

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"DIMENSIONS are limitless; time is endless. Conditions are not invariable; terms are not final. Thus, the wise man looks into space, and does not regard the small as too little, nor the great as too much; for he knows that there is no limit. . . . He looks back into the past, and does not grieve over what is far off, nor rejoice over what is near; for he knows that time is without end."—CHUANG-TZE: *Autumn Floods*

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD — A FACT IN NATURE

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

"This organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. The principal purpose of this organization is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity."

— Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society



SUCH a declaration, one would think, would be plain enough even to the man in the street, as the saying goes. Certainly one could expect no quibble from a supposedly intelligent man, even though he might deny it; but would not such denial argue his non-intelligence? And yet there is probably no statement, not the simplest, most self-evident, that some men would not seek to twist and try to make out that it had some hidden meaning, something mysterious, suspicious, if only such a course might appear to serve their purpose.

Ask a man regarding his relationship to another, born in the same family of the same parents, and because he says of him, 'he is my brother'; and because, again, he says, 'it is so, it is a fact' — and you would have as much reason to quibble, to suppose something suspicious, mysterious, as you would in regard to the statement: 'Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature.'

And as, according to this declaration, even the stupid, the non-intelligent, are our brothers; and as, if we accept the principles of Theosophy as true, as indeed we do, we have a responsibility at least *to try*

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to enlighten the unenlightened; let us explain as far as we can, and examine what are the foundations for such a statement. Perhaps a thankless task! but then, if we are true to our highest ideals, it will be Truth we are seeking, not thanks.

If it were a child asking for explanation — but no! a child has intuition; but a grown man, who has some knowledge, or at least the appearance of it in regard to the meaning of words, and has had some experience of life — that is a different matter. Surely there are none so blind as those who will not see.

Universal Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of all men, of all mankind; the whole of Humanity of one kith and kin; — as an idea, surely it is not untenable, and it is ages old. Even from the standpoint of orthodox Christianity, we are all descendants of one first pair, Adam and Eve, if we accept the Biblical story literally. But then, of course, and here the quibble comes in, we are not all *brothers* and *sisters*, but cousins and uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces to the *nth* remove. So, of course, to speak of Universal *Brotherhood* as a fact is absurd. But what of that other teaching of orthodox Christianity, so glibly professed, so lightly ignored, that “we are all children of One, our Father”?

Is there, then, no Universal Brotherhood as a fact, a supreme fact in Nature? Or is it a mere sentiment, or a theological dogma?

For those who do *not* believe in Divinity as the origin and supreme goal of all, or do *not* recognise the deeper implications of science, or follow to their logical conclusion the everyday experiences of life, both individual and collective, the Brotherhood of all men may be a mere sentiment. So too for others is it merely a theological dogma, a religious belief, and consequently as such having no real meaning, no power; so lightly do some men wear their religion as a cloak to help them to pass, in the eyes of the world, for something which, in their heart and life, they are not. There is little need to call to mind the fable of the wolf in the sheep's skin.

But to meet the unbelievers — honest indeed, many of them, and as such worthy of respect, compared with the hypocrites,— let us see if we cannot put the matter before them from another standpoint; for even they will hardly deny Nature, and the facts and operations of Nature in her physical aspect at least. And the declaration is that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature.

We must first of all, however, determine what we mean by Nature, for evidently only by carefully defining and explaining our terms can we expect to avoid misunderstanding.

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By Nature, then, we mean the sum-total of the manifested life around us; and by physical Nature, the whole of the physical, material universe. As Goethe so beautifully expresses it:

“And thus, at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.”

Literally, of course, Nature means that which is born, that which has come forth into manifestation; and, for the moment, we will not inquire whence. And of this sum-total we, men and women and all Humanity, are part. This we assume as a self-evident fact. The ancient Egyptians, and all other ancient peoples, even as most people do today, used to regard Nature as the Great Mother. Isis, in one aspect, was Nature, the Mother of all living. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky says, in *The Secret Doctrine*:

“And it is easy to see that *Ad-Argat* (or *Aster't*, the Syrian goddess . . .) and Venus, Isis, Ister, Mylitta. Eve, etc., etc., are identical with the *Aditi* and *Vâch* of the Hindûs. They are all the ‘Mothers of all living,’ and ‘of the gods.’”—II, 43

This plainly has a mystical and spiritual meaning, but we quote it merely to show the universal belief in regard to Nature, thus personified, as the Mother of all. At present we are concerned only with Nature in its physical, material aspect; and if we were to go no further, if we could accept this as a fact, not as a mere poetic fancy, or in any mystical sense, but as a demonstrable fact, then are we all, indeed, kith and kin,—brothers and sisters,—born “of One Sweet Mother.”

But what do we find? As H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Key to Theosophy*, declares:

“All the unselfishness of the altruistic teachings of Jesus has become merely a theoretical subject for pulpit-oratory; while the precepts of practical selfishness taught in the Mosaic Bible, against which Christ so vainly preached, have become ingrained into the innermost life of the Western nations. ‘An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth’ has come to be the first maxim of your law. Now, I state openly and fearlessly that the perversity of this doctrine and of so many others *Theosophy alone* can eradicate.

“How?

“Simply by demonstrating on logical, philosophical, metaphysical, and even scientific grounds that: (a) All men have spiritually and physically the same origin, which is the fundamental teaching of Theosophy. (b) As mankind is essentially of one and the same essence, and that essence is one — infinite, uncreate and eternal, whether we call it God or Nature — nothing, therefore, can affect one nation or one man without affecting all other nations and all other men. This is as certain and as obvious as that a stone thrown into a pond will, sooner or later, set in motion every single drop of water therein.”

Let us then question science, and ask, what has she to tell us? And the answer of science is that we all are born in the same fashion, made of the same materials, live in general on the same kinds of food; that our loves, our hates, passions and desires, all have much in common; that underneath what is with most people but a veneer of what we are

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pleased to call civilization, is the same primitive, unregenerate animal nature — *animal*, not *human* nature, which, as all students of Theosophy know, has another, a divine origin. And I speak of the generality of humankind, not of those great souls who have transmuted all the lower forces of the animal nature, who have achieved self-conquest, self-knowledge, and all of whose powers are used in the service of Humanity.

Then, too, there is a marvelous similarity in our thought-life, though the ideals of one race or people may differ somewhat from those of another; yet this often happens in the case of two brothers born of the same father and mother, and such differences provide no argument against the fact of their relationship. In very truth, all goes to show that the differences between races and peoples are in general no wider than those between brothers and sisters in the same family. Is it a far-fetched idea, then,— that of regarding all nations and peoples and races as belonging to one human family; and are we going too far afield when speaking of all mankind as brothers *in fact*?

Let us look a little further. A few hundred years ago the people of Europe knew nothing of this vast continent, or rather double continent of the two Americas, the New World; and the majority of them knew but little or nothing of the Orient or of Africa or Australia. Modern scientific research, however, is not only presenting it as a theory, but actually proving, that far, far back in the past, there were connexions between the peoples of those continents and between them and these; that the Europeans are first cousins, aye, brothers, younger perhaps, but brothers nevertheless, of the Hindûs; in fact that both belong to the same Aryan Race.

Some assert, too, that there is a relationship between the ancient Egyptians and the Maories of New Zealand, and some even find traces of the Mongols in America. But whether these latter two assertions are theories based on fact or not; whether or not we accept a dividing line between the Mongol or Turanian, the Aryan, the Red Man or American Indian, and the Black Man or Negro; there still exists that relationship between us all as children of our one Universal Mother — Nature.

Considering now some of the present-day facts, however, not theories, whether we regard the latter as truly scientific or as mere speculation, we find much food for serious thought. In our own day, no longer is there that separation between different countries which existed a few hundred years ago, of which we have just spoken, as for instance before Columbus and those before him made their epoch-making discoveries. Today, what goes on in Europe, or America, or India, or China, is known tomorrow over practically the whole world.

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Within a month or less after the outbreak of the Great War, the commerce and finance of the whole world was shaken, not sentimentally, but actually and in fact; while today, after the terrible wastage of both natural and manufactured resources, there is no nation on earth which does not have to bear part of the burden of the war.

If we study the problem from the standpoint of the principles of economics, even the U. S. A., whose great cities are glutted with gold, while apparently profiting so enormously in certain respects from the war, gained nothing in true wealth; but, like the nations of Europe, suffered impoverishment. The apparent riches which many of its people have acquired are fictitious only; they are the price only of wastage, and as such inevitably carry with them the impress and characteristics of that which they represent. And who can say but that as they have come, so shall they also go?

It is not out of place to recall the trite simile which likens Humanity to the human body. There is much practical wisdom in Paul's description in *1 Corinthians*, xii, from which the following is quoted:

"For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body. . . . If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? . . . If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? . . . That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. . . ."

--- verses 12-26

And the still older fable of which Paul's illustration is an adaptation, the fable of the quarrel between the different members and organs of the body, shows how futile and indeed ruinous is their dissension. In the childhood of the race, the greatest truths were oftentimes veiled in allegory, or told in simple fable; today we, at least many of us, flatter ourselves that we look at Truth unveiled; that we are no longer children to be beguiled with fairy-tales or childish fables, but men and women demanding facts and scientific demonstration.

Well, so be it, and hence instead of profiting by the fable of interdependence between the organs of the body: that the stomach, for instance, cannot live independently and for itself alone (albeit many people act as though it could, or at least crown it, metaphorically speaking, as the king-organ of the body), we flatter ourselves we are so much wiser than the ancients because modern physiology demonstrates scientifically that the proper functioning of the stomach depends upon the blood-supply, and that the blood-supply depends upon the digestion; and that, in fact, heart and lungs and stomach and brain and all the organs of the body are interdependent, each upon all, and all upon each,

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for the general health of the whole physical organism, the body of man.

But are we much or any wiser than the ancients for all our 'scientific' knowledge? How do we know they did not possess scientific knowledge which may not have come down to us as such, or which may not yet have been rediscovered? Fables and folk-tales live on in the common consciousness of the race; but the very fact that so many of them are true to science, are simple popular expressions of scientific truths, surely is evidence that scientific knowledge, as such, and beyond a doubt scientifically expressed, was possessed by the wise ones in those days.

And perhaps many of the great truths concerning man and Nature were put in the form of fable, or folk-tale, or fairy-story, not so much in order to teach the people, though perhaps that was one of their purposes, but to prevent the people from forgetting and losing sight of these truths. Today we have rediscovered some of them. We have learned again through physiology the scientific fact of the interdependence of the organs of the human body, but we have not profited therefrom in the application of our knowledge to the human race *as an organism*.

The teaching of Paul, "now are ye members one of another," which was but the expression of a far, far older teaching which we shall quote later, is today little more than a dead letter, and men and nations think, in spite of all the spiritual teachings to the contrary, and in spite of all practical experience demonstrating the opposite, that one can benefit by and from the misfortunes of another.

But Nature's law is not to be so cheated — Nature's law of Brotherhood, Brotherhood as a fact in Nature! And if this holds good from the consideration of man as a physical being, still more does it hold from a consideration of him as a thinking spiritual being. The ties on those inner planes of thought and spirituality are immeasurably closer, and the interaction more potent for the weal or woe of all humanity.

And from the standpoint of Brotherhood what shall we say of war? For war, some will say, is the negation of Brotherhood. Aye, but in the end Brotherhood exists and is manifested *even in spite of it*; for when war is over, they who have fought one against another shall find they are brothers still, and have been fighting but against their brothers. And oh! the horror, the despair, the remorse, when they shall awake, as awake they must, sometime, to the realization that they have been slaughtering their brothers, making homeless their own kith and kin. May the Divine Law bring to pass that, out of that horror, that despair, when the warring nations realize the hurt they have done to the soul of Humanity, to their own soul, may be born the sense of brotherliness, a recognition of the need of one another, mutual service, co-operation.

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For it is not enough to recognise that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and that Brotherhood is Nature's law. This is indeed the first step, but man who would really be man must go further; he must make Brotherhood a living power in his own life and so help to make it a living power in the life of Humanity. Something more is required than the recognition of a fact; it must be acted upon; for, in a sense, such recognition, until acted upon, is negative. Man cannot rest there, he must act. There is no standing still in life. Life demands action; it is action. Stagnation is death. And man's action must be either with the law, in accordance with the fact, or against it; but the fact still stands. Brotherhood still stands as a fact in spite of unbrotherliness.

Are two brothers, born of the same father and mother, less brothers in fact because they contend against one another, perhaps hate one another? Brothers they still remain, albeit brotherliness is absent.

"Unbrotherliness," says Katherine Tingley, "is the insanity of the age." And it is rightly called insanity, seeing that insanity primarily is inability or refusal to recognise and act in accord with the facts of life, and to fashion one's life in accordance with those facts.

It is an appalling fact, but a fact nevertheless, that hatred binds as fast as love; unbrotherliness as closely as brotherliness. In reality, it is the thought that binds; thought itself is the connecting link. Whatever a man thinks of, that in a measure does he become; he assimilates to himself the object of his thought, binds himself to it. William Q. Judge says:

"Man, made of thought, occupant only of many bodies from time to time, is eternally thinking. His chains are through thought, his release due to nothing else. His mind is immediately tinted or altered by whatever object it is directed to. By this means the soul is enmeshed in the same thought or series of thoughts as is the mind."— *The Path*, Vol. X

And elsewhere, he says:

"Man is a soul who lives on thoughts and perceives only thoughts. Every object or subject comes to him as a thought, no matter what the channel or instrument, whether organ or sense or mental center, by which it comes before him. These thoughts may be words, ideas, or pictures."— *The Path*, Vol. VIII

Hatred and love both depend upon thought and feed upon it. We think we wish to get away from that which we hate, but so long as it occupies our thoughts, that is, so long as the hatred continues, we do but bind ourselves more and more closely to it.

From this it might appear that to get away from that which, or those whom, we hate, we need only to cease to think of it or of them, but this is only partly true; for there are other ties that bind us and them together in indissoluble bonds. In truth there is no cure for hate

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but love, compassion, brotherliness, — that is, mutual good feeling, friendship, helpfulness — and it is a law of the Universe that we shall come together again and again until love and compassion and sympathy and friendship take the place of hatred. For, as Gautama, the Buddha, declared: “Hatred never ceases by hatred at any time; hatred ceases only by love.”

A great Teacher once said that “we are continually peopling our current in space” by every thought that goes out from us. We are too apt to regard ourselves as limited within the boundaries of our physical bodies, or to regard our influence as extending no farther than our immediate surroundings, the sound of our voices, the visible example of our lives, the destination of a letter or the circulation of our thoughts in a printed book.

But if we consider further we shall realize that this is by no means a complete statement of the facts, though we are too prone to act as though it were. Each one of the many or the few who comes under the influence of our voice, our example, or the expression of our thought, is himself a center from which radiates the influence of his life; and through the influence of our lives, our thoughts, our example, his life has become modified, in however small, infinitesimal a degree, it may seem to us, or perhaps in some great degree; and through that modification his influence on the lives of all others whom he may contact is modified also and so on and on in ever widening circles.

But there is a still deeper basis for the statement, “Brotherhood is a fact in Nature”; namely that it is based in that which is the origin of Nature. For while Nature, as said, is that which is manifested, that which is born; its origin, that from which it comes, is Divinity itself. Nature is but the garment of Divinity, not Divinity itself; it is the veil of Isis, not Isis, though Isis is ‘the mother of all living,’ ‘the one that is and was and shall be,’ ‘whose veil no mortal has raised.’ Indeed, to stand in the presence of Divinity, to gaze upon Isis unveiled — speaking allegorically, of course, — one must have undertaken the supreme task of self-conquest, self-knowledge, and not only undertaken the task but completed it; he must have conquered self, he must have achieved self-knowledge, attained immortality, and become one with Divinity.

It is one of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy that all Nature, all life, is spiritual in essence and origin. H. P. Blavatsky declares in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 8-9):

“There is no difference between the Christian Apostle’s ‘In Him we live and move and have our being,’ and the Hindû Rishi’s ‘The Universe lives in, proceeds from, and will return to, Brahma.’”

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To help us to understand this more clearly, let us turn to “the few fundamental conceptions which underlie and pervade the entire system of thought” which is presented in the epoch-marking work to which we have just referred:

“The Secret Doctrine establishes three fundamental propositions:—

“(a) An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless, and Immutable PRINCIPLE on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception and could only be dwarfed by any human expression or similitude. It is beyond the range and reach of thought—in the words of *Māndūkya*, ‘unthinkable and unspeakable.’ . . .

“(b) . . . This second assertion of the Secret Doctrine is the absolute universality of that law of periodicity, of flux and reflux, ebb and flow, which physical science has observed and recorded in all departments of nature. An alternation such as that of Day and Night, Life and Death, Sleeping and Waking, is a fact so common, so perfectly universal and without exception, that it is easy to comprehend that in it we see one of the absolutely fundamental laws of the universe.

“Moreover, the Secret Doctrine teaches:—

“(c) The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul, the latter being itself an aspect of the Unknown Root [that which is referred to above in (a)]; and the obligatory pilgrimage for every soul—a spark of the former—through the Cycle of Incarnation (or ‘Necessity’) in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic law, during the whole term. . . . The pivotal doctrine of the Esoteric philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man, save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of . . . reincarnations. This is why the Hindūs say that the Universe is Brahma and Brahmā, for Brahma is in every atom of the universe, the six principles in Nature [that is, the whole of manifested Nature] being all the outcome . . . of the SEVENTH and ONE, the only reality in the Universe. . . .” —I, 14-17

“In whom,” the Initiate, Paul, declares, “we live and move and have our being.” It is this fact, this “identity of all souls with the Universal Over-Soul,” that is the spiritual basis of the statement that ‘Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature.’ And how beautifully the same teaching is expressed in the following dialog (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 120), which ages ago was part of the instruction of those who sought the higher knowledge. It is a dialog between a Teacher and his pupil:

“Lift thy head, oh Lanoo; dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?”

“I sense one Flame, oh Gurudeva, I see countless undetached sparks shining in it.”

“Thou sayest well. And now look around and into thyself. That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?”

“It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, ‘Thy Soul and My Soul.’”

This teaching of Universal Brotherhood as a fact, not a mere sentiment, but an *inescapable* fact in Nature, one of the supreme facts of Life, this teaching of the essential Divinity and of the identity of the inner, real natures of all men—just as the same sun is mirrored in a thousand mirrors—this teaching of the interdependence of all men, and

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that all are governed by the same immutable and universal laws of life; this it is which is the heart of Theosophy, and to teach and demonstrate which the Theosophical Society was formed.

Were but this teaching, this fact of Universal Brotherhood accepted, could there be war? Were it but accepted and acted upon by those whom men generally regard as the enlightened, the leaders of the people, could there be war?

In one of the oldest of the sacred scriptures of the world, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, it is said:

“Even if the good of mankind only is considered by thee, the performance of thy duty will be plain; for whatever is practised by the most excellent men, that is also practised by others. The world follows whatever example they set.”

Why is there war? Because there is unbrotherliness. Why is there so much unbrotherliness in the world? Because ‘the most excellent men’ — those whom the world in general regards so — are not brotherly and do not practise Brotherhood, do not realize that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature.

A great Teacher, whom millions in the world profess to follow, once said: “Love one another.” He also said: “Thou shalt not kill.” Why? Because Brotherhood is a fact in Nature; because the hurt is not only to another, but to oneself also; for that other is oneself. Of what value is the teaching of the Nazarene? Of what value the millions of Bibles printed and distributed throughout the whole world, said to contain and to be ‘the Word of God’? Did Jesus and the other great Teachers speak from knowledge; did they mean what they said?

There are two great commandments which Jesus is said to have given: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength”; and “thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” And he said “On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.” And the Golden Rule: “Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.” Brotherhood is the law; the Divine Law.

Did Jesus mean what he said? Of what value to profess to follow him, if his commandments be disregarded? Must it be acknowledged that the ‘V. S. L.,’ the ‘Word of God,’ is but a collection of platitudes to be disregarded whenever its dictates do not fit in with our ambitions, our loves and hates? Yet the commandment, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self,” is based on the fundamental law of our being, on the law of Brotherhood as a fact in Nature. Some day we must wake up to the truth of this. Why not now; why delay?

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Jesus said: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." In one sense it was not new, for it had been taught in all ages past by all the great teachers of Humanity; and yet were he here today, he would say the same, "A *new* commandment give I unto you" for it would indeed be new to this day and generation. We know the words well enough, but as a commandment we do not know it; it has no force, no power. Is there not need of Theosophy then, with its teaching that Universal Brotherhood is *a fact in Nature*, and to demonstrate it as *a law of life*?

In his *Jean Christophe*, the great French writer Romain Rolland declares:

"To save the light of intelligence; that is our rôle. We must not let it grow dim in the midst of your blind struggles. Who will hold the light if we let it fall?"

And in his *Au dessus de la Mêlée* (After the War), he says:

"Try to forget your ideas [those ideas which *separate* one from another] and look into each other's eyes. 'Don't you see that you are me?' — said old Hugo to one of his enemies."

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H. T. EDGE, M. A.



ALLES geht vorbei! sings the poet. All things pass: love, faith, fidelity. But Easter brings the message of renewal, rebirth, resurrection.

Yet we are far from preaching a crude optimism, which runs from pain and follows pleasure; mourns its losses, and seeks consolation in the anticipation of regain. The immortal Soul, which is our true essence, knows something sublimer than such a restless mood, something deeper than these shallows. Else why should sorrow and loss be such a theme for poetry, such an inspiration for our grandest music? We find one poet writing:

"Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation — and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty, of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones."— POE

We can imagine, then, that Heine, however pessimistic he may

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have thought himself, or other people might think him, indulged his deeper feelings by the exquisite expression of such a tone of solemn beauty. He must have realized, in feeling if not in thought, that experiences must be contemplated not only in their possession but in their loss; not only at hand but in the far distance; that neither possession nor loss comprehends the entirety of that which the Soul desires; in a word, that the wheel turns ever onward, bringing us into ever varying aspects of our sublime destiny, despite the petty clings and longings of mere mortality.

All nature speaks of resurrection. That word has been turned into a particular dogma, but it expresses a universal truth. Not a cycle but falls to rise again, whether it be the day and night or the summer and winter. Man's span of life is rounded out by a sleep, only to be renewed, as his Soul, if not his mind, assures him. The symbol is the egg or the seed. Many peoples have exchanged eggs at Easter, or used eggs in some ceremonial of the year's renewal. In our darkness we mourn the leafless boughs but forget the fertile seed.

But rebirth is taking place all the time, every moment. Every thought is a seed. A false picture of life inclines us to relax efforts when we grow older, on the ground that it is no use. But this is not in accordance with our better inclinations; it happens when we *think*; and often, when we stop thinking, we act as though we knew life is continuous and old age only a particular phase of it. An animal, unaware of the approach of death, would not have the prospect of it interfering with his actions. Even a human being, any one of us, may be on the very verge of death, unknowingly; and then we plan and act, just as though we expected to live a long time.

How absurd this seems, if we suppose that a sudden death would cut us off for ever from all prospects and plans! Many old people, following their inclinations, which in this case are a better guide than their ideas, will start new enterprises or studies at the end of life. They are but carrying out the universal law of seed-sowing and harvest; and death may interrupt, but cannot prevent the reaping.

When weighed down and compassed all around by the burden of our thoughts and emotions — a tangle from which there seems no possible way of escape — we can always snatch a quiet moment in which to dwell on the thought that we are not actually bound by this coil, and that we can sow a seed of hope and faith in our imagination, which will bide its time and come to maturity as a ready helper in time of need. This is a practical application of the doctrine of resurrection

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which the least of us can use. We can regenerate ourselves; we can give ourselves a rebirth.

The world has long been hypnotized with ideas that we are helpless: religious dogmatism, which represents man as being born in sin and in need of special grace for his salvation; and scientific materialism, which has strived to reduce will and intelligence into attributes of matter. Both these influences are on the wane, and both religion and science are reforming their ideas; but the effect of past influences persists as a habit of thought. People have sought relief in various cults of new thought and mind-culture. But the Theosophical teachings, the gathered wisdom of the ages, show the great natural truths upon which the science of self-culture rests. These teachings also enable us to avoid the mistakes and pitfalls due to a heedless dabbling in forces which we do not understand. We are so likely, in striving to cultivate the higher nature, to feed the lower instead. The forces which we evoke by mental practices may turn out to be monsters that will devour us.

It will be discovered sooner or later by every aspirant to wisdom that the only way to escape the whirl of thoughts and emotions is to take our stand outside the personality and to will only that which is right, instead of that which we desire. For it is the desire for personal possession that constitutes the root of evil for man; and this desire, when merely lopped off, reappears in some other form, so long as the root is not destroyed. Under these circumstances, death must be regarded as a savior, dissolving what we have built around ourselves in one life, and giving us a new start. But it is not necessary to wait for death to bring us release, if we have faith enough and strength enough to grapple with the problem of self while we still live on earth. This is the true meaning of resurrection.

We have said that Theosophy is the collected wisdom of ages; and it is surely proved by reference to this mighty truth of resurrection. Everywhere and in all times this has been venerated and celebrated and symbolized. Clever antiquarians have been pleased to call this kind of symbology by the name of 'solar myths'; that is, they say that all the ancient classical and other allegories merely celebrate the return of spring and the death of winter. Would the whole world conspire to create such elaborate allegories for the sole purpose of symbolizing common natural phenomena? Is it not perfectly obvious that the death of winter and the rebirth of the sun in spring *are themselves symbols* of the great truth of resurrection as applying to man and indeed to all creation? It is this that the ancient nations celebrated — a worthy theme indeed. But see how that very word 'resurrection' has

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been transmogrified and diminished into an ecclesiastical dogma, so that man has been disinherited of the wisdom to which he is the rightful heir.

The scenes of life may pass and fade, but that which is eternal abides ever with us; and love, faith, fidelity, in their true essence, are always at the center of our being, ready to germinate into newer and grander fruitage in due season. May thy Easter be blessed!

THE DOVE OF PEACE

R. LANESDALE



UT why a dove? Is peace a pretty, soft, cooing thing? Peace is the greatest power in the universe: the sovereign power, that binds invisibly all warring elements in a mighty harmony. Peace is the consciousness of Unity, that underlies all modes of individual existence. Peace is the essence of that unity. But why the dove?

It seems that there was once a time when symbolism was a language, fully intelligible perhaps only to such experts as heralds and the lords they served, but also broadly legible by the illiterate masses of the people. Indeed, it was counted one of the duties of the bards to inspect and to correct heraldic devices, and to be able to emblazon coats of arms with records of events, or personal achievements in such a way 'as to be understood of the people.' The heralds' college in England, for instance, still exists, but heraldry has lost its meaning for the generality even of educated people. It has outlived its usefulness.

But emblems still are used; though it is noticeable that our cartoonists and draughtsmen for the comic papers seldom rely upon the understanding of a symbol, but generally take the precaution to attach a descriptive tag or label bearing the explanation of the symbol or the name of the person in words: for now all can read, though few can decipher symbolism.

And so, not being deeply versed in heraldry or symbolism, I ask myself why should a dove be chosen as the representative of peace. Peace is divine, her presence is majestic, more powerful than law, more beautiful than justice, more impersonal than love. She does not rule, she issues no commands, she judges none, nor punishes. She is the

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Soul of the Silence and the source of Wisdom. Her radiance sustains the universe.

And what is war? 'The howling of wolves against the moon.' The raging of men maddened by hunger for gold and fear of one another.

An eagle might serve as a symbol for war, but an eagle kills for food; men kill for power, for wealth, or for a dream of honor, and more than all from fear. No! The symbol for war is man — or flame. War is a fire that wastes and devastates the world.

How shall we symbolize Peace? What emblem can we use to suggest the power and the dignity, the fostering love and universal motherhood, of Peace? The inoffensive dove? The fruitful olive branch? What hint is there in these of the great spiritual power that is the Soul of things? Before Peace can be fitly symbolized it must first be understood.

Certainly there is a kind of peace that all can understand, the peace that follows war as night the day, and, like the night, is but an interval of rest and preparation for the morrow: but this is not the peace that puts an end to war; this is not permanent nor is it universal; for as the globe revolves unceasingly the night and day divide the earth continually; so wars die down in one place and break out anew elsewhere. Is there then no such thing as permanent and universal peace?

Upon the surface of the earth day follows night and night succeeds the day; and so it is with war and with the peace that follows war and that prepares new wars. The earth revolves unceasingly upon its axis; but the axis is at rest as long as the revolving globe endures. The night succeeds the day infallibly; but yet the sun shines on unchangeably. Must we then never cease from war?

So long as man is satisfied to live upon the surface of the earth he must submit to alternation as a necessary condition of his life upon the surface of this globe. He must have periods of rest as well as of activity: he must be born and die: but life goes on unceasingly although the form of things must change. And there is always peace at the heart of things no matter what the discord in the outer spheres of life.

So long as man believes that discord is his foreordered destiny, so long will war continue among men. So long as each man thinks of himself as separate from the rest, with separate rights of individual possession, so long will he endeavor to enforce his fancied rights by violence.

But when men learn the truth that lies behind the principle of Universal Brotherhood, when they can venture to believe that Brotherhood is actually a fact in Nature, and not merely an amiable aspira-

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tion, then they will know that human warfare is unnecessary, that there is nothing gained by war that could not better be accomplished by co-operation, and that it is emphatically not futile to appeal to the power of love that now lies buried in the heart of man.

The heart of man is of like nature with the heart of all things in this universe: and at the heart of things is Peace. Peace is the foundation of the universe. Peace is the source of life: and those who look inward into their own hearts in time will find it possible to live in peace. Then they will understand that war is unworthy of mankind, that war is always suicidal to nations as to individuals, that it is quite unnecessary, and unprofitable.

War is inevitable only so long as man will have it so: and when he understands that he is really fighting against himself, surely he will begin to look for peace there where alone it can be found; then war will cease as darkness ceases when the sun shines, or as sickness ceases when health is re-established.


What emblem is there fit to symbolize Peace in her universal sovereignty, in her all-fostering guardianship, in her supremacy, and in her absolute impersonality?

So many symbols have been used in lands where peace was known and revered. The 'jewel in the heart of the lotus,' so full of suggestion to an Asiatic mind, is almost meaningless to Europeans and Americans. Yet Buddhism evolved a symbol that in its best days suggested fully what no other religion so much as approached. I allude to the statues of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas seated in meditation. There still remain examples in which the whole figure and even the enveloping draperies exhale an atmosphere of peace that is absolutely convincing. These statues (at their best) speak peace in the silence and testify to an attainment of interior illumination or spiritual wisdom whose essence is that peace 'that passeth understanding,' and that is the soul of things. They speak not of aspiration towards the infinite, but of attainment. They have no need of words to voice their message of "Peace to all beings." In some of the best, one feels that the artist must have been himself a master who had attained to perfection in his art and who knew the truth.

Perhaps as man is also a fit symbol for war and discord so too is man the only symbol of the perfect peace that only he can reach, and he only when in his heart awakes the fire of Universal Brotherhood. Peace is not dead nor has it flown away. Peace is not only Love and Wisdom; it is the source of life and the sustainer of the Universe. And the supreme symbol of Peace is enlightened Man — the perfect Man.

IN CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY

JAMES GRAHAM, F. R. P. S.

N the northern borders of the county of Essex, some seventy miles northeast of London, and ten miles west of Harwich, is that part of the valley of the Stour known as Constable's country. It is a most typical example of English countryside, which was so lovingly construed by the painter John Constable.

Here a sluggish river meanders through lush meadows, its bed rank with aquatic growths and teeming with life. There are coarse fish in plenty, bream, roach, and many varieties of the eel-family. Tall trees flourish among the hedgerows, while the tow-path is lined with pollard willows. The pastures are filled with comfortable cattle, and sheep roam over the rougher grazing land. An occasional barge is slowly brought through the locks by a sturdy horse, who knows how to jump over the low styles placed across the path for the protection of the cattle. The woodwork about the river is of a kind unlike that found elsewhere, and is constructed to last many generations.

The town of Dedham, not much more than a village, was at one time a center of the worsted industry, but was left high and dry by the commercialism of the railway era, which kept too far from this secluded spot for it to benefit. The church-tower of the town figures in the background of many of Constable's pictures, often in topographically impossible positions.

The farmer-folk of the Stour country have little use for the automobile. There is good grazing for a horse, and a horse can jog-trot through the narrow lanes with little concern for the mechanical age. While grass grows green, and cows are well fed and contented and nature smiles, what need to scurry with machinery?

In spring, this restful pasture-land is glorious enough in the sunshine, but it is even more beautiful in the rain. Then all is quiet, save for the swish of the falling water and the rustle of the new foliage. The full leaves drip their quota of moisture to the ready earth, the grass breathes a scent of heaven. When the sky smiles again young birds are hopping about as they laboriously gain their first lessons in aviation; the parents circle round, to scream their alarm at the intrusion of the human. The cattle are taking their rest by the opposite bank, and fish

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are drifting about among the weeds. Here and there is a breach in the river-bank which will be mended some day, and the growths will be thinned out when need arises. In the evening the sun will sink behind the trees amid the clouds, a hush comes over the land, and all is peace.

THE DRUIDS

KENNETH MORRIS

I OLO told me there were men of old
Who fashioned harps of flowers and faery gold.
The hills of eve, the dew-cool vales of morn,
He said they wandered singing, gathering bloom —
Pale cuckoo-flowers, wood-sorrel, elfin-thorn,
Dewed mountain-field cowslips, and yellow broom,
The raggedrobin bloom, the daffodil —
And would with song distil
All the virtues of these mountain-flowers
To gold, and fashion harps of such strange powers,
In them would be tunes wherewith at will
They could cure every ill.

Iolo told me, too, they were so wise
Little escaped them in the night-blue skies:
They could interpret all Ophiuchus' moods
Ever and ever round the Pole who swings
His solemn stars. The oaks' imaginings,
And what the wild bee, clover-drunken, broods,
And what the morning dew,
Iolo said, the gentle Druids knew,
Because they were still-hearted as deep noon
In a green, bee-loved glade where ringdoves croon —
Still as the mirrored sudden jewel gleam
Of kingfisher wings on a dark-pooled forest stream. . . .

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BROTHERHOOD

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.



WEET are the uses of adversity" is the optimistic verdict of the banished Duke in the Forest of Arden. The erstwhile pomp and circumstance of ambitious court-life have fallen away like a garment of glamor. The artificial fever of it all has died out in the veins. Health and serenity have replaced confiscated position and possessions.

These amateur foresters expand to the intimate touch of Mother-Nature, somewhat as sick children feel after vivid dreams of delirium fade out, and they awake in the dear old homeland of reality. The simple wholesome forest-life puts new glow and strength into clean, rich blood. The clear, calm mind reads new meaning in —

. . . "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

It is no pampered body or flattered brain which reacts so freely to the primitive challenge of things and feels

"The season's differences, as the icy fang
And churlish chidings of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."

Ah, now we know the secret of the Duke's strange content! He has tasted the charméd draught of self-knowledge,— that original lure that led our adventurous first parents out of an Eden of ignorance and confined delights. The Duke is taught by the untempered blast how unstable were his old luxurious defenses of soft warmth and feastful board and ruddy wine, flanked by trained servitors and smooth-tongued courtiers.

The wintry wind that sweeps away the last dry leaf of a gay summer's show, reveals the strength of sturdy trunk and waving branches. 'Tis then the bared tree's vital forces, centered deep within, turn a seeming rout into a hidden rally for a still braver summer showing. The Duke has lost his gay equipment: but his body even while shrinking at the challenge of cold, has found a citadel of reaction. As the blood is driven from the shivering skin, the sturdy heart sends it back again, tingling through every vein with warm vital strength and buoyant courage.

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The onslaught of cold, benumbing to a sheltered body, is routed by this new-found warmth within him.

The Duke, freed from the swaddling-bands of circumstance, is persuaded by the 'liberating counsellors' of adversity that he is something more than a mere favorite child of Fortune. As the Real Man is driven in upon himself, the strain of true nobility in his blood arouses the hidden resources of human nature. Outwardly poor, his heart beats with more royal currents of outgoing thought and impulse, radiating a glow of buoyant good-will. He sees the false colors of 'painted pomp' revealed by contrast with Nature's fidelity to simple truth and beauty. This is the outspread form of the sound sweetness at the very heart of human nature. Finding himself, gives the clue to the less conscious world of things around him. An aroused humanity within argues the native rights of four-footed denizens of the woods. Still more, he expands into a larger selfhood, that breathes a unity of feeling for "co-mates and brothers in exile."

Shakespeare puts so much simple natural humanity into the play that the selfish characters are made to serve as useful shadows and background for the bright, living pictures. Duke Frederick's harshness with his niece quarrels with his vain affection for his daughter. His conflicting feelings make his authority too lame and incomplete to withstand the whole-hearted devotion between the two cousins. There is a generous sweetness in Celia's giving of first place to Rosalind's beauty and popularity and plans that shows the large unselfishness in the little woman. Her self-forgetting heart turned exile into freedom, with the thought —

"Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment."

Rosalind and Orlando take you into their confidence with naïve candor in their delightful by-play of finding each other. You quite forget that it is not your own romance, and you play both parts with them, feeling it is all just as it should be, for you loved them both at 'first sight.'

You trust the lovers to round out the future together. Rosalind's tender heart and rare womanliness will temper her sparkling wit and joyous spirit of banter and frolic. Nor will she pall upon the pure manhood and noble strength of devoted Orlando. His gentleness and gratitude toward old Adam argue for a loyalty to this closer tie that will enrich, inspire, and comfort, will charm and elude and awe him without end. He will want more than one life to understand the Rosalind womanhood that unites the hummingbird's dazzling flights on invisible wings with the demurest ideal of steadfast devotion to the home-nest.

THE END OF THE WORLD

In the pessimistic shadows the sentimental Jacques suffers from the recoil of true sentiment upon the self-betrayed. He has sought to rob every hive he passed of the honey of life: and the cloying sweetness of excess has fermented a liquor that renders him maudlin with melancholy philosophy. His over-wrought liver colors his skin and his jaundiced views of an 'infected world' which he is more willing to cleanse with clownish wisdom than to take his own medicine. Jacques somehow gets an uncanny grip upon every one's sympathy — at least he has something akin to all of us who are not perfect, or who have never tried to cover the bitter taste of regret by a brave mouthful of words.

There is something in the humanitarian teaching of old Adam's life of devotion worthy the tribute of silence and uncovered head. To give his all and then to give himself to his cherished master, goes beyond definitions of charity or sympathy. That goes back, indeed, to the "constant service of the antique world," in the Age of Gold: and it confidently reaches forward, beyond all fear of helpless age and death, and draws upon the very sense of being. It makes immortality itself serve as handmaiden for love that is entangled in a little mesh of time.

Only the soul could have drawn so freely upon the innate richness of its own nature, and seem to be the gainer because of the giving. Old Adam showed how simply and naturally the incarnating spirit of true Brotherhood can work through peace and unity to change the unsatisfying world so that it all henceforth will be 'As You Like It.'

THE END OF THE WORLD

RONALD MELVILLE



SOME audacious people have been rash enough to prophesy the end of the world for a certain definite date, and now that date is past and the world's end seems no nearer than before. This should not worry the prophets, if they had but a little more imagination or a smattering of philosophy. One day a prophet will arise and say that the prophecy was actually fulfilled, and that the world we see about us is a new creation in which the old order no longer holds sway and a new law has come into existence. Then terrible things will happen; for the whole social order rests on the people's faith in the continuity of natural law.

As a matter of fact the ordinary mind cannot imagine the end of things except as the beginning of something else linked up with the past by the 'elect,' who escape destruction. Those who talk about the

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end of the world can hardly be supposed to mean anything more than the end of the present order of things in the world, which is to be brought about or at least heralded by the coming of a 'Messiah,' an event which has been predicted in all ages and in almost all countries.

The Messianic idea is in no way irrational or unphilosophical; indeed it would be hard to imagine the introduction of a new social or political system in any other manner than by the active agency of a superior being; though his advent might well be accompanied by no great psychopyrotechnical display.

The existence of superior beings capable of guiding the evolution of the human race is not unreasonable in itself: though there is no reason to invent unusual conditions of birth for a Messiah, nor to expect that his advent will be heralded in any miraculous way: on the contrary, experience should teach us that superior men too often are not recognised till they have left the world. They do their work most generally in the face of bitter opposition; they are personally slandered and attacked during life, and after death their reputation is blackened: but their work is done, and the course of human evolution has been influenced.

In the religious Orient the legend still persists of the periodical appearance among men of a divine ruler or King of the world, who is at once recognised and acknowledged as the 'Messiah.' But he can do no more than show himself and pass: for no spiritual ruler can exist for long in the mephitic atmosphere of *Kali-Yuga*. His periodical appearances serve only to revive the people's faith and to confirm their hopes of the eventual arrival of the Golden Age.

But in the Occident the white man as a race has lost his faith in spiritual rulers of the world where man replaces god by a machine man-made and man-directed. The Golden Age has ceased to be even so much as a dream for him; and he can imagine no change in the materialism of his concepts of life on earth except at the cost of a total destruction of the world he has so long defiled by his system of so-called civilization.

In view of the fact that everything in nature is in a state of ceaseless change, subject to growth and to disintegration, to birth, decay, and death, rebirth and reproduction of its species; it should be easy to accept the law of cycles which governs the periodical appearances and disappearances of the universe and all that it contains. As the 'laws of Nature' are simply the natural expression of the forces inherent in the universe it would perhaps be more correct to speak of the law of cycles explaining rather than governing the periodicity observable in natural phenomena.

If this periodicity were more generally recognised the 'end of the

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world' would cease to be regarded as the doom pronounced upon the human race by an implacable god, and would appear as no more catastrophic than the coming of winter, the fall of the leaf, or the occurrence of an eclipse of the sun.

And yet it is unreasonable to expect irrational men to look more philosophically on the recurrence of the death of the world so long as they continue to regard the death of a man as a preventable calamity. We all know that we must die, but nobody believes it. And yet we are dying all the time. The immortality of man does not imply the immortality of his physical body. The most fanatical religionist will hardly in our day deny the perishable nature of the fleshly form of man; even if he should believe that at the day of judgment the bodies of the elect will be miraculously reassembled in some recognisable form.

It may be said that, on this plane of Nature, death is the law of life; for as the appearance of a living organism here on earth necessitates some sort of birth followed by growth, which in its turn gives place to disintegration and decay; so death is a necessary preliminary to rebirth. Without death there can be no birth. If the world had a beginning it must also have an end, but both the end and the beginning may be indefinitely drawn out. So much so as to justify the old motto of the Dyers' Co.: "We live by dyeing."

We may smile at the ignorance of the too literal religionist who blunders into the error of prophesying definitely the day and hour of the destruction of the world: but let us beware of laughing overmuch at his credulity while nursing in some corner of our mind a faith as foolish in the eternal duration of our world and its inhabitants. "*Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe,*" and yet we are immortal, for we are souls of spiritual origin who can smile at Death as at the opening of a door that seems to block our way.

What need to fear the ending of the world? Are there not plenty more where that one came from? Where one world ends, another begins.



"LET us disown whatever is unworthy of our name and of our history, whatever will hide from us the ideals of our own national birth, whatever will drag us from the heights of our attainment. Let us be assured, too, that there is no nation too mighty to stand in silence before the Judgment Bar of history, and that from the verdict of time there can be no appeal."

— *Katherine Tingley*

THE YOUTH OF COUNT TOLSTOY

BORIS DE ZIRKOFF

"And we know that we come from death to life, as soon as we begin to love our brother. He who does not love his brother has no immortal life; only he who loves his brother has *that immortal life which is in him.*"—TOLSTOY



HERE is no human being on earth, there is no thinking man or woman, who has not experienced at some crucial point of existence a moment of questioning and doubt before the great riddle of life, and who, face to face with the suffering, the misery and pain of humankind, has not felt the problem of the Universe arise in the very depths of their souls and overwhelm them with the mystery of the Great Unknown.

And yet how many among these same men and women have been swept away by the current of life, drawn into the turmoil of every-day existence, into the whirlwind of trivial banalities, and, forgetful of these rare and precious moments of innerquestioning in the springtime of their life, have lived after all but for the gratification of their personal ambitions, of their selfish desires, and have finally ended in the blind nothingness of a useless worldly life!

It is not to that category of human beings that belonged Count Tolstoy, the brilliant writer, the reformer, the so-called apostle of a new generation, so often misunderstood, so often misrepresented by foes and friends. He was one of those searchers for Truth who find death less terrible than life if they have not solved the mystery of the latter and have not grasped the hidden meaning of its potentialities. He was one of those indefatigable souls who cannot be satisfied with the superficial illusions they meet at every step of life, and are bound to enter into the deeps of every riddle, in order to bring forth the inner essence, the underlying unity, of all and everything.

And it is only if we take the life and the person of Count Tolstoy from the standpoint of a reformer on spiritual lines and a lover of Truth, that we shall be able to understand more clearly the tremendous importance and greatness of his individuality in the civilization of the last fifty years, and especially in the national growth and cultural development of Russia.

The life of Count Tolstoy could be divided into two parts diametrically opposed to each other: the years between 1870 and 1880 form the transition-period which separates these two epochs of his inner growth and evolution. During these years a profound revolution on lines

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of moral, mental, and spiritual development had taken place in the soul and the entire being of Tolstoy; it had transformed all the conceptions, the ideas, the fundamental notions of his heart and mind; it had changed the character of his artistic productions and was the keynote of his future greatness as a teacher and reformer.

In the first half of his life we see before our eyes a great, famous writer, the literary activity of whom was already then well known to the world. We can appreciate in him the traits that outline a grand personality, a man of genius on such and such lines, but still a man of the world, so to speak; he is in the midst of his fellow-creatures, like them full of passions, of sufferings, of vague beliefs, of weaknesses, of human failures, and of all the sad mistakes so dear to the Russian people in particular.

In the second period of his life Tolstoy is an entity beyond the laws which govern the historical and evolutionary growth of what is called 'society.' He is a Force, a Power, a kind of Karmic tool destined to accomplish some well-determined and definite work for the benefit of a race, nay, of humanity itself.

No matter for the present what were the numerous and contradictory opinions about the Tolstoy of that second period; he might have been everything that the wounded vanity and selfishness of his contemporary generation wished to make out of him; he might have been a fanatic, an atheist, a Christian, a sage illumined by the light of some unknown world, the founder of a new religion. Suffice it to say that he was an unusual appearance on the scene of history and civilization, and a man who changed the direction of thought and the trend of mind for several generations of his own country, and who also influenced the world at large by the set of new ideals and conceptions he has infused into the mental and moral atmosphere of it.

Count Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoy was born on the 28th of August, 1828, in the estate of *Yasnaya Polyana*, in the government of Tula. His mother was Princess Mary Nikolaevna Wolkonsky, sole heiress to the tremendous wealth of that old and famous Russian family. She died in 1831, and her death was soon followed by that of her husband, the father of the great writer, which occurred in 1837. At nine years of age, Tolstoy became thus an orphan. He was taken care of by his aunt on his father's side, Countess Osten-Sacken, and Madame Ergolskaya, a somewhat distant relative.

While the oldest brother of the family, Nikolas, remained in Moscow, in order to study in the University, the three youngest children, Lev, the future author, Dmitri, and their sister Mary, went to Yasnaya

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Polyana, where they stayed more than three years. The life on the large estate, amidst the glorious beauties of Nature, in freedom and childish happiness, had an important influence upon the mind of Tolstoy; and later on when the burden of existence seemed too heavy for him to bear any longer in the dull *milieu* of social life, he went again and again to that same surrounding of peace and natural grandeur, where he spent his early youth, in order to drink at the source of the primordial life which springs forth from the eternal depths of Nature.

The children were under the care of Russian tutors and a German teacher (the famous Karl Ivanovich, immortalized later on in *Youth*). When, three years later, Countess Osten-Sacken died, the children went to live in Kazan' with their aunt, P. J. Yushkov. Already at that time, according to the testimony of Madame Yushkov, Tolstoy was entirely different from his brothers and his sister; he had a peculiar character, harsh manners, and an inclination towards everything that was contrary to the usual way of living in the midst of his comrades and friends.

It was in 1844 that the young Tolstoy entered the University of Kazan'. He took the resolution to start the study of Oriental philology, as this branch of knowledge was at that time in great renown at the said University. Although Tolstoy had had the help of such prominent men of learning as Professor Sboyeff, and the Frenchman, St. Thomas (of whom he tells the reader in his memoirs, under the name of M. Jérôme), the young student had a hard time in following his studies; the examination for admission into the University had not been very successful in many ways, but this would have been only a matter of little importance if Tolstoy had been able to continue his studies with due carefulness and patience.

The worst was that Tolstoy had been drawn more or less into the whirlwind of social life, that vain illusion under which lie so many evils which destroy and help to annihilate the good tendencies of men. Being a member of one of the oldest Russian families of noblemen, his position in the social *milieu* would have been the more brilliant; he was tempted by the rôle of being one of the leading actors in the comedy of worldly life, and it is probably owing to these very interests which drew him away from the study and research-work of the University that he experienced failure in the examinations of 1845, and was left in the same position for a year more.

The failure just mentioned had a pernicious influence upon his strange character. Instead of trying to take up his studies with more energy and care, Tolstoy found himself utterly discouraged and soon after left the Faculty of Oriental Philology in order to take up the Faculty

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of Law. Alas! The Faculty of Law at the Kazan' University was known much more for its social meetings, its gatherings — where the cream of the society of that town was supposed to assemble so many times a month, — its interest in all the futile happenings of the aristocratic circles, and its absence of interest in the study of anything that had relation to Law! No wonder that the Principal of the University, Count Moussin-Pushkin, expressed himself in the following words: "We have not one student of Law who is not an imbecile,"— sad, but rather true to facts!

Under the maddening influence of that worldly life, Tolstoy, like every other one of his comrades, did not care a bit for the coming examinations, and spent the year in the surroundings of his friends, taking part in every social affair of the city, and in all the indescribable foolishness and scandals that occurred in the aristocratic circles of the town.

But this was not the kind of life his soul was striving for. It was not the occupation which could satisfy the needs of a man like Tolstoy, even in his nineteenth year.

After the first period of pleasure and selfish satisfaction, the reaction came very soon. Like so many who have later on understood the emptiness and folly of worldly life, Tolstoy had been drawn into its current, had tasted all the vain pleasures of it, and, after having felt disgusted with its allurements and apparent purpose, under which were hiding the grimacing faces of crass immorality, pride, ambition, and selfish satisfaction, he began to feel uneasy in the midst of his so-called 'friends.' He began to think that the kind of life which was customary then in the highest educational establishments of Russia, and especially in the universities, would not contribute to make of him a man in the real sense of the word. He had the sincere desire to be 'good,' but, as he says himself, the social *milieu* in which he lived paralysed his good will.

After a disastrous examination at the close of his studies in the University, he left it in 1847. The certificate delivered to him stated, among other things, that he was "not capable, extremely lazy, and failed to come to the lessons."

Tolstoy went to Yasnaya Polyana, which now belonged to him, after the death of his father, and spent two years there. The change of atmosphere, the beneficent influence of the great, infinite space of the Russian country, made an indelible impression on him after the city-life. He came to hate the worldly existence, the circumstances which surrounded him until now; that life, which, as he said later on in his *Confession*, "empties the spirit, the heart, and the soul of youth."

Tolstoy felt, perhaps for the first time in his life, that the real life

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of freedom, the life of quiet happiness and inner contentment, was more closely associated than he had ever believed it before with the simple, agricultural population of the country, with the customs and habits of that sane and healthy body of men who reside far away from the turmoil of the large towns. Tolstoy began to study agriculture and the needs of the peasant-class of Russia. In a charming story, *The Morning of a Landowner*, he speaks of himself in the following terms:

“I leave the University in order to take up the life of the fields, for I feel that I am born for it. The principal evil is the miserable condition of the peasant, and that is an evil which can be destroyed only by work and patience. Is it not my primeval and sacred duty to occupy myself with the happiness of those seven hundred men, of whom I have the responsibility? . . . I have taken a strange but nevertheless good path, and which, I feel it, will lead me to happiness.”

Here is the end of a whole chapter in the life of the young Tolstoy. Here is a new page of the book which contains his deeds and actions, his thoughts and inmost feelings.

But it would be false to believe that the chapter which treats of his early growth and evolution consists only of one side, namely, the tendency towards the vain, ambitious, and selfish life of the world, to the moment when an inner revolution had taken place in his soul, and forced him to retire for a while to the peaceful surroundings of country-life. The second part of Tolstoy's being, the better side of his nature, was present all the time, although dimly outlined and vague.

If we wish to know the inner soul-life of the future great writer and philosopher, we ought to turn to his work entitled *Childhood, Adolescence, Youth*, written when he was twenty years of age. There he tells us his memories; he recounts his deeds and inner experiences, in the years of his early youth. Speaking of the thoughts that troubled him when he was fourteen, or fifteen, of the vague conceptions he had about the true meaning of life, he says:

“During a whole year, I lived in a state of concentration and moral retirement, in the midst of which my childish mind was already haunted by the most ardent problems, by the problems of the destiny of man, of the after-life, of the immortality of the soul. With all the ardor of my inexperience, I sought for a solution to those problems. . . .”

Once in a while he felt the pleasure and the satisfaction of having made a sacrifice. His ideas were often directed to the most abstract conceptions of the Universe, but he also tried to find some *easy way* to reform humanity, and to change all its failures into so many successes and victories. As we see, the whirlwind of his childish imagination was associated with the inner urge of the higher part of his nature and resulted in a more or less dim comprehension or rather presentiment of some-

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thing grand and real hidden beyond the banalities of every-day life, and which he could not grasp as yet with his own mind.

Already as a boy of fifteen, Tolstoy took the resolution to "trace a program for life, to write down its aim and purpose, to define his duties and his task, and never more to deviate from it." He went into his room, took some paper, and wrote down a scheme of his obligations towards himself, his fellow-men, and God; after that he began to accomplish the task he had imposed on himself.

His memoirs tell the reader about *the 'strange' sensation he had during his youth of being a creature with two hearts, and also of being two men in one.* The idea of death haunted his imagination and troubled his mind. The conception of pain and suffering had something of a pleasure for him. Once he "seized a large dictionary and, in order to grow accustomed to suffering, held it during five minutes with outstretched hands, notwithstanding the horrible pain of that trial." Another time he went to the garret and, having taken his coat off, began to flog himself as hard as he could.

Then came all of a sudden a great change in conceptions, and Tolstoy thought that "if every day, every hour, bears death in itself, what is the use of lessons and experiences?" Then he is seen "lying three days on his bed, reading the first romance he could get hold of and eating pies with honey bought with his last pennies."

There is something of a lesson in the study of his memoirs. The interplay of two natures is so apparent, so definite, so impressive when one realizes the future greatness of that man, who then was a boy without experience and knowledge of life. So many different sensations were present in his soul. There was the selfish satisfaction of personal hobbies; the anger, the ambition, the pride; and there was also the ideal of devotion, sacrifice, humiliation, hate of oneself, love of men, and search for Truth.

Sometimes Tolstoy was so strained in his mental concentration on subjects that his mind could not grasp, that he felt, as he himself says, near to becoming crazy. After vain speculations on abstract matters, he "reached a state of consciousness utterly abnormal." He "could not think of anything without beginning to think about his own thought." He asked himself: "What am I thinking of?" and he answered himself: "I think that I think." "And now? I think that I think that I think." And so on. "I began to lose the rest of my sane judgment," he says.

Established in Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy felt the urge to do something good and useful for his serfs. But, although his intentions, as

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always, were full of sincerity and good will, he did not know the real needs of the lower classes of Russia, because he had not yet experienced the suffering and misery of their poor, wretched existence. It was, however, his first attempt to enlighten the people and to better their conditions. He left his estate moved by the urge to finish his studies, and went to St. Petersburg; there he passed through several examinations and returned again to spend a year in Yasnaya Polyana.

It is said that he lost considerably in playing at cards, at that time. Tolstoy felt uneasy and realized that if he did not change his way of living altogether, he would not be able to pay his debts. Thus, in order to economize and also to see new surroundings and new people, he left his paternal estate once again and went to the Caucasus, where his beloved brother, Nikolas, with whom he was in an unusual friendship many years till the death of the latter, served as an officer.

It was in the Caucasus, in the midst of primordial nature and grand scenery, among the eternal youth of the wild and primitive life, in the simplicity of a Cossack *milieu* and the sane and healthy habits and customs of the aboriginal population, that Tolstoy, some twenty-six years of age then, felt once more, and perhaps for the first time in the true sense, the blessing of the great solitude, face to face with the grandeur of nature, in that glorious corner of his native country. Disgusted for the time being with the pettinesses of a landowner's life, he was touched by a romantic dream of military glory and the love of primitive life among the wild tribes of the mountains. This existence had for the time being a great charm for his weary soul.

Tolstoy did not conceive the idea of entering at once in the army,—which he did later on. He started a hunter's life, in company with an old Cossack, Epishka (immortalized in *The Cossacks* under the name of Eroshka). With the five rubles (two dollars and a half) he spent monthly, Tolstoy became able to pay his debts in a very short time.

After that he yielded to the advice of some relatives and entered the military vocation by enrolling himself in the fourth battery of the Twentieth Artillery Brigade as a non-commissioned officer. If we wish to know something about his life, his thoughts, and the gradual evolution of his conceptions at that time, we ought to turn to his *Cossacks*, that wonderful description of the wild life of a still more wild country along the winding Terek that rushes headlong through the midst of gigantic rocks and boulders, in scenery of primordial beauty and overwhelming grandeur. "What happiness," he wrote, "to be alone with nature, to contemplate her, to talk with her!"

In the leading type of his story, Olenin, we immediately see the

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author himself, as he was then. It is the type of life of a Russian nobleman of some sixty years ago, with all its freedom, its lack of faith, its family connexions, its lack of settled moral ideas. But even if many a strange idea appears once in a while in the brilliant and vivid narrative of *The Cossacks*, we are able, however, to see more or less clearly the gradual awakening of the better part of Tolstoy. The officer Olenin "understood the lie in the midst of which he had lived until then, the lie that had always revolted him, but which now seemed to him particularly disgusting and ridiculous."

Tolstoy writes to one of his friends in Moscow, describing the *real life*, as he conceives of it now that he has seen the beauty of primitive nature, and the simple but honest customs of an open-hearted population, so far from the malpractices of the great cities. He impresses his friend by preaching the happiness of primitive life, in perfect union and harmony with nature, according to the great laws of the Universe, which men try to destroy or at least oppose and ignore so often.

There is a man who seems to be the living incarnation of this ideal of a hunter's life; it is *Uncle Eroshka*, an old Cossack, with eyes of a child, sincere and good, with youthful muscles trained in the free air, in the forests and steppes, with all the appearance of Tolstoy himself as he was to be like in some forty years from that time. Strange anticipation of the power of imagination!

Needless to say, many a crime is hidden in the depths of that old Cossack soul, but there is also the feeling of brotherly love towards all and everything, the joy of living, the faculty of being in communion with nature and of entering into her inmost secrets. There are such types in Russia. They are rare in other countries, but there is something peculiarly attractive in them; they inspire faith, friendship, even a certain feeling of kinship, as if the wild sentiment of freedom, the absence of any bondage of material life, was innate in our very soul and being.

He is a philosopher but by no means a rational one. He seems to have realized the power and potential vigor of his soul and recognises no other authority than that of his own conscience. In spite of the strange philosophy expounded once in a while by the old Eroshka, we feel that it contains the germ of a faith which waits only for its awakening under the magic touch of some inner experience. In spite of some vague statements on God, life, and the moral code, we feel that in his soul is hidden an old wisdom, or rather a ray from some ancient philosophy.

And it is also hidden in the soul of Tolstoy himself, as Eroshka is most certainly the reflexion, intensified however, of the real Tolstoy, the better part of his nature; while Olenin seems to be the image of that other

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floating, unsettled, and gradually receding personality, that had existed in him until that time. The soul of Eroshka is an abyss without end; it is full of darkness and light, of shadows and sunshine. He loves everything that lives, every creature that moves and breathes in the wide world. Sometimes it appears as if Eroshka and Nature were just one, so intense is their mutual communion.

Is it not the source from which Tolstoy, perhaps unconsciously to himself, took the power of his artistic genius, and the inspiration that enabled him to create? Is it not the sensation of Olenin himself who, at the glare of a bonfire, looking at the thousands of little flies which circled around the flames, hearing their soft and musical buzzing, "sees in each of them another Olenin, another himself"? It is the vague, germinating, nascent consciousness of the grand unity that underlies the whole of the Universe, of the one Infinite and Changeless Spirit which pervades the Kosmos and fills it.

It was at that period of his life, that Tolstoy felt the urge to write and create himself. Besides *The Cossacks*, he sent stories to the Russian newspapers, among which we shall mention *The Invasion; Childhood; Adolescence*. During four years he remained in his regiment. After the beginning of the Crimean war, Tolstoy went to the front of the Danube with the staff of Prince Gorchakoff. He became an officer shortly after (1855), and took an active part in the siege of Sebastopol.

In spite of this kind of life, Tolstoy did not stop his literary activity and wrote at that time: *Sebastopol in December 1854; Sebastopol in May 1855*, and other descriptions of the military life. It is said that these works made a very great impression on the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, wife of Nikolas I. The latter gave order to remove Tolstoy from the line of fire, because his life, as he said, "was necessary to Russia." In September, 1855, Tolstoy was sent as a messenger to St. Petersburg, and thus the military career of the future writer came to an end.

In the literary world of that epoch the highlights were such famous authors as Goncharoff, Turgenyeff, Ostrovsky, and Nekrassoff, not to mention others. Their *milieu* was entirely separate from everything else, and constituted something of a literary *caste*, if we can express ourselves in that manner. Needless to say, Tolstoy, well known in St. Petersburg's circles for his masterly descriptions of the war, was received with tremendous enthusiasm in these literary circles of the capital. He did not form any friendships among men of his own interest and trend of mind. He lived a short time with Turgenyeff, but after repeated quarrels, the two 'friends' left each other.

The same thing occurred in the social circles, which Tolstoy

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learned to hate with all his soul. Tolstoy could not stand the friendship of those who tried to become his friends only because he was a person of growing fame. He was already on the path of that endless search for Truth and the meaning of life, which excludes everything that is not in perfect harmony or accordance with the aim of the searcher.

In so-called 'society' he contradicted all and everyone. He had not yet acquired the basic principles, the fundamental conceptions, which later on made of him the great man he was. He was vacillating and walked in darkness. But he felt that something was going to happen that would open before his eyes the vast horizons of a brighter life. Alas! He did not know that this veil of illusions was far from being torn away and that the time for his spiritual regeneration was not yet drawing near.

The ideas, the conceptions, the principles, of truth and justice which Tolstoy expounded *forty years later* in his philosophical and religious writings, were already present in his mind and in his heart, although in a mere rudimentary form, with vague outlines and devoid of shades and contrasts. He was unable to formulate his ideas in a more or less lucid and logical manner; he changed his opinion on things with incomparable swiftness, which made his so-called 'friends' laugh at him and at his 'somersaults,' as they said.

There was but one friend of Tolstoy who felt that something entirely new was germinating in the mind of the young writer; he was the only one who intuitively knew that the search for Truth was the principal lever which at that time moved the soul of Tolstoy; and he said once to some person who was ridiculing the unsettled beliefs and opinions of Tolstoy: "Do you know, that these very 'somersaults' are much more interesting and have much more value than all our steadiness?"

The bold judgments on life that Tolstoy used to expound in the circles of St. Petersburg's society, the criticism he expressed of every side and feature of contemporary customs in Russia as a whole and of the vain illusions of the social circles of St. Petersburg in particular, the strange conceptions he had of art, religion, science, of the entire civilization of his epoch, turned against him his best friends, and Tolstoy, disgusted with everything he saw around him, found himself alone and without any *philosophy of life* on which he could build for the future. He wrote at that time:

"People have disgusted me, and I am disgusted with myself. I have understood that in our illusion we do not remark that we do not know anything, that we do not know the essential in life, that we live without finding the answer to the most simple and also the most important question: 'What is good? What is evil?' And we, who do not know what is the important in life, we who do not know either the good or the evil, we have the presumption of teaching something to others."

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Seeing that his fellow-men could not understand his thoughts and aspirations, feeling the wide chasm which was gradually forming between himself and his contemporaries, lost in the turmoil of social life with its pleasures and vain interests, Tolstoy shut himself into his own being, and entered more and more into the depths of his own soul, to search there for the true answer to the burning Question.

In 1856, he stayed several months in Yasnaya Polyana, and then took the resolution of going to Europe, in order to see how the western civilization with its famous 'culture' had solved the great problem that tormented him.

He thought the brilliant philosophy of Europe of which he knew only through study and research-work at his university, would shed a splendid light on his soul and give him the explanation of all the riddles he saw before his eyes. Alas! Instead of the help he was looking for, instead of the answer his soul was craving, Tolstoy discovered in Europe but the spectacle of utter helplessness before the problem of life. He was discouraged and felt as if some one was trying to drown him in the darkness of the mysterious unknown, terrible just because it was unknown.

Behind the triumph of science and industry, under the veil of apparent splendor and glorious decorations of external life, he saw the misery, the ignorance, the barbarism, the cruelty, the crass materialism of European civilization, and the hideous mask under which was hidden the horrible decay of that 'modern culture,' so much praised by those who have not seen its dark side. Tolstoy was baffled by the absence of unity in that civilization; he was surprised not to find anything that could be called the feeling of brotherhood towards one's fellow-man; he was disgusted with the vanity, the ambition, the harsh selfishness which "destroy the need of instinctive and loving association" of men, as he expresses it.

In Paris, Tolstoy saw an execution; one of those legalized crimes of our days, which boast of being the justice of the twentieth century. He was impressed beyond words to say. In his *Confessions*, he writes about the spectacle he saw in Paris:

"Even if Humanity, on the ground of whatever theory, had found from the beginning of the world to the present time this punishment [capital punishment] as necessary, I MYSELF KNOW THAT IT IS NOT, AND THAT IT IS AN EVIL ACTION. And even if men and progress tried to prove to me that this punishment is beneficial, MY HEART, SOLE JUDGE, WILL DENY IT FOR EVER."

Tolstoy had lost all faith in 'civilization.' He had lost the hope of finding in it the solution of the riddle of life, and he entered still deeper into his own consciousness. For a moment he thought that the happiness

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of life was to be found in a calm existence far from the clash of civilization and the noise of towns, in a family-circle, among real friends, in the country. But that ideal, incarnated in the romance *The Home-Happiness*, had not the time to blossom forth, since the death of his beloved brother, Nikolas, suddenly destroyed the sweet dreams he was nursing in his soul.

“Nothing has ever impressed me in life so much as the end of Nikolas,” writes Tolstoy; “he died in such sufferings! . . .” (Nikolas died of tuberculosis.)

The death of his brother was a decisive shock to the inner evolution of Tolstoy’s consciousness. He fell into a melancholic state of mind, discouraged and without hope. The idea of death occupied his whole being. It was the phantom that had troubled him in his early youth; it was the same shadow but a thousand times stronger and more vivid which stood there before his eyes and mocked at his helplessness to solve its mystery. Mournful visions followed him everywhere. He wrote:

“What is the use of living, if tomorrow the torments of death will begin again, with all the meanness of falsehood, of the dupery of oneself, to end in an absolute zero, in nothingness?

“My brother, my friend, has lived the same life with me, and now he has left this existence. What has happened? The manifestation of his relations with the exterior world which I was able to observe in space and time, has disappeared from my sight. But I have the memory of my brother . . . and that memory is not only an idea, but it acts upon me in exactly the same way as the life of my brother during his terrestrial passage.”

He could not console himself. The specter of death was haunting his imagination, and filled his mind, his soul, and being. He felt that if the Truth, that Truth for which he was searching for so many years, was not near at hand, and could not be found at once, as the only hope of escape from moral and mental agony and perhaps death, he, Tolstoy, would perish as a thinking entity, like a man in the midst of an ocean submerged by the furious waves.

“To live and suffer without knowing why; to disappear without leaving any trace; is it not the most cruel irony for man whose soul loves the truth and the good? Thus, if life has a meaning, death cannot destroy it; and one has to find this meaning, which is stronger than death.”

It was the first time that Tolstoy really confronted the great Riddle of Life. It was the moment when he had attained a certain stage of evolution, that certain degree of inner development when no further growth is possible without breaking the narrow limits of a mind fed long upon the established opinions and beliefs of an old and worn-out generation.


One has to find out for oneself the solution of the great mystery of existence and find it in the Light of one’s own Soul, for, no matter what the religion, the philosophy, the creed, the dogma, which has been

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imposed on you by parents, friends, acquaintances, or by the common belief of the majority of men and women, the problem of life and death can be satisfactorily solved only by the voice of your own Spirit, the Divinity within, beyond which there is no superior court of appeal.

SUPERFLUITY

R. MACHELL

OOD taste will never tolerate a superfluity of ornament; but the assertion that all ornament is superfluous may appear like puritanism of the deepest dye dogmatically propounding an artistic heresy. Yet the idea will bear consideration, not only on its own merits, but also because of its relation by analogy to other branches of social psychonomy.

The ordinary conception of ornament distinctly contains an element of superfluity: for it is generally understood to be a form of embellishment, which is added to something capable of standing alone in its native simplicity. If ornament were correctly defined in this way it certainly would be hard to defend it against the charge of superfluity. For, either the object so adorned was already complete, or it was not. If not, then its completion would not be of the nature of ornament (under the suggested definition), but a structural continuation of an incomplete work.

It is in this sense that I think true ornament should be considered. It should be the natural completion of a work that might be self-sufficient in its incompleteness, even as a plant may be beautiful and sufficient without its blossoms, but which is not superfluously adorned by the flowers, that are the culmination and completion of its growth.

To strip a tree or plant of its blossoms and to arrange the flowers in a vase may not be an act of vandalism, but may even be considered as a duty to the plant and an expression of refined taste in domestic decoration. So, too, it may be legitimate to gather the blossoms of architecture and the arts and to arrange them in museums and galleries for the delight and for the education of lovers of the beautiful.

But no lover of nature would tolerate the decoration of plants with artificial flowers: that would be indeed a "superfluity of naughtiness," as the Bible has it. Yet this is analogous to the practice of decoration as understood (or as misunderstood) in most ages. Obviously it is a delicate matter to explain where the difference lies between true orna-

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ment and false; though the intuitive perception of the fitness of things, which we call taste, may draw the line without a moment's hesitation, and with infallible accuracy.

If, however, we study nature, and learn to feel the fitness there is in the flowers that complete the beauty of the plant they adorn, we may get an idea of the relation of true ornament in art or architecture to the building or object it enriches.

Delicate distinctions such as these are sometimes made more intelligible by analogy. We may compare politeness to ornament. There are nations in which politeness is as natural as flowers are on blossoming trees and plants; and undoubtedly there are others which resemble those plants that are cultivated or tolerated for the sake of their foliage or their timber; there are also valuable plants that bear their recommendations to our respect underground, such as potatoes and carrots. And are there not people who possess sterling qualities of mind and heart, but who are devoid of the ornamental feature of politeness, or whose politeness has so little sweetness and grace about it that it is only tolerable when ignored?

But man is not a plant, and he must live up to a higher standard than that of a potato or a carrot. It is not sufficient for him to have hidden virtues and bad manners. We should not allow the boorish idea that politeness is superfluous and fictitious to be made an excuse for selfish laziness or for vulgar insolence (the ugly flowers of a low nature). Politeness is the blossom natural and proper to civilized humanity; it marks the completion of a certain period of growth and evolution.

Of course there is a vulgar affectation or mannerism that may be compared to the artificial flowers referred to, or to that kind of ornament that is unnecessary and unsuitable; but then it is at once clear that such abominations are not a natural blossoming of civilization, but merely a parody upon nature.

As the flower springs spontaneously and joyously from the life of the plant, so does politeness come naturally and pleasantly from the heart of a man; and so does ornament blossom naturally without superfluity where it belongs, and never violates the 'fitness of things.'



“JUST as a candle cannot burn without a fire, man cannot live without a spiritual life. The spirit dwells in all men, but not all men are aware of this.” -- *Brahmanic wisdom*

IN SEARCH OF HEALTH

E. A. CORYN

MAN divides his time between losing his health by various forms of ill living, and trying to find it by various forms of artificial living. He is entirely averse to admitting that he is to blame for his evil state, and he is permeated by the rooted belief that there is some short cut to health without unduly interfering with his habits.

However he may have himself contributed to his loss of health, he is everlastingly and hopefully looking out for some way of getting out of the inevitable consequences of his conduct, and in this optimism he has been largely supported by the medical profession, which, in the past, at least, has been largely curative, rather than preventive — it has dealt more with the cure than the cause of disease.

Reading of the triumphs of medical and surgical science, men have looked even more hopefully to the relief from the consequences of ill living. Yet it is not many years since a leading medical journal pointed out that leaving out the preventable diseases of children, the health and death statistics were practically unaltered, and Wiggram points out in the *Decalogue of Science*, that while we have largely overcome microbial disease, two factors were operating to maintain the *status quo*. First, our powers of resistance to microbial disease were lessening, and secondly, functional and other non-microbe diseases were taking their places. The increase in nervous and mental disease, he points out, is enormous.

To paraphrase, “It is not what goeth into a man, but that which goes out from him” that counts — the virtue and power that he loses.

We do not die because a microbe attacks us, but because we have lost or weakened our power of resistance — we have weakened the protective elements within us by our conduct.

We are bombarded by germs and microbes all the time; they lurk in the water we drink and the air we breathe; and the fact that we live at all is silent evidence, not of germlessness, but of the courageous fight kept up by the cleansing guardians within us, by the porters at our gates and the battalions within. We talk of septic germs giving trouble in our wounds and cuts but the evil should be laid not to the germ, but to ourselves.

While there is one teaching common to every religion — that as ye sow, so ye shall reap — we all believe and hope in our hearts that

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it is not true, that somehow, someway, the results can be avoided or got round — that we can do or think wrong or folly and escape the consequences, that we can push nature without evoking an exactly similar push in return. Yet if we are to postulate any sort of Philosophy of Life, of any Law or Order in the Universe, we are compelled to accept as an axiom, beyond question or dispute, that on the physical, mental, or spiritual planes, whether in man or nation, every thought and deed must bring its inevitable and consequent result on the doer or thinker; that for every sowing there must be a reaping; for every reaping there was a past sowing — each reaping an inevitable and just outcome of the deed.

“The Future streams up from behind us over our heads to meet us.”

This is the keynote of the Greek Drama — the all-dominating, remorseless, inevitable Fate or Nemesis, the harvesting of past causes.

It is true that the relation between cause and effect is often not to be traced, whether we are dealing with national or individual ill health. The action may be forgotten, or its relation to present evil may be unsuspected; but we shall go far both in the direction of cure and of prevention, when the relationship and the responsibility are accepted. We shall no longer lightly violate Law and Order in the hope of evading the consequences, or that there will be none; and medicine and surgery would take on a new aspect.

We shall view our bodies as a highly efficient mechanism — only a living mechanism, which has been misused, and see that while surgery or medicine may assist, the cure must lie in our own selves. The lost control must be regained; the abused cells must be encouraged back to normality, the weakened function made strong. In that light, the drug that ‘cures’ is merely staving off the evil day. There is no ‘pink pill’ which can ‘cure’ an excess; all that we are doing is at best to avert the evil for a time, and at worst to start a fresh set of causes.

In the body politic we perhaps maltreat a small nation, and when as a consequence it becomes a thorn in our side, we placate it with a fresh demonstration of aggression and call it peace. Man as a Nation and Man as an individual are both ‘Man’ and the Nation is only man in a group; but in the latter we can often see in history causes and effects working out which cannot be seen in the former. In that longer view, we can see how the reaping always follows the sowing, and that Nature allows no evasions, but exacts the bill to the uttermost — insists on the evil done being ‘undone,’ however painfully to the doer.

In the larger issues of national life, we are perhaps beginning to

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suspect that morality and justice are the only paths, but in our own microcosm we still hope that the doctor can give us a short cut or that drugs or diets can undo the wrong done; as though Nature was to be cheated or cajoled. Some of us still believe that on the moral plane it is possible to be lawless, vicious, uncontrolled, and gain a forgiveness and a wiping out of the consequences — oblivious of the obvious fact that it is not true — that no amount of mere repentance ever repaired a misused body, or healed a diseased mind.

If we can believe that a fresh set of laws come into play after death, and that the sinner who has ruined his body, twisted his mind, and distorted or atrophied his soul and moral nature, who has done evil and thought evil and worshiped evil, can wipe a sponge of repentance over himself and straightway think high and noble thoughts, feel lofty ideals, love the good that he despised — if we can believe that, we may reasonably term ourselves optimists.

There is no more vital truth than that what we have done and thought in the past has modified us mentally, morally, and physically, to what we are today. We can for a time evade the consequences; our pill claims to enable us to overeat with impunity; we wipe out this or that germ of disease — scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox, one after another. Those that are left only kill us the more certainly, and new ailments arise. Nature checked at one outlet, finds another.

In the body politic we are doing the same thing; with each crop of trouble we pass a new law or a fresh palliative. The past still “streams up over our heads from behind.” We fly to the Statesman as to the Doctor to get us out of the consequences of our national and social wrong-doing.

The fact that we do not remember the early sins and do not know the chain of causes and effects, is ignored by Nature. You did not know that dirt brought disease, that vice involved mental and physical deterioration, but you knew, says Nature, that it was dirt; you knew it was vice; now you know it is disease. Better get clean!

When we have routed all the enemies without, there still remains the enemy within, in the very structure and function of body and mind.



“HUMANITY is truly in the shadows; but in spite of retrogression, materialism, and a selfishness that is extreme, the finer atmosphere of the world is even now surcharged with hope.” — *Katherine Tingley*

THE BRIDGE OF CHU-CH'IO

KENNETH MORRIS

After Liu Yü-hsi

BY the Bridge of Chu-ch'io and the old stone causeway
Yellow the evening sunlight falls on the flowers of the field in bloom
Where with silks and swords and fans and pennons and boom of drums
in the old time
The Golden Feet of History went mincing by to their doom.

From the eaves of peasants where once were the Halls of the Noble
Go swallows swift-skimming in long curves o'er the stream in the evening glow;
And no voice is calling. None stirs. None is watching
But the low sun, and the far mountains, and long ago.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY: ITS MEANING PURPOSE AND SCOPE

(Continued from the March issue)

III

THE Purpose of the School of Antiquity has in part already been shown in the preceding section of this paper, but we come now to define and examine it more closely. This Purpose, for the carrying out of which the School was founded, naturally follows and is in harmony with the Idea which we have briefly outlined, and a consideration of this will help us to understand still further the Meaning of the School.

In its Charter the Purpose of the establishment of the School of Antiquity is given in Katherine Tingley's own words as follows:

In order to revive a knowledge of the Sacred Mysteries of Antiquity by promoting the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education and welfare of the people of all countries, irrespective of creed, sex, caste or color; by instructing them in an understanding of the laws of universal nature and justice, and particularly the laws governing their own being: thus teaching them the wisdom of mutual helpfulness, such being the Science of Râja-Yoga.

The School of Antiquity shall be an Institution where the true 'Râja-Yoga,' the laws of

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universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples.

Katherine Tingley, at the ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone at Point Loma, California, February 23, 1897, of the building which shall stand as the visible center of activities, and home of the School of Antiquity, said the following:

Few can realize the vast significance of what has been done here today. In ancient times the founding of a temple was looked upon as of world-wide importance. Kings and princes from far distant countries attended the ceremonies of the foundation. Sages gathered from all parts of the world to lend their presence at such a time; for the building of a temple was rightly regarded as a benefit conferred upon all humanity.

The future of this school will be closely associated with the future of the great American republic. While the school will be international in character, America will be its center. This school will be a temple of living light, and illumine the dark places of the earth. And I appeal to all present to remember this day as one of great promise, for this new age must bring a blessing to all.

Through this school and its branches, the children of the race will be taught the laws of spiritual life, and the laws of physical, moral and mental development. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become compassionate lovers of all that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they attain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world. Rejoice with me, then, and may you all share in the blessings of this hour, and in the brightness of the future which contains so much of joy for all humanity.

The quotations just above given state clearly and unmistakably the essence, spirit and purpose of the School. No intelligent man or woman can mistake their meaning and tone. According to them there is something more in life than the gratification of personal desires, or the accentuation of the personality; something more in education than the storing of the mind with information and facts, or the acquirement of intellectual treasures; something more than even study of the highest philosophy or the contemplation of the loftiest ideals. They call for an awakening of the noblest energies of the soul and spirit of man, and the employment of all his powers of mind and heart and body in the service of the human race. They arise out of and imply and teach the Universal Brotherhood of all men as a supreme fact in Nature. They demand right living and not merely right thinking. They are in accord with that superb declaration of Thomas Carlyle: "The end of man is an action and not a thought, though it were the noblest."

And linking the Purpose of the School more directly with our attempt to explain its Meaning and the Idea that lies back of its foundation, we may say that it is to put that Idea into effect; it is to recover the lost knowledge of Antiquity and to apply it to the needs of the pre-

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sent. It is to link up the Present with the Past, and from the lessons so learned, to apply our knowledge and our highest endeavors that the Future which inevitably grows out of and is the child of both Past and Present shall be an era of Enlightenment and Happiness — not for us only, nor merely for a chosen few, but for all Humanity.

The Purpose of the School of Antiquity is to link up all Science (all the sciences) with Philosophy and Religion — using these terms in no restricted, dogmatic or creedal sense, but in their broadest and true meaning; to show their relation to life and conduct; to demonstrate that for the acquirement of true knowledge (not mere information or theory, deduced too often by faulty reasoning and from incomplete data) an “eager intellect” is not the only prerequisite, but first, a “clean life” and a “pure heart,” unselfishness and pure motive; and that only he whose life is clean and whose heart is pure can gain entrance to the portals of Divine Wisdom. To show furthermore that what are usually regarded as merely ethical, spiritual or religious injunctions, such as “Live the life if you would know the doctrine,” “Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things [knowledge, wisdom, power] shall be added unto you,” are scientific statements of fact.

IV

As to the Scope or range and extent of work of the School of Antiquity, this has already been outlined in part. It includes Science, Philosophy, Religion (in its true meaning), and the Arts; in fact, all departments of knowledge and achievement with special reference to their bearing on human life and development, and also with particular regard to the teachings and achievements of the ancients. Special attention is therefore paid to archaeological research, and a study of ancient records, monuments, traditions, myths. For the wonderful light which Theosophy throws upon all these, the reader is referred again to the two great works of H. P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Secret Doctrine*, in which some of the keys and many hints are given as to their hidden meaning.

Of the arts, particular mention should be made of Music and the Drama, though all the fine arts and the handicrafts have an important place in the curriculum of the School, for the reason, to quote again the words of Herbert Spencer, that its aim is to prepare “for complete living.” To this end all the faculties must be developed, not alone of mind, but of soul and body. Hence, hand and eye and ear and voice must be cultivated. Only so can the character be completely rounded out, only so can life in all its fullness and richness be made possible. And parti-

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cularly are Music and the Drama, if rightly studied, factors in the development of the soul-qualities, in character-building and in the gaining of self-control.

Very significant are Katherine Tingley's words regarding the place that music occupies in the School of Antiquity and the Râja-Yoga College. She says, that in these —

It becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul. The world has a wrong conception of the ideal in music and not until it has rectified this conception can it perceive that the true harmony of music can never proceed from one who has not that true harmony within himself.

There is held to be an immense correspondence between music on the one hand and thought and aspiration on the other, and only that deserves the name of music to which the noblest and the purest aspirations are responsive. . . . There is a science of consciousness, and into that science music can enter more largely than is usually supposed. A knowledge of the laws of life can be neither profound nor wide which neglects one of the most effective of all forces.

And regarding the drama, Katherine Tingley has said:

True Drama points away from the unrealities to the real life of the soul. . . . We are in sight of the day which will restore the Drama to its rightful position as one of the great redemptive forces of the age. . . . Has not a wise Teacher among the ancients taught us that out of the heart come all the issues of life? It is the heart that the higher Drama reaches with its message. That is the secret of its power to regenerate.

Included also in the scope of the work and activities of the School of Antiquity, and as an aid to the fulfilment of its Purpose, namely, the Enlightenment of the Human Race, mention should be made of the vast output of literature which is an important feature of its work. And in addition to the publishing and wide distribution of the standard Theosophical books in English, French, German, Swedish, Dutch, Spanish and Japanese, special mention should be made of its periodicals: *The Theosophical Path*, edited by Katherine Tingley and published at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California; and the German, Swedish and Dutch editions of the same, published in their respective countries under her direction. Also the *Râja-Yoga Messenger*, a magazine for young folk, conducted by students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, also under her direction, and *The New Way*, "For Prisoners and Others, whether behind the Bars or not," established by Katherine Tingley especially to bring a new hope and courage into the lives of the discouraged and unfortunate. Both the latter are also published at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma.

Through this literature and these magazines which go into almost every country of the world, the message of Theosophy is brought to thousands, and the way pointed out to that higher and nobler path of life that shall in time bring happiness and peace to all mankind.

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Concisely stated, the Scope of the School of Antiquity is measured only by human knowledge and experience; in short, by human life — the life of the whole of Humanity, not merely of the Humanity of the present or immediate past, but of all the past. Its study is the study of both Man and the Universe, their evolution and destiny.

V

Before concluding this Paper, there is still another most important phase of the subject which must be considered, a factor in the School of Antiquity, which is as it were the keystone of the whole structure, the heart and head of this great Enterprise, without which it could have no real life, no organic life, nor be more than a name. It is not enough to demonstrate, as has been attempted in this Paper, that every Institution, every Enterprise, worthy of the name, is the outcome of an Idea. The noblest ideas are all around us, but they require not only expression, but embodiment. No teaching, however lofty, ever of itself made humanity better; there must be the living example inspiring others in turn and in the degree of their capabilities and responsiveness to become living examples also.

A School presupposes a Teacher; and true Education implies a true Teacher, not a theorist, but one whose life exemplifies the teachings. If we study history we shall find that every true Teacher and Helper of humanity has his or her own work to do, his or her own message to give, and mission to fulfil. And even though, as Theosophy teaches, the foundation and essence of the work, and the message and ultimate purpose of the mission, are ever one and the same, their form and expression are different, one from another, according to the needs of the time and the special work that each Teacher and Helper comes to do, as the result of their own experience and evolution in past lives. A long line of these Teachers and Helpers could be given, not all of whom are yet understood, nor have the lives and works of all yet received vindication, for the path of the Teachers, Reformers and Helpers of Humanity is always beset with misunderstandings, calumnies and bitter opposition from the enemies of progress and even from those whom they came to help. It is ever the age-old struggle between the powers of Light and those of Darkness.

But let us turn to the present and consider briefly the work and mission of those whom we, students of Theosophy and of the School of Antiquity regard as our Teachers and as Helpers of Humanity in these dark days of war and strife and fierce competition: our three Teachers, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine

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Tingley. Each of these has had her or his own special work to do. Let us look at these for a moment.

The work of H. P. Blavatsky, as she herself has described it, was “to break the molds of mind”: to break down dogmatism, superstition, error, both of Religion and Science; to teach again the age-old truths regarding Man and the Universe; to proclaim to man his origin, nature and destiny; to demonstrate the reign of Law in all life and all the activities of life; to restate the ancient doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma and to give again to man the supreme hope and the supreme power that come from the knowledge of his essential Divinity, and hence Perfectibility; to demonstrate the existence of a body of teaching and of an unbroken line of Teachers throughout the whole life-cycle of our present Humanity, and to show by the identity of their teaching that all the great Teachers have drawn from the same Fountain-Source of Wisdom and Knowledge — the Wisdom-Religion.

“Our voice,” she declares in *Isis Unveiled* (I, xlv), “is raised for spiritual freedom, and our plea made for enfranchisement from all tyranny, whether of Science or Theology.” And she closes Volume I (page 628) of that work with the following words:

The few elevated minds who interrogate nature instead of prescribing laws for her guidance; who do not limit her possibilities by the imperfections of their own powers; and who only disbelieve because they do not know, we would remind of that apothegm of Nârada, the ancient Hindû philosopher:

“Never utter these words: ‘I do not know this — therefore it is false.’”

“One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge.”

William Q. Judge, the one who knew H. P. Blavatsky best in this life, thus wrote of her in 1891, just after she had passed away:

Her aim was to elevate the race. Her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step; to seek out and educate a few who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Doctrine and devoted to “the great orphan Humanity,” could carry on her work with zeal and wisdom; to found a society whose efforts — however small itself might be — would inject into the thoughts of the day the ideas, the doctrines, the nomenclature of the Wisdom-Religion, so that when the next century shall have seen its 75th year the new Messenger coming again into the world would find the Society still at work, the ideas sown broadcast, the nomenclature ready to give expression and body to the immutable Truth, and thus make easy the task which for her since 1875 was so difficult and so encompassed with obstacles.

While H. P. Blavatsky’s work was very largely, in fact, mainly, with her pen; that of William Q. Judge, co-Founder with her of the Theosophical Society, and after her death, her successor as Teacher and Leader of the Theosophical Movement, was principally in the building up of the Society, and particularly in the U. S. A. H. P. Blavatsky herself spoke of him as the “Resuscitator of Theosophy in America.”

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The word Duty perhaps more than any other is the keynote of William Q. Judge's teaching. These are his words:

What then is the panacea finally, the royal talisman? It is DUTY, Selflessness.

He consolidated the work; he simplified the teachings, in particular in his writings he showed the relation of Theosophy to the common events of everyday life, expounding its ethics, coming into personal touch through his lectures and correspondence with thousands of the members. And after H. P. Blavatsky's death he maintained the teachings pure and unsullied, holding the Society and the teachings on their original lines, and defending them against the attack of an unfaithful English member who through personal ambition sought to wreck them. No words can ever describe his steadfast faithful work, nor the martyrdom which he endured, yet he kept faithfully the trust which had been committed into his keeping and passed it on to his successor Katherine Tingley. The inspiration of his life and teachings have been a benediction to thousands, and his memory equally with that of Helena P. Blavatsky lives in their hearts.

These few words are totally inadequate to describe his work, and equally impossible is it to describe Katherine Tingley's work; and yet an attempt must be made to do so briefly in order to complete as far as possible this presentation of the subject. Equally with H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge does Katherine Tingley stand before the world as a Teacher with her own message and work, as both of them had theirs. The general lines of her teaching and work are known all over the world, but it is in place to mention here that to her students, among whom are many who had the privilege of being students of Madame Blavatsky in the early days of the Theosophical Society, others of W. Q. Judge, as well as others who did not contact those two noble workers, she, Katherine Tingley, like them, has given ennobling teachings far in advance of the present-day conceptions of the human race; and she, like them, has brought a message to the world, a message of Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged Humanity.

But perhaps the most distinctive feature of Katherine Tingley's work has been in the practical application of the teachings to the problems of everyday life, individual and collective. And while it was to this end that both of her predecessors worked, the time had not then come when it was possible to make such a demonstration in connexion with the Theosophical teachings. Her work for the unfortunate and for prisoners, her relief of suffering, her many other endeavors along practical humanitarian lines, her public lectures and teachings, her efforts on behalf of Peace and to bring about a closer and more sym-

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pathetic relation and a better understanding between the nations — all are well known; but it is particularly her work as Foundress and President of the School of Antiquity and as Teacher that concerns us here.

In 1894 William Q. Judge made known to several of his students that H. P. Blavatsky had foretold to him that following her own work would be —

the establishment in the West of a great seat of learning, where shall be taught and explained and demonstrated the great theories of man and nature,

— those great theories or teachings, in fact, which it had been her work and mission to make known again to the world. There is a special interest in this statement — this prophecy, we may call it — of H. P. Blavatsky, for the reason that Katherine Tingley, when a child of only eight years, had told her grandfather that some day when she grew up she would build a beautiful city in “Gold-land,” where should come to live people and children from all over the world. And so it is that the establishment of the School of Antiquity is Katherine Tingley’s work, it is her creation.

As designed by her, it is a further step along the path of Theosophy. Obviously, not everyone is prepared, nor do the circumstances of life give everyone the opportunity, to become a student in the deeper sense of the word as outlined in this paper; and besides, out of the large number of those who take a general interest in Theosophy there are only comparatively few who look upon life so seriously that they realize the opportunity which the School of Antiquity offers; or who are prepared to take this further step. To all such, however, the doors of the School are open for them to enter in and receive the deeper and more advanced teachings of Theosophy which it gives.

It is thus of special interest to note the relationship which the School of Antiquity bears to the original Theosophical Society, founded by Helena P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which is the name by which the original Theosophical Society is now known — after its reorganization under Katherine Tingley in 1898 — is open to all who accept its principal object, which is “to demonstrate that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and to make it a living power in the life of Humanity.” This Society and Organization was “ordained and established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.” It is “part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages”; it demands merely the acceptance of the principle of Brotherhood and the sincere endeavor to make it the rule and guide of life, and as far as possible to study and apply the principles of Theosophy to daily life and conduct.

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As Katherine Tingley has said: "The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is as it were the Outer Court, and the School of Antiquity the Inner." In no other way can the inner be approached save through the outer. No intellectual attainments alone can gain admission for the applicant; coupled with these there must be moral fitness and the record of duty well done. What one *is* and the motives that govern one's life — these are the first qualifications of the applicant for further instruction, and the keys that gain him admission to the School of Antiquity.

The students of the School of Antiquity are not only those who, residing at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, have been privileged to have this further opportunity, but there are many in other parts of the world who receive its teachings and participate directly in its benefits; for its activities are world-wide.

The same spirit runs through the whole Theosophical Movement, which includes both the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and the School of Antiquity, as well as other activities. The former of these inculcates and disseminates teachings which are for all; the latter is for those who seek to make those teachings a potent factor in their lives. Yet even for those who in this life cannot become active students of the School of Antiquity, believing, as we do, in Reincarnation, once the first step is taken in the practice of Brotherhood, the way will surely open for the next step and the next, up to the threshold and beyond, into the Temple itself of Divine Wisdom; and if the circumstances of one's life, his Karma, do not permit his entrance today (that is, in this life) he may enter tomorrow (in the next life) when he again returns to earth to renew his pilgrimage on the Path.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky had given an outline of the ancient teachings of the Wisdom-Religion; this she gave to the world in her published writings; she had also given other teaching direct to her pupils. The published teaching was open to all who were searching for the Truth; to all, in fact, who were interested enough to read her books. That which her pupils had received from her was theirs to follow according to their understanding, and there were some who did earnestly seek to exemplify the teaching in their lives.

There had been the personal exemplification of the teachings in the lives of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, but where was to be found an assurance of the continuance of that help, that guidance and direct instruction that the world so needs? Only the establishment of a School could answer the need of the time, for only through the association and co-operation of students working together in harmony could be made

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possible that collective exemplification of the Theosophic life and teachings that should affect the whole world for good. What the world needs today is a demonstration that life does not call for competition, nor is it in truth a struggle for existence; it needs a demonstration of the practicability of men and women living in harmony, without strife or personal jealousy, but united in the joy of service for Humanity; it needs a demonstration of the larger life of the Soul, and the practical realization that there is Divinity at the heart of every human being. And this need, this demonstration, could be fulfilled and made only by the establishment of a School.

What is the real meaning of a School? what is the root-meaning of the word? It comes from the Greek σχολή (*scholē*), meaning primarily *leisure*, later meaning *philosophy*, and then applied to designate a *lecture-place*, or place of instruction. But consider its primary meaning, *leisure*. The true meaning of *leisure* is not as it is so often used, with the signification of doing nothing, idleness, having no occupation; its root-meaning is that of the Latin word *licere*, from which it is derived; hence it means *permission, opportunity*. This is the true meaning of the word School: it is a place of Opportunity, and it is in this sense, I think, that the establishment of the School of Antiquity is of such vast importance to the whole world. It is not only a place of opportunity for the demonstration of true living, or for the gaining of true knowledge, but for the training of those who in time shall, as they become fitted for the high calling, go out to teach and help in their turn.

Such a School as I have endeavored to show the School of Antiquity to be, presupposes and could only be possible if there were a true Teacher, a real Teacher, possessed of knowledge and wisdom. The world will not, and rightly, accept mere words; it demands demonstration, and such demonstration has already been and is being increasingly given. By their fruits shall ye know them, and by the life and teachings and work of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, is she known to all those who have had the courage to inquire into and impartially test them. The work already accomplished in the School of Antiquity and in the Râja-Yoga College are proof of this.

We are passing through one of the most crucial times in the known history of the world. Future ages alone can tell the full meaning and significance of these times; but when in the years to come the men and women of that day shall look back to the darkness and terror of the nations of Europe locked in the death-struggle of war, and the universal suffering and unrest of the whole world at the beginning of this Twentieth Century, they shall see through and out of the darkness streaming on

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into the future, a golden light, ever spreading and widening; they shall seem to hear above the din and strife of battle a song of hope and new courage, which they shall know alone made possible the reawakening and the rebuilding whose fruits they shall then see in the new civilization that shall in that future day be theirs to enjoy. They shall know then that the light was the Light of Theosophy, the song was the Song of Universal Brotherhood, streaming and sounding through the portals of the School of Antiquity. And in that day they shall know and understand better than even the most devoted of the students of today, the work and life and teachings of the three great Teachers who made all this possible: Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, William Quan Judge and Katherine Tingley.

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OBSERVER



STUDENTS of Theosophy are aware of the fact that only a limited number of human remains and of specimens of man's handiwork belonging to very ancient prehistoric ages have been recorded and that there has been much controversy about the genuineness of those few. The leading men of science have been very slow to accept testimony suggesting that human beings had 'evolved from the brute' before the end of the Tertiary Period, and especially in America it is almost a cardinal sin to suggest that man has been here more than eight, or at the very outside, ten thousand years.

According to Theosophy, however, man has lived on this planet for a good many millions of years longer than the most liberal scientific estimate, and has passed through numerous ups and downs of civilization and barbarism in his journey through time. There has always appeared to be some obstruction in the way of finding proofs of this great antiquity, and when examples, such as the 'Tertiary image' from Nampa, or the Vero pottery in Florida, etc., were exhumed, they were disregarded for reasons difficult to comprehend on ordinary lines of logic.

Now comes a curious and rather suggestive illumination upon the whole subject from the learned ranks of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, meeting at the beginning of this year. According to the press-reports, definite charges were made that incontrovertible facts proving the existence of man in the last glacial age, *at least* 25,000 years ago, in America, have been deliberately suppressed in the interests of the orthodox school of anthropologists who hold the

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whip-hand in the universities. The following quotations will probably surprise our Theosophical and other readers, and, if the statements are well-founded — which seems likely, — a *very clear reason will be revealed for the alleged absence of data of man's great antiquity*, in America (and presumably the principle applies eslewhere) according to the official representatives and text-books of science. Nothing more unsatisfactory has come from the 'higher-ups' of science since it was shown that the great materialist Haeckel had 'cooked' some of his diagrams in order to support a favorite theory.

According to press-reports the 'opening gun' in the battle over the age of man in America was fired on January 1st, by Dr. Byron Cummings, professor of Archaeology at the University of Arizona, who said:

"Full investigation and careful tabulation of results have too often been retarded by the storm of ridicule and abuse that has been heaped upon the heads of those who brought to light anything unusual, some of our leading anthropologists have condemned without a hearing, facts that are really incontrovertible, and good men have been hounded from the profession by others who happened to hold the center of the stage at the time.

"A few years ago, some United States geologists were making investigations in southern Arizona. I suggested to one that it would be a fine thing if he and his associates continued the investigation of an old lake-bed until they discovered some fossil remains of man. The answer came back quick and straight:

"'Not on your life. If we find any human bones in these fossil-beds, we'll bury them, pack our baggage, and ask to be transferred to some other locality. We are not going to risk our professional reputation to find any Pleistocene man.' [The Pleistocene period is supposed to have ended at least 25,000 years ago.]

"It seems a crime to some to bring to light anything that contradicts our published theories. Men uncover the bones of Pleistocene animals in California, Arizona, and many other places, and the finds are accepted without question, but if a human bone or implement is encountered in the same or similar strata, its presence must be accounted for in some other way."

Furthermore, at the same meeting, Dr. E. P. Goddard of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, in asserting that man may have existed in America before the last glacial period:

"cited the finding of flints under twenty-six feet of glacial gravel and under a fossilized bison in such a position as to indicate that they were shot into the animal. Dr. Walter Hough, took exception to Dr. Goddard's conclusions on the ground that the examples *found were so advanced as to preclude the possibility of their being old*, etc." [Italics mine]

H. P. Blavatsky said "facts were pitchforks," but it seems that the facts have to give way to the theories until a sufficient number of martyrs have sacrificed themselves for truth.



VERY little is actually known about ancient Greek painting except what can be gleaned from the classic writers, the small vase-paintings, and from a few Pompeian wall-pictures which probably derived their

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inspiration from Greece. Last year, the first discovery of an actual Greek painting on a large scale was made at Corinth, and the artistic and archaeological world is looking forward to a real revelation when it is completely excavated.

This picture dates from a little earlier than the beginning of the Christian era, after the Romans had introduced their brutal games to degenerating Greece, and so it is not of the great period of Greek art. Corinth was destroyed by the Romans in 146 B. C., but Caesar had it rebuilt a century later, and then the remains of the old Greek theater were converted into an arena. The painting decorated the high wall surrounding this gladiatorial arena, and represented gladiators fighting lions. It is 300 ft. long, but only 45 ft. are yet uncovered.

The importance of the discovery is shown by this statement of Dr. L. Shear of Princeton, who is in charge of the excavations:

"The paintings were beautifully done by fine artists and indicate that we must wholly revise our ideas of Greek painting and the decoration of Greek and Roman buildings. The colors are very rich and subdued. This shows that the attempts to restore the color-scheme of ancient Greek temples have been all wrong. In these attempted restorations garish tints have been used. In the absence of real information on this subject it was supposed that garish tints were used by the Greeks, but the paintings at Corinth show that the contrary was the case.

"The field against which the figures are painted is a dark blue. This rests on a band of yellow. Below that is a narrow band of deeper blue, and at the bottom of all is a broad band of dark red. The lions are a tawny red. The scarlet boots, which are something entirely new in this country and period, stand out conspicuously. The painting was done on a large scale in order to make an effective picture for the audience in distant seats."



DISCOVERIES of relics of ancient races, now crowding in upon us so rapidly, support the Theosophical teaching that man has changed very little in essentials, if at all, in many thousands or perhaps hundreds of thousands of years. When simple objects of domestic use are found similar to those we employ today, we seem to come very near the intimate personal life of the people of bygone ages, and sometimes in a very touching way.

For instance, in the recent explorations in North Africa, Count B. K. de Prorok unearthed in Utica, the elder neighbor of Carthage, a large number of babies' bottles and children's toys. The bottles differed from ours in the absence of rubber nipples, but they must have been quite effective for their purpose. They were made of pottery with a nipple of the same material containing a very small hole, and some were ornamented with a pair of smiling eyes and a laughing mouth. A crockery savings-bank was found with a slot and containing a few coins, and also many toy-animals in pottery; horses, chickens, and ducks.

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THE Berlin Museum has just placed on exhibition a very touching collection of dolls and other articles from the tomb of a little girl who died in the reign of Tiberius, about two thousand years ago. There is a toy table with a tiny silver candelabrum, toy-bricks, and a cosmetic box for the dolls! Writing materials buried with her show that the child must have belonged to a cultured family.

But when we go back three thousand years before the Roman empire, a similar story is told. In Mesopotamia, in the almost pre-historic kingdom of Kish, Professor Langdon of the Field Museum, Chicago, last year made marvelous discoveries proving the magnificence, and, in many ways, the modernness of that civilization which flourished at least five thousand years ago. His demonstration of the high pitch to which architecture, and general culture had reached among the Sumerians has proved a surprise. The splendid royal palace, covering three acres, contained a great hall 70 ft. long by 30 ft. wide, containing a row of massive columns. Among the numerous small objects found in the ruins were copper tools, razors, magnificent inlaid pottery, vanity and manicure cases, fish-hooks (a quite unexpected find), and children's toys, including a rattle in the form of a hollow horse in which a loose pebble was enclosed.

We are too apt to take our ideas of life in former ages from the ruins of tombs, broken columns, and statues whose stony blank eyeballs have no speculation in them, but of late a more intelligent appreciation of the knowledge, abilities, and cultivation of many ancient races is dawning. We have even had to admit that the Old-Stone-Age people, in the remote age when they hunted the terrible wild animals of early Europe, had a well-marked culture and a highly advanced art capacity. It is doubtful whether we should do better than they, if placed under the same conditions.



It was a great, an amazing, revelation to find that ages before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, a highly cultured and truly civilized people, the Mayas, occupied large territories in America. Dr. H. J. Spinden of Harvard, fixes the seventh century A. D. as the climax of the Maya civilization, but his recent establishment of the fact that the marvelously ingenious and accurate Calendar, based on the movement of Venus, was in use in the sixth century B. C., shows that the Mayas must have been very advanced even at that time in order to have produced a great mathematician or mathematical school, or that the wonderful Venus-calendar had descended from some previous and higher culture — from Atlantis perhaps! Dr. Spinden says:

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

"Hundreds of native dates found on Mayan monuments and temple-walls have been translated into our calendar, and evidence of their highly scientific methods and the extremely accurate results which they obtained in their calculations increases with further research. The Mayas reached practically the same figure for the true length of the year that we have today. They made calculations over vast stretches of time. Their calendar was more accurate than our own, which has an error of one day in 3,300 years."



WE are too much inclined to think that the interest in and research into natural problems are particularly characteristic of comparatively recent years, say since the establishment of the Royal Society in London in the middle of the seventeenth century. Disregarding the marvelous advances in science and civilization made many thousands of years ago in Egypt which permitted the conception and creation of such a monument of skill and organization as the Great Pyramid, the intellectual activities of the early centuries of our era are very striking -- the close of the cycle of later antiquity before the Dark Ages settled down like a fog over Europe. This quotation, from *The New Archaeological Discoveries* by Dr. C. M. Cobern, refers to this period:

"The whole civilized world throbbed with a sudden liberated energy. It seemed as if a new intellectual dynamic had been injected into the blood of the race. Pioneers of science like Strabo were inventing geological theories which strangely resemble those of modern times; scholars like Tacitus and Livy were writing histories of such elegance and philosophic insight that they are yet classics of their kind; educators like Quintilian were originating methods of pedagogy which are only now in the twentieth century being carried into effect.

"The astronomers in Alexandria were calculating eclipses, determining the equinoctial points, solstices, etc., much as is done today, and were reaching decisions concerning the size of the earth and the moon which were not far removed from those obtained by modern scholars. The sphericity of the earth was taught and illustrated in the schools, as we know from a fresco on which a terrestrial globe is represented, recently found near Rome.

"Nero had a pipe-organ worked by machinery, a circular dining-room which revolved like an astronomical dome with the sun, and a bronze hydraulic engine, found only recently in the ruins of his palace; and Dr. Boni has just discovered an elevator 120 feet high connected with the emperor's palace. . . .



SYMBOL of almost eternal duration, of unknown age, the great Sphinx of Ghizeh has lately been found to be in serious danger of destruction by the forces of Nature, slowly and imperceptibly but surely working towards *change*. The Egyptian Antiquities Department has come to its rescue in time and is now repairing it very thoroughly. Complete clearance of the sand which usually conceals most of the lion's body has been made, and it is now fully exposed to sight, which, it is believed, has not been the case for at least two thousand years.

To prevent the fall of the colossal head by the threatened breaking of the neck owing to disintegration, an iron collar is being fixed round

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the neck. This will, of course, be masked by stonework, and one valuable result of the repairs will be the restoration of the original graceful curve of the neck and shoulders which has long disappeared by the breaking away of the upper surface of the living rock from which the figure of the human-animal was cut. In the process of removing the sand a new tomb was discovered and a tablet of Thothmes IV recording an early excavation of the Sphinx.

The destruction of the great Egyptian Sphinx would be an irreparable loss for it is the one outstanding world-symbol of the Dual Nature of Man, the Higher — the human head royally crowned and glorified — and the Lower, personal self, the animal which is to be subjugated and controlled. A further and wider meaning of the Sphinx will be found in H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, Volume II, pages 123-4.

“TRUE DRAMA THE SOUL'S INTERPRETER”*

(An Address read at the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club)

LARS EEK



THROUGHOUT long periods of time, the spiritual element in humanity has endeavored to instruct the lower and less developed nature in the Science of Living. From whatever fragments that still remain of long-forgotten civilizations, we understand that the Drama has always, in some form, been used as interpreting the relations and functions of the Gods. The Mystery-plays of every age and race were at times enacted in the sacred and inner chambers of spiritual initiation: in the temples, the caves, or the Pyramids; at times openly and before the public during the periods when the average intelligence and spirituality of the nations would allow it.

The Divine Law and its Representatives on this earth have never abandoned mankind, even when the latter walked the most in the shadows and but little heeded the promptings of Spiritual Instructors. Thus it is that there has been handed down to our present humanity the very fragrance and the spirit of a great, a tremendous, past for us to try and interpret and render intelligible to the waiting millions. The great heart of the world is eagerly longing for the soul's interpreters -- one of which is true symbolic drama.

From the days when classical Athens echoed the mocking laughter of Aristophanes, from the time when Socrates, Plato, Pheidias, Aeschylus,

*A Quotation from Katherine Tingley

“TRUE DRAMA, THE SOUL’S INTERPRETER”

or Sophocles no longer suited the taste of the Athenians: there has been a constant battle between True Drama, True Art, True Living, and their opposite — the low, the sensual, the undeveloped, the venomous spirit that so often has threatened to undermine the race-consciousness and strangle the beautiful thoughts and aspirations of mankind.

Do I need to explain in what way Drama influences those who come under its wonderful spell? Think of *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus. Do you remember the hush that was over those great audiences in our beautiful open-air theater here at the International Theosophical Headquarters, all through those hours so replete with an atmosphere of mystic beauty and spiritual loftiness?

Truly, we all lived in another world for the time. The veil that ordinarily seems to separate the inner from the outer had been brushed aside by a movement of the magic wand of the Teacher, and we were breathlessly watching the Soul of Man battling its way onward to the Light. We suffered when he suffered, we rejoiced when he rejoiced, and we shared in his ultimate triumph. We were stirred to the very inmost depths of our being when we saw Light conquer darkness, and the transformation of the very enemies of life into beneficent forces, under the spiritual persuasion of Athena. We sat there entranced throughout the final scenes when the hosts of Life and Light were opening wide the Gateways to the Greater Life, and we glimpsed the glorious opportunities ahead for those who are willing to work in noble service.

That was *true* Drama. There is nothing small about that. It is compelling, it is truly spiritual, it is the very essence of Beauty and Art.

Aeschylus had a message. He brought it straight out from the Heart of the Universe. It is as vital and important today as it was two thousand years ago, or a million years, if you like. It is the message of eternal, DIVINE JUSTICE. We could write a book on the subject of *The Eumenides* and yet not begin to touch the heart of the subject, for here we are dealing with true drama, that is vibrant with a spiritual power all its own, and its possibilities are as inexhaustible as Divine Wisdom itself.

Let us think of Shakespeare for a moment. In his own inimitable fashion he depicted life as he met it in his day, and we recognise human nature just as if it had all happened in our own time. His characters love and work and aspire in just the way that most of us do, and the Unseen Laws of the Universe governed their lives and shaped their destinies in the same way as they do today. ‘As man sows, so shall he also reap.’ This age-old adage sounds as familiar today as it did then, and it seems to be a Law in the affairs of human life as well as in the affairs of the universe in just the same way today as it was in times past. And when

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Puck flutters across the stage and laughs his way into the hearts of the audience, mockingly, laughingly, taunting the crude men of Athens who came to delight the duke, why, then we recognise the deathless spirit of Joy and Laughter that was born when man was born and which surrounds him in the unseen world ready to grasp and make his own.

When Shakespeare scorns materialism and bigoted dullness and introduces the races of fairies and elves and goblins and points to the wonderful, though generally unknown, influence that these airy elementals have upon the happenings in human life, why, then we recognise the Teacher's hand again, and we know that we are learning a little at least of the Real Wisdom: we are privileged to read a few pages from the true Book of Life.

Do I need to analyse the wonderful, soul-stirring events in *King Lear*, or *Othello*, or *Hamlet*? "To be or not to be, that is the question," resounded for three hundred years with that same touch of pathos and human despair which are so common among men even in our own day, and which fashion the eternal cry wrung from hearts in pain, but which always make men think and reflect on the paramount questions pertaining to the inner life. I said 'resounded,' for it holds good no more in quite the same sense as before. The race-mind though reverting with tremendous appeal to that old question of life and hope, or no life and no hope, has got a new turn to it, in a manner of speaking. This is an age of inquiry, our modern humanity wants firmer ground to stand on; and it turns to the ancient mystery-plays of Aeschylus, or to the poetic philosophy of Plato, or by far the best of all to the age-old philosophy of life, the Wisdom-Religion.

The urge and quest of the race of our time are being met by this New-Old philosophy — the Theosophy of the ages.

True Drama has again found a place worthy of its mission; and on the hills of Lomaland, and in the classic theater that our Teacher has erected here, the nations may again listen to the old, old Wisdom that has come back to give new hope to those who despair, new life to the weak, new riches to the poor. The Drama of the Soul is daily re-enacted in this wondrous land, and when we hear the voice of Athena giving the casting vote of Divine Justice, or when we get a glimpse of Shakespeare's world of mystery, we can no longer despair, for our hearts are filled with a glorious joy, a glorious hope, and an almost divine will to conquer in our turn and create a better world for all to live in, more beautiful homes for our children and our children's children, so that the time shall not be too far off when the dream of the alchemists will come true and the metal of human character shall have become purified and purged of all base stuff, and shine forth with a new luster born of its inner nature, as pure gold.

THE HOUR OF RIGHT ACTION IS HERE

CHARLES M. SAVAGE

[Paper read before the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club.]



HIS is a watchword that has been sounded from time immemorial by the Teachers of mankind. Yet when was the realization of the necessity of this course of action more needed than at the present time? The life of man is one continuous series of actions and reactions. Surrounded with the 'pairs of opposites,' man finds himself confronted at each moment with the problem of right or wrong action. Even idleness can be resolved into some term of action, for, according to the ancient book: "Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin." In our everyday speech we talk about 'doing nothing'; and this kind of negative action is usually not attended with beneficial results. Looking again at the ancient book, we read: "Thus saith the sage: Shalt thou abstain from action? Not so shall gain thy soul her freedom."

In chapter iii of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* it is written:

"A man enjoyeth not freedom from action from the non-commencement of that which he hath to do; nor doth he obtain happiness from a total abandonment of action. No one ever resteth a moment inactive. Every man is involuntarily urged to act by the qualities which spring from nature."

And in the succeeding chapters of the book there is a marvelous exposition of what constitutes right action, and how actions should be approached. Throughout is sounded the keynote of disinterestedness in the result of our actions. In that lies the only freedom.

Right action will lead us to freedom, soul freedom, which is the only real liberty. In this age of counterfeits we have only a travesty of it in the idea of personal liberty, which, if we were to unmask the spirit behind the phrase, would disclose itself only too often to be license for the destructive forces of darkness in their deadly work. Yet forfeiting this spurious personal liberty does not mean losing one's individuality. The ancient precepts say that though "the Path is one for all, the means to reach the goal must vary with the pilgrims." When one becomes a pilgrim in that sense he finds his freedom by obeying with glad heart, nature's laws, which immediately lose their aspect of restrictions.

'The Hour of Right Action is Here' strikes such an indispensable keynote to true progress that it stands as an axiom relating to the performance

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of duty. William Quan Judge, in his tale about the round towers in ancient Ireland, brings the idea home to us very clearly by showing the dire results attending an even momentary neglect of right action.

The story runs, you remember, that there were many round towers throughout the land, and that the sacred fire had to be kept burning in each one of them. These fires were never to die for they were the outer symbol of the spiritual light in the hearts of the people. "But all this altered, and unbelief crept in while the fires were kept up as a form." One of these fires was attended to by an old man and a young one. Finally, one day, the young man came late to relieve the older one, who, on this occasion feared to leave him in charge because he saw a dark and silent shadow near him. But he had to depart. Then at the critical moment the young man left the fire in order to look at one of the other towers, and when he returned, although but a short space of time had elapsed, to his horror his own fire was just expiring, and he was unable to revive it. This fire was the last one, and he had failed in his trust. The ancient mysteries had to be withdrawn, and the destiny of Innisfallen was interrupted for countless ages.

The results of our wrong actions may not always be as plain, nor as far reaching as in the tale, but we cannot judge the final effect of even the smallest act of omission. We shall have to meet the effects of all acts sooner or later. In this connexion it is easy to imagine that many of the problems we face today do not confront us for the first time. Our Leader speaks again and again of 'another chance,' and we are told that the Divine Law, in its mercy, gives us many opportunities, placing us repeatedly among the circumstances wherein we have previously failed, until we arouse that in us which will override the difficulty. Are we going to fail again at the old milestones? The Hour of Right Action is Here, and Now.

Right action is brought about by the working in us of the Spiritual Will. Have we not all had the experience of some distasteful task to be performed? Procrastination takes hold of us and the duty becomes more difficult and irksome the longer it is delayed. It may be that we let it go, and if sensitive, we feel the weakening effect of the neglect. On the other hand, by consciously calling upon our inner strength, or through force of circumstances, or by being fired by some noble example, we may arise and perform the necessary action. The duty is done and we are astounded to find how simple it was.

The feeling of relief and freedom that follows such an arousing of ourselves gives us a new hold upon life. But as we have not learned that the 'Hour of Right Action is Here,' we lose the continuity, forget the

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experience, and at a time when we have allowed other forces to enter, we neglect the path of right action anew.

The question of right action and its connexion with the present moment is of absorbing and very practical interest. Usually the action suitable to the moment does not require ponderous decision. Given clear perception and a spark of energy; and the 'trick is turned.' In one aspect, right action is like the turning of a trick, or the acquiring of a knack. And the habit can be acquired. It is one of the simplest steps on the path of self-directed evolution that our Leader so often refers to. Our Râja-Yoga motto is 'Now.' Holding to that, with concentration, and the high idealism which is Râja-Yoga, we have wonderful tools with which to bring right action into the present moment.

Some of us experience the utmost difficulty in putting our good intentions into practice. We contemplate right action in both the past and future, but at neither of these times can it be performed. There is only one time suitable for the kindly act, or the noble deed, and that is *now*. On the other hand let us not relinquish good intentions, thinking they are futile. The mind's mode of action is thought. Right action, therefore, to be complete, must include right thinking. Indeed, the right thought or the good intention is the basis for the future action, but to carry out its full reason for existence it must be fired by that spark which, viewing duty as "that which is due our fellow-men" flashes the unselfish thought into noble action at the moment needed.

The following from our present Leader throws great light upon the question:

"Our problem is to transfer more and more of ourselves to the real battle-field. That field is one that consists of the feelings and thoughts of men; therefore, by right feeling and thought is the battle maintained. Our strength lies in keeping positive; in holding a steady joy in our hearts; in a momentary meditation on all floating great ideas till we have seized them and made them ours; in a meditation with the imagination on the life of humanity in the future, and its grandeur; in dwelling on the conception of Brotherhood. . . ."

Such is the precept of one who by her unceasing services is gloriously exemplifying the watchword: "The Hour of Right Action is Here."



"THE drama, like music, is regarded by the world as one of the relaxations of life because it is supposed to deal with the unrealities. True drama points away from the unrealities to the real life of the soul. As such the drama should lead and guide the public taste, providing it with ideals towards which it can aspire."— *Katherine Tingley*