

events from times so far beyond his own that he had no idea of their beginning; Sneferu, whose "monuments and those of his subjects" are well known, as Flinders Petrie tells us, the date of whose reign in Egypt is 3908 to 3969 B. C.; and innumerable other records, which, as the orthodox Prof. Sayce admits, leave us better informed of the social and political life of Asia five thousand years ago, than we are of the Saxon period of English history, all testify to the antiquity of man and of past civilizations.

And beyond these yesterdays of the Universe, lie far stretching the solemnly silent millenniums of Atlantis and Lemuria and Latona, and that imperishable Sacred Land whence man first launched upon the ocean of Time.

"I have said, Ye are Gods, and the scripture cannot be broken." Let us try to find that Divine life in our hearts which never was not, nor shall ever hereafter cease to be. Let us worship the Lord of these mortal bodies as they encounter, from life to life, through birth and death and birth again, the changes and chances of this mortal life. Let us confess our Divine nature and live more worthily of that high estate the inheritance of every man that cometh into the world.

Brothers, who labour at the potter's clay, fashioning at the wheel of nature vessels of honour or of dishonour, even as seemeth you right, is there not a Highest Person, awake within us while we sleep, awake even as we dream through this life in death of our blinded age? Shall not this Eternal Spirit arise and shine within us, and shall we not learn by that Light of Lights the wisdom of a holier day, and know the love that just men made perfect bear for each other and for every creature that enshrines the Holy Breath?

"There is no room for sorrow in the heart of him who knows and realizes the Unity of all Spiritual beings. While people, monuments and governments disappear, the Self remains and returns again. The wise are not disturbed; they remain silent; they depend on the Self and seek their refuge in it."

LOVE THYSELF LAST.

Love thyself last. Look near, behold thy duty
To those who walk beside thee down life's road;
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last. Look far, and find the stranger,
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair,
Go, lend a hand and lead him out of danger
To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee
Are filled with spirit forces strong and pure;
And fervently these faithful friends will love thee,
Keep thou thy watch o'er others and endure.

Love thyself last, and oh, such joy shall thrill thee
As never yet to selfish souls were given;
Whatever thy lot a perfect peace will fill thee
And earth shall seem the ante-room of heaven.

Love thyself last, and thou shalt grow in spirit,
To see, to hear, to know and understand
The message of the stars. Lo, thou shalt hear it
And all God's joys shall be at thy command.

Love thyself last. The world shall be made better
By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed;
Go follow it in spirit and in letter;
This is the true religion that men need.

The above poem was read at a meeting of the Pasadena, Cal., T. S., and was said to have been written by a member of the Society.

FOR THE LAMP.

OUR BATTLE CRY.

What the world needs is more self-forgetfulness. The old cry, "What shall we do to be saved," has been echoed down the ages by people who were chiefly interested in so called "Salvation" as it applied to themselves. And, notwithstanding this persistent question, voiced alike by parson and prelate, the importance of which has always been emblazoned on the banners of Orthodoxy, it is questionable whether the Christian nations have collectively attained any great degree of spiritual development.

In short, the question, "What shall we do to be saved?" is the embodiment of selfishness, and is, of its own inherent quality, incapable of producing more than a sort of hybrid spirituality, if there can be such a thing. However, the means in a given case employed should correspond to the material to be converted to any given end rather than to the end itself. The earth is broken up with a plow, and worked fine with a harrow, although the result to be obtained may be a field of beautiful