

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF KUTUMBI, A. THEOGNOS.

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THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST.

PEACE.

When to the world's turmoil thy budding soul lends ear; when to the roaring voice of the great illusion thy soul responds; when, frightened at the sight of the hot tears of pain; when, deafened by the cries of distress, thy soul withdraws like the shy turtle within the carapace of *selfhood*; learn, O Disciple, of her Silent "God" thy soul is an unworthy shrine.—
Voice of the Silence.

PART of the work of each of us who would serve his fellows, in whose breast glows a love for humanity which no focalization of it upon one, upon a few, upon a class, or even upon a nation, can satisfy, is of the same nature; and because it is unmanifest, is not what is called "practical," rests on what is and has been called "superstition," brings no credit and requires no learning, it attracts far less attention than our principles enjoin. We do not realize the unendingly productive value of the attention we *have* given to it.

Two nations, one great in promise, one great in its past, are engaged in war; a war which expresses a greater struggle of light with dark, of brotherhood and liberty with cruelty, despotism, and the stagnation of thought. The war expresses this spiritual struggle, and it is a foretaste of much more of like kind. For the great armaments were not built up to be let rust—armaments greater than the world has ever seen before. Yet though the thunders of this war and of others to come are the breaking of a long gathering storm-cloud, another sound begins to be heard above the tumult.

For those who for years have worked for the brotherhood of man, there comes now some danger lest in the rush they lose their ground, lose their force of quietude, and partake of the common spirit. Then with the gathered power of years, they make worse what they might

have bettered. And as cowardly and faint-hearted a course as the first is weak and emotional would be that of withdrawing all interest and attention from a struggle so pregnant with great promise for mankind. Enrolled and not yet enrolled in the cause of brotherhood, we are many thousands strong throughout the world, diffused through every country. If during the coming years we keep burning, by thought, unhurried, unmoved, a strong and steady light of Peace, in every country, recognizing each other across seas, undiverted from our work by any narrowed patriotism, undivided from each other by any international conflicts, thinking constantly of all everywhere who are engaged in the same work, and aiming constantly to feel the like currents that set from them to us, whether with eyes we have seen them or not, then we shall in no long time reach a success whose effects will never depart from earth, will never cease deepening in the souls of men. It is to the power of collective thoughts to which, not vainly, we shall appeal. It is our duty to give full attention to all that goes on amongst men, to follow the wars, the quarrels, the currents of opinion; and, following them, to create moment by moment, day by day, *in* the winds of thought and emotion that blow among the peoples across seas and frontiers, the steady ideal of Peace, the unmoving feeling of brotherhood. Working together, throughout the world, we can do it; we can shorten war; we can humanize it; we can minimize its evils; we can create everywhere a longing that it shall cease; we can open the darkened minds of men to the folly of it, to the infinite possibilities of brotherhood; we can be channels to them of the light of the Over-soul.

For the Over-soul is no metaphor, it is not merely a pleasing dream of mystics, personified by Christians as the Prince of Peace. It is a divine presence in the innermost souls of all men, and wherever among men is one who knows it, who daily tries to touch it in his own sanctuary, tries to see, feel, and hear its sound, everywhere, who relies on it for his strength, his fortitude, his peace, his growth, his deepest faculties, who reads its deliverances in every sacred scripture, there will its Light be diffused amongst all his fellows. Each of us can become such a focus, and so becoming, be an ever-growing light in the dark and an aid to all that makes for good.

Occult Philosophy, as a whole, is based absolutely on the ubiquitous presence of God, the Absolute Deity; and if It itself is not speculated upon, as being too sacred and yet incomprehensible as a Unit to the finite intellect, yet the entire philosophy is based upon Its Divine Powers as being the source of all that breathes and lives and has existence. H. P. B.

PATRIOTISM.

IN a flourishing and growing nation, patriotism is the very harmony and health of its constitution, the full beat of its pulse, disposing at need to noble and heroic action, but attracting no more attention to itself than the normal pulse-beat of a healthy man, of which one becomes sensible only when the system is out of sorts. When a nation is a little out of health you begin to hear talk of patriotism; patriotism of a virulent description is characteristic of corrupt and effete southern countries, confirmed in valetudinarianism, whose citizens have no private aim sanctioned by nature and so supplement the defect by a political and factitious one. Dr. Johnson's definition of patriotism as the "last refuge of a scoundrel," if not quite in its place in a dictionary, is certainly right in its implication that scoundrels affect this virtue. Patriotism is a quality of sound nationality, but in itself it is nothing: which is doubtless the reason why it is as hard to discuss this impalpable subject with a patriot as it is to discuss religion with an officer of the Salvation Army. It is in vain to protest to either that you know of no separate existence of piety, of patriotism, of health; that your faith is in good people, in patriotic countries and sound stomachs. It is possible that you may have to simulate indifference at last for the sake of consistency, and to deny the cause which he preaches, and that afterwards perhaps you may repent of this. But be of good cheer! In you and your indifference your country has still a corner of rude health left, a sound nucleus perchance in its vital parts to serve as a rallying point for convalescence. You are really (or else where is it?) the country about which they are all talking. Count it your happiness and not your crime that your withers are unwrung. Do not think it necessary to shriek as if they were.

Patriotism, let us say then, is a country's health, capacity for unified action, ability to repose and to act on emergency, indifference to what may befall, readiness to cope with what does; a well-being felt in its country lanes, in the streets of its towns, in its conversational themes, in its manners and customs: in the freedom and invitation it extends to every germ of good within it and without. But how if that health be lost? How if the debility of the body politic affect the morale of the nation, so that it is dependent on stimulants, on alms, on quack remedies, and on exemption from the wear and tear of life? How if it has taken to whine about its ancestry, to weep over its heart-complaint, and grow lachrymose over the bottle? In such a country,

patriotism as a public feeling will not be so evident for what it is. The best sign will be a general dissatisfaction and shame, an outraged conscience, a prompting to the disagreeable, an unpopular veracity on the part of its superior persons. From it shall be taken even that which it hath. It is part of the disease of such a nation that it shuns and hates salutary counsels, while a nation still robust listens at least with good humour to its Phocians and Catos and Cobdens. Such a nation prefers the physician who, while really believing the disease incurable, soothes the patient with illusive talk, to him who feels its pulse, cuts short the querulous tale of its politics, and rudely blurts out that there is nothing radically wrong with its rivers and mountains, its trees and grass. If the patient groan at this, and turn over on his side, it is not to be wondered at if the good physician simply shrugs his shoulders and goes back to his consulting room, or, since the impecunious state supplies him with no carriage to roll him about a universal boon, puts in his afternoon planting lettuces. Alas, that the physician should harden into such a sceptic, such a crass believer in cause and effect! What does he know or reck of the hopes and memories in which life truly consists? If he would but listen sympathetically while we confessed our fault: "*Ita peccata nostra meruerunt; ita fuit Numini visum; ita Deus sivit non propter Anglorum meritum sed ob Ibernorum culpam, ut olim in suo vaticinio divus Mellambhlachtus prædixit!*"

Every man of sense and sensibility must feel that there is a significance to him in the country to which he belongs, and according to the vitality which he draws from it he will be glad to have been born in it and will find his opportunity in it. On the whole, however, he would prefer to live in it than to die for it: and if he must die for it, he will die stoically, not having realized for the first time what the glory is when the bullet has sunk into his vitals. A country not worth living in is clearly not one worth dying for; nor will dying for one's country necessarily make it more worth living in. On the other hand, living in it, to the full extent of the word, is what alone can make it worth dying for. We need to live in this country: there is no obligation resting on anyone to die for it. We need to realize our situation: we need a national health, a real patriotism. What, could anything be better than to have an island all to ourselves, cast in those latitudes which have hitherto fostered bold and enterprising nationalities, on a scale vast enough compared with those areas on which the most important chapters of history have been enacted: a pleasant and desirable place, drenched for ages with tepid mists of the Atlantic; "so continually salubrious," says an old geographer, "that there is less sickness there

than elsewhere, and the zeal of the medical profession is there in less demand." The physical complaint under which Ireland labours is truly described as the absence of a middle class. Aristocracy and peasantry are extremes which meet: they understand one another, they get on well together; they put their trust in horses; their condition is fixed; they are in like manner and degree inaccessible to ideas. The power of ideas is lodged for certain reasons in the middle classes. Where the middle classes are weak we speak of that country as unprogressive. But whatever semblance of health may be induced by a course of treatment calculated to swell the middle class, it is clear to us that the true patriotic appeal in this, as in any country, must be to man as man rather than as a member of any class. Elicit individual initiative and all else will follow—a national literature, home rule, pocket money and every good thing. It really needs to be pointed out in this country that patriotism has no necessary connection with politics. A nation which will talk of nothing but politics is exactly like a man who will talk of nothing but his digestion. Patriotism is simply the vital relationship of a man to his native country. When we are true patriots we shall love our country less for any of its memories or battlefields or legends than simply because it is under our feet; because it is our bit of the earth's crust, the piece of soil from which we see the stars, the place of our experience and scene of our experiment, the firm ground on which we can bring to the test the philosophies, religions, politics, literatures of the world; where we have plenty of room to fail in and to succeed. Your compatriots may be dissatisfied with your patriotism if you absent yourself from their commemorations, or are not properly conversant with the tale of your country's wrongs: still, you may rejoice in a true relation to your *patria* if you have good inspirations in your rustic walk. Perhaps your *patria*, if she would speak, would not refuse you even the glorious civic title, seeing that you can find something in her as she is and are not for ever setting her aside with schemes of improvement. It is perhaps to you that she will send the genius of her secret places, the spirit of her floods, mountains and promontories, an awful presence, unsuspected by the shamrock-pluckers, to touch your lips with an aboriginal utterance: mother nature herself, indeed, manifesting herself as the tutelary spirit of his native soil to some favoured being, who is thereby gifted to add some words to the sum of human utterance.

Ireland, meanwhile, has this advantage over England, that a pure patriotism is still possible in it, while that true sentiment of patriotism which is perhaps the main ingredient of a national literature, and

which not only rejoices in the honour of the country but itself unfolds new possibilities of national initiative, seems likely to be submerged in England by the imperialistic sentiment. It is just in such times as these, in fact, that a nation as such loses the secret of life. In the poetic outburst at the beginning of this century the attitude of the English poets to their country is already noteworthy. Even in Wordsworth, the only one in whom the true patriotism appears, it is already a little factitious and self-conscious, catching the possibility of its utterance from Milton. Byron transferred his patriotism for what it was worth to Greece. Shelley renounced his country. Moore, on the other hand, is occasionally touched with a true inspiration by the thought of his country. Scott, to whom the platforms owe the main plea of modern patriotism,

"Breathes there a man," etc.,

was really as little moved as Keats by the growing revenues and portliness of Great Britain, which has remained without a poet of its Greatness till within the past few years, when certain of our poets have begun to suspect this to be the long desired theme surviving for poetic treatment in our era.

Rudyard Kipling in particular is eminent as having opened up this new subject-matter for minstrelsy, and in strains of wondrous verve and resonance has succeeded in delighting a secular audience grown sadly unresponsive to the ordinary maunderings of poets about snowdrops or love-anguish or the "light that never was on sea or land." It is the fault of the more genuine contemporary poetry that its address is too exclusively to poets; just as the address of contemporary philosophy is too exclusively to philosophers, of science to scientists, of militarism to the military, of theology to theologians, and so on, and we wait, possibly in vain, for a new art, or doctrine, or man, to graft anew every human tendency on the central stock of consciousness. Rudyard Kipling, however, has been moved by the "idea" of imperialism to address the English-speaking millions, and philosophers, theologians, militarists, etc., glad to be able to appreciate a poet, quote him gladly, the common people keeping silent as if they had been prepared for something different from their superiors than an invitation to shout with satisfaction at the *status quo*. As to the "idea" of imperialism, it is to be remarked what strange chimeras are entertained by practical men as ideas; while the idealist as characteristically returns to practice and reality with passion. The true poet has too good an understanding with nature to be taken in by such "ideas." Imperialism is no idea, and is therefore no theme for a poet. When Virgil, who may be cited

as an imperialist-poet, undertook to praise imperial Rome, he contrived at the same time to administer the best rebuke to the florid tyrant who called for minstrelsy by praising the promise and glory of his youth; and in fact the Roman poets are not fully understood without being considered as in part a band of revolutionary writers, inspired by much the same ideas as Rousseau. No, in an old established country like England, patriotism, if it is as we say the health of a country, will dispose it to sit quietly at home ruling its colonies, and rejoicing in their welfare, and particularly in that of one of them, its nearest and dearest, as being that in which it sees itself young again, with all its best impulses brought together and set in operation, the colony, namely, founded by its poets and philosophers, and to which in all countries we give the name of an "ideal republic." It is of this country that the poet is patriot, and in its prosperity and security the mother-country will find the best security and solace of its age. The language, institutions and laws of this state the poet will gladly communicate; but from incredulity concerning it or tyranny over it he will shrink back silently within its frontiers, or will even proclaim war: for the poet, inconsiderable as he looks in our streets, is a great man in his own country, and it is well to keep on terms with him. Especially is this seen in case of any threat or danger befalling the parent state, if the poet considers the interest of his own state involved: it is marvellous how soon the mother-country will conquer, having on its side an ideal republic, the reason doubtless being that as all ideal republics are in alliance, the enemy will suffer from the defection of its own poets and lovers of truth and beauty. Accordingly, the wisest statesman of the mother-country, without being ashamed, will take the institutions of the ideal republic as their model, and will endeavour on all occasions to make the interests of the two identical, so that while the poet is really extolling the divine privileges and power of his own country his words will reflect glory on the parent state. And rightly: for a disposition to act thus is the chief glory of any state. But if, on the other hand, the poet having wandered in from his own state to look at the mother-country, being recognized, is prevailed upon to leave his own country and take up his abode in the mother-country as its laureate, and to praise it as his own, then not only does the poet, having for a short time pleased his hearers, strong in the recollection of the ideal, presently sink into silence and impotence, but the mother-country itself soon perceives its loss, being left to follow its own counsels at an age when it has no longer any counsel of its own.

JOHN EGLINTON.

THE BAYREUTH MASTER.

(Continued from p. 12.)

THE complete union of poetry and music in this great artist suggests a very interesting line of thought. If we go back to the old Greek dramas we there find dramatic work of a like quality to that found in the Bayreuth Master's dramas, but without like music; for the Greek chorus can scarcely be compared to the complete and finished tone-writing of the Wagner dramas. Going back further still in thought, to early Aryan and pre-Aryan days, we may suppose (as Wagner did) that speech and music were originally fully united. Later came a divorce, as it were, and each pursued its separate line of evolution through the ages, to be thereby strengthened and perfected, and destined to be once more *fully* united in the extraordinary genius of Richard Wagner. It will be remembered that I cited a passage in a former number which bears out this idea. Let us see, too, what he has to say about the early speech of mankind:

"The metaphysical necessity for the discovery of this quite new faculty of speech precisely in our times, appears to me to lie in the daily more conventional drift of modern word-languages. If we look closer at the evolutionary history of these languages, even to-day we meet in their so-called word-roots a rudiment that plainly shows us how at the first beginning the formation of the mental concept of an object ran almost completely parallel with the subjective feeling of it; and the supposition that the earliest speech of man must have borne a great analogy with song, might not perhaps seem quite ridiculous." *

In an extremely interesting and important essay on "Poetry and Tone in the Drama of the Future," Wagner gives us the *raison d'être*, as it were, for the necessity of employing this Tone-Speech, which at the same time conclusively demonstrates that both should be the work of one and the same man:

"Just as that man alone can display himself," he tells us, "in full persuasiveness, who announces himself to our ear and eye at once: so the message-bearer of the inner man cannot completely convince our Hearing, until it addresses itself with equal persuasiveness to both 'eye and ear' of this Hearing. But this happens only through *Word-Tone-Speech*, and poet and musician have hitherto addressed but half the man apiece: the poet turned towards this Hearing's eye alone, the musician only to its ear. Yet nothing but the whole seeing and hear-

* *Prose Works*, Vol. III, p. 318.

ing—that is to say, the complete *understanding* ear—can apprehend the inner man past all mistake.” *

Dealing next with Wagner as reformer, we are simply astounded at the magnitude of the task he deliberately set himself to accomplish. In the first place he aimed at no less a thing than to reëstablish the drama on its original basis as a *religious teacher*. His dramas are modelled on the great Greek tragedies, with the addition of fully developed music, and he tells us pretty plainly in his “Art and Revolution” (and elsewhere), what was his conception of the true function they played in the life and common consciousness of the people:

“The public art of the Greeks, which reached its zenith in their Tragedy, was the expression of the deepest and the noblest principles of the people’s consciousness. . . . To the Greeks the production of a tragedy was a religious festival, where the gods bestirred themselves upon the stage and bestowed on men their wisdom: *our* evil conscience has so lowered the theatre in public estimation, that it is the duty of the police to prevent the stage from meddling in the slightest with religion—a circumstance as characteristic of our religion as of our art.” †

In carrying out this great aim the master must surely have had in mind those ancient “mystery plays”—older by far in their origin than the Greek—of which a modern and but little understood writer tells us, in one of the many books she has published, and which contain perfect mines of occult lore and information. In *The Theosophical Glossary*, under the head of the word “Mysteries,” Mme. H. P. Blavatsky says:

“The Sacred Mysteries were enacted in the ancient temples by the initiated hierophants for the benefit and instruction of the candidates; . . . the Grecian mysteries . . . were only imitations of the Egyptian. . . . In short, the Mysteries were in every country a series of dramatic performances, in which the mysteries of cosmogony and nature, in general, were personified by the priests and neophytes, who enacted the part of various gods and goddesses, repeating supposed scenes (allegories) from their respective lives. These were explained in their hidden meaning to the candidates for initiation, and incorporated into philosophical doctrines.”

If we compare these words with those almost immediately preceding, quoted from Wagner, we shall observe a wonderful similarity of thought, which is both significant and indicative, I think, of a common source of inspiration.

* *Prose Works*, Vol. II.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. I.

Richard Wagner undoubtedly possessed many things in common with the genius of Æschylus and Shakespeare, and although there was in him, for long, a struggle as to whether he should take historical or mythological matter to work from, yet he finally chose the latter, because, he says, "the incomparable thing about the mythos is that it is true for all time." Thus bringing himself more into line with his great Greek predecessor than with our own immortal poet, who dealt so largely with history.

It has been said by some critics that Wagner was a mere *improver* of opera. This was by no means the case; his was a field far wider. He was a genuine dramatist, using music as a means of enforcing dramatic action. "Music cannot think," he pertinently remarks, "but it can materialize thoughts." Indeed his whole quarrel with modern opera was this: "That a *means* of expression (music) has been made the *end*, while the *end* of expression (the drama) has been made a means." It was his object to restore the lost balance, and put the drama to its highest possible use as a means of holding up before the people the whole tragedy of the human soul. To return, therefore, to his pronouncements upon the nature and function of the Greek drama will not here be out of place. In "Art and Revolution," he tells us that the people came "to see the most pregnant of all tragedies, the *Prometheus*; in this titanic masterpiece to see the image of themselves, to read the riddle of their own actions, to fuse their own being and their own communion with that of their god; and thus in noblest, stillest peace to live again the life which, a brief space of time before, they had lived in restless activity and accentuated individuality. . . .

"At the summons of the choir his voice was hushed, he yielded himself a willing slave to the deep significance of the scenic show, and hearkened to the great story of Necessity told by the tragic poet through the mouths of his gods and heroes on the stage. For in the tragedy he found himself again,—nay, found the noblest part of his own nature united with the noblest characteristics of the whole nation; and from his inmost soul, as it there unfolded itself to him, proclaimed the Pythian oracle. At once both God and Priest, glorious godlike man, *one with the Universal*, the Universal summed up in him; like one of those thousand fibres which form the plant's united life, his slender form sprang from the soil into the upper air, there to bring forth the one lovely flower which shed its fragrant breath upon eternity. This flower was the highest work of Art." *

Could anything be clearer than this? We are left in no sort of

* *Prose Works*, Vol. I.

doubt as to what Richard Wagner conceived to be the true mission of the drama. Elsewhere, still speaking of the Greek tragedies, he tells us that the theatre of ancient Athens was only "thrown open on special, sacred feast-days, where the taste of Art was coupled with *the celebration of a religious rite.*"*

ALICE L. CLEATHER.

(*To be continued.*)

"DEAR LADY DISDAIN."

A CHILD-STUDY.

THE magazine of the Cambridge Training College, England, has a short sketch under the above title, from which I shall quote a few passages. It is written by a teacher of her pupil, and describes a feeling many have experienced.

"I am minded sometimes to question her as to the current gossip about Madame de Sévigné . . . but I fear she would look at me coldly, and feign ignorance. And yet it is so very evident that she is an eighteenth century marquise undergoing reïncarnation, it may be as a penalty for former sins, or perhaps to charm the world once more with dainty bygone airs and graces. . . . No one but a marquise of the *ancien régime* could possess that delicate porcelain-like loveliness . . . she ought to trip across parquet floors with a rustle of rich silk and a 'faint sweet odour of mignonette,' and not sit at a school-desk disguised in a short frock and white pinafore. For she is not a child, though she does pretend that she has only lived for eight short years."

This little sketch has brought to my mind a problem I have often pondered in thinking of the "new democracy" and the future of the "working classes." In this mixing and sifting and reërranging of classes, customs and ideas, how can we preserve what is best of the old courtly graciousness and dignity? How in the deepest sense re-interpret and reproclaim that for all of us now, as of old for the few—*noblesse oblige*?

Our ideal for the future of humanity excludes all that borders on boorishness, and so it is worth while to consider wherein consists true courtesy, and what are the characteristics of a real aristocracy.

First, being constantly aware of the presence of others, and of their needs and requirements, together with quickness and deftness of eye and hand to minister to their needs. Where people are awkward and clumsy, or do not *notice* things, this is the training that is needed.

* *Prose Works*, Vol. III, pp. 366-7.

and it means the cultivation of a habitual forgetfulness of self, tact and thoughtfulness, as well as physical agility. One of the benefits to be derived from our present deplorable custom of living in herds, is the training in alertness as regards the comfort and the wishes of others for which it affords such very ample opportunity. On reflection it will be found that all the conventions of politeness were originally founded on moral concepts.

The ancient heroes of Ireland were renowned for their hospitality, gentleness and courtesy, and indeed these qualities have largely been inherited by the peasants of to-day. In other countries, too, one finds far more politeness among the country folk than in the towns, and this is so notably in countries which are natural centres of spirituality. But there is another characteristic of the heroes of old time that is not so common to-day, and that is a certain dignity and fearlessness of bearing, which is far removed from self-assertiveness—it is what we sometimes call kingliness, and which ought to distinguish all who recognize their royal and divine descent. How is this ancient fearlessness and quiet self-reliance to be awakened in the hearts of men and women to-day? It is pitiable to see honest men and women cowed and abashed by the glance of the servitor of some purse-proud scoffer, or confused by grand surroundings and appointments. It is sadder still to see them cringing and fawning on those whom they foolishly imagine are the arbiters of their destiny, the dispensers of their fate. If they only could once realize that what is theirs they cannot lose, and that they are every moment deciding what in future will be theirs. Faith in the justice of the Law and in the power of their own initiative, and above all in the power of right attitude, should do something to dissipate this miserable fear and cringing to the wealthy. Their caprice determines nothing—it also is under law. In whatever garb or occupation let us not forget that we are kings, and that no power in the universe, outside ourselves, can injure us.

E. W.

It is ignorance which leads materialistic science to deny the inner man and his divine powers; knowledge and personal experience that allow the Occultist to affirm that such powers are as natural to man as swimming to fishes. It is like a Laplander in all sincerity, denying the possibility of the catgut, strung loosely on the sounding-board of a violin, producing comprehensive sounds or melody. Our principles are truly the seven-stringed lyre of Apollo. In this our age, when oblivion has shrouded ancient knowledge, man's faculties are no better than the loose strings of the violin to the Laplander. —H. P. B.

THEOSOPHY IN NORSE LEGEND.

THE study of Theosophy in Norse legend is one that for several reasons deserves our close attention. But as a preliminary to that study we must be prepared to revise a few of our historical notions as received from the recognized authorities. For example, there is that deeply embedded idea expressed in the phrase, "the Anglo-Saxon race." This has to be clean wiped out of our minds if we are to get a true retrospect of our national history. A few English counties may possibly be allowed to claim Anglo-Saxon origin. But, to quote the words of a man whose historic foresight has been abundantly confirmed in recent years—I refer to Samuel Laing, the translator of a collection of Norse Sagas known as "the *Heimskringla*":—"We have only to compare England and the United States of America with Saxony, Prussia, or any other country calling itself of ancient German or Teutonic descent, to be satisfied that from whatever quarter civil, religious, and political liberty, independence of mind and freedom of social existence may have come, it was not from the banks of the Rhine or the forests of Germany."

Side by side with this may be placed a statement by Lord Lytton: "It is remarkable that the modern inhabitants of those portions of the kingdom originally peopled by the Danes are, irrespectively of mere party divisions, noted for their intolerance of all oppression, and their resolute independence of character; to wit, Yorkshire, Norfolk, Cumberland, and large districts in the Scottish Lowlands."

Then we may add to this a statement by Archbishop Trench, "that of a hundred English words sixty come from the Scandinavian, thirty from the Latin, five from the Greek, and five from other sources."

With such weight of authority to impress us with the fact that the English folk are distinctly Norse in their mental and moral characteristics, their speech and their institutions, one's own personal knowledge and experience seems superfluous. Yet as I have been somewhat keenly interested in this Norse question for more than twenty years, and am partly of Scandinavian origin myself—my father being a native of the Shetland Islands—I can bear some testimony at first hand to the facts just mentioned. As the result of the visits I have paid at intervals to my father's kindred, nothing has more impressed me than the feeling of their race relationship with ourselves. The national character of the Shetlanders is, as it were, expressed in the English key. To mix with the people of Shetland, after crossing Scotland to reach them,

makes one feel that somehow he had got back home again. Now, as we learn from the Sagas that very many of the Vikings of old—of whom historians have given such distorted accounts—came originally from these same Shetland Islands to settle in lands more favourably situated, I feel no difficulty in explaining to myself that sense of race-affinity just referred to.

If then, we, so-called Anglo-Saxons, are in the main of distinctly Norse origin racially, the study of Theosophy in Norse mythology ought to have for us peculiar interest. The people of India were referred to their own scriptures by H. P. B. to find confirmation of the Wisdom-Religion she once more expounded in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere. So with other races.

In the Sagas we have, I contend, significant fragments of our own ancient scriptures. We have reason to address ourselves to the study of them, not simply as confirmation of theosophical ideas in general, but as the "line of least resistance" for the national mind to gain access to theosophic truth. Or, to put my meaning another way, our Scandinavian origin ought to make us vibrate more readily to the occult music of Norse mythology than to that of races less closely allied with ourselves.

Now, I hold that the race (a distinct branch of the Aryan) and its mythology are alike of vast antiquity. In support of this I may mention that a Norse Zodiac that I copied from a book a short while ago begins with Sagittarius. Ullr is the name of the god associated with the sign, and Ullr is an archer. Well, it is just about 20,000 years since the sun was in Sagittarius at the vernal equinox. But even this remote period embraces but a mere fragment of Norse history. For in *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. B., speaking of Odin (who, as every one knows, is the father of the gods in Norse mythology), says that he was one of the thirty-five Buddhas, one of the earliest (of the fifth race) indeed; for the continent to which he and his race belonged is one of the earliest. So early, in truth, that in the days when *tropical* nature was to be found where now lie eternal unthawing snows, one could cross almost by dry land from Norway *via* Iceland and Greenland, to the lands that at present surround Hudson's Bay.

Here is a useful confirmation of the above. It is from a note I made about seventeen years ago when mentally living in Norway for some three months—writing a story, in fact, about Viking times without a ghost of a notion of the Theosophy that underlay my theme. This note, from a book about Norway, says: "Norwegian flora indicates that there were repeated changes of climate: several thousands

of years of severe climate, followed by thousands of years during which the milder climate favoured the immigration of the flora from the south and west, compelling the older flora less suited to the change of climate to retreat. This migration has proceeded step by step across connected tracts of country."

As with the flora, so with the men. Only it is in inverse order that they have advanced southward step by step through long ages, as the physical environment of their earlier home became more severe. Thus, in quite modern times (about two thousand years ago), some tribes of the Scandinavians found their way into Italy and peopled Lombardy. Then others sailed for Scotland and Ireland. Later they crossed to England, not for mere plunder, as popular histories make out, but as colonists seeking a new home. In this way we find ourselves, with many other sections of the European family, linked on with our Northern Aryan forefathers.

And when they came hither they were Theosophists! Of those who remained in the north—in the Scandinavian peninsula and in Shetland, Faroe and Iceland—old records supply the comforting intelligence that they were Pagans, *Heathens*, for five centuries later than the rest of Europe—until the 12th century, in fact. This means that they were true to the Wisdom-Religion at a time when the Romish Hierarchy was powerful in all other parts of the western world. We are only separated by *about seven hundred years* from our own native Theosophy!

I came across a remarkable confirmation of these facts quite recently. A book I was reading gave illustrations of Scandinavian coins, at a period of about a thousand years ago. On one of these coins was embossed the figure of a man. He had angular features—whether this was due to defective draughtsmanship I cannot say. But the curious and significant thing was that his *arms and legs* were stuck out in angular fashion. The meaning was clear when I saw the svastika cross engraved in a corner of the coin. The man's attitude was an imitation of this profoundly philosophical symbol. Thus these heathen Norsemen showed that they understood with far more distinctness than did their Christian contemporaries the simple statement of Jesus the Christ—so neglected by the Churches: "The Kingdom of Heaven is *within* you." So much for their ignorance.

Here I will put in another of my old notes—a traveller's description of what is called a Pictish mound at Marshowe in Orkney. "It bears the appearance of a small natural hill covered with verdure. Opened it was found to consist of a long low passage leading into a *square* chamber of solid masonry. The doorway admitting into the

passage is, like itself, low and small. Bent nearly double we entered the dark passage. The men lit the candles in the chamber. It was 14 feet square, 20 feet high. Three of the walls contained a small inner room or recess. Candles flaring with unsteady glare showed Runic inscriptions on the walls." There are many such—the sacred places of our race—to be found in quiet spots of Shetland, Orkney and Iceland, not to speak of the Scandinavian mainland.

WILLIAM JAMESON.

(*To be continued.*)

MASTER AND PUPIL.

THE question is sometimes asked: By what method does the Adept quicken the growth of his pupil? The answer appears to me to be as follows. I speak without any sort of authority, and from my own observation only.

An Adept is a person who has attained to a unity with the mind of nature. Through that person, or as that person, the mind of nature acts. Whatever an Adept does, as such, is to be counted as done by nature. And in regard to the phrase "as such," it must be remembered that *only* an Adept can presume to judge an Adept.

But an Adept is nature compressed, so to speak, and his actions upon his pupils effect in a short time what nature would do in a long time.

There is no need to enter into a metaphysical definition of "nature."

Therefore anyone in the neighbourhood of an Adept has all his processes of growth quickened. Whatever is in him is brought out quickly. If there is latent ambition or vanity or greed, it will be dragged forth quickly so as to be quickly cured. If there is ambition in germ in the soul of the pupil, the Teacher will make it recognizable for him so that *both* may work to destroy it. He will whisper, "Thou art great," and so bring it to the surface. It is only a bringing into manifestation, for if the ambition is there in germ, *circumstance* will some time make it manifest, and the whisper of the Adept is but circumstance made here and now. Circumstance would also cure the vanity in time, by bringing about humiliation. This work is also undertaken by the wise Teacher. He humiliates his pupil very quickly and painfully, and so forces his fault strongly on his notice. So the actions of Adepts call out the deep faults of their pupils to the surface, to the sole end that they may be quickly cured. That is, if the pupil

is strong enough to stand it. If he is weak, he shies, *resigns* perhaps, turns traitor, loses his chance for that life, and so has to await the much slower cure of nature.

For again, the Adept is but nature or Karma made quick. He may stimulate the vanity of a pupil, make him think himself important and great by the whisper and by elevating him in the sight of all. In the same way Karma may stimulate a man's vanity by placing him among his intellectual inferiors. Is nature or Karma therefore immoral? The Adept says: "Thou art great, and my favourite." Then comes the cure, the cautery. Karma (nature) will send to the man his intellectual superiors, and those who followed him once will turn away after these new-comers, and the humiliation of that neglect will cure him, in a long time. The Adept does the same. He may neglect his once favoured pupils and advance others to their places, thus cauterizing and curing the vanity of the former (if they are strong enough to hold on and do not turn tail and become hostile) and testing the latter. If these latter fail by thinking themselves to have outstripped the former, *their* cautery awaits them in due course.

So as it seems to me, the ways of an Adept to his pupils are those of slow nature concentrated through a burning glass, educative, evolutive, those of love resting on wisdom, beyond praise or blame, only within our criticism when we are ourselves Adepts and have learned to understand the vast flow of nature.

PUPIL.

ACTION SONG FOR LOTUS GROUPS.

THE YOUNG CRUSADERS.

MUSIC and the tramp of the Crusaders is heard in the distance; they march on to the stage singing the first stanza. The two foremost carry a purple banner: "Truth, Light, Liberation for discouraged Humanity." They halt in the centre while the others form in line. Each child is dressed to represent a different nationality, and wears on its breast a gold and purple seven-pointed star, to which all point in Stanza 3. At the refrain of Stanza 1 all join hands and continue so until the middle of Stanza 4, when they march off the stage at the other side. Music continues, sound of tramping dies away.

We are marching from the mountains, we are marching o'er the plain,
With our message, "Men are brothers," why should want and sorrow reign!
We're a band of young Crusaders, we encircle all the world.

Midst the teeming life of millions, in the busy marts of trade
We are breaking off the fetters on our weary brothers laid -
We're a band of young Crusaders and our thoughts flash round the world.

You may see our peaceful banners, they are floating near and far
There's a pledge of truth and mercy in each gold and purple star,
We're a band of young Crusaders and our love will light the world.

Come and march beneath our banners, they're in every land unfurled,
Truth, Light, and Liberation shall encircle all the world,
We're a band of young Crusaders and we're marching round the world.

MUSIC:

FRANZ ABT.

Key Ab. Vivace.

1 - . s.,fel] :s d.,r'd' :t s.,fel] :s r.,m'd' : - s.,fel
 |] s :sdm's' f' :m.,r'd',t:r :s lm' - s.,fel] :s :sdm'
 |s' f' :m.,r'd',t:r f' :t.,d'd' : - : - |

RECENT LETTER TO A BRANCH.

[THE following copy of a letter recently issued by our Secretary-General to a small Branch will, it is thought, be of wide interest. The Branch in question consisted of but six members.—EDS.]

144 MADISON AVENUE,

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

MY DEAR MADAM AND SISTER,—As Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood, the resolutions of your Branch, forwarded to Mrs. Tingley, have come into my hands, and I acknowledge receipt of same. I wish to call the attention of yourself and the members of the — Branch to a few facts, but not with any desire or purpose of changing your decision, as intelligent and thinking people never come to an important decision without at least first giving careful thought to both sides of the question; and this without regard to either their own personality or that of anyone else, otherwise it is impossible to arrive at anything but erroneous conclusions.

Perhaps it is unknown to most of you that the diplomas issued during the early administration of H. P. B. read as follows: "Theosophical Society, *or* Universal Brotherhood." Later, the Universal Brotherhood was dropped from the diplomas, not because the Universal Brotherhood idea was for a moment abandoned, but simply because the time had not arrived when it was possible to do more than form a *nucleus* of Universal Brotherhood, and consequently the T. S. was the instrument for the time adopted in forming the *nucleus*. It did its work nobly and well, and when the proper time had arrived, which was directly after the return of the Crusade, which had extended the brotherhood idea and carried it around the world, the Universal Brotherhood should and *would* have been organized, had it not been for

the fact that the very elements which were then underneath and active, and have since broken out into open revolt against the true theosophical principle of brotherhood, required the close attention and handling which they received to prevent them from utterly destroying the Theosophical Society, and making the formation of a Universal Brotherhood, as originally intended by H. P. B., an impossibility for centuries to come.

Among the many high-sounding phrases used in attacking Universal Brotherhood we often hear "freedom, autonomy, independence."

The loudest criers for freedom are a *very small minority*, led by a man, not an American, who, in violation of all principles of American government or true freedom have rebelled, *simply because they could not rule the majority*; the majority in the Chicago Convention was 290 against 14 delegates' votes, and the same proportion of workers have since confirmed the action of their delegates by forming Universal Brotherhood lodges.

Let us take another view of freedom.

We, individually, become free. From what? The action of the law, but only *after* our mentality and lower nature has come into willing and glad subjection to the higher or spiritual. Meantime the lower self kicks and cries "independence, freedom, autonomy."

Next, let us take "independence." I personally have been in close touch with every phase of this movement for several years, and I have never in one instance observed any desire or effort on the part of any *true* worker, and especially Mrs. Tingley, to limit or circumscribe anyone's independence. Everyone has always been perfectly free to remain in or go out of the Society; but so long as one remains an enlisted commissioned man in the army, he should certainly have sense enough to recognize the fact that one "supreme commander" is an absolute necessity for the safety and efficiency of that army, and that so long as that individual remains in that army he should work, act and talk, both in public and private, in a manner that best serves the purpose of the whole army; if he does not, he not only becomes an inefficient and useless soldier himself, but he sows dissension and sedition among his comrades, and in so doing becomes a more vicious opponent to that army than a manly open enemy; he is simply a traitor and coward without the courage and manhood to desert and join the open enemy.

This, if true of an army, is true of the Theosophical Society and Movement.

Another illustration. What if every passenger on a railroad train should say: "The engine driver is not, in my opinion, competent," and some of them should attempt to take the throttle valve; they certainly would be attempting to exercise the "independence" of free American citizens. But would the engineer, having the safety of hundreds of lives in his keeping, surrender his post; would not the other passengers restrain the "independents" in their insane endeavour?

"Autonomy." In nature we find only the autonomy of the *whole*. Suppose the head declared autonomy from the heart, or the heart from the head, or the foot from the heart and the head? Suppose some State in the Union—Rhode Island or Delaware, for instance—declared autonomy? That I as an individual declare autonomy from the universe?

None of these illustrations are overdrawn; they do fairly exemplify and make plain the position taken by the small minority in the Convention, and since by a few Branches and individuals who are putting themselves in opposition to an *over-*

whelming majority, not made up of our most fanatical and ill-balanced members, but of the oldest, most tried and earnest workers, rank and file, throughout the world. Surely so many cannot be insane or blind, nor do those who know the great powers possessed by Mrs. Tingley give her credit for being able to psychologize the world.

Let us in all honesty, and using just a little intelligence and commonsense, look at facts, without prejudice and without regarding the personality of either Mrs. Tingley, her enemies or ourselves individually, and we are sure to discover one or two things at least that we do not know, because there are only a few, in fact only one, who by his circulars and letters even claims to be a Christ.

Another thing well worth considering is this: It is a matter of not the slightest moment to the success of the Movement whether we, as individuals, groups of individuals or Branches, stand by or desert the real Movement. It has gained such momentum that there is no force in the universe which can stop, or more than temporarily impede, its onward sweep. This may be a humiliating confession, and one that does not agree with our personal, egotistical idea of our great importance to the work and in the world, but it is nevertheless true. Where we stand, whether among the sheep or the goats, is where we have placed ourselves. The closing of the old cycle, in my opinion, meant—in bible language—a “judgment day,” not at some remote time or point in space, but right here and now; a time when the law brought each one face to face with himself, and we took our natural and proper positions either among the children of light—those who looked behind illusion and saw the truth: or among the children of darkness—those who were full of questioning, doubt, misgivings, ambition and egotism.

Whether this gives you any new suggestions or thoughts I do not know; but please accept in the kindly spirit in which it is offered, and use or throw it away as best aids your advancement.—Yours faithfully,

F. M. PIERCE,

April 13th. 1898.

Secretary-General, Universal Brotherhood.

NOTES.

At last we have what H. P. B., years ago, pointed out the need of: “an organ wherein to defend the Cause from insidious attacks, from misrepresentations and lies, and teach people the truth.” That the first number of *The Search Light*, just to hand, worthily fulfils these necessary objects, must be patent to every member of the U. B. who carefully peruses it. Every member should read this first number. All hail to *The Search Light*, whose rays protect the Cause! *The Search Light* is published monthly at the Central Office of the Universal Brotherhood in New York, by the Defence Committee, and is issued to members only of the U. B. and T. S. A. Any one desiring to contribute towards the expense of printing can forward ten cents to *Search Light*, 144 Madison Avenue, New York City, U. S. A.

Of still greater importance, to all who realize that the great life and strength of this world-wide organization centres in America, is *The New Century*. There is scarcely a devoted member of the U. B. anywhere, who would not walk five miles and more, at the particular time when *The New Century* is due, to where he can see it and devour it, if unable himself to subscribe. Who in the U. B. was not delighted to see the splendid group portrait of the Cabinet in the issue of 9th April. Think of it, what they represent, and what they are *accomplishing*. Doubtless all Lodges of Universal Brotherhood have that picture framed and hung on their walls ere this.

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