

ADDRESS
BY
KATHERINE TINGLEY

Leader and Official Head of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
(International Headquarters: Point Loma, California)

ASSISTED BY
INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE STUDENTS OF
THE ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE
(KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Foundress-Directress*)
OF POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

GRAND HALL, THE COPLEY-PLAZA

Wednesday Evening, September 17, 1913, at 8.15 o'clock.



THE TWENTIETH WORLD PEACE CONGRESS AT THE HAGUE

International Representatives of the Râja Yoga College of Point Loma, California, at the entrance to the famous Ridderzaal at The Hague, after singing at the First General Session of the Twentieth World's Peace Congress, August 20, 1913.

The Ridderzaal (which dates back to the Fourteenth Century), is where the Queen of the Netherlands opens the Dutch Parliament.

Professor Daniel De Lange, Founder-Director of the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music and one of the best-known musical critics and teachers in Europe, is the central figure of the group. Some Delegates to the Peace Congress are back of the group of students.

PROGRAM



1. ALLEGRO MODERATO from Symphony in B minor. (Unfinished). *F. Schubert*

RÂJA YOGA STUDENTS.

(Members of the Râja Yoga Orchestra.)

2. SONG "AN ODE TO PEACE" *Rex Dunn (Râja Yoga Student)*

RÂJA YOGA CHORUS.

(Conducted by the Composer)

Stanzas from "An Ode to Peace", set to music for the Twentieth World-Peace-Congress at The Hague by Rex Dunn, a Student of the Râja Yoga College, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Why tarriest thou, Peace, O flame-fashioned
One, Child of the Gods and the Stars,
That art star-fire and God-fire impassioned
And stronger than Mars?
Why tarriest? — in drear dereliction
We have wandered and sought thee in vain;
Through our sloth, through our dearth, our affliction
Draw near us again!

Behold now these thy nations, sleep hath taken them;
How wonderful they are, and fair of soul!
Shalt thou not come with quickening light and waken them,
And make their beauty shine from pole to pole?
They know not whereunto to turn, what goal
To battle toward; the tyrant fear hath shaken them
To hate and strife, and wisdom hath forsaken them;
Shalt thou not come, and heal and make them whole?

We are tossed on the self-tides, and go where
Sloth calls, or a profitless strife;
We are driven to and fro, and find nowhere
The splendor of life,
Nor its peace, nor are freed of restriction
While self wraps us round as a chain;
O Angel of fierce benediction,
Draw near us again!

We will not let one nation die! Behold now!
These that so sorrowful were, so fraught with pain,
Touch them, and their poor rags are woven gold now,
Comfort, and their old loss is turned to gain!
Thou art immaculate love; here from thy fane,
Spread healing through the brotherlands! Enfold now
In quickening union Nation hearts acold now;
Call forth their glory, their star-souls again!

By Kenneth Morris,

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

3.

ADDRESS BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

"SOME OF THE VITAL PROBLEMS OF THE AGE FROM A THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT"

4. QUARTET "ANDANTE CANTABILE" *Tschaikowsky*

RÂJA YOGA STRING QUARTET

5. CANTATA FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA (PIANO ARRANGEMENT)

Rex Dunn (Râja Yoga Student)

"THE PEACE-PIPE" FROM LONGFELLOW'S "SONG OF HIAWATHA"

(Composed especially for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, Convoked and Directed by Katherine Tingley, Visingsö, Sweden, June 22-29, 1913).

RÂJA YOGA CHORUS

(Conducted by the Composer.)

THE PEACE-PIPE

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life descending,
On the red crags of the quarry,
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together,

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures!
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighbouring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapour,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,

Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

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THE PEACE-PIPE — *Continued.*

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

“O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!

“I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

“I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars of bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

“I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,

You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

“Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!”

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,
Cleaned and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their war-like weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

Inquirers desiring further information concerning the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, should address

J. H. FUSSELL, Esq., *Secretary*

International Theosophical Headquarters

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

For further particulars concerning the Râja Yoga College, Address

The SECRETARY, RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA