(Published in the Minneapolis Journal.)

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The Priestess Night takes up her mystic censer  
At Nature's moonlight shrine;  
My love consumes my life in costlier incense,  
Beloved, to burn at thine.  
Shall I not move thee from thy cold white silence  
By the strange strength of pain?  
I will conquer all the allied worlds to clasp thee  
If thou love me back again.



### HOW GOOD ARE THE POOR!

'Tis night—within the close stout cabin door,  
The room is wrapped in shade save where there  
fall

Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,  
And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

Janet is sad: her husband is alone,  
Wrapped in the black shroud of this bitter  
night:

His children are so little, there is none  
To give him aid. "Were they but old, they  
might."

She takes his lantern—'tis his hour at last:

She will go forth, and see if the day breaks  
And if his signal-fire be at the mast;

Ah, no—not yet—no breath of morning wakes.  
Sudden her humane eyes that peer and watch  
Through the deep shade, a moldering dwelling  
find,

No light within—the thin door shakes—the thatch  
O'er the green wall is twisted of the wind.

Yellow, and dirty, as a swollen rill

"Ah me," she saith, "here does that widow  
dwell;

Few days ago my good man left her ill:

I will go in and see if all be well."

She strikes the door, she listens, none replies,

And Janet shudders. "Husbandless, alone,

And with two children—they have scant supplies.

Good neighbor! She sleeps heavy as a stone."

She calls again, she knocks, 'tis silence still:

No sound—no answer—suddenly the door,

As if the senseless creature felt some thrill

Of pity, turned—and open lay before.

She entered, and her lantern lighted all

The house so still, but for the rude waves' din,

Through the thin roof the plashing raindrops  
fall.

But something terrible is couched within.

\* \* \* \* \*

And why does Janet pass so fast away?

What hath she done within that house of dread?

What foldeth she beneath her mantle gray

And hurries home, and hides it in her bed?

"Ah, my poor husband! we had five before,

Already so much care, so much to find,

For he must work for all. I give him more."

What was that noise? His step! Ah, no, the  
wind."

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets

Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,

And the good fisher, dragging his damp nets,

Stands on the threshold with a joyous cheer.

"'Tis thou!" she cries, and, eager as a lover,

Leaps up and holds her husband to her breast:



Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover;  
"Tis I, good wife!" and his broad face expressed

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light.  
"What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your fishing?" "Bad."

The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night;  
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.  
There was a devil in the wind that blew;  
It tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line, —  
And once I thought the bark was broken too;  
What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I?  
Oh, naught—I sew'd, I watch'd, I was afraid,  
The waves were loud as thunders from the sky;  
But it is over." Shyly then she said—  
"Our neighbor died last night; it must have been  
When you were gone. She left two little ones,  
So small, so frail—William and Madeline;  
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast  
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea,  
Muttered awhile, and scratched his head,—at last;  
"We have five children, this makes seven," said  
he,

"Go fetch them, wife; they will be frightened  
sore,  
If with the dead alone they waken thus.  
That was the mother knocking at our door,  
And we must take the children home to us.

"Brother and sister they shall be to ours,  
And they will learn to climb my knees at even:  
When He shall see these strangers in our bowers,  
More fish, more food, will give the God of  
Heaven.

I will work harder: I will drink no wine—  
Go fetch them. Wherefore doest thou linger,  
dear?

Not thus were wont to move those feet of thine."  
She drew the curtain saying, "They are here."

—Victor Hugo.

### TO CHARITY

Sweet Angel of a Heavenly sphere  
How good that thou dost linger here.  
This world would be a dreary place  
Without the sunshine of thy face.  
And Heaven would be far indeed  
For weary mortals didst thou not plead  
For us, and help us when we fall,  
For we are erring creatures all,  
Who stumble where the wise have trod,  
Upon life's stairway up to God.

(Published in "The Bohemian," Fort Worth,  
Texas.)



### "DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME"

Did you pass by the one who was weary  
Because you were busy today?  
Did you notice the flower that was drooping  
As you hurried along on your way?  
Did you smile in the eyes of a brother  
Because you understood  
That a laborer's coat may cover  
A prince of the royal blood?  
Did you come to your door in answer  
To the timid knock that you heard  
And listen with unfeigned interest  
To the old story, word for word?  
Did you go to the one in sorrow  
Who does not "live on the hill",  
And whisper to her the message  
Of Peace and Love and Good-will?  
Did you gather the children around you,  
All dirty and tattered and torn,  
Did you carry the flowers and sunshine  
Into lives to the shadow born?  
Or are you telling the Master  
That *your* work and *your* time is so great,  
That all things of minor importance  
Must wait—and indefinitely wait?  
Then hear Him tenderly speaking,  
"This do in remembrance of me,"  
And "inasmuch as you did it not,"  
"You did it not to me."

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### OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE INTO THE HERE

Out of the everywhere into the here—  
Many are coming and going;  
Hark to their voices so far and so near;  
How softly the boatman is rowing!  
Greetings are spoken and farewells are said—  
Gladness and sorrowing ever—  
A kiss for the new born, a dirge for the dead—  
How today is entwined with forever!

Out of the everywhere into the here  
Are coming the hopes of tomorrow;  
Lights that will lead our world-weary feet  
Through the dark valley of sorrow;  
Truths that will live when the stars grow old,  
Faith that will know not deceiving,  
True worth that may never be bartered for gold  
And Love that will bless the believing.

(Published in "The Messenger," Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.)

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The IDEAL PUBLISHING COMPANY  
P. O. Box 731, Los Angeles, Calif.



## "BACK TO THE LAND"

*"Enough if something from our hands have power  
To live, and work, and serve the future hour."*

More than 2000 years ago, Aristotle taught the world that man is a moral being having a perception of right and wrong, and justice and injustice and as students of history we have learned that to obey moral law is the good of nations, and that disobedience to moral law has brought about evil and destruction. Moral law teaches that natural rights exist, and in the natural rights of mankind reside "Life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," but liberty of one is dependent upon the liberty of all; the happiness of one is dependent upon the happiness of all; and the liberty and happiness of all is absolutely dependent upon the attitude of one toward the many.

The first step in moral law, following the dictates of reason, is to ascertain that natural rights exist, and the second step is to ascertain what these rights are, and how they may be conditioned or secured to all humanity.

Under present industrial conditions 90 per cent of the workers or wealth producers of our country have no home, no bit of soil, no room, that they may call their own, and they are often housed in places which are not sanitary. They are situated from actual want by so narrow a margin that a month or even a week of sickness or unexpected loss brings them face to face with actual hunger, starvation or pauperism.

Since the world began civilizations have concentrated human beings in the cities and this has always meant the creation of slum districts and birth in the slums has increased vice and poverty and the death rate. We are told that the dream of putting the people back to the land cannot be realized. Every dream, even the wildest dreams that ever existed in the mind of man, have been realized, and surely those dreams—those ideals which are inspired by a love of humanity—have within them the very essence of that power which shall eventually bring about their realization to all humanity. Agitation and organization is, of course, necessary. There must be a union of all interested parties against the forces which are meeting our dreams, first with ridicule and then—as will come later—determined opposition.

One of the greatest battles to be fought out will be against the old gangs of sportsmen and cattle kings, and ranchers, and speculators, who are holding our country's land in thrall for selfish interests. Our country must produce enough food for the people, and the land cannot be made to produce until it passes out of the hands of speculators. Our war-time harvests were the food of the world—but they only proved what could be



done when every man who could be spared from the fighting line went back to the cultivation of the soil. During the war all farming was improved, and the good work must go on until every man woman and child has been placed above the danger of actual starvation, such as the high cost of labor on the farms is bringing about in our country today. Owing to the high price of labor the farms are not being made to yield to the utmost and new lands should not be thrown open to cultivation until the outcome of a homestead entry will not be 99 chances to 1 in favor of the Government and against the settler.

All the good homestead land—long ago—passed into the hands of private ownership, and today nothing but arid land remains, which only the invested capital of the Government may make a safe and sane adventure for any man who has a family dependent upon him for support. We homesteaded in New Mexico and Western South Dakota and in both instances “starved out.” The New Mexico 160 acres was a beautiful tract in a valley—between the mountains. It looked good at first, but the rains did not come until July and August and then it was too late—even for a vegetable garden, for the altitude was more than 4,000 feet and the frost came early. Although the soil in these tracts is the richest and deepest soil in the world, it is non-productive without irrigation. All the “cattle kings” located in an early day near the springs or a stream of water and wherever the water can be turned on that land, it blossoms as a rose—alfalfa, fruit and grain grow in abundance—rejoicing the laborer with a bountiful harvest. Millions of acres of such land in New Mexico Arizona and California—much of it already homesteaded and deserted by too optimistic settlers—lies waiting for the hand of proper development in order to be made to feed the teeming millions of the world, whose cry for bread must reach the throne of a merciful God.

Under the old homestead laws the story of the pioneer is a sad story of hope deferred and hardship and privation and actual want. Few, indeed, of the first settlers have remained on the land. When the little money they brought with them was gone they moved out and relinquished their holdings to someone else a little better fitted than themselves to struggle against the adverse chances of the elements that destroy, while they journeyed back across the desert in covered wagons—heart-sick and penniless—to the old home which had passed into the hands of strangers.

The experiencing of homesteading in Western South Dakota and in Montana is not much more encouraging. Sometimes in those sections the



rains come it is true, but one rainy season is followed by many periods of drought, and the gamble is only a little longer drawn out and starvation inevitable unless the homesteader has been so fortunate as to be able to purchase a few cows and some chickens and to have located near a railroad town where supplies may be purchased in exchange for butter and egg money.

Employment in new countries is rarely known, and the homesteader is often compelled to leave his family but poorly protected against the rigors of winter while he returns to the city in search of a "job."

Sometimes a woman homesteader is so fortunate as to be able to teach school, but so many other women want that school, or rather the salary derived from teaching that school, that her situation is rather precarious and unlikely to please.

The homesteaders are the recipients of many neighborly kindnesses. Tender hearts sympathise with them in affliction, and no hired funeral director is called in to place them in their graves.

Lifelong friends are made and the ties of affection cemented, but leaving all these things aside—the chances are 99 to 1 against the homesteader being able to hold out and get a deed for his land from the Government.

The writer used her widows' right to homestead 160 acres of land in the Cheyenne Reservation in South Dakota, where, with her two children, she lived for two and one-half years. A three-room house was built, a cow, some chickens and a team of ponies purchased. The first year it rained and there was a nice garden; the last year the farm was fenced and 50 acres broken up by a tractor, at a cost of \$4.50 per acre, and disced and planted to flax. The flax seed, also the seeds planted in the garden, remained unsprouted up to the first of July and then we came away, for the cow and horses had already gone on a mortgage—lumber bills remained unpaid, and there was only \$50 left to pay car fare back to the city—where we have since remained with a lot of other people who have their dreams and love of the country, but not the experience we have had. It used to be a standing joke among homesteaders about the gamble they entered into with Uncle Sam.

O, it's all a mistake to talk about free land—under present conditions—and it's almost a crime to encourage the homesteader to stake his all against the elements unless he is backed up with money and implements and seed grain and a shelter place that may protect him against the intolerable heat of the summers, and the blizzards of winter. But why may not those who really want to live on the land, and cultivate the soil, be encouraged and protected and educated so that



they may become important factors in the world's food production? Why must the settler take such awful chances because God has implanted within his soul a love of the soil and the glorious sunshine of the open fields and woods and hills? Why may not our Government encourage farming, first of all by appropriating to use the great reserves of fertile and tillible and naturally watered land and giving it back to the people—the working people—and then when the demand for land has increased, owing to agricultural education in the schools, opening up to settlement and production—by irrigation—the vast tracts of arid land? Why are such vast sums being appropriated to the maintenance of parks and reserves which only the rich may enjoy? Why need the people be compelled to pay such unheard of prices for produce when every family might have an abundance of food which they have had the great privilege of making the land produce? It's all a mistake to allot 160 acres of land to a family—40 acres—even 20 acres or less—would be enough. The land should be made free to all and if people would not cultivate the soil they should not eat. Other things—manufactured articles—should pass current for commerce, but God made the land free to all. He made the land for man—not man to serve as slaves to the land—and when the harvest fails, owing not to lack of industry but due to other unavoidable conditions, he should have undisputed access to the public warehouses or granaries where the surplus food has been stored. It should be said to all: “This is your land to use; you have tilled the soil and sowed the seed and reaped the harvest, which is yours also to use, but not to hoard. If you have an over-supply of food you must distribute it among your less fortunate neighbors.” Man may not develop along intellectual, moral and spiritual lines until he is properly fed and clothed and sheltered, and he should be a ward of the Nation and the State until his natural rights are supplied and he himself has been educated and made a factor in the industry and highest development of the nation.

Henry George in his book, “Progress and Poverty,” has stated as the central truth evolved from his investigation into the causes of the rise and fall of nations, and the growth and decay of civilizations, that the causes arising from the unequal distribution of wealth are tendencies which bring progress to a halt—that they will not cure themselves, but on the contrary, unless the causes are removed, grow greater and greater until they sweep back into barbarism by the road that every previous civilization has trod; that these evils are not imposed by natural laws; that they spring solely from social mal-adjustment which ignores



natural laws, and that in removing their causes we shall be giving enormous impetus to progress. He states further: "The poverty which in the midst of abundance enslaves and embitters men, and the manifold evils which flow from it, spring from a denial of justice. In permitting the monopolization of the natural opportunities which nature freely offers to all, we have ignored the fundamental law of justice (for so far as we can see when we view things on a large scale, justice seems to be the supreme law of the universe), but by sweeping away the injustice and asserting the rights of all men to natural opportunities we shall conform ourselves to the law and remove the great cause of unnatural opportunity in the distribution of wealth and power; we shall abolish poverty; tame the ruthless passion of greed; dry up springs of vice and misery; light in dark places the lamp of knowledge; give new vigor to invention, and fresh impulse to discovery; substitute political strength for political weakness, and make tyranny and anarchy impossible.

"These rights are denied when the equal right to land on which and by which men alone can live is denied. Political liberty, when the equal right to land is denied, becomes as population increases; and invention goes on, merely the right to compete for employment at starvation wages."

Of course if Henry George is familiar with the conditions of today, he knows that the high wages of today are yet only starvation wages as compared with the high cost of living—which is not altogether one of after the war conditions, but rather mainly due to the concentration of people in the cities where they become consumers rather than producers of the world's food supply.

Someone has advocated, by way of reform, that the unearned increment of the land be divided pro-ratio among the population, but that would not do away with the cities and all the vices they engender, which far over-balance the good. What mankind—men, women and children—need is contact with the soil and the open air and sunlight in order that they may develop physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

In 1908, when the writer was the editor of a country newspaper in Iowa, and when the railroads somehow were led to believe that the country editor had a little influence over votes in the community in which he or she lived—we were given mileage books on which we might travel in state, or at least first class. Well, ye editor used her mileage book in a trip to Chicago—the very first time we had ever been in a city of more than 5000 population. The friend whom we visited had been a probation officer of the Juvenile Court for many years, and in her company we at-



tended an afternoon session of the court. When I returned I wrote the following editorial for my paper:

"In company with a friend of ours, we attended a session of the Juvenile Court where so much total depravity was aired that we grew sick at heart, and since our return we have been racking our brains to find some solution to the great problem which is so overwhelmingly real to all charitable people of the city. What a pity that the wealth and population of the city may not be distributed throughout the length and breadth of this great country of ours."

That gained for "ye editor" the appellation of "Socialist" from the pen of a brother editor, and shortly afterward we received a letter from the chairman of the State Central Committee inviting us to become a member of the party. But the cares and woes of a country newspaper editor and publisher's life were so great, especially in those days when the journeyman typesetter would take a vacation in the middle of the week, that we had no time to study the platform of the Socialist party. But I think that I was started in the right direction even then, insofar as the land question and the abolishment of vice and poverty is concerned.

Count Leo Tolstoi put into practice in his own life his theory of service and moral responsibility, as he worked with his people in the fields and lived on the simplest and humblest fare. Shortly before his death he struck the keynote of all mortal philosophy in the following words:

"Standing on the threshold of the grave, I beseech you to do this for your children. Let them do all they can for themselves: carry out their own slops, fill their own jugs, wash up, arrange their own rooms, clean their boots and clothes, lay the table, etc. Believe me, that unimportant as these things may seem, they are a hundred times more important for your children's happiness than a knowledge of French or of history. It is true that here the chief difficulty crops up: children do willingly what their parents do, and therefore, I beg of you, do these things. Believe me, that without that condition there is no possibility of a moral education, a Christian education, or a consciousness of the fact that all men are—not divided into two classes, masters and slaves—but brothers and equals."

Let us repeat:

"Not masters and slaves, but brothers and equals." Yes, that is the ultimate good, and now that I have presented to you an ideal, a dream, let us see what chance that ideal has for a realization in the world of today, for however much we may believe that the world is making rapid strides



toward the realization of the ideals of universal brotherhood, one must confess that certain deplorable conditions still exist, and we fail in our duty as enlightened Christian citizens if we are not doing all in our power to bring about a realization of the highest ideals of human welfare.

When Germany imposed the menacing U-Boat blockade on the British Isles, England was faced either with famine or the necessity of producing food enough from its confines sufficient to feed its 40,000,000 inhabitants. She immediately set about to achieve this task. Women and children took up the shovel and the hoe, while the men were bearing arms, and 300,000 new acres were brought into cultivation almost over night, and the man who saved his country from starvation through the far-sighted sense of his food saving and food producing program was Lord Lee, director-general of agriculture, and since the war he has been working for a change in the British system which will relieve the old handicap of vested interests and forever provide against a peril of food shortage due to isolation from the outside world. The methods by which he proposes to bring about reform are as follows:

"Stimulate public interest in land in England; consider each acre part of the public domain; adopt a sane policy of rural regeneration; be independent of imports in prime necessities."

"Each acre (and this must be recognized and considered in every plan of management), is an integral part of the public domain, no matter who may 'own' it. Its value can either be increased or diminished by the manner of its management; if it is increased, the State gains; if it is decreased, the State must lose. Individuals must not be permitted to proceed in such a way as will mean public loss."

"Urge soldiers to go back to the land."

This admonition and advice to soldiers to "Go back to the land" has been the advice of our United States Government, but nothing better for the soldier than the old homestead law has been devised in the way of settlement of the land. As all the really productive land is held in private ownership—or by corporations and vested interests, or set apart in Government reserves as a sporting ground for the rich—the poor returned soldier boy hasn't much of a chance.

The laborer should be a ward of the nation insofar that he may have hours of recreation and rest and be free from the harassing fear of actual want in order that he, too, may develop all the latent intellectual and artistic longings of his soul. Everyone longs to create, to give expression to the dreams of beauty which haunt the soul, but what chance has the laborer for such expression



in the world today when after eight or nine hours of toil he returns to his humble home with aching muscles and dulled brain—to hear the old story of increasing prices of all the actual and often the barest necessities of life? No wonder the fear of poverty and dependency for himself and his loved ones crushes out all thought of mental and spiritual needs, making him merely a creature of today without hope of a tomorrow, where even in the manufacture of the simplest articles of commerce he is compelled to do piece work and is not enabled to use any inventive genius or originality he may possess. Herbert Spencer tersely and happily summed up the situation: "One man will not be suffered to enjoy, without working, that which another produces without enjoying."

Coming home on the street car from down-town in Los Angeles, a few days ago, I made room beside me for an elderly woman who seemed ill—motioning her to the seat at my side with a word of kindness and a smile of understanding—and on the way out to Hollywood, where she was going to do some sewing, she told me her story of a life time given to serving others without any chance to save out of her earnings to provide for old age; that she had come to Los Angeles to escape the severe winters of the east, but she regretted her coming as there were no old ladies' homes here, and now she must work until she dropped into her grave. O! the shame of a civilization which does not take care of the aged!

Truly, there is a gospel of selfishness soothing as soft flutes to those who, having fared well themselves, think that everybody ought to be satisfied. Such an attitude of mind Carlyle defined as "Wretched, unsympathetic, scraggy egoism." A too eager acceptance of another soul's bad Karma is not conducive to our own highest development; things may not be glossed over—they must be boldly and sympathetically faced and remedied, if possible, else that persons Karma may in another lifetime, or even in this changing world, become our own.

---

"A traveler through a dusty road,  
Strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe its early vows;  
And age was pleased at heat of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs;  
The doormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore."



## PURSUIT OF THE IDEAL

The Soul to the Ideal:

O thou who art enthroned afar,  
Insatiate, calm, divine,  
Have mercy, speak to me, and warm  
This fainting heart of mine.

Long, long a pilgrim, at thy shrine  
I knelt and homage paid;  
All that I am I owe to thee,  
True sacrifice was made.

I have now outgrown the bonds  
Of form and earthly place,  
I would fly to realms of Light  
And see thee face to face?

O thou who art my life, my all,  
My spirit cries to thee,  
Break thou my limitations  
And set thy captive free.

The Ideal to the Soul:

Come thou pale suppliant and view  
The form you thought Divine;  
Come, dwell with one whose life is full  
Of frailties as thine.

I was but a Light that shone  
To lead thee to thy God,  
As thou wilt be a light to those  
Who choose the path you trod;

Come, I will show thee mine ideal,  
For thou art now as me,  
And we will fare together  
Through all eternity.

—Published in *The Hesperian*, St. Louis, Mo.,  
in 1900.

## BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME

*To Jean*

Because you love me  
Life is fair,  
I dine each day on princely fare,  
And all the dreary round of care  
Has lighter grown,  
Because you love me.

Because you love me  
Thought has wings;  
Each moment some sweet message brings,  
And all my soul in rapture sings,  
Because you love me.

Because you love me  
Faith is given,  
And charity and hope of heaven,  
And grace to make this life of mine  
Worthy of such love as thine,  
Because you love me.



## SAPPHO

There came a dark browed spirit on whose head laurel and withering roses loosely hung. She held a harp, amongst whose chords her hand wandered for music—and it came. She sang—a song despairing, and the whispering winds seemed envious of her melody, and streamed admist the wires to rival her, in vain. Short was the strain, but sweet. Methought it spoke of broken hearts and still and moonlight seas, of love and loneliness, and fancy gone, and hopes decayed forever: and my ear caught well remembered names, "Leucadia's rock" at times, and "faithless Phaon." Then her form passed not, but seemed to melt in air away. This was the Lesbian Sappho."

Sappho, the celebrated poetess of antiquity, was a native of Lesbos, one of the islands of the Aegean sea. Lesbos seems to have been a center of intelligence and refinement, and there is a tradition that Orpheus was buried there. The Poets Arion and Terpander—the founders of Greek music—were natives of this island.

She was married early in life, but soon was widowed, and afterward conceived a violent passion for a man of Lesbos named Phaon, who seemed at first to return her love but afterward to have grown weary of her, and to have fled to Sicily to escape her reproaches, and although sadness was supposed to offend Apollo, and the muses, and Sappho had never been a foe to mirth and joyousness, after she had been deserted by Phaon she determined to put an end to her existence and took the "Leucadian or Lover's Leap."

This lover's leap was from a lofty promontory or cliff from which those unhappy persons, who sought release from unrequited love, after having made their vows in a temple of Apollo, cast themselves into the sea.

It was thought that this sometimes fatal experiment was a "sure cure," and the one "who had been loved in vain," in turn must "love in vain," for according to a passage from Ovid—

"Ducalion once with hopeless fury burned;  
In vain he loved; relentless Pyrrha scorned;  
But when from hence he plunged into the main,  
Ducalion scorned and Pyrrha loved in vain."

And Anacaron says:

"From dread Leucate's frowning steep,  
I'll plunge into the whitening deep,  
And there lie cold, to death resigned,  
For love intoxicates my mind."

One love-lorn Lacedaemonian, when about to take the leap, is said to have exclaimed: "I did not suppose that my vow to Apollo would require another, still more stringent."



The origin of this custom was as follows:

Venus, after the death of Adonis, having diligently sought for his remains, at last found them in the temple of Opollo. Having made known her sufferings, she was taken to the Leucadian Rock and bidden to cast herself from it as a relief for her malady, and the reason the rock held such magic for the lovers was because Jupiter frequented this rock while dreaming of Juno, and hence the Leucadian Rock figures more than a little in the affairs d'amour of Grecian history.

Sappho seems not to have been exempt from the weakness of her sex, and Phaon, her lover, was a boatman of Mitylene, who, as a reward for having conveyed Venus, disguised as an aged woman, from the island to the continent, received as his reward from her an alabaster box of ointment, the use of which imparted to him a beauty so remarkable that he was an object of admiration and love.

Sappho says to him in verse:

"By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,  
Who might not—ah, who would not be undone!"

All of Sappho's poetry was sung or intoned to the lyre, in public. It is said that the Lesbian maidens attended her performances in crowds and it is said that as a singer and lyrist she has never been equalled.

Plato and Ansonius speak of her as the "tenth muse." Some Greek writers speak of her as "the divine," "the beautiful," "the flower of the graces," "the chief muse," "the glory of Lesbos," "a prodigy," etc., and she is spoken of as a sybil. It is said that she excelled all other poetesses as Homer excelled all other poets. And Solon, having heard some of her verses read, said he would not willingly die until he had fixed them in his memory.

A Greek epigram reads:

"To Juno's shrine, O Lesbian maids proceed;  
There join the dance; the choir let Sappho lead,  
Striking a golden lyre. Each listening ear  
Shall seem enrapt, the Muse herself to hear."

The following lines are a translation of the Hymn to Venus, one of Sappho's amatory poems. Ella Wheeler Wilcox as a poetess of passion, rather pales in the glow of her sister Sappho's muse.

"Oh, Venus, beauty of the skies,  
To whom a thousand temples rise,  
Gaily false in gentle smiles,  
Full of love-perplexing wiles:  
Oh, goddess! from my heart remove  
The wasting cares and pains of love.



If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A song in soft distress preferr'd,  
Propitious to my tuneful vow,  
Oh, gentle goddess! hear one now;  
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest;  
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,  
And all the golden roofs above,  
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,  
Hovering in air they lightly flew;  
As to my bower they wing'd their way,  
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss (while you remain.)  
Bore back their empty car again;  
Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
In every heavenly feature smil'd,  
And ask'd what new complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What phrenzy in my bosom raged,  
And by what cure to be assuaged?  
What gentle youth I would allure,  
Whom in my artful toils secure?  
Who does thy tender heart subdue,  
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,  
He soon shall court thy slighted charms:  
Though now thy off'rings he despise,  
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;  
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more  
Thy needful presence I implore!  
In pity come and ease my grief,  
Bring my distemper'd soul relief;  
Favour thy suppliant's fires,  
And give me all my heart desires."

One wonders in what form the soul of Sappho next reincarnated. If she is living in the world of today the fires of her love have probably been transmuted into the pure gold of the spirit. The preparatory discipline of a great soul is in the school of emotion and Sappho certainly excelled in that.

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF A NOVITIATE

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### "COME UNTO ME"

I come to Thee in the dawning  
When the first lights of morning break,  
I come to thee in the silence  
'Ere the birds from their sleep awake.

I come to Thee in the splendour  
Of the sunshine that bathes the hills;  
I come to Thee in the music  
Of Thy woods and temples and rills.

I come to Thee in the noonday  
When my spirit is burdened with care  
I come to Thee in life's tempest  
And kneel before Thee in prayer.

I come to Thee in the evening,  
So weary and longing for rest;  
I pillow my head on thy bosom  
And feel Thou dost love me best.

### KIND ACTIONS REPAID

The Mohammedans have a fanciful idea that the true believer, in his passage to Paradise, is under the necessity of passing barefooted over a bridge composed of red-hot iron. But on this occasion all the pieces of paper which the Moslem has preserved during his life, lest some holy thing being written upon them might be profaned, arrange themselves between his feet and the burning metal, and so save him from injury. In the same manner, the effects of kind and benevolent actions are sometimes found, even in this world, to assuage the pangs of subsequent afflictions.—*Scot.*

"What matters it if you and I look like failures; what matters it if our petty plans crumble to pieces in our hands; what matters it if our schemes of a moment are found to be useless and thrown aside?

"The life we have thrown into them, the devotion with which we planned them, the strength with which we strove to carry them out, the sacrifice with which we offered them to the success of the mighty whole, that enrolled us as sacrificial workers with Diety, and no glory is greater than the glory of personal failure which ensures the universal success."

ANNIE BESANT,

*The Theosophist*, March, 1909.

### GLAD TIDINGS OF THE DAWN

*A magazine devoted to theosophical ideals and their realisation. Edited by the author of*

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF A NOVITIATE

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## THE SOUL OF HISTORY

History is said to be the record of what men have done and suffered and achieved. It takes account of arts, languages, literature, politics and religions of all the institutions and all the spiritual products which the mind of man has called into being. In fact, it is said that "*History shows what things are.*" But does it not rather show what things are not? Only in the Light of Philosophy may we find any solution of causes and reasons and powers and laws. It has been said that all systems of philosophy are inane; that it has no fruits—merely leading from one wilderness of opinion into another, and that nothing has been established by the long series of philosophers except that nothing can be known.

This is because the average student of philosophy has but little discrimination and is soon lost in the different schools of thought. In studying philosophy as in reading history one must combine and deduce and harmonize, and the faculties of combination and deduction and discrimination are faculties which only the mind of a Shakespeare may compass; but if philosophy did not more for us than to remind us of the mystery of this mysterious world and to open windows of the mind to a feeble conception of other worlds, and the recognition of spirit as a supreme reality, it would have fulfilled an inestimable service to the world.

The word Philosophy is derived from two Greek words meaning love of wisdom; and that is the mission of philosophy—to instill within the mind and heart of man a love of Wisdom, of Truth.

History is said to be but a product of Nature, but Nature in its manifestation is God. The glories of vast empires, the splendor of cities long buried in silence and drifting sands—Atlantis, Athens, Rome, Jerusalem, poets, priests, sages, soldiers, art, song, science, good and evil, joy and sorrow, genius, energy, courage, constancy and sacrifice, are a part of the soul of each individual, and national life as human life, is a continuous development. As the individual has no separate historical existence, so the national life has no separate existence, and becomes merged in the Spirit of Humanity. He is but a poor student of history who has not acquired the faculty of bringing to all subjects and events of history the Light of Philosophy; for History in its outward aspect is but a revelation of evil and misery and unrealized ambition. The philosopher looks beyond the evil to its purpose and its use in the universe, and pervading all is the spirit of Truth and Justice, and harmony and unity.

Pascal, the acute philosopher, said: "The succession of men in all ages may be regarded as one."



man who lives always and learns always." The life of a single individual is a partial development of all humanity. Links do not make a chain unless they are united, and all the colors of the sunbeam must be combined to form one ray of light. History draws together and combines individuals and communities, and nations, and races and history in its development is God. Origion was right when he said: "The soul of the world is nothing other than the power and the wisdom of God which is able to combine these great mortal differences into one living whole, and which pervades and animates the universe, subjecting all dissonances to a higher law of harmony." Thus God may not be excluded from history. He is not an idle spectator of its processes, but He is the soul, the essence, the vitality of all that exists, and the first requisite of the historian is a profoundly philosophical spirit.

The unity of history is something which comprises all the facts and forces which produce the ages. There is but one universe because there is but one Unifying Will. Every one of the numberless suns and stars and systems, all laws of intelligence and motion and memory find their explanation in the unity of the Divine Plan.

In the Rig Veda, Vach, the goddess of speech, says:

"I pervade Heaven and Earth. I bear the father on the summit of the world; my origin is in the water, in the sea; from thence I go forth among all beings, and touch the heavens by my height. I myself breathe forth like the wind, embracing all things, above the heavens, beyond the earth; such am I in greatness."

---

It is said of Diogenes, that when his friends asked him, toward the close of his life, how he would be buried, he replied that he "did not desire them to bury him at all, but to throw him into the field." That, they told him, was the way to be devoured by the birds and beasts. "No," says he, "you must put a cudgel by my side." "A cudgel! How should you make use of it, when you have neither sense nor feeling?" "'Tis there," said he, "that I wanted you. What need I care what is done with me, when I have neither sense nor feeling?"

---

If a comrade be faithless, let us be faithful to him; if an enemy injure, let us forgive him; if a friend betray, let us stand by him. Thus shall the hidden God in us shine forth.

ANNIE BESANT.



## THE DAWN

"The dawn, which is to us merely a beautiful sight, was to the early gazer and thinker the problem of all problems. It was the unknown land from whence rose every day those bright emblems of a divine power which left in the mind of man the first impressions and intimations of another world, of power above, of order and wisdom. What we simply call the sun-rise, brought before their eyes every day the riddle of all riddles, the riddle of existence. The days of their lives sprang from that dark abyss which every morning seemed instinct with life and light. Their youth, their manhood, their old age, all were to the Vedic bards the gift of that heavenly mother who appeared bright, young, unchanged, immortal every morning, while everything else seemed to grow old, to change and droop, and at last to set, never to return. It was there, in that bright chamber, that, as their poets said mornings and days were spun. A new life flashed up every morning before their eyes, and the fresh breezes of the dawn reached them like greetings wafted across the golden threshold of the sky from the distant lands beyond the mountains, beyond the clouds, beyond 'the immortal sea which brought us hither'. The dawn seemed to them to open golden gates for the sun to pass in triumph, and while those gates were open, their eyes and their minds strove in their childish way to pierce beyond the limits of this finite world. That silent aspect awakened in the human mind the conception of the Infinite, the Immortal, the Divine." But as yet there was no name for this Divine One. We may imagine they reasoned upon the subject somewhat as follows: "Our inner being tells us there is a God. We see him each morning, battling with darkness, and driving away its black demons to their dens, opening the portals of the morning, and letting in the sun shining in his strength; our very existence depends upon him; our hearts go out toward him. But oh that we knew his name that we might speak to him! All his acts bring joy to our hearts; he sheds gladness over the whole creation; he is the eternal enemy of night and darkness; he is the friend of the bright sun of day; he always comes with the dawn; let *that* be his name!—Let us call him "Dyans", the Dawn, the Bright God, the Shining One, the Resplendent Being, the God of Light."

There is a story of a Scotch clergyman, who, after reading the passage in the Psalms where David says, "And I said in my haste all men are liars," being struck with the applicability of the passage to his own cure of souls, broke off, and remarked, "Dauvid, Dauvid, an' ye'd lived in this parish ye micht ha' said it at your leisure!"



## TWO MASTERPIECES

There were two poems written, one in the original Greek, and the other in our own loved English which for sublimity of expression transcend all others.

One is Cleanthe's Hymn to Jupiter, quoted by St. Paul in his address to the Athenians, Acts xvii:28; and the other is Coleridge's Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni. May I not give them both to those of my readers to whom their beauty is as yet unknown?

### HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning-star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,  
Risest from forth silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee, and above.  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity!—  
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer  
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody—  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it—  
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my  
thought,  
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:  
Till the dilating soul,—enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest—not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet soing! Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole Sovran of the Vale!  
O, struggling with the darkness all night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:  
Companion of the Morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald!—wake, O wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?



And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!  
 Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
 For ever shattered and the same for ever?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your  
     joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
 And who commanded (and the silence came),—  
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!  
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven,  
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living  
     flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—  
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
 God! sing, ye meadow-streams with gladsome  
     voice!  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like  
     sounds!  
 And they, too, have a voice, you piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye livery flowers, that skirt th' eternal frost!  
 Ye wild goats, sporting 'round the eagle's nest!  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing  
     peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure serene,  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—  
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou,  
 That as I rise my head, awhile bow'd low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base,  
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,  
 To rise before me.—Rise, O ever rise!  
 Rise, like a cloud of incense from the earth!  
 Thou kingly spirit, throned among the bills!  
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to Heaven!  
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun.  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

COLERIDGE.



### CLEANTHE'S HYMN TO JUPITER

Hail, mightiest of Immortals! many a name  
Bespeaks, whose greatness, evermore the same!  
Ruler of Nature, whose dread sovereignty,  
Upholdeth all things by a fixed decree,  
Thee I invoke, great king! for, frail and weak,  
Fitting is it for man thy praise to speak!  
For they who breathe the air and tread the ground  
Are all his offspring, and, compared with Thee,  
Are all his fleeting image of a sound;  
Therefore my office and my joy shall be  
To sing thy matchless power eternally!  
This countless train of worlds their course fulfill,  
Encircling earth, obedient to thy will!  
Thy steadfast hand the thunderbolt doth fling,  
That two-edged, fiery, ever-living thing,  
With which, when rent, all nature breathless  
stands,  
Fearing the power of thy resistless hands!  
The mighty plan of nature thou dost guide,  
Pervading all things, to all life allied!  
Without thee, God, thy presence and thy care,  
Nor in the earth, nor in the empyreal air,  
Nor in the heaven divine, nor tossing sea  
Can aught be done, save through the impiety  
Of senseless man. Thy penetrating view  
Can pierce the mazes of confusion through,  
And render all things unperplexed and bright,  
All discord harmony, all darkness light:  
So that, or good or evil, all shall tend  
To the fulfillment of one common end.  
But this eternal purpose men deride,  
And scorn this heavenly wisdom, in their pride.  
Oh, wretched men! still longing to possess,  
Forever thirsting after happiness,  
They neither seek to learn, nor care to know  
This Law divine, whose guidance can bestow  
A life of honor, by the good beloved,  
By reason guided and by heaven approved;  
But now, alas, rush headlong onward still,  
Each at the guidance of his own vain will.  
Of some ambition is the end and aim,  
A thirst insatiate for the draught of fame;  
Some blindly gain and hoard and worship gold,  
While others yield to passion uncontrolled.  
But thou, the all-bestowing God of love,  
The thunder-ruling, cloud-compelling Jove!  
Save from this mournful ignorance this vain,  
Distempered mind, and give us to attain  
That wisdom which directs thy guiding hand,  
In the wide circuit of thy just command;  
So that, thus honored, we may honor thee,  
In rendering worthier praise eternally;  
Since not to man on earth, nor gods in heaven  
Can any higher, nobler task be given,  
Than in an endless song to celebrate  
This Law eternal, universal, great!



## GLEANINGS FROM "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY"

The words of wisdom are chance pearls flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of oblivion; which diligence loves to gather and hang around the neck of Memory.

\* \* \*

Consider, whatever thy fate, that it might and ought to have been worse, and that it lieth in thy hand to gather even blessings from afflictions. Be-think thee, wherefore were they sent? and hath not use blunted their keenness?

Need hope and patience and courage be strangers to the meanest hovel?

\* \* \*

Is there not unmitigated ill in the sharpest of the world's sorrows?

Cast off the weakness of regret and gird thee to redeem thy loss.

Thou hast gained in the furnace of affliction, self knowledge, patience and humility. And these are as precious ore that waiteth the skill of the coiner.

\* \* \*

I say not, avenge injuries; for the ministry of vengeance is not thine:

But wherefore rebuke not a liar? wherefore do dishonour to thyself?

Wherefore let the evil triumph, when the just and the right are on thy side?

Such Humility is abject, it lacketh the life of sensibility,

And that resignation is but mock, when the burden is not felt;

Suspect thyself and thy meekness: thou art mean and indifferent to sin;

And the heart that should grieve and forgive is case-hardened and forgetteth.

\* \* \*

Beware of the angry in his passion; but fear not to approach him afterward;

For if thou acknowledge thine error, he himself will be sorry for his wrath;

Beware of the hater in his coolness; for he meditateth evil against thee;

Commending the resources of his mind calmly to work thy ruin.

Deceit and treachery skulk with hatred, but an honest spirit flieth with anger:

The one lieth secret, as a serpent; the other chaseth, as a leopard.

Speedily be reconciled in love, and receive the returning offender,

For wittingly tempering with anger, thou tamperest unconsciously with hatred.



Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind;  
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh,  
Fear a nettle, and touch it tenderly,—its poison shall burn thee to the shoulder;  
But grasp it with bold hand,—is it not a bundle of myrrh?  
Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools enough to mock thee;  
But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and the scoffers will lick thy feet.

\* \* \*

Man, thou hast a social spirit, and art deeply indebted to thy kind;  
Therefore claim not all thy rights; but yield, for thine own advantage.  
Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must support each other;  
The branch cannot but wither, that is cut from the parent vine.  
Wouldst thou be a dweller in the woods, and cast away the cords that bind thee,  
Seeking, in thy bitterness of pride, to be exiled from thy fellows?  
Behold, the beasts shall hunt thee, weak, naked, houseless outcast,  
Disease and Death shall track thee out, as bloodhounds, in the wilderness;  
Better to be vilest of the vile, in the hated company of men,  
Than to live a solitary wretch, dreading and wanting all things;  
Better to be chained to thy labour, in the dusky thoroughfares of life,  
Than to reign monarch of sloth, in losesome savage freedom.

\* \* \*

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the right with falsehood:  
And a prudent man will not lay siege to the stronghold of ignorant bigotry.  
To unsettle a weak mind were an easy inglorious triumph,  
And a strong cause taketh little count of the worthless suffrage of a fool:  
Lightly he held to the wrong, loosely will he cling to right;  
Weakness is the essence of his mind, and the reed cannot yield an acorn.

\* \* \*

Mind may act upon mind, though bodies be far divided;  
For the life is in the blood, but souls communicate unseen:  
And the best of an exalted intellect, radiating to its fellows,



Doth kindle dry leaves afar off, while the green  
wood around it is unwarmed.

\* \* \*

The dog may have a spirit, as well as his brutal  
master;

A spirit to live in happiness; for why should he  
be robbed of his existence?

Hath he not a conscience of evil, a glimmer of  
moral sense,

Love and hatred, courage and fear, and visible  
shame and pride?

There may be a future rest for the patient victims  
of the cruel;

And a season allotted for their bliss, to compensate  
for unjust suffering.

\* \* \*

Spurn not at seeming error, but dig below its sur-  
face for the truth;

And beware of seeming truths, that grow on the  
roots of error:

For comely are the apples that spring from the  
Dead Sea's cursed shore:

But within are they dust and ashes, and the hand  
that plucked them shall rue it.

\* \* \*

There is truth in the wildest scheme that imagin-  
ative heat hath engendered,

And a man may gather somewhat from the crudest  
theories of fancy.

\* \* \*

The alchemist laboureth in folly, but catcheth  
chance gleams of wisdom,

And findeth out many inventions, though his  
crucible breedeth not gold.

\* \* \*

Hints, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the  
spirit,

Where a barefaced accusation would be too ridic-  
ulous for calumny:

The sly suggestion toucheth nerves,

And friendships, the growth of half a century,  
those oaks that laugh at storms,

Have been cankered in a night by a worm.

A sidelong look can please or pain thy heart more  
than the multitude of proofs.

\* \* \*

Yet there is a meanness of spirit that is fair in  
the eyes of most men,

Yea, and seemeth fair unto itself, loving to be  
though Humility.

Its choler is not roused by insolence, neither do  
injuries disturb it:

Honest indignation is strange unto its breast, and  
just reproof unto its lip.



It shrinketh, looking fearfully on men, fawning  
at the feet of the great;  
The breath of calumny is sweet unto its ear, and  
it courteth the rod of persecution.  
But what! art thou not a man, deputed chief of  
the creation?  
Art thou not a soldier of the right, militant for  
God and good?  
Shall virtue and truth be degraded because thou  
art too base to uphold them?

\* \* \*

For mystery is man's life; we wake to the whis-  
perings of novelty;  
And what, though we lie down disappointed? we  
sleep, to wake in hope.  
The letter, or the news, the chances and the  
changes, matters that may happen,  
Sweeten or embitter daily life with the honey-  
gall of mystery.  
For we walk blindfold,—and a minute may be  
much,—a step may reach the precipice;  
What earthly loss, what heavenly gain, may not  
this day produce?  
Levelled of Alps and Andes, without its valleys  
and ravines,  
How dull the face of earth, unfeatured of both  
beauty and sublimity:  
And so, shorn of mystery, beggared in its hopes  
and fears,  
How flat the prospect of existence, mapped by  
intuitive foreknowledge.  
Praise God, creature of earth, for the mercies  
linked with secrecy,  
That spices of uncertainty enrich thy cup of life:  
Praise God, his hosts on high, for the mysteries  
that make all joy.

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#### TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Musical Spirit, stay not long  
Within the realms of Light.  
Come back, we miss thee,  
Earth is sad and sorrowful tonight.

Come tripping back upon the winds,  
Come in the dance of the flowers;  
Come in the song of the lover,  
Come in the joyous hours.

Laugh and we will laugh with you  
As of old, for we would not weep,  
Come from the land of silence,  
Come from the land of sleep.

Come after you have garnered  
The peace of a thousand years,  
For still the old earth will be waiting  
For you in sorrow and tears.



## SANCTUARY

"Thou art weary of struggling and striving,  
Come home," said the convent bell;  
"Here is my cloistered silence, is peace,  
Bid the world farewell."  
How often I longed to enter  
When temptations would darkly assail,  
But always the Light returning,  
New strength and faith would prevail;  
Then at last, with courage broken,  
I stood on the very brink,  
And the cup that was proffered was bitter;  
Yes, far too bitter to drink.  
When again to my burdened spirit  
Came the chimes of the convent bell:  
"Here in my cloistered silence  
Is peace; bid the world farewell."

I turned at last to enter  
With eager heart and feet,  
When lo! the noise of the rabble!  
And there in the dusty street  
Stood the Christ, footsore and weary,  
With thorns encircling his brow;  
And I said, "My Master, My Master!  
I may not enter now."  
No cloistered walls, no solitude,  
However dear to me,  
Could hide Him from the presence  
Of His life's Gethsemane  
Henceforth my soul thy sanctuary  
In service to all is found;  
Wherever heart hath need of thee,  
Ah, there is holy ground.

(Published in the Los Angeles Times, Sunday,  
December the 21st, 1919.)

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## AT FOUR

Every morning, sure as sunrise,  
Is a little willow chair  
Drawn up in our cosy corner,  
Then a maid with golden hair  
Sits and rocks her cherished dolly,  
Prattling to me all the while  
Such bright, happy childish fancies  
That I think the angels smile;  
For perchance they often whisper  
To my darling when asleep—  
In the morning she must prattle  
For such secrets will not keep.  
—Published in the "Golden Chain", San Francisco,  
Cal., in 1902.



## FLOWERS AND THOUGHTS

Published in *The Theosophist*, Adyar, Madras, India, December 1918, with the following mention in the "Watch Tower" from the pen of Mrs. Annie Besant, president of the International Theosophical Society:

"The following very pretty and musical little poem was written by Mrs. Annie M. Long DeBoer, American lady. It is thoroughly Theosophical in spirit":

If thoughts are living things  
That speed away on wings,  
To fall in blight or blessing on the earth,  
Then flowers that deck the sod  
Are thoughts of love, from God,  
For in Him all things of beauty have their birth.

And when we may plainly see  
That in beauty is degree,  
We will know that even weeds may yet be flowers,  
For all things in beauty grow,  
'Twas the Father willed it so,  
When He planned this ever changing world of  
ours.

Transmutation is supreme,  
Laws immutable redeem,  
Changing forms and baser metals into gold;  
And the star dust of the spheres,  
Mingled with our many tears,  
Are the jewels that the future will unfold;

Faith may wear them on her breast—  
Opaline and amethyst—  
Wondrous jewels from the alchemy of Time,  
And their scintillating beams  
Shall reveal to her our dreams;  
To the pure all things in Nature are divine.

---

## TO MARGUERITE

To you, my Friend and Teacher,  
Who brought to me a jewel of priceless value,  
And then, lest I should love the giver more than  
the gift,  
Bade me a long farewell—  
Knowing that I must go out alone  
From sheltered pathways, into endless wander-  
ing and trials and suffering—  
Wherein my Jewel would alone suffice to bring  
me Peace,  
I come in perfect understanding and communion  
of spirit,—after twenty years.



## IDEALS

### AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF A WORLD IDEAL

#### *The Necessity of an Ideal*

The original fact of every soul is a concrete, determined will, and the original form of the will is impulse, or the birth of ideas or ideals. These ideals exist as desire, or a longing for a definite exercise of life. Thus our will or desire nature is the architect who determines the form or style of our ideals, and mind is the intelligence which directs and executes the plans. Mind is the spark of divinity within us which has existed from the beginning, but the development of mind or the unfoldment of divinity within us depends upon the existence of ideas or ideals. Thus our desires are the arbiters of our fate, choosing what is best for us in the infinite realms of experience. It is not mind or intelligence which creates ideals. Mind cannot attain to any degree of unfoldment or cultivation until the will has formed an idea or ideal of that state which it desires to realize. To him who has no will, no desires, no emotional nature, all things are of equal importance, and of no importance. Such lives are practically useless to the world unless devoted to the ideals of others. Without some definite object or goal in view, we divide and misdirect our energies, labor in vain, and produce no valuable result. The true artist or architect first perfects an ideal in his mind, and then seeks to give embodiment to that ideal. So it is in regard to the attainment of any perfection in mental or moral culture. All depends upon the existence of an ideal, or some accepted standard of excellence to be attained or realized. All true human progress is, therefore, the advancement toward some object of unattained ideal perfection, and the influence of that ideal will shape all subordinate objects of the mind and soul of an individual, or of a nation—for nations have ideals, and their influence is revealed upon art, industry, commerce, music, literature, and all social institutions of civil and religious life. If the ideals of a nation are Liberty, Equity and Universal Brotherhood, those ideals must be realized to all mankind, although the way of their realization shall lead men through the valley and the shadow of death. Every day, every moment of the past, has been the servant of the present. The overthrowing of crowns and scepters has but one message to the world—the message of Universal Brotherhood. Obedient to a mighty impulse, the impulse of a resistless evolu-



tion, the ideals of nations as the ideals of individuals are moving forward to the highest uses of law, and the divinest privilege of Freedom. When Plato brought his ideal dream of a Republic to Athens he wrought for our Republic, and when a patrician of Rome said to Cicero, "You are a plebeian", and he answered him thus: "I AM a plebeian; the nobility of my family begins with me; that of yours will end with you. I hold no man deserves to be crowned with honor whose life is a failure; and he who lives only to eat and drink and accumulate money is a failure. The world is no better for his living in it," he spoke for true manhood, everywhere.

\* \* \*

#### IDEALS AND TRUTHS ARE PROGRESSIVE

Those who, unnoticed or noticed and martyred by the world, maintain their devotion to their ideals of truth and principle, are the truly great; but, however devoted man may be to an ideal of truth, if he is progressive he will find his ideals of Truth constantly changing. As our conviction or perception of Truth should always be held subject to education and observation, so our ideals should always be held subject to each new perception of Truth.

We are reluctant to admit that ideals and truths are progressive, yet a mind incapable of understanding that there is such a thing as unconditioned truth, is incapable of enjoying mental freedom, and a mind incapable of understanding that ideals are progressive is likely to end its present incarnation in bigotry, superstition, or intolerance of the ideals of others. If we are capable of fitting out our best truth to each new experience, instead of fitting each new experience to our accepted truth, we may hope to grow and expand normally and healthfully, and if a soul is capable of understanding that ideals are progressive, it is spared suffering and disappointment; however, the very existence of our ideals will not permit of doubt and unbelief, hence sorrow and disappointment in the vanishing of our mighty gods is always attendant upon our ideals and is a part of the Divine Plan.

Emerson says that "Valor consists in self-recovery, so that a man cannot be turned, cannot be out-generated, but put him where you will, he stands," and that "this can only be by his preferring truth to his past apprehension of truth, and his alert acceptance of it from whatever quarter." So would I say that occultism, spirituality, or soul progress, consists in soul recovery of our ideals. When we have been brought to realize that the world of our ideals which we had created and in which we lived and moved and had our being has been destroyed and we are adrift in a chaotic void of space, we



have progressed far toward God if we are capable of gathering up the broken fragments of our ideals and weaving them together again into a more perfect pattern.

The continual effort to raise ourselves above ourselves is revealed in our ideals. We are heart hungry for praise and approbation, but we cannot forgive our friend who praises us and is seemingly satisfied with the result of our endeavor, for our own soul is ever urging is onward and upward to heights of unattained perfection. Great artists have destroyed various creations of their own brush; sculptors have spent months on statues only to smash them; Carlyle three times wrote the History of the French Revolution, the first two productions having been destroyed. There are inestimable resources in our souls upon which we have not drawn; in some supreme crisis of our lives is revealed our strength—our visions. Our soul development is a series of surprises; step by step we climb the mysterious ladder of our lives, and as we climb, new scenes, new visions open before our wondering eyes; every found thing suggests some unfound thing; every truth suggests some new truth; every star that is brought within our ken suggests still further constellations, and with Stephenson we would exclaim:

"O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, traveling you know not whither! Soon, soon it seems to you, you must come forth upon some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way farther against the setting sun, descry the spires of Eldorado. Little do you know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true reward is to labor."

\* \* \*

#### THE FRIENDSHIP-LOVE IDEAL.

Love in its purity and friendship in its sublimity have always been the inspiration of ideals.

For a hundred years or more, during the age of chivalry, the bravest, the noblest men of Europe knew no duty above their ladies' pleasure. This devotion to their ideal woman brought civilization out of savagery and barbarism, and added to the warrior's courage the royal name of gentleman. But for this devotion of Knight to Lady there would have been no modern era with its finer social sentiments, and just in proportion is this devotion lost and men become skeptical of woman's sanctity, does society lose its moral, no less than its sentimental tone.

Dante, the immortal Dante, was born at the close of the age of chivalry. The influence of its self-abnegating spirit in its loyalty to ideal womanhood had already been bequeathed to the world, but in Dante is found its truest exponent.



The life of Dante is one of the saddest annals of history. Of noble birth and a proud earnest nature, he became involved in the political disturbances of his day. The opposing party gaining the ascendancy, his property was confiscated and Dante himself exiled. An old document still extant in the archives of Florence states that he shall be burnt alive should he be caught.

He wandered from place to place filled with sarcasm and sorrow, but keeping always the image of his beloved Beatrice within his heart. Exiled forever from her and his home in Florence, he dwelt more and more in the eternal world. His Divine Comedy, his mystic unfathomable song, is as it were the soul of Dante laid on the altar of love as an offering to the ages.

In a series of poems, Dante himself tells of the great love for Beatrice which possessed his whole being through the ideal which she presented to him. His whole thought was of her transcendent worth and his whole desire was to live so as to be worthy to be known as her friend. Always his acquaintance with her was of the slightest and she was wedded to another. In speaking of the effect upon him of the sight of her, he said:

"There no longer remained to me an enemy, nay a flame of charity possessed me which made me pardon everyone who had done me wrong, and had anyone at that time questioned me of anything, my only answer would have been love, and my face would have been clothed in humility."

After her death and after his triumph over a temptation to give her a lower place in his mind, he recorded this new purpose of his:

"A wonderful vision appeared to me in which I saw things which made me resolve to speak no more of the blessed one until I could more worthily treat of her, and to attain this I study to the utmost of my power as she truly knoweth. So that if it may please Him, through Whom all things live, that my life may be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what has never been said of any woman."

The outcome of this purpose of Dante was the Divine Comedy, wherein Beatrice appears as the personification of heavenly enlightenment. As Longfellow has so beautifully said:

"Ah, from what agonies of heart and brain—

What exultation trampling on despair,—

What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,

What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,

Uprose this poem of earth and air,

This medieval miracle of song!"



A beautiful parable of a Persian poet tells us that:

"One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee,' and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door, and again the voice said, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is thyself,' and the door was opened to him."

Thus it shall always be with our ideals. As we image in our lives the character of our ideals, so do we progress in our journey toward God, Who is our home. He who cannot idealize a friend has never known the great joy and sorrow of friendship, and to discover divinity within another soul is to be divine. Never perhaps have we read anything more beautiful (in the thought it conveys) than the following poem, entitled "Transfigured":

Almost afraid they led her in:  
(A dwarf more piteous none could find):  
Withered as some weird leaf, and thin;  
The woman was—and wan and blind.

"Into the mirror with a smile—  
Not vain to be so fair, but glad—  
The South-born painter looked the while,  
With eyes than Christ's alone less sad.

"Mother of God," in calm surprise  
He whispered, "What am I to paint?"  
A voice that sounded from the skies  
Said to him: "Raphael, a saint."

She sat before him in the sun;  
He scarce could look at her, and she  
Was still and silent. "It is done,"  
He said. "Oh, call the world to see!"

And there was she in veriest truth—  
Transcendent face and haloed hair;  
The beauty of divinest youth,  
Divinely beautiful, was there.

Herself into her picture passed—  
Herself and not her poor disguise  
Made up of time and dust. At last  
One saw her with the Master's eyes."

Thus a poet's ideals are revealed in his poetry, a sculptor's ideals are embodied in his creation, and the soul of the musician speaks to the world in the divine rhapsodies of song. Sometimes in towers and aisles of granite, the soul's worship is builded, and sometimes only in words, but in words fraught with vitality and power.



The shadowy gods of the ancient Greeks and Romans are insignificant in comparison with the immortal representation of their ideals in art. In the Venus de Milo and the Apollo Belvidere are assembled all the beauties and perfections that then existed in the soul of man. Their architecture is yet the marvel of the world.

The man of ideals becomes the prophet of his ideals; only he can give who has received, and only he can inspire others whose own soul has received inspiration. When we have received an inspiration we must of necessity impart that vision to others, and blessed are they who having not seen believe! Blessed are they who are putting into visible forms of beauty and usefulness for the world, the dream that exists in the soul of the dreamer. They are the toilers, the builders, the very salt of the earth.

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### THE RELIGIOUS IDEAL

Religion, or the binding of human beings to the unseen power of the universe, has existed in some form since the evolving faculties of man first grasped the idea of a cause, and the strongest ideals of a people are always objectified in the nature of its gods or God. Even in mythology or nature worship are found the ideals which prove the existence of great moral or spiritual forces working on the hearts of men.

The first and perhaps greatest development of a religious ideal was in the valley of the Nile. There, far back in the shadowy ages of the past, existed in Egypt a religion of astounding sublimity and a civilization to which the world must look up for ages to come. This religion and its resultant civilization is known to the present only by its ideals as embodied in what remains of its art and its literature, as engraved on excavated tablets and stones, and what Greek and Latin historians have recorded in their annals. When Plato wove the story of Atlantis, when Herodotus visited Egypt in the third century before Christ, or when Plutarch gathered the legend of Osiris, within seventy or eighty years after, the glory of ancient Egypt was a thing of the past, and the religion of that period was as remote to the Egyptians themselves as it now is to us, except to priests initiated in the mysteries, who have always felt a certain horror at the Greek and Roman interpretations; but it was plainly revealed to the Greek and Roman historians that the ancient religion, in its purity, taught the immortality of the soul, and worship of a Power, illimitable, incomprehensible and eternal, behind the visible phenomena of the universe. He was the "One", "Living in Truth", "Truth Itself", "The Essence



of Righteousness", words used in the "*Book of the Dead*", the most ancient of human documents, a collection of prayers, invocations and protecting spells, laid with the mummy to guard the dead in his perilous journey through Amenti. He who knows this book," says a sarcophagus of the XII dynasty, "is one who in the day of resurrection in the under world arises and enters in."

The ancient document calls the day of death the "day of birth", when clothed in the garment of truth, the soul journeyed onward to the "divine lower world", where he is brought before Osiris. In chapter 125, the most famous chapter of this book, the justified one speaks as follows to the forty-two accusers, or assessors:

"Oh gods, dwellers of the divine under-world, hear the voice of Osiris N.! He has arrived near you. There is no fault found in him, no sin against him; no witness against him. He lives on truth, nourishes himself on truth. The heart of the gods is satisfied with what he has done—he has given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothing to the naked. . . . There is no witness against him before any god."

And the defense of the dead:

"I have guarded myself from holding godless speeches. I have committed no revenge in act or in heart; no excesses in love; I have injured no one with lies; have driven away no beggars, committed no treacheries, caused no tears. I have not taken another's property, nor committed murder, nor ruined another, nor destroyed the laws of righteousness. I have not aroused contests, nor neglected the Creator of my soul. I have done no robbery. I have not disturbed the joy of others. I have not passed by the oppressed, sinning against my Creator or the Lord or the heavenly powers."

The rubric or written instruction which follows this chapter states that it was to be repeated on earth with great solemnity, and the worshiper must be "clad in pure linen, shod with white sandals, and anointed with fragrant oil, because he is received into the service of Osiris". A hidden and inspired meaning was attached to the *Book of the Dead* which only the priests were supposed to understand.

The sun was worshiped as a manifestation of the unknown being! "Thy rays," says the worshiper, "come from a face unknown; thou marchest unknown; thou shinest upon us, and we do not know thy body."

"*Book of the Dead*" is one long song of praise to Osiris. There are found such selections as the following: "He was appointed to reign over the gods in the presence of the supreme lord



in the day of the constitution of the world. From assimilation with him comes the perfection of being." "Oh, Osiris, thy mother hath begotten thee in the world. She hath called thee with a beautiful name. Goodness, thy name in the lower heaven; Lord of Life thy name among the living, . . . but thy true name is God."

Osiris was the embodiment of love, and the dream of union with him was the dying hope of all Egyptians. Almost every grave inscription speaks of the dead as having "passed over to union with Osiris, the high and holy." At the close of the "Book of the Dead" it is said of him: "He shall be deified among the gods . . . he shall not be rejected. It shall be granted to him to shine like a star forever in heaven."

This religion of the Egyptians raised them from a nomadic state of existence, taught them science, agriculture and art, and lifted them to the highest state of civilization—such civilization as was later idealized and imitated in Greece and Rome. Why, then, may we ask, did it perish from the earth, or change into polytheism and idolatry?

Was it because of the abuse of power by the priests who kept the people in ignorance and superstition? Was it because it lacked the simplicity and humility and humanity of Christianity, or was it because, unlike Buddhism, "the Light of India", it took its inspiration from without, from the visible aspects of nature, and not from knowledge and understanding of the invisible things of the spirit? We know that the Ancient Egyptians were versed in all the mechanism of nature. They studied the stars and formulated our present system of astronomy and astrology. They produced gems wondrous in beauty which were of stupendous power when used in conjunction with words of mystic meaning. The "woman of Endor", whom King Saul visited, was versed in all the wisdom of ancient Egypt. She could summon spirits, and she was appalled when she saw "gods descending to the earth", but that did not make her spiritual. Spirituality, which is only another name for divine love and mercy, is acquired in the hard school of life, through days of sorrow and nights of pain. It does not consist in feeling good nor in being lulled to sleep by the power of ritual, rites, or ceremonies. There is far more spirituality in the world today than ever before, because the world is waking up to the great fact of Brotherhood and Unity of all Humanity. It is easy to forget self in service to others, and he who gives a cup of cold water to the thirsty, he who gives bread to the hungry, or heals the sick, or leads the blind, is functioning on higher planes, whether he knows it or not. The secrets and mystical ceremonies of the ancient Egyptians never interpreted the



spiritual universe, but the spiritual universe has found unfoldment within the natural universe. Divine powers unfold only to him who is fitted to receive them, and to use them in the advancement of the evolution of all humanity. As is written in Mabel Collins' wonderful book, the "Black Art of Fleta must be changed to the White Art of Man, the occultist."

Human nature, apart from the divine nature, is susceptible only of a certain degree of cultivation, and when that point has been reached a decline necessarily follows.

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#### THE TRUE IDEAL

The true idea of development is the unfolding of the divine nature from within. The nations and their religions of antiquity perished because they had not developed progressive, humanitarian *ideals*. The true intellectual or moral progress of an individual, of a nation or of a world, depends upon an ideal standard toward which an *endless advance* can be made. It is then a point of first importance to come to a determination of the true ideal. This ideal does not consist of an ideal of national supremacy. The Romans reached that ideal and saw it decline. It does not end in civil and religious freedom, nor the exercise of "inalienable rights". Such are only constructive elements, absolutely necessary and conducive to the greater ideal. America has realized the ideal of civil and religious freedom. She has attained to a realization of the beautiful and useful in the arts and sciences, and she excels in all departments of industry and commerce, but all these attainments are only conducive to and prophetic of a more glorious career wherein the true ideal is beginning to have form within the hearts of men. Human progress is not in the promotion of merely national interests. Man's highest development is in the perfection of his mental and moral nature, the realization of his divinity, and the unfolding of this ideal is from within.

The visible forms and civilizations of antiquity perished, but the divine attributes of the mind and soul of man are never lost, but live forever, passing from life to life, experience to experience, even as the Divine Truth which lives in higher forms beyond the reach of the "changing worlds". The infinite mutations of form and the endless pilgrimage of the soul are beautifully expressed in Shelley's mystical poem, "The Cloud":

"I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,  
I change, but I cannot die.



For, after the rain, when with never a stain  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and the sunbeams, with their convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of the air,  
I silently laugh at my own centotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and upbuild it again."

Thus to the soul in its long pilgrimage this world is only a school, and the knowledge acquired here will aid in its future travels into the unknown. Nature, always cautious of expenditure, has been millions of years preparing for the future of the soul. Always cautious of the suffering of her children, while seemingly grim and inexorable in her laws, she has often permitted a baptism of blood that shall bear to this end, and throughout all the ages of the world, during man's development from savagery, and during the rise and fall of nations the great wheel of life has moved slowly forward to the consummation of the divine ideal. Truly, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for those that love Him."

There are people (we are glad to know they are constantly coming into the light) who think of the universe as a clock, wound up and set in motion and left to itself in the fulfillment of immutable law—a vast machinery, constantly grinding out the fate of all. To such souls prayer is a mockery and hope is vain. Ah! could they but know that the union of the finite and Infinite is so close that when we lift our hearts in prayer we make possible the answer to that prayer—for "God is All and in All", and we are co-workers with Him in shaping our lives.

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#### PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEOSOPHICAL IDEAL

Philosophy has been defined as "man's innate curiosity", but it is our "moving about in worlds not realized" which proves us divine. The human mind will not acknowledge limits to its powers. That philosophy of life, or that religion of life, which is baffled by mystery is unsatisfactory. The soul, kept in ignorance of latent powers, drifts into superstition, intolerance, and gross materiality. Theosophy rightly maintains that "There is no religion higher than Truth", and Truth in its entirety is God. All ideals, all religions have contained some portion of Truth. Any ideal, any religion, is better than no ideal, no religion, for in all have been revealed some fragment of Truth; and as students of Theosophy we hold that Truth may be sought by purity of life and devotion to



high ideals. The essence of Theosophy is the fact that man, being divine, partaking in the part of the divine nature, may know the divinity of the life he shares, and if all are divine, then the Brotherhood or Unity of all is a fact in nature to be lived up to—if we wish not to injure or destroy ourselves. The world has progressed tremendously within the past fifty years, not only in science and invention, but in the advancement of all standards of morality. Orthodoxy once taught people to think of morality as a collection of arbitrary laws, imposed upon them by a super-mundane being for their spiritual instruction. It is now universally recognized that *moral law* is *natural law*, in the sense of its being the condition of our health and happiness, and that the transgression of moral law will bring upon nations as well as individuals misfortune and destruction. Whoever disregards the law of fire will be consumed by fire; whoever disregards the law of gravity will be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, and whoever disobeys the laws of morality will pay the cost in physical and mental suffering. He who surrenders himself to idleness and pleasure will find his physical as well as his moral well-being destroyed—useful activity is followed by pleasure, and mental activities or capacities grow strong through exercise.

The standards of merits are no longer those of wealth and power over the lives of others. The world is entering upon a new era, an era of supra-consciousness. Existence can no longer be explained by the means of physical forces alone, and the relation of the individual mind to the universal mind is beginning to be realized. As our abstract knowledge has enabled us to perceive that our physical life is not independent, but is contained in a larger system, so we now perceive that our soul life, is also not independent, but is contained in a much larger system, and as Weller Van Hook pointed out in a recent number of "The Messenger", "the illuminating truth of Dharma" is "breaking through the darkness". The world is learning that stronger souls may help advance the evolution of the "small and weak", and that in unity only is strength and eternal progress. If you doubt the development of this new World Ideal, ponder again those words of President Wilson:

"We are fighting for the liberty, the self-government, and the undictated development of all peoples, and every settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose.

"No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live. The Brotherhood of Mankind must no longer be a fair but empty phrase; it must be given the structure of



force and reality. The nations must realize their common life, and effect a workable partnership to secure that life against the aggressions of autocratic and self-pleasing power."

In the new philosophical ideal that is forming within the mind and hearts of men, it is clearly recognized that no nation, no class, or no individual has any true interest apart from the universal good, and that we best promote our own welfare when we are helping to advance the interests of all humanity. It is now universally recognized that *he who is truly great has become the servant of all*. After nineteen centuries the teaching of the Christ to His disciples, "Whoever shall be great among you shall be your minister, and whoever among you will be chiefest shall be the servant of all," is being universally recognized, if not universally practiced, as the great basic Truth of all religion and philosophy of life.

In following the life of Christ as recorded in the Gospels, we mark how keenly alive He was to the real or unreal, but terribly vital needs of the world in which He lived. The amelioration of human ills in whatever form constituted the burden of his life. All who needed sympathy found in Him a friend, and the more they were despised and rejected by others, the warmer was His love and sympathy toward them. The sick and the blind, the outcast and the erring, the captive and the oppressed, all were objects of His divine love and sympathy. His life, as the lives of all great philanthropists and all great reformers, was a failure as judged from natural standpoint. He had come to proclaim a kingdom and had been defeated. His death on the cross was seemingly the end of a life of failure, and yet, how glorious, how sublime was His life as judged from the standpoint of service to the world!

As we have listened to the world's conflicting interests, nation at war with nation, and avarice and greed trampling down the weak and poor, we have wondered if the teaching of the world's saviours, the world's failures will ever be universally observed, but the cloud of our doubts is beginning to reveal the silver lining. Always the darkest hour ushers in the dawn, and the signs of the times tend to prove that the world is entering upon a new era, an era of universal brotherhood, and that a better and higher life is spreading throughout the world. Everything tends to prove that we are approaching that phase of civilization, that cycle of evolution, when a great World Teacher, a World Savior will again appear. It is a startling fact that the coming of the Wave of Peace has always been preceded by wars, by great cataclysms and great industrial strife. Those who have gone before and prepared the way have



always been the apparent martyrs and victims, and every great gift to humanity has been dyed in the heart blood of the brave. The war brought an appalling amount of suffering, and the period of readjustment and reconstruction will be long and severe, but we know it will not be in vain, and that out of it all will come a better and higher life for all humanity. We know, we perceive, that great potencies for good are abroad in the world of today—unity, friendliness, industry, prohibition, discipline—and so far as we can see when we view things on a large scale, Justice seems to be the keynote of the age. Great suffering, great trials are bringing to pass the abolishment of caste and creed. There are no longer any social disturbances because of wealth, and the rights of all mankind to natural opportunities are being asserted. There will never be an accepted criterion for the division of wealth, for man is endowed with moral freedom and hope and fear, gain and loss, success and failure must ever be possible, for the great law of Karma rules the world and man must reap as he has sown, but the right of property, as the world is beginning to realize it, is simply the right of a steward to discharge his trust without interference.

Intelligent people of today may not set themselves upon a lofty pedestal and look down in scorn upon those below them in the scale of evolution. It is now conceded that a weak heart, or a weak mind, needs a strong heart and a strong mind, encouragement, advice and knowledge. The insane asylums of tomorrow will all be sanitariums, where the normal mental equilibrium will be restored; and the prisons of the future will be schools, great vocational centers if you will, where virtue, honor, mercy and self-control will unconsciously be ingrafted upon the minds and hearts of all.

A cheerful place to work in, a clean place to live in, and hours of recreation and rest may not be withheld from the laboring class of today, and inasmuch as we fail in our duty to our fellow-beings, in-so-far do we fail to realize our own divinity.

ANNIE M. L. DEBOER.

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*"I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."*—Psalm xvii-15.

Not here, not here, where the sparkling waters

Change to mocking sands as I draw near;

Not here, not here, where my imperfections

In the beauty of all that I love appear,

But when I awake in thy likeness

Then I shall be satisfied;

Ah, when I awake in thy likeness

Then I shall be glorified.



## THE EARTH AND THE FLOWERS

*"Only the actions of the just smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."*

I am the soil where grew the flowers  
That gathered the sunshine and dew;  
I am the essence that gave to beauty,  
The delight that was given to you.

I am the dust of the earth,  
I care not if beauty may live  
All that the Master gave to me  
I give and I joyfully give.

I am the humble toiler  
The seeming victim of fate,  
But the destinies of nations  
On my brain and my brawn await.

I am the hand of the artist  
That fashioned the Great Ideal;  
I am the brick and mortar  
That the dreams of the dreamer reveal.

I am the eyes of the seeing,  
I am the voice of the song;  
I am the heart of the lover,  
I am the strength of the strong.

I am the cells of the living,  
I am the brain of the wise;  
I am the temple of spirit,  
I am a god in disguise.

What matter if I am forgotten  
If the Beautiful the True and the Just  
Shall live in fragrance forever,  
And blossom in my dust.

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## OUT OF THE PAST

Out of the past came the present,  
Out of its struggle our rest,  
Out of its wars our freedom—  
Whatever is, is best.

Out of the past came the present,  
Out of its error, our woe;  
Out of its virtue, our blessing—  
We reap whatever we sow.

Out of the present the future;  
O what shall the future be?  
We are building today for tomorrow,  
And now is eternity.

—Published in the Progress, Minneapolis, Minn.



## THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

*"Consider the lilies of the field."*

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eyes  
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you  
That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,  
Eternal, universal, as the sky,—  
Then in the bosom of your purity  
A voice he set as in a temple-shrine,  
That life's quick travelers ne'er might pass you by  
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.

And though too oft its low, celestial sound  
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,  
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste,  
Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power  
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed  
hour,

Than yours, ye Lilies; chosen thus and graced.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow:  
they toil not, neither do they spin;

"And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in  
all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

As the Great Teacher passed to and fro amid  
the vine-clad hills and blossoming valleys of Palestine,  
intent upon his mission of love to humanity,  
how great must have been his peace as he drew  
from the surrounding objects of Nature his mystical  
symbolism of Truth.

The magnificent temple of Solomon at Jerusalem  
was the deepest expression of Jewish pride.  
Into the treasury of this great temple the poor  
widow's two mites were cast with the offerings of  
the rich, for the glory of his reign yet thrilled the  
hearts of the people, so that even the Great Teacher  
had been admonished to "see what manner of  
stones and what buildings are here." The Temple  
pointed to Solomon, and the glory of the Jewish  
people, when this king who possessed more than  
human wisdom, occupied the throne of David. Yet  
the Master points them to the lily of the field, and  
says: "Even Solomon in all his glory was not  
arrayed as one of these."

The comparison was no random utterance. There  
was deep significance in its meaning. It was between  
man's wisdom and God's wisdom; between human  
achievement and divine immensity; and between human  
restlessness and divine confidence and peace. This flower—this lily of Palestine,  
which abounded in the districts of Galilee—was as  
common to the Jews as the daisy or the dandelion  
is to us, yet this flower cast all the fine linen and  
purple robes and elaborately wrought ornaments of  
of Solomon into the shade, for it had a depth of  
design and a perfection of execution in its net-



work of tendrils and fibers in the stalk, the leaves, the stamens and pistels, and in all its mystical tints, that the wisdom of man may not fully comprehend. Even the great temple of Solomon, wrought of marble and cedarwood and inlaid with gold and silver and precious stones, paled into insignificance in comparison with the humble lily. Man cannot hope to "add one cubit to his stature" nor one tint to its bloom. The mystical significance of its life is something beyond the wisdom of man. But for the Omnipotent it were as easy to frame and fashion a world as this unpretending flower of the field!

The family of lilies is very large, and, in this feeble tribute to their beauty the writer will not attempt to mention all varieties. A few, only, appeal to me, being more familiar, of more transcendent beauty, or like the lotus in particular, having a deep significance and an unrivaled historical value.

Among our native lilies, the wild yellow lily, or Canada lily, is especially beautiful. Blooming in June and July, the low meadows and marshy places are bright with its swaying, golden bells, and it is thought by many to be the lily of Scripture, the only flower mentioned in the New Testament, by the Christ, in the Sermon on the Mount.

The red, wood, flame, or Philadelphia lilies, and the beautiful Spotted lilies, and Mariposa lilies may be members of this branch of the lily family, and somewhere on the Pacific coast grow sweet little clusters of wood lilies, as sweet as our Lilies of the Valley, whereunto we so often liken our Beloved.

The acknowledged queen of our natural aquatic lilies is the sweet-scented white water lily or pond lily. This lily is of the same family as the gigantic *Victoria Regia* of Brazil, and all the other, rose, lavender, blue and golden exotic water lilies that bloom in the fountains of our city parks. Its most humble sister is the yellow water lily to which Longfellow compared *Hiawatha's* canoe:

"Floated on the river like a yellow water lily."

Who that has enjoyed the castle-building of youth and love can forget the fragrance of the water lilies as they drifted out among the shallows, idly as the fleecy clouds of June?

The water lily comes of an ancient and white-robed family of priests. Symbols of meditation and repose, they have assisted in religious ceremonies from the beginning of time. The lotus of Egypt, India, China, Japan, Persia and Asiatic Russia is a relative of our sweet-scented water lily.

A Chinese writer of the eleventh century paid the following beautiful tribute to the water lily:

"Since the opening of the T'ang dynasty it has



been fashionable to admire the peony, but my favorite is the water lily.

"How stainless it rises from its slimy bed; how modestly it reposes on the clear pool—an emblem of purity and truth. Symmetrically perfect, its subtle perfume is wafted far and wide. While there it rests in spotless state, something to be regarded reverently from a distance, and not to be profaned by familiar approach."

The Egyptian lotus was a sacred plant, the emblem of the sacred Nile. It was held as a symbol of the creation of the world from the waters. It was not only a symbol of physical life, "but mainly a type of the generating forces of all Nature, expressing "water, health, life". Its meaning was that of endless revival and endless begetting, or the continuous renewing of nature. In their hieroglyphic representation of plant life, the pomegranate, the lotus and date palms are always distinguishable. It was believed that the pomegranate seeds once eaten kept the soul in another life beyond the reach of death. The date palms and persimmons sometimes were called lotus. This plant is said by some writers to be the plant of the lotus eaters, a people of the north coast of Africa who lived on the fruit of the lotus tree. Homer tells us that they received Ulysses and his followers hospitably, but the sweetness of the fruit produced such a happy languor that they forgot their native land, and ceased to desire to return to it, their sole desire being to live in delicious, dreamy idleness in lotus land.

Of the lily lotus, Herodotus says:

"When the river is full and has made the plains like a sea, great numbers of lilies, which the Egyptians call lotus, spring up in the water; these they gather and dry in the sun; then, having pounded the middle of the lotus, which resembles a poppy, they make bread of it and bake it. The root also of the lotus is fit for food, and is tolerably sweet, and is round, and of the size of an apple. There are also other lilies, like roses, that grow in the river, the other fruit of which is contained in a separate pod, that spring up in form very like a wasp's nest. In this there are many berries fit to be eaten, of the size of an olive-stone, and they are eaten both fresh and dried."

However, the lotus was not only valuable for its edible properties. Its significance was highly religious. The sacred bull, Apis, was wreathed with its garlands, and there were niches for water to place it in tombs. It was offered to Osiris and laid upon the bodies of the dead, as a symbol of resurrection, just as our *Lilium longiflorum* has a similar meaning with us and is used for decoration at Easter. The Egyptian sacred flower was always



blue or white, and in all their art the lotus excels in ornament, having solar or magic significance. Isis, the great mother, holds it, and the god Nilus binds a wreath about the brow of Memnon.

From Egypt the symbolism of this sacred flower was carried to Assyria, having been found in the sculptures at Ninevah, and to the ancient Chinese the lotus was symbolical and invested with poetic meaning, being associated with Fuh or Buddha, and symbolizing beauty.

The Sanscrit word for the lotus is Padua. The learned Brahmins called the Egyptian deities "Padua Devi", or Lotus Gods.

In the "Purana" may be found the following account of the origin of Brahma:

"When Vishnu was about to create the world he produced a lotus several thousand miles long, from the unfolded flower of which proceeded Brahma. He reflected with much amazement who he was and whence he came, and at last concluded that the lotus flower was his author. He therefore traveled downward a hundred years in hope to reach the root; but seeing no end of his journey, he turned about and traveled upward another century without reaching the end of the immense plant. At last Vishnu was seen; and a quarrel ensuing, the two gods were going to fight when Siva appeared and prevented the combat. Vishnu, then in the shape of a boar, traveled down the lotus a thousand years until he came to Patal, and Brahma wandered upward in the shape of a goose, until he came to the world above."

The color of the flower in India is white or red; the last color was dyed, according to a fable, by the blood of Siva, when Kamadeva, or Cupid, wounded him with the fatal arrow of love.

Of the Hindoo Venus, Sri, or Lakshmi, it is said:

"Seated on a full-blown lotus and holding a lotus in her hand, the goddess Sri, radiant with beauty, rose from the waves."

And when the virtuous Prahlada was burned at the stake, he cried to his cruel father:

"The fire burneth me not, and all around me I behold the face of the sky, cool and fragrant with beds of lotus flowers." Thus the lotus is as favorite a subject with the Hindu poets as the rose is with the Persians. The moon is often called the lover or lord of the lotuses. Thus Kalidisa makes reference:

"While the round moon withdraws his looming disc

Beneath the western sky, the full-blown flower  
Of the night-loving lotus sheds her leaves  
In sorrow for her loss, bequeathing naught  
But the sweet memory of her loveliness  
To my bereaved sight."



The story of the transformation of Krishna is beautiful with lotus flowers, and such beautiful symbolism as this is used:

"The clear sky was bright with the autumnal moon, and the air fragrant with the perfume of the wild water lily, in whose buds the clustering bees were murmuring their song."

In the book "Lotus Time in Japan" we read:

"Sadly at variance with the grand teachings of Buddhism are many of the superstitions and practices which now dim 'The Light of Asia', but just as the lotus flower rises from the slime in purity and beauty, so do the great pure thoughts of Buddha stand forth from the mists of superstition in which the cult has long been shrouded"; and a Japanese schoolboy in an English composition writes:

"Though growing in the foulest slime the flower remains pure and undefiled, and the soul of him who remains ever pure in the midst of temptation is likened unto the lotus. Therefore it is the lotus carved or painted upon the furniture of temples; therefore also does it appear in all representations of our Lord Buddha."

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## IF WE LISTEN TO THE MUSIC

If we listen to the music  
As we journey day by day,  
Joy will take the place of sadness  
And our cares will fade away.  
Peace will spread her snowy pinions  
Over all earth's warring strife;  
Love will lighten the path of duty  
Making one sweet song of life.

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## TO-DAY

By Carlyle

Lo, here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity  
This new day is born;  
Into eternity,  
At night, will return.

Behold it aforeside  
No eye ever did;  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.



## "THE STORY OF A SMILE AND A ROSE"

### A Study in Reincarnation.

It is the time of Nero, and the persecution and martyrdom of the Christians at Rome. A beautiful maiden has been condemned to the arena, there to become food for the tigers. At the last moment, a young nobleman, feeling his heart moved with pity for one so fair, takes from his robe the rose he wears and throws it at her feet. Forgetting that she stands in the presence of death, she looks up to meet the smile of the donor.

The haughty ladies of his party cast upon him looks of scorn.

When the spectacle is over he is summoned into the presence of the emperor and his soldiers, where he, too, is condemned to death and led away in chains.

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It is France of the Age of Chivalry. A woman riding alone through a deep forest is accosted by a gay young cavalier, who grasps the bridle rein of her horse—and stares boldly into her face. Another horseman—a knight—dashes up—lashes him with his whip—thus leaving him smarting with pain. They gallop away together through the shadows.

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Before a richly carved window in a castle tower looking down upon a broad terrace green with closely-shaven turf, and gay with the many colored blooms of flowers, a handsome Frenchman stands with his plumed cap in his hand, watching the window with an eager passionate look. After a little while he stoops and picks a flower, presses it to his lips, then fastens it in the brooch of his velvet cap and walks away.

The scene has again changed. A broad field is crowded with people dressed in quaint, antiquated costumes, except where a space in the centre is boarded off with a low but strong partition. There are men in trunk-hose and slashed doublets, and women in short petticoats tight, square-cut bodices, and strange head-gear, all pressing to the barrier, which is guarded by stout fellows in steel caps and leathern jerkins, armed with double-headed axes and broad, short-bladed daggers. Near the center of the lists is a high wooden platform filled with ladies in gay attire, and at one end is a large tent before which a spear is planted bearing a fluttering silken pennon. Just in front of this, pawing the ground impatiently, stands a horse with spiked frontlet and flowing caparison, on which sat a knight in full armor, a blue silken scarf bound to his helmet his small, triangular shield hung round his neck, his visor closed, and his long lance resting on the point of his steel-



shod foot. At the opposite end the barrier opens and another knight rides in and takes his place. He, too, is armed in plate but his casque displays no plume or colors save a little faded red flower. There is a stir among the crowd, and a sudden pressing toward the barrier. The lances fall into rest; the glittering helmets bow toward the chargers' crests; the dust rises in clouds as the horses rush together and meet with a shock in the middle of the lists; the lances bend and fly into fifty shivers, and the blue scarf goes down beneath the hoofs of the fallen steed. A shield is laid upon the truncheons of four spears, the wounded knight is borne off to his tent, while he of the flower rides proudly toward the stand, where he halts and bows to the saddlepeak.

A lady steps forward. He tenders to her the faded flower, then swoons in the arms of his attendants, and he too, is bourne away on their shields.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is nineteenth century.

Place—a modern American city.

The opera is over and a beautiful, richly gowned woman, accompanied by an elderly man, her father, are about to enter their car to be taken to their home. The driver has opened the door and stands waiting for them to enter, when, attracted by loud talking and laughter, they turn to find the cause of merriment.

A young musician who has been wont to frequent the opera is now evidently the worse for liquor. His clothes are spattered with mud and his high silk hat is battered and torn as though he had been picked up out of the gutter. Some young bloods are having a great deal of fun at his expense.

Moved with compassion for the weak, or prompted by her soul in memory of the great debt she owes him from the past, she takes from her bosom the rose she wears and, with a word of explanation to her father, advances toward the cause of ridicule and, smiling sweetly, bestows upon him the rose.

As much astonished as though an angel from heaven had appeared before him, he accepts the rose with a low bow, taking from his head the battered hat, and murmuring a word of thanks.

For a while after she has disappeared into the waiting car he stands as though dazed or stunned by the apparition, his tormentors having accepted their rebuke and having left him alone; then placing on his head the battered hat, throwing back his shoulders, stepping lightly and briskly, he walks away into the night, his soul having found an ideal that shall lead to his reformation.

\* \* \* \* \*



It is now the triumph hour of the musician. After years of study abroad he has returned to his native city. He bows before a vast audience that he has held spellbound and enraptured by the sweet strains he has evoked from his beloved violin. Bouquets of flowers fall at his feet. Selecting from them all a beautiful full-blow rose, he touches it reverently with his lips and then tosses it lightly into the lap of a beautiful woman, who in company with her friends occupies a box not far from the stage. Blushing deeply, she apparently fails to comprehend the meaning, then, clearly from out the past comes the memory of the martyrdom at Rome. She sees the vast arena and the assembled multitude, hears the blood-thirsty cheers as the tigers emerge from the cells with dilating nostrils and stealthy tread, in scent of their prey; then as she commends her soul unto God and realizes again that supreme exaltation of soul and indifference to her fate, there falls at her feet a rose, and she meets the smile of the donor.

Only once before had this memory dimly occurred to her—and that at the time when she had been impelled to bestow the rose that night after the opera.

Now in this idol of the hour, who comes as a conquering hero from the salons of the royal palaces of Europe, she recognizes the soul that has been so closely linked to her own throughout the past, and thus begins or ends one of the sweetest romances of all history.

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### CHILDHOOD'S HOUR

There was one shrine at which I knelt  
In childhood's hour;  
Fond memory lingers still, and  
Thought has power  
To take me back. In fancy free  
I kneel again at mother's knee.

Hers was the truest friendship life can know;  
No other will so brightly grow,  
Undimmed by tears  
In after years.

She was the one who oft caressed  
Or held in slumber on her breast  
One tired of play  
At close of day.  
The years have quickly passed since then,  
And I will never know again  
Such slumber deep  
Until I sleep  
Where I can never wake to weep  
On earth again.



## THE POETRY OF THE STARS

"When I consider thy heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars that thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

The practical uses of astronomy are of inestimable value, relating as they do to times, seasons, and chronology, but the study of the heavens is of far greater value, because it has opened up our minds and hearts to a conception of Infinitude. The man who looks up to the stars and who says within his soul, "There are greater worlds than ours" is as wise as the wisest of astronomers. He may not understand the scientific phraseology of astronomy, be able to calculate an eclipse, the effects of planetary attraction, or know the principles of spectrum analyses, but he has grasped the one fact, the one truth which lies at the heart of our knowledge of the universe.

In worship of the stars, primitive man took the first step forward in soul evolution. To the primeval man everything in nature is godlike or God. In the old Norse Mythology, Baldar, the White God, is the sun—most wonderful of all created things—and are we not all worshipers of the sun—lovers of the sun for his beneficent influence upon the earth?—healing the sick, dispelling the shadows, inspiring the birds, coloring the flowers, ripening the fruits and fields of waving grain, and filling all life with his rejuvenating and cleansing power.

The influence of the sun upon the earth is so great that it really becomes a part of the things that grow out of the earth. All vegetable substance, all flesh and bone are really composed of solar properties. No wonder astrologers hold that an ethereal fluid emanates from the stars, controlling mind and emotion, and shaping the destiny of the soul.

In mythological symbolism the Earth is represented as the Sorrowing One, and the sun as the Father and Saviour of all. "The earth was rent with storm and earthquake—she was the Mother and hers the travail of all birth. In sorrow she forever gathered to herself her fate conquered children; her sorrowful countenance she veiled in thick mists, and year after year shrouded herself in wintry desolation, while he, the Sun, was the Eternal Father, the Revealer of all Things. He drove away the darkness, and as out of darkness he called into birth the flowers and the numberless forests, even as he himself was every morning born anew out of darkness, so he called the children of the earth to a glorious rising in His light. Under these symbols the sun and the earth have been worshiped by an overwhelming majority of



the human race, having their representatives in every system of faith.

The poetical Greeks peopled the starry spaces with their gods—half human, half divine. Thus Jove was the power of the heavens (which of course centered in the sun); Apollo was only another name for the sun; Aesculapius represents his healing virtues; Hercules his saving strength, and Prometheus, who gave fire to men, as Vulcan the God of fire, was probably connected with the worship of the sun. Some of the goddesses, such as Juno, wife of Jove, and Diana, who was only the reflection of Apollo, as is the moon of the sun, were also in the same category. The representations of the Earth, the Sorrowing One, on the other hand, were such as the ancient Rhe.; Latonia with her dark and starry veil; Tethys, the world nurse, and the Artemis of the East, or Syrian Mother.

Plato, the philosopher whose writings remain as a text book of all philosophy, in his *Phaedrus* speaks thus of the "Chariot of the Soul", symbolized by the sun:

"Our soul, which has a triple nature, is as a charioteer riding in a chariot drawn by two winged steeds, one of a mortal and the other of an immortal nature. Their wings are the divine element which, if it be perfect and fully nourished on the pastures of truth, lifts the soul heavenward to the dwelling of the gods. There, on a certain day, gods and demigods ascend the heaven of heavens, Zeus leading the way in a winged chariot, to hold high festival, and all who can may follow. The gods and the immortal souls whose steeds have full-grown wings, are carried by a revolution of the spheres into a celestial world beyond, where all space is filled by a sea of intangible essence, which the mind, 'lord of the soul,' alone can contemplate; and here are the absolute ideas of Truth, Beauty, and Justice. And in these divine pastures of pure knowledge the soul feeds during the time that the spheres revolve, and rests in perfect happiness, and then returns to the heavens whence it came, where the steeds feast in their stalls on nectar and ambrosia.

"But only to a few souls out of many is it granted to see these celestial visions. The rest are carried into the gulfs of space by the plunging of the unruly steeds, or are lamed by unskillful driving; and often the wings droop or are broken, and the soul fails to see the light and sinks to earth beneath a load of forgetfulness and vice. And then she takes the form of a man, and becomes a mortal creature; and according to the degree in which she has attained the celestial truth, she is implanted in one of the nine classes—the highest



being that of the philosophers, artists, poets, or lovers, and the lowest stage of all, the tyrant.

"But from the souls of those who have once gazed on celestial beauty the remembrance can never be effaced. Like some divine inspiration, the glories of this other world possess and haunt them; and it is because their souls are ever struggling upward, and fluttering like a bird that longs to soar heavenward, and because they are wrapt in contemplation, and careless of earthly matters, that the world calls the philosopher, the artist, the lover and the poet 'mad'.

"And thus the sight of any earthly beauty, in face or form, thrills the genuine lover with unutterable awe and amazement, because it recalls the memory of the celestial beauty seen by him once in the sphere of celestial being. The divine wings of his soul are warmed and glow with desire and he lives in a sort of ecstasy, and shudders 'with misgivings of a former world'."

Such was the beautiful conception of a pagan mind.

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#### IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE

Aristotle, taught that the earth was the center of the moon and the stars, and not until after the lapse of hundreds of centuries came Copernicus proclaiming the universe as extending far beyond the limits of finite minds. Everything trembled and crumbled into ruin when the mind of man tried to grasp some comprehension of innumerable worlds and illimitable space. That there are no bounds, no limits to the universe of God—that wherever we go we may go further still was not accepted by science or religion. Ancient philosophers could not conceive that God would waste time by allowing the great distances between the planets, and religion could not conceive of God as being the God of other worlds than ours. That there is one Life, one Consciousness, one Intelligence, controlling and permeating all, was beyond the comprehension of minds that were unwilling to think of themselves and their little world as being other than the center of the universe. Not until the nineteenth century did the most skillful astronomers find the vast difference in position of the sun and stars. The mind of man has been slowly expanding to grasp some idea of the universe. We learn that in a single second light traverses a space equal to eight times the circumference of the earth; from the moon, light takes little more than a second and a quarter in reaching us; from the sun, eight minutes; about thirty-five or forty minutes in reaching us from Jupiter; about an hour and twenty minutes in traveling the distance from Saturn; from beyond the limits of our solar system, from the nearest of the stars, it is said that



light takes three years in traveling to the earth; from the myriad of stars, only just visible with the aid of the most powerful telescope, light only reaches the earth after thousands of years, and as the universe is limitless there must be stars so far away that it takes millions of years for their light to reach us, and as Richard Proctor has written: "The eternal galaxies, which are perhaps ever hidden from the eye of man, could their light ever reach us at all, would reveal them as they were, ages on ages before man appeared on the earth."

The number of stars visible with the aid of the most powerful telescopes has been carried up into the millions, and as every one of these stars is a sun with planets circling around it, may not other planets be inhabited, or is our little earth the only one favored as the habitation of immortal souls? Is it not reasonable to conclude that as the soul of man journeys onward he inhabits the planets best suited to his individual development and evolution? And why should there not be a finer universe, interpenetrating this material universe—a fit home for more highly evolved souls? Science has discovered that what was once thought to be empty space is intensely alive, and as Sir Oliver Lodge asserts: "Any ordinary mass of matter consists, like the cosmos, of separated particles, with great intervening distances in proportion to their size." The "great intervening distances" consist of the unmodified ether, the subtle matter, the finer matter of which the unseen worlds are made, and to be conscious of the finer universe that interpenetrates this material universe, we would need finer senses. Only supersensitive souls may receive messages, however incomplete from these higher realms.

As Harriet Beecher Stowe has so beautifully said:

"It lies around us like a cloud—  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be."

"Theosophy teaches that the spirit matter of universe is divided into seven distinct grades, each with its own atomic level, and each with a fixed rate of vibration. Each grade is divided into seven sub-grades or types, as physical matter, emotional matter, mental matter, intuitional matter, and three higher grades of spiritual matter. In scientific phraseology these seven subgrades would be termed as solid, liquid, gaseous, etheric, super-etheric, sub-atomic and atomic. All these grades interpenetrate, but do not mingle; all exist in the human body, but the higher states or realms of being are latent until the ego or soul has gained control over the lower planes. Thus occultism explains the soul complexity of the universe of God, and interpen-



trating planes of being. Before man can function on higher planes of being than the material or physical, he must build sense organs that will vibrate to their own kinds of matter. In the ordinary process of evolution this takes many successive incarnations, but the knowledge of the higher law that has come to us through the lives of the Masters of Wisdom enables deeply earnest and compassionate souls to develop and use super-sense organs for the advancement and blessing of humanity. Jesus possessed in the highest degree the intuitional and spiritual powers, hence he became the Healer and Saviour of all humanity."

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#### SUPERSTITIONS RELATING TO STARS

The world has ever been ready to attribute to supernatural causes all unexplained phenomena of the heavens. In olden times blazing stars or comets foretold great events. The reader of Josephus is told that a comet shaped and glittering like a sword, without any rays or beams, was seen to hover over Jerusalem for nearly a year before it fell into the hands of the Romans. A comet having the resemblance of a horn was seen during the battle of Salamis. The wars of Caesar and Pompey, the murder of Claudius, and the tyranny of Nero, were all prefigured by comets, but they were not always regarded as the portents of evil omen, for the birth and accession of Alexander, of Mithridates, the accession of Charlemagne, and the commencement of the Tartar empire, were all announced by blazing stars. After the murder of Julius Caesar a brilliant comet which illumined the Italian sky for seven nights was supposed to indicate his apotheosis or the passing of his soul to the regions of the gods. One old writer declares that comets "signify corruption of the aire. They are signs of earthquake, of warres, changing of kingdoms, great dearth of corn, yea, a common death of man and beast."

The Star of Bethlehem, announcing the birth of the Infant Redeemer, appeared to ignorant shepherds, who watched their flocks at night under the blue sky of Syria. It is a great thing even today to feel the spiritual influences that come to us from the celestial worlds. There are many supersensitive people who by their gift of intuition have power to read the very soul of life and make predictions which confuse our reasoning powers.

We are told in the Scriptures that one star differeth from another in glory, and in a strange old book called the "Syntagma" the author says of the stars that they shine "more like torches burning with eternal flame before the altar of the Most High, than the lamps of the eternal vault or the funereal lights of the setting sun"; and he tells of the various colors seen among the stars, arguing



that the stars show by their colors to which planetary party they belong: The followers of Saturn have a dull leaden aspect; the Jovial stars shine brilliantly white; the Martian stars, with fierce red rays. Those stars which have an orange light are followers of the sun, while those which are faint and pale belong to the moon. Lastly, those stars which obey the planet of Love shine with a yellowish light.

The colors which are noticed in the stars give only the faintest notion of the real splendor in which they shine. If we could behold the galaxy of suns from above the limits of our atmosphere, as one writer has said, "We should see Arcturus, and Aldebaran, Pollux, Antares, and Betelgeux blazing like sunlit rubies among their fainter neighbors, the glorious yellow of Capella and Procyon would surpass the most splendid yellow or topaz colors known to our artists, while the brilliant white hues of Vega and Altair, and the blazing Sirius would be no less beautiful and striking. But even such a scene as this, brilliant as it would appear, would be as nothing, compared to the splendor which would come into view if the powers of the observer's vision could be gradually increased until the stars which are now detected only by the piercing eye of the telescope were seen in all the richness and variety of their colors. It is among the stars which are invisible to the unaided eye that the real splendor of celestial colors are to be found. No words can describe the beauty of the celestial coloring which the observer would behold. We see in the nocturnal skies no traces of those green and violet, and blue and purple suns, which are really pouring forth their richly tinted rays on other worlds and other scenes."

We have learned to love the flowers of the earth; may we not more intimately know the "flowers of the sky"?

The Japanese have poetically termed the Milky Way the "Silver River of Heaven", and to the imaginative mind it represents a shining pathway through the skies. In olden times people had strange ideas about this strange group of stars. It was called the Pathway of Spirits, and a beautiful French legend relates that the stars are torches held by angel spirits to guide us to Heaven. In reality the Milky Way consists of myriads of what appear to us but small stars (but which are in reality suns) interwoven with masses of cloudy light.

As Mary Proctor has so beautifully said:

"Come, let us speed on the wings of thought across the depths of space, which extend between us and that distant shore, and wander for awhile by the Silver River of Heaven. In a moment we are beside that mighty stream, dazzled by a blaze



of glory from myriad suns. Floating on the surface, of this fathomless river, we see sun and system, cluster and universe, all majestically moving onward in their orbits, their movements being in perfect harmony. The music of the spheres that are swayed and held in bondage by our own sun is echoed by that of ten million moving suns, singing their solemn chant—the grandest of epics—the Poem of the Universe, as they wing their flight through infinite space.”

“What wonder that the overwrought soul should reel

With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye,  
See fate within those tracks of glory lie.”

Richter says that “an angel once took a man and stripped him of his flesh, and lifted him up into space to show him the glory of the universe. When the flesh was taken away the man ceased to be cowardly, and was ready to fly with the angel past galaxy after galaxy, and infinity after infinity, and so man and angel passed on, viewing the universe, until the sun was out of sight—until our solar system appeared as a speck of light against the black empyrean, and there was only darkness. And they looked onward, and in the infinities of light before, a speck of light appeared, and suddenly they were in the midst of rushing worlds. But they passed beyond that system, and beyond system after system, and infinity after infinity, until the human heart sank, and the man cried out: ‘End is there none of the universe of God?’ The angel strengthened the man by words of counsel and courage, and they flew on again until worlds left behind them were out of sight, and specks of light in advance were transformed, as they approached them, into rushing systems; they moved over architraves of eternities, over pillars of immensities, over architecture of galaxies, unspeakable in dimensions and duration, and the human heart sank again and called out: ‘End is there none of the universe of God?’ And all the stars echoed the question with amazement: ‘End is there none of the universe of God?’ And this echo found no answer. They moved on again past immensities of immensities, and eternities of eternities, until in the dizziness of uncounted galaxies the human heart sank for the last time, and called out: ‘End is there none of the universe of God?’ And again all the stars repeated the question, and the angel answered: ‘End is there none of the universe of God. Lo, also, there is no beginning.’”

In the material universe there is one law upon which hang all the laws that govern matter or motion. That law is the law of gravity. Herschel has said: “It is reasonable to regard gravity as the result of a Consciousness and a will, existent



somewhere." May we not conclude that that Consciousness and that Will is God?

Not a grain of sand, not a drop of moisture has ever broken the law of gravity. Atom to atom, sun to sun, system to system, all are held in a divine bond of harmony to the One Great Center of the Universe. Upon the almighty and omnipotent force of that law depends the destiny of our little solar system and millions of systems yet unknown; should this law of gravitation, that holds atom to atom, and sun to sun, be for one moment suspended, millions of millions of suns would be plunged into everlasting night, worlds would crumble into atoms, chaos would reign supreme, and not the least throb of life would awaken again forever. But higher than the law of gravitation, God has enthroned the Law of Love. As the law of gravitation attracts atom to atom, and sun to sun, so the Law of Love attracts heart to heart, soul to soul, and spirit to spirit, and all to God; and although the material universe may be destroyed at the bidding of His Almighty Will, there would yet remain an invisible spiritual universe, where the Law of Love would reign supreme and the immortal soul be safe from death in the ceaseless cycles and ever recurring mornings of eternal life.

Let us respect the attraction of atom to atom, of sun to sun, of system to system, for they all eloquently proclaim the attraction of the soul to God.

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#### THE IVY

To the ancients the ivy was the subject of a myth or religious allegory. It was the plant sacred the Bacchus, the god of wine. The ivy furnished the wreath of Bacchus, the wood of his cup and the material for the chest of the great mysteries. In the architecture of the middle ages the ivy leaf is used as a symbol of Nature and life, intelligence, knowledge and joyousness, against the gloomy prison of form and tyranny which held Truth in chains and was used as a symbol of the Freemasons and carved on the capitals of old cathedrals, and was frequently introduced by the Greeks in the architectural ornaments of their temples

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#### FAITH

By Frances Anne Kemble

Better trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that if believed  
Had bless'd one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.



## A SONG OF VICTORY

*(Dedicated to President Wilson, the servant of humanity, who has so nobly labored for World Peace.)*

To Thee, O God, all Nation's Light,  
We give thanks for victory won.  
From land and sea now fades the night  
The dawn of Peace has come.

Now autocratic rule that brings  
Unhallowed power fails—  
Thy flaming Angel may fold his wings—  
Humanity's cause prevails.

Thine are the sceptre and the sword—  
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand—  
Thou art all people's Judge and Lord;  
Bring endless peace to every land.

Though war has shadowed all the earth,  
And every home must mourn the slain,  
Yet in our hearts new hopes have birth  
That Brotherhood and Peace may reign.

We gave our loved for Freedom's sake—  
Our wealth, our hearts, our lives are Thine.  
If in the sacrifice we make  
Shall live our Cause Divine.

When Peace shall clothe the battlefields  
With flowers and waving grain,  
Then Thy love shall reign triumphantly,  
And our hallowed dead shall live again.

*(Dedication accepted in letter of thanks from President Wilson. Published in the Minneapolis Tribune November 11th, 1919. Set to music by Arthur Ward, composer, Minneapolis.)*

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## SONNET TO SOLITUDE

To solitude shall memory bring  
The treasures of the past,  
And bright on hope's prophetic wing  
Shall love her splendor cast.  
O'er broken vows, and ruined hopes,  
And days and nights of pain;  
For the soul, a glad immortal,  
Rebuilds our hopes again.  
In fairer forms and shapes of light,  
For more celestial spheres,  
And not one treasure shall be lost  
When God completes the years;  
Safe garnered in the worlds above  
Are all the treasures of our love.



## THE SYBILS, THE WITCH OF ENDOR, AND MODERN FORTUNE TELLING

The word Sybil signifies the counsel of a god. To the ancients the Sybils were prophetesses, and they foretold the future to all who believed in their oracles. Plato and Cicero often speak of them with respect in their writings, and it has been said that Virgil in his "Pollio" took from the Sybilline verses the prophecy, translated by Dryden, which foretold the birth of the Messiah and which is strikingly like the Prophecy in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah.

Little is known of these ancient prophetesses. Erythraea was the most conspicuous among them. Cuma, a city of Campania, was the field of her prophetic labors. Her oratory was, so says tradition, a cave, or the artificial hollow of a rock, from whence issued her solemn responses.

It is affirmed by ancient writers, that, under the reign of the last Tarquin, there came a woman to Rome, who offered the king nine volumes of the Sibylline oracles for three hundred pieces of gold. On being refused, she destroyed three of the volumes, and demanded the same price for the remainder. On being refused a second time, she destroyed three more volumes, and still demanded the three hundred, which the king, on consulting the Augurs, paid down and received the books as a present from the gods. These books were carefully preserved till the monarchy was destroyed, and were then used as instruments of government, the senate alone having authority to consult them through the quindecimviri, and the responses clothed their policy in popular estimation with divine authority. Afterwards the capitol was partly consumed, and the books were burned. Others were collected and deposited in their place, but they were gradually corrupted, and about the year A.D. four hundred they were all destroyed. Whole books of Greek verses have since appeared as Sybilline oracles, but they are little if anything more than feeble rhapsodies, without the least evidence that they are the true oracular responses.

### THE WITCH OF ENDOR

"God is departed from me, and answereth me no more neither by prophets nor by dreams therefore have I called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do."

From his early boyhood days King Saul had leaned toward the occult, the mysterious. Always he had sought to read the future with the aid of those who expounded the mysteries, and now, stricken by calamities and appalled by the immi-



nence of foreign invasion, "his heart greatly trembles", and in the depths of his despair he consults the Woman of Endor.

The Woman of Endor! The great king Saul visits a fortune teller, a trance medium, a witch, if you please.

Was she old and hideous in aspect, whispering words fraught with hidden meaning while replenishing the fires under a cauldron of boiling herbs, or young and beautiful? Alas! we do not know; but listen to her words of greeting:

"Behold thou hast prevailed upon me to listen to thy voice, even at the peril of my life. Now hearken to the voice of thy hand-maid and let me set out a morsel of bread before thee, and eat that thou mayst have strength."

A beautiful picture of hospitality and kindly ministry!

Does such a voice, such womanly solicitude for one in physical and mental distress accompany a harsh, forbidding nature? Rather let us picture her in her dark, majestic beauty, clothed in richly-colored oriental robes, with chiseled nostril and deep, spiritual eyes.

"She had gathered the sacred lotus for the worship of Isis. She had smoothed the dark-winged Ibis in the temple of the gods. She was familiar with the mysteries of the Pyramids. She had quaffed the waters of the Nile, even where they well up in the cavernous vaults of the ancient Cheops. She had watched the stars and learned their names and courses. She was familiar with the influence of Pleiads and Orion. Her teachers were meek and reverent worshipers of nature and the Maid of Endor an earnest pupil. She worked with them in the laboratory, creating the gem and pearl and all things whatsoever wherein the breath of life entered not. Thus was she learned in all the wisdom of the East. She had listened to the sage of Brahma, and she knew the philosophy of the schools to which the accomplished Greeks afterward turned to find Truth; and now she had come to Israel to learn of the new faith." An earnest disciple of Truth, was she not, and the great King Saul heard at last his doom, for "the spirit of the old man covered with a mantle" appeared and said: "Tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be even as I am."

#### AND MODERN FORTUNE TELLING

We are prone to condemn all fortune tellers as charlatans, but they all possess some mysterious power. Dignify it with the ancient name of Prophecy if you will, it has in reality degenerated into common psychism. The world will always have



its dreams, its visions, but they will come unsought in moments of spiritual and mental exaltation and supreme self-denial. Visions do not come through crossing the palm of the fortune teller with gold. King Saul commanded the Woman of Endor to reveal his doom. She could do no less than obey; but we rather like to think of her as a revealer of ideals, of visions.

Let fortune telling prevail, but put a ban upon any but good fortune telling. Those who have only dark pictures to reveal should be relegated to the shades. They are not nearly so highly evolved as were the Delphian and Olympian oracles whose prophecy might always be construed to augur victory rather than defeat. Sometimes I have thought that dark picture in the Bible, of the destruction of Babylon, although sublime in its awful symbolism, was enough to have brought about the very fate that was foretold.

'And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldean excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance; and the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses and dragons in their pleasant places; and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged." Every particular of this prophecy was fulfilled, and for centuries the very place where Babylon, the wonder of the world, once stood, was unknown.

Rather let our modern prophets, our modern fortune tellers, picture what the world will be when the years have rolled away—what man will be when he comes to fulfillment of his divine estate.

Don't be a fortune teller unless you can be a good one. In fact, it is rather productive of harm to undertake to read another person's future unless you are divine—unless you are a god—for if you are less, your soul will be shaken as the soul of Savonarola was shaken when he "touched the fiery lips of Truth—and died."

The unfortunate are always superstitious. Such persons need help—not confirmation of their fears. Too feeble to enter the precincts of Truth, they fall back into darkness, because there is no helping hand, that they might be led to see that the temporal will soon be lost in the universal, and from the shadows of their fears they shall emerge into the glorious sunlight of Truth.



## LIGHT AND DARKNESS,

OR

### *Thought As Related to Color and Sound*

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and God said: Let there be light, and there was light."

Thus in the beginning were the two symbols of Light and Darkness, from which the two principles of good and evil were derived. Physical light represents spiritual holiness, and physical darkness represents spiritual depravity. To the ancients all good came from the dazzling world of light beyond the sky, and all evil came from the underworld of darkness.

Light is a trinity which corresponds to the Holy Trinity—for, when resolved into its component colors, it consists of seven colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet—of which colors, red, yellow and blue are the primary colors, or Trinity of Light.

The ancient Chaldeans, who were in reality star-worshippers, attributed different colors to the different planets.

In Egyptian mythology, Isis is the great mother, the earth, whose robe sparkles with all colors of reflected light from Osiris, the sun.

In the Koran, chapter XVI, Mahomet says: "The colors which the earth displays to our eyes are manifest signs to those who think." Thus the many-colored robe which Isis wore corresponds to the colors which the Seer beheld in the world of spirits.

The brilliant colors set in the gems of the breastplate of Aaron and of the precious stones which formed the foundations of the Holy City signify the qualities of heavenly wisdom and intelligence beaming forth from the Word of God.

Occult science teaches that sound and color are simply numbers speaking to us on the plane of hearing and sight. Thus in the religion of the ancient Chaldeans—who were so susceptible to planetary influence—all were in direct communication with the planets, which communicated to them vibrations of color, and of sound, and each person wore a robe of the color belonging to the planet worshiped. Thus they were akin to flowers which have affinity for certain colors, according as they correspond with their disposition and character. Thus the members of the same family participated in different festivities, and the worship accorded to the star Deva was a tribute of affection or natural affinity. The people lived



in the light or vibration of the planet reflected or selected, and the sick were laid within its rays.

All seven colors were revealed in the sunlight, hence the great performance was the Festival of the Sun, when upon a particular day of the year the rays of the sun shone upon and lighted a lamp in front of the altar, by means of a lens constructed of a globe of water; this was called the "lighting of the moon fire" which was kept burning for a year and then allowed to go out that it might be lighted again in the same way. All the seven colors revealed in the sunlight have each a certain rate of vibration, which makes the color. Red is slower than any of the other colors, and violet faster. When the rate of vibration of light becomes slowest it ceases to be color and becomes sound; then the seven colors of light become the seven notes of the octave. And the ancients were in reality right who spoke of the music of the spheres, for each planet has its individual color, which again become the seven notes of the diaphanon, and there are souls who are attuned to the music of the spheres.

Light is in reality the creator of the universe, for everything that exists in nature is only an expression of rhythmical numbers of Light. Thus it is that Nature always geometrizes and why an archetype of creation has existed from the beginning.

Every leaf and twig, every drop of water and grain of sand is a combination of rhythmical numbers which are in reality but emanations of Light. Thus the snowflakes fall in six-rayed figures whose needles converge from each other at an angle of sixty degrees. Thus every geometrical figure is found in nature, in one of the four kingdoms, and every plant every human being, has a certain keynote, or color vibration, to which they involuntarily respond. Protoplasm, the jelly-like basis of physical life, consists of myriads of tiny lives having a strong affinity for certain colors, and repulsive to other colors. Thoughts are vibrations sent out into the world, a mental world, which register themselves in colors in the astral light. By thinking thoughts of peace and harmony and good will to all creatures we may become co-workers with the spirits of Light, the great Devas, who are assisting in the evolution of the world; by thinking thoughts of hate we not only hinder our own evolution, but become akin to the spirits of the underworld of darkness and disintegration.

When color registers itself upon the physical organism it becomes sensation and feeling. Thus in our emotions we are merely the victims of the vibratory forces of our own thoughts and our environment, and this proves the great necessity



of a counter-will or thought-force which may protect us from the thought of others and transform our own lives into the likeness of our ideal, for the physical atoms arrange themselves into the likeness of our ideal, in obedience to our will; and when we desire that which is beautiful and good and true, we not only become the architect of the physical body, but create an astral body, and a spiritual or mental body, in which invisible bodies we shall assimilate to ourselves all experiences, as we progress in our pilgrimage through the many spheres and planes of existence unto God.

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### THE NEW AND THE OLD

Give me old songs whose every tone  
Is but an echo of my own.  
Give me old books whose pages hold  
A rarer worth than gems or gold.  
Give me old friends, the tried of years,  
Whose soul is in their smiles and tears.  
Give me old shoes, but not to tread old paths.  
Old paths are old—  
I want the splendor of the dawn  
And all the gates of gold.  
I want the road that ever winds  
Toward the sunrise hills.  
I want adventure and great hopes,  
And all the modern thrills.  
Old paths are old—with moss o'er grown;  
Old comrades are not there,  
They passed before us;—we are old  
And they are young and fair.  
There are no old—  
We only love that which is ever new—  
Old songs, old books, old friends, old Truths;  
Are they not new to you?

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### THE RETURN

Long have I loved thee, Solitude,  
Thy scenes are dear to me;  
Now like a bird with broken wing  
I hide at last in thee.  
My weary heart I pillow now  
Upon the lap of Mother Earth,  
And feel the love that nourished me  
And blest me from my birth.  
I come to thee a failure,  
To die, perchance to live  
O Solitude, receive me,  
And thy sweet blessing give.



## HURRAH FOR OUR AMERICA!

Hurrah for our America!  
Too proud indeed to fight,  
In her calm majestic beauty,  
Save in the cause of Right!

Hurrah for our America!  
When the tyrant tried the seas,  
She wore the garb of pleasure,  
And quaffed the cup of ease;  
Now the wealth of all the country  
Has been sent to feed the brave,  
And the lifeblood of the nation  
Has been poured upon the wave.

Through the red sea of carnage,  
Still she struggles in the fight,  
Speaking courage to her allies  
In the cause of Peace and Right.  
While our starry Flag of Freedom  
Waves above the brimming hell  
Men may fight and die with courage,  
Knowing that all things are well,  
And that when the awful slaughter  
Has been ended and victory won,  
Still the flag of Home and Freedom  
Shall be waving in the sun.

Hurrah for our America!  
Liberty's immortal crown  
Shall fulfill the world's great longing,  
Such shall be her great renown,  
And where now the tyrant trembles  
As the hosts of God move on;  
Shackled hands are reaching upward  
To the glory of the dawn.  
Nevermore shall greed assemble  
Armies in the lust of power;  
In war's furnace souls are learning  
The great lessons of the hour.  
—Published in the Minneapolis Tribune.

If you love me tell me so,  
For you loved me long ago;  
In some mystic memory land,  
Where we wandered hand in hand;  
Methinks 'twas in ancient Greece,  
Where your art found sweet release;  
There I sang the hours away,  
While you chiseled forms of clay,  
Or in beauteous frescoes wrought  
All the marvels of your thought.  
Now that beauty is in your face,  
You are clothed in classic grace,  
And the silver of your hair  
Is a halo that you wear,  
As you wore the laurel and bay  
In that day so far away.



## THEOSOPHY AND THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

### THE THREE OBJECTS ARE

*First.*—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

*Second.*—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

*Third.*—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

No person's religion opinions are asked upon his joining, nor is interference with them permitted, but everyone is required to show to the religion of his fellow-members the same respect as he claims for his own.

The Society has no dogmas, and therefore no heretics. It does not shut any man out because he does not believe the Theosophical teachings. A man may deny every one of them, save that of human Brotherhood, and claim his place and his right within its ranks.

Theosophists realize that just because the intellect can only do its best work in its own atmosphere of freedom, truth can best be seen when no conditions are laid down as to the right of investigation, as to the methods of research. To them Truth is so supreme a thing, that they do not desire to bind any man with conditions as to how, or where, or why he shall seek it.

The future of the Society depends on the fact that it should include a vast variety of opinions on all questions on which differences of opinions exist; it is not desirable that there should be within it only one school of thought, and it is the duty of every member to guard this liberty for himself and for others. The Theosophical Society is the servant of the Divine Wisdom, and its motto is: "There is no Religion higher than Truth." It seeks in every error for the heart of truth whereby it lives, and whereby it attaches to itself human minds.

Every religion, every philosophy, every science, every activity, draws what it has of truth and beauty from the Divine Wisdom, but cannot claim it as exclusively its own, or as against others. Theosophy does not belong to the Theosophical Society; the Theosophical Society belongs to Theosophy.

The Theosophical Society is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good will, whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share



the results with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as a partial expression of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watch-word, as Truth is their aim.

### THEOSOPHY

Theosophy is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavor to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

### THE THREE GREAT TRUTHS

There are Three Truths which are absolute, and cannot be lost, and yet may remain silent for lack of speech. They are as great as life itself, and yet as simple as the simplest mind of man.

I. God exists, and He is good. He is the great life-giver who dwells within us and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent. He is not heard, nor seen, nor touched, yet He is perceived by the man who desires perception.

II. Man is immortal, and his future is one whose glory and splendor have no limit.

III. A divine law of absolute justice rules the world, so that each man is in truth his own judge, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself, the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.



Put shortly, and in the language of the "man of the street," this means that God is good, that man is immortal, and that as we sow we must reap.

We distinguish between God as the Infinite Existence, the Absolute, the All, and the manifestation of this One Existence as a revealed God, or Logos, the Word, evolving and guiding a universe.

To each of these great truths are attached certain others, subsidiary and explanatory.

From the first of them it follows:

1. That, in spite of appearances, all things are definitely and intelligently moving together for good; that all circumstances, however untoward they may seem, are in reality exactly what are needed; that everything around us tends, not to hinder us but to help us, if it is only understood.

2. That, since the whole scheme thus tends to man's benefit, clearly it is his duty to learn to understand it.

3. That, when he thus understands it, it is also his duty intelligently to co-operate in this scheme.

From the second great truth it follows:

1. That the true man is a Spirit, and that this body is only an appanage.

2. That he must, therefore, regard everything from the standpoint of the Spirit, and that in every case, when an internal struggle takes place, he must realize his identity with the higher and not with the lower.

3. That what we commonly call his life is only one day in his true and larger life.

4. That death is a matter of far less importance than is usually supposed, since it is by no means the end of life, but merely the passage from one stage of it to another.

5. That man has an immense evolution behind him, the study of which is most fascinating, interesting and instructive.

6. That he has also a splendid evolution before him, the study of which will be even more fascinating and instructive.

7. That there is an absolute certainty of final attainment for every human being, no matter how far he may seem to have strayed from the path of evolution.

From the third great truth it follows:

1. That every thought, word, or action produces its definite result—not a reward or a punishment imposed from without, but a result inherent in the action itself, definitely connected with it in the relation of cause and effect, these being really only the two inseparable parts of one whole.

2. That it is both the duty and the interest of man to study this divine law closely, so that he



may be able to adapt himself to it and to use it, as we use other great laws of nature.

3. That it is necessary for man to obtain perfect control over himself, so that he may guide his life intelligently in accordance with this law.

### BROTHERHOOD

The first and last word of Theosophy is the spirit of Brotherhood. We are all one Life. We are all one Love. Poor and rich, weak and strong, we are all one humanity, and we sink and rise together. Believe not that by retiring to your own wealthy and happy homes and closing your windows against the misery of the wretched, you insure for yourselves a happy and peaceful life. There is no peace while one man, woman, or child is living in misery and destitution. There is only one life, theirs and ours alike, and only as we strive for the redemption of human misery and the defence of the weak and the miserable, only then can we hope to be recognized as fellow-workers with nature in that great army of the redeemers of the world, to whom God and the Teachers look as Their human instruments, to do in the physical world that which is essentially their right, their duty, and if they only knew it, their highest happiness and their supreme fruit.

### WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Why should you come in? For no reason at all, unless to you it is the greatest privilege to come in, and you desire to be among those who are the pioneers of the thought of the coming days. No reason at all; it is a privilege. We do not beg you to come in; we only say: "Come if you like to come, and share the glorious privilege that we possess; but if you would rather not, stay outside, and we will give you everything which we believe will be serviceable and useful to you." The feeling that brings people into the Society is the feeling that makes the soldier spring forward to be amongst the pioneers when the army is going forth. There are some people so built that they like to go in front and face difficulties, so that other people may have an easier time, and walk along a path that has already been hewn out for them by hands stronger than their own. That is the only reason why you should come in; no other.

Come in to give, to toil, to be enrolled amongst the Servants of Humanity who are working for the dawn of the day of a nobler knowledge, for the coming of the recognition of a spiritual Brotherhood amongst men. Come in, if you have the spirit of the pioneer within you, the spirit of the



volunteer; if to you it is a delight to cut the way through the jungle that others may follow, to tread the path with bruised feet in order that others may have a smooth road to lead them to the heights of knowledge. That is the only advantage of coming in: to know in your heart that you realize what is coming, and are helping to make it come more quickly for the benefit of your fellow-men; that you are working for humanity; that you are co-workers with God, in making the knowledge of Him spread abroad on every side; that you are amongst those to whom future centuries will look back, thanking you that you saw the light when all men thought it was dark, and that you recognized the coming dawn when others believed the earth was sunk in midnight.

There is no inspiration more inspiring, no ideal that lifts men to greater heights, no hope that is so full of splendor, no thought that is so full of energy, as the inspiration and the ideal, the hope and the thought, that you are working for the future, for the day that is yet to come. The work is its own reward, and the opportunity seized to-day gives you a new and larger opportunity tomorrow. To adopt the words of a great poet:

Theosophy

. . . says to you: "Son,  
Silver and gold have I none;  
I give but the love of all nations,  
And the life of my people of old."

—MRS. ANNIE BESANT,  
*President Theosophical Society.*

#### ADMISSION TO THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Every application for membership in the Society must be made on an authorized form, and must, whenever possible, be endorsed by two members and signed by the applicant; but no persons under the age of twenty-one years are admitted without the consent of their guardians. Blank application forms may be obtained from the Secretary of any Lodge, or from the General Secretary at Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

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God has His worshipers who praise  
In temples not made with hands,  
And day by day His solitudes  
Are bright with angel bands  
Who chant His litanies of praise  
Before each flower and leafy shrine—  
No doughty saint would know them,  
But they are no less divine.



## KIND WORDS *from* THEOSOPHISTS and OTHER NOTED PEOPLE

From Mr. B. P. Wadia, Manager of the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India, and co-Editor with Mrs. Annie Besant of the "Theosophist" and "Adyar Bulletin," Theosophical monthly magazines:

"There is much that is admirable in your essays and poems. If you decide to publish a book I will be glad to place copies on our shelves and do all in my power to aid in its sale."

\* \* \*

From Mrs. Annie Besant, International President of the Theosophical Society:

The following poem ("Flowers and Thoughts") published in *The Theosophist* is from the pen of an American lady, Mrs. Annie M. Long DeBoer. It is a very pretty and musical little poem, and thoroughly Theosophical in spirit.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Anna M. DeBoer:

I regard your poems on "Childhood's Hours" in the last *Progress* as the best one. In my idea it reaches to the true height of successful poetry. Many poems are good, but now and then there is one we regard better.

Sincerely,

ROBERT HENRY CALLAGHAN.

\* \* \*

Corona, California.

My dear Mrs. DeBoer:

Your letter with enclosures (herewith returned) was forwarded to me here from Krotana. I have read with interest the proof sheets of your little booklet, and I *love* it. You have made a mosaic of inspiring and beautiful thoughts. I like particularly what you say of brotherhood. The need is great and immediate.

With best wishes, I am, Very truly yours,  
ELLEN DALE BRANDT.

\* \* \*

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 4, 1916.

From Mary Hanford Ford, lecturer for the Bahai Society and art lecturer for the Panama Pacific Exposition.

"Thank you so much for your beautiful little poem which is so full of the spirit of beauty that it cannot be far away from God. I shall keep your charming poem always, and hope sometime to know the author better."

With love to you and to our dear brothers,  
MARY HANFORD FORD.



Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 1902.

My dear Mrs. DeBoer:

It gives me pleasure to inform you that at our meeting held Tuesday evening of last week, you were unanimously elected to membership in the Writer's League of Minneapolis, Minn.

Some of our members read selections from your poems, and one of our members sang your song, which we all thoroughly enjoyed.

It is our sincere wish that you may derive as much pleasure from your association with us as we shall receive.

Wishing you all success in your literary and musical work, I am, Sincerely yours,

LUCY SHERMAN MITCHELL,  
*Secretary.*

\* \* \*

From Governor Albert Cummings, now Senator Cummings of Washington, D. C.

March 7, 1906.

Anna M. DeBoer,

Dear Madam:

The Governor directs me to thank you for the kindly mention of his candidacy appearing in the Courier of date of February 22nd. You well say there is only one right way under present conditions, and that is forward, and not backward. This is a fight for principle, and the welfare of the common people of the State of Iowa is the stake.

Hoping that we may win, and wishing you prosperity,

Yours truly,

JOHN BRIAR,  
*Private Secretary.*

\* \* \*

Dear Associate:

I have read your proofs, every one of them. You asked my opinion and I shall say that some of them are very good. The thought in all of them is good, and ought to spread Theosophical Ideals.

MARIE HOTCHENER.

\* \* \*

A letter of thanks for my "Song of Victory."

THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington, April 15, 1918.

Mrs. Annie M. DeBoer,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Madam:

In behalf of the President, permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of recent date and to thank you for your courtesy in sending him its enclosures.

Sincerely yours,

J. P. TUMULTY,  
*Secretary to the President.*



From J. P. Holt, President Citizens' Improvement League, Hammond, Louisiana.

Hammond, La., June 8, 1901.

Mrs. Anna M. DeBoer.

My dear Mrs. DeBoer: I have been made the happy recipient of your complimentary copy of that beautiful and bewitching song. I beg you to conceive of my high and lasting appreciation, not only for this song, invaluable to the world of music, but also for your very kind thoughtfulness; for all of which I am more or less indebted, I presume, to our mutual friend, Mrs. O. C. C., of your city.

Give your grand muse free swing and further thrill us with the sweet symphonies within your power to invoke.

Again thanking you, and with every good and golden wish, I am,  
Yours very truly,  
J. Potts Holt.

\* \* \*

From the Acting Editor of The Messenger:

I think many of your essays are exceedingly good, and your book, as a whole, when finished, will be more than worth while.

ANTOINETTE PHILLIPS.

\* \* \*

April 14, 1904.

My dear Mrs. DeBoer:

I've almost fallen in love with you for the notice you gave my book in the Progress' Thank you heartily. Of course you are coming to the Exposition?

Truly yours,

ALEXANDER N. DEMENIL,  
Editor and publisher, "The Hesperian"; author of literature of Louisiana Territory, and Director of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo.

\* \* \*

From the Editor of The Messenger, Krotana, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

May 1st, 1918.

My dear Mrs. DeBoer:

Your essay, "Life's Immortality," is exceedingly good. Did I understand you to say it was written for The Messenger? If so I am more than thankful. I am returning some of your manuscripts because I am leaving day after tomorrow for Australia to be away probably a year. We have some copy of yours—enough for several months, I think. Mrs. Phillips is taking my place. You will like her, I know.

My very best wishes to you, and my love,  
MAY S. ROGERS.

\* \* \*

*"Take up your work you have the good will of all."*  
MARIE POUTZ.



## NEW HOME OF THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

It is with pleasure that we announce the purchase of an attractive and conveniently located home for the Theosophical Publishing House, American Branch.

Our new headquarters are situated at the main Vista Del Mar entrance to Krotona. The rapid growth of the business and its reorganization on a scale more commensurate with the ever increasing demand for Theosophic literature necessitated our moving into commodious quarters.

Mr. B. P. Wadia, International Manager of the T. P. H., who has been the guest of the American Section for the past few months, after carefully viewing the American book situation, decided that the needs of the business demanded a permanent headquarters at Krotona. The new home is large enough to meet the needs of the business for several years to come.

The conspicuous awakening of the American people to the truths of Theosophy has made apparent the necessity for publishing many Theosophical books in America. To meet this demand, two initial steps have already been taken—an attractive home has been purchased, and the preliminary papers of incorporation of the T. P. H. filed in order to largely increase its capitalization.

It is a matter of satisfaction that Mr. Wadia has been able to secure additional capital, which places our business on a sound financial footing.

To secure the largest degree of efficiency in the T. P. H. business, an Advisory Committee consisting of prominent Theosophists with long business experience, has been appointed to confer with the Manager and Board of Directors on request, in matters pertaining to broad business policies.

### IMMEDIATE PUBLICATION

Members of the American Section who realize the immeasurable importance of H. P. B.'s Secret Doctrine to the World, and the necessity for its wide distribution if the T. S. is to fulfill the sacred trust bequeathed to it by our great founders, will be glad to know that our first step will be the publication of this priceless work, in a large edition. Other much wanted Theosophical books will also be published in the near future. The International T. P. H. holds the exclusive right to publish the works of our most prominent Theosophical leaders.

Plans are already under way for the establishment of an eastern or central branch for more convenient distribution of books to our eastern customers.



All members cognizant of the great opportunity for the dissemination of Theosophical literature will rejoice that the American Section is to benefit by this timely expansion of the American T. P. H.

CRAIG P. GARMAN,

*Manager American Branch.*

B. P. WADIA,

*International Manager.*

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The Theosophical Society consists of a number of National Societies or "Sections," in different countries of the world, each with its own General Secretary and its own organization. While practically independent as regards internal affairs, each is subject to the General Rules of the Society.

The General Headquarters, at Adyar, Madras S., India, comprise the Presidential and Secretarial offices, publishing department, printing press, quarters for residents and students, and the Adyar Library. The latter contains 12,000 oriental manuscripts and about 8,000 books in its Eastern Section, and in what is called the Western Section there are about 12,000 books and pamphlets on eastern and western religions, philosophies and science. The Headquarters Estate has a frontage upon the Adyar River and the Bay of Bengal, and covers 300 acres.

Each National Society consists of not less than seven Lodges, and of members unattached to any Lodge. National Societies or Sections are found in the following countries: America, England and Wales, India, Australia, Scandinavia, New Zealand, Netherlands, France, Italy, Germany, Cuba, Hungary, Finland, Russia, Bohemia, South Africa, Scotland, Switzerland, Belgium, the Dutch East Indies and Austria. A list of Lodges of the Theosophical Society the world over with the name and address of each Secretary is published in the report of the Annual General Meeting or Convention which is held at Adyar and Benares alternately in the month of December. This report usually appears shortly after the convention in the chief magazine of the Society, called the "Theosophist."

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### SALAAM ALEIKUM

*(Peace be with you)*

I pray the prayer that Easterns do—  
May the peace of Allah abide with you;  
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,  
May the beautiful Palms of Allah grow;

Through the days of labour and the nights of rest,  
The love of Good Allah make you blest;  
So I touch my heart as the Easterns do—  
May the peace of Allah abide with you.



## BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR STUDY

### GENERAL

The Riddle of Life. By Annie Besant.....	\$ .25
An Outline of Theosophy. By C. W. Leadbeater .....	.25
Theosophy. By Annie Besant.....	.50
Popular Lectures on Theosophy. By Annie Besant .....	.50
Hints to Young Students of Occultism. By L. W. Rogers.....	.50
A Textbook of Theosophy. By C. W. Leadbeater .....	.75
The Ancient Wisdom. By Annie Besant.....	1.50
The Astral Plane. By C. W. Leadbeater.....	.35
The Devachanic Plane. By C. W. Leadbeater .....	.35
Man and His Bodies. By Annie Besant.....	.35

### RELIGIOUS

Universal Textbook of Religion and Morals—	
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A magazine devoted to Theosophical Ideals and Their Realization.

Issued by

**The Ideal Publishing Company**

**ANNIE M. L. DeBOER, Editor**

**P. O. Box 731, Los Angeles, Cal.**

**25 Cents per Copy**

**\$1.00 per Year**

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# Glad Tidings

of



the

## Dawn

"Let us not be elders of the sunset  
but Children of the Dawn"

### **The Salutation of the Dawn!**

*Listen to the Salutation of the Dawn!*

*Look to this Day*

*In its brief course lie all the*

*Varieties and Realities of your existence;*

*The Bliss of Growth,*

*The Glory of Action,*

*The Splendor of Beauty.*

*For yesterday is but a dream*

*And tomorrow only a vision.*

*But today well lived makes*

*Every yesterday a Dream of happiness*

*And every tomorrow a Vision of Hope.*

*Look well therefore to this Day;*

*For it is Life, the very Life of Life.*

*Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.*

—From the Sanscrit.