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THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

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JULY 1913

IN THIS ISSUE

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED BY
Col. H. S. Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky

PRESIDENT
Mrs. Annie Besant

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. A Society of an absolutely unsectarian and non-political character, whose work should be amicably prosecuted by the learned of all races, in a spirit of unselfish devotion to the research of truth, and with the purpose of disseminating it impartially, seemed likely to do much to check materialism and strengthen the waning religious spirit. The simplest expression of the object of the Society is the following:

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

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

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

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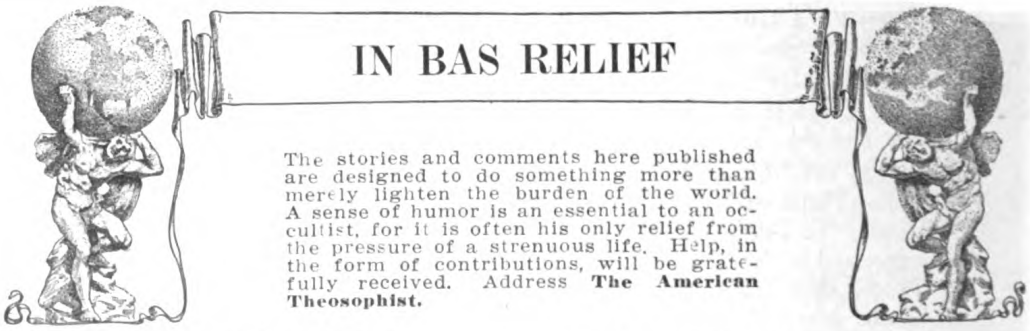

IN BAS RELIEF

The stories and comments here published are designed to do something more than merely lighten the burden of the world. A sense of humor is an essential to an occultist, for it is often his only relief from the pressure of a strenuous life. Help, in the form of contributions, will be gratefully received. Address **The American Theosophist.**

IN BAS RELIEF

How self-satisfied we are! All about us we see marvels in the animal and vegetable, and even in the mineral world, which we cannot explain (nor reproduce) and yet we walk with blind, unseeing eyes and say to one another that man is lord of the world! I was talking to the Reporter the other day about some educated horses that are creating a stir in Germany and he was moved to relate some tales of his own. I didn't write them down at the time, happily, but when the Reporter was about to leave me I asked him to do so. So yesterday I received, in his own inimitable style, the tale of

DOLOROSA AND FRANCESCA

By the Reporter

Usually, in telling a story of this kind it is necessary for the writer to appear before a notary and make an affidavit that the facts are as stated; not because he has established the reputation of being a liar (a term generally used and applying particularly to newspaper men) but because the facts are what are termed "unusual." The story is this: Down in southern Illinois, in that part of the state known as

"Egypt," there is a small stream called "Little Muddy." Along its banks the low-lands are termed "bottoms." On the road between Woodlawn and Waltonville it is necessary when traveling from one to the other of the towns to pass through these bottoms for a distance of about one mile. The road over this section has a number of small bridges and one large structure over Little Muddy itself. The little bridges are over "draws," as they call the depressions between the higher ground on each side. Draws are in ordinary weather quite dry, but during rainy seasons water drains through them.

The writer was driving a team of mules from Woodlawn to Waltonville in the dusk of the evening; it was after a rainfall of several days' duration and the river had risen and overflowed its banks, covering all the little bridges in the bottoms. The water ranged from six to eighteen inches deep across the entire valley.

Dolorosa and Francesca, as the two ani-

mals were called, had without hesitation entered the water and plunged cheerfully along, dragging the "hack," or spring wagon, behind them. They crossed all the submerged bridges and the main creek bridge, which was still exposed, but when they reached the last of the wooden structures they stopped. The bridge itself was not visible, but the hand-rails, made of light timbers, were to be seen. The writer tried the effect of a "black snake" whip, but the sturdy animals only switched their tuft-ended tails and stood determinedly still. Thinking he could lead them across, the driver stepped from the wagon into the yellow muddy water, took the mules by the bridle and with alternate threats, kind words and other words, tried to urge them to follow. All was of no avail.

While pondering what further action to take, the writer stood looking over the expanse of water and saw near by, washed against some brush, a large plank. It was at once evident that this plank, twelve inches wide, had been washed from the floor-way of the bridge. After wading carefully out on the structure, the writer found the opening in the flooring of

the bridge where the plank was missing and with some labor secured it and placed it under the water, holding it in place by braces under the hand-rail. After securly fixing the plank in position, the writer returned to the wagon and climbed in, and the mules advanced promptly and crossed the bridge safely to the higher ground on the other side.

The questions which this story bring out are: How did the mules know that the bridge was unsafe? Did they see the missing plank at the far side of the road and reason out the fact that they would not be safe in crossing? Or have they developed a faculty which man fails to use? It is well known that mules have more "horse sense" than horses, and a tale of this kind tends to prove it.

And in the mail today I received another brief manuscript, with a shorter but much more remarkable story about another kind of animal. Evidently the Reporter went right on thinking about the subject, because this tale has no title; so I have called it

THE HOUN' DOG

Also by the Reporter

The story of the mules, who knew the

danger without being able to see it, makes me think of another tale. This one is about a dog and, in my opinion, it proves beyond any doubt that dogs use so-called instinct more than their sense of smell when following a trail. The story is this:

Down in Missouri, near the Ozark Mountains, a hunter was tramping through the woods and clearings, looking for game. He was followed by a "houn' dog," the kind you see in the backwoods of the "show me" State, which had no blooded pedigree but was of a breed showing many strains mixed, though mostly hound and just plain dog. In the heart of a large piece of timber was the tumble-down shack of some trapper or prospector. The lean-to building had fallen down, and in the rubbish was a can which had once contained syrup. The top of the can was cut open, leaving a jagged edge. The dog discovered this can and, nosing about, smelled the sweet molasses or sorghum which it had once contained and forced his head into the can. The rough edge of the opening caught back of the animal's head and he was trapped in the can.

The hunter kept on his way unmindful of what had happened to the dog and later, when he missed his pet, he said to himself: "He'll come along," and kept on his way, reaching his home about two hours later.

In the meantime, the dog tried to get his head out of the can but could not do so. The hunter, safely at home, wondered at the absence of his dog and after eating his supper sat on the porch of the cabin while he smoked his pipe. Shortly afterward he saw a peculiar looking animal coming down the road and as the thing drew near he recognized his hound with his head in the can. Without much hesitation the dog trotted into the yard and after procuring a can opener the master released the dog.

The conclusion—and about the only reasonable one that can be drawn from the story—is that the animal had a sense of direction, which alone enabled him to find his home. His head was completely covered by the can. He could not see, the strong odor from the molasses certainly covered all smells except that of the molasses, and his ears were also covered so

that the sense of hearing was deadened. By what power did this dumb animal know where he was going?

As far as that goes, how many of *us* know where *we* are going? My friend, the Reporter, claims that we are all on the way to something but, for the most part, he is so interested in things by the way that the Great Plan is only seen by him in glimpses like the above; but those are interesting.

No man can know God, it has been said. I suppose that must be true. Yet there is not one of us who does not attempt at times to picture Him. The more we know, the less often we attempt it. There is the notable case of the child found drawing by his mother. "What are you drawing?" she asked. "God," was the astonishing reply. "But, my son, no one has ever seen Him nor knows what He looks like," the mother objected. "Well," said the little fellow, "they will when I get done!" Perhaps all of us plan out the great Scheme more or less as we would have it to be; few have the courage to find out how it really is and then join heartily with it.

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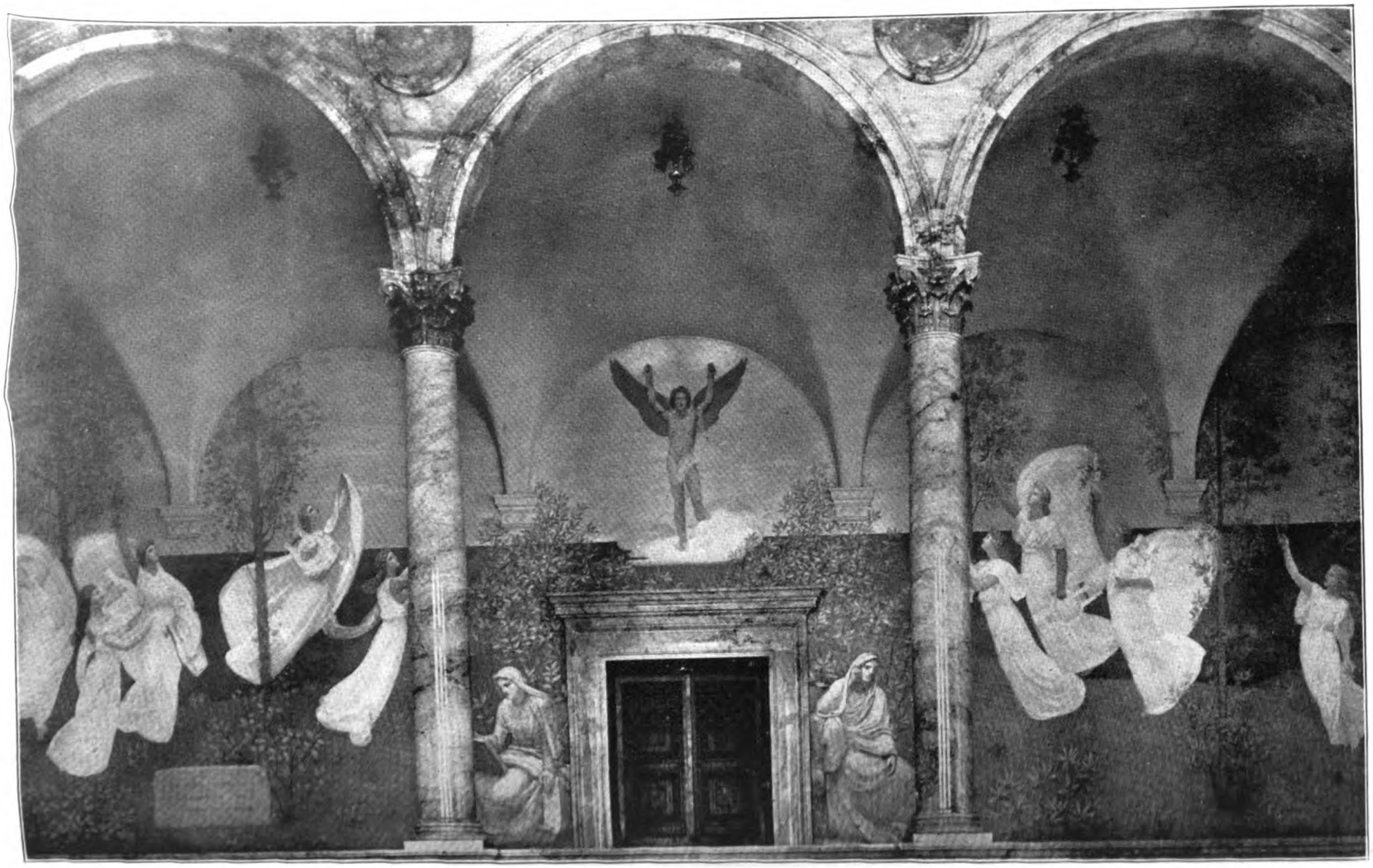


WELCOMING THE GENIUS OF ENLIGHTENMENT

By Puvis de Chavannes

The American Theosophist

Vol. XIV. JULY, 1913. No. 10

BY THE EDITOR

THEOSOPHY VERSUS THEOSOPHICAL ORTHODOXY

A CORRESPONDENT has written expressing dissatisfaction with the policy of this magazine in publishing articles favoring the prophecy of the coming of a great Teacher. He holds that such teaching is not Theosophy, and expresses the fear that the casual inquirer might get the idea that the imminent coming of the Christ is a dogma accepted and believed in by all the members. He obviously rejects the idea of the coming and quotes H. P. Blavatsky from *Lucifer* as an authority for his position, as follows:

> ".....Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of *thy presence*, and of the consummation of the age?" asked the disciples of the Master on the Mount of Olives. (St. Matt. XXIV: 3, et seq., Rev. Ver. 1881.)
>
> The reply given by the "Man of Sorrows," the *Chrestos*, on his trial but also on his way to triumph as *Christos*, or Christ, is prophetic and very suggestive. It is a warning indeed. The answer must be quoted in full.
>
> "Take heed that no man lead you astray. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am the Christ; and shall lead many astray. And ye shall hear

of wars . . . but the end is not yet. *For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famine and earthquakes in divers places.* But all these things are the beginning of travail. . . . Many false prophets shall arise, and shall lead many astray . . . then shall the end come. . . . Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is the Christ, or there; go not forth; behold he is in the inner chambers, believe them not. For as the lightning cometh forth from the east, and is seen even in the west, so shall the *presence* of the Son of Man," etc., etc.

Two things become evident *to all* in the above passages, now that their false rendering is corrected in the Revised text: (a) The coming of "Christ" means the *presence of Christos* in a regenerated world *and not at all the actual coming in body of "Christ" Jesus;* (b) This Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ . . . *the true esoteric Savior—is no man,* but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being. He who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions* and buried deep in the "sepulchre" of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back the *stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner* sanctuary, he has the arisen Christ in him. (For ye are the temple—sanctuary, in R. V.—of the living God. II. Cor. VI: 16.) The word Chrestos means "good man"; Christos means the "glorified," the "annointed." The worship of the dead letter in the Bible is but one more form of *idolatry,* nothing better.

The "Christ Principle," the awakened and glorified Spirit of Truth, being universal and eternal, the true Christos cannot be monopolized by any one person.

Few Christians among the laymen are aware even of the true meaning of the word *Christ.* The Gnosis supplanted by the Christian scheme was universal. It was the echo of the primordial wisdom-religion which had once been the heirloom of the whole of mankind; and therefore one may truly say that, in its purely metaphysical aspect, the Spirit of Christ (the Divine Logos) was present in humanity from the beginning of it. We may learn from the gospel *according* to Luke, that the "worthy" were those who had been initiated into the mysteries of the Gnosis and who were "accounted worthy" to attain that "resurrection from the dead" *in this life* . . . "those who knew that they could die no more, being equal to the angels as sons of God and sons of the Resurrection." In other words, they were the great adepts of *whatever religion;* and the words apply to all those who, without being Initiates, strive and succeed, through personal efforts, *to live the life* and to attain the naturally ensuing spiritual illumination in blending their personality (the "Son") with (the "Father") their individual divine spirit, *the God within them.* Such an individual is a *Christ-man.* On the other hand, those who choose to ignore the Christ (principle) within themselves must die *unregenerate heathens*—baptism, sacraments, lip-prayers and belief in dogmas notwithstanding. "Chrestos" means certainly more than merely "a good man," "an excellent man," while "Christos" was never applied to any one living man, but to every Initiate at the moment of *his second birth and resurrection.* "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man *be born again,* he cannot see the kingdom of God." (St. John, III: 4.) Here, the birth *from above,* the spiritual birth, is meant, achieved at the supreme and last Initiation. He who finds Christos within himself and recognizes the latter as his only "way" becomes a follower and an *Apostle of Christ,* though he may have never been baptized nor even have met a "Christian," still less call himself one.

What do the words "I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you"

mean but what we give in its esoteric rendering, i. e., "until you find the Christos within yourselves as your only 'way' "? (Gal. IV: 19-20.)

Thus Jesus was a *Chrestos*, as undeniably as that he never was entitled to the appellation of *Christos*, during his lifetime and before his last trial. Christos, or the "Christ condition," was ever the synonym of the "Mahatmic condition," i. e., the union of the man with the divine principle in him. As St. Paul says (Eph. III: 17): "That you may find Christos in your *inner* man through knowledge"—not "faith," as translated, for *pistis* is "knowledge." We say it again—the name Christos is based on, and the story of the crucifixion derived from, events that preceded it. Everywhere in India as in Egypt, in Chaldea as in Greece, all these legends were built upon one and the same primitive type—the voluntary sacrifice of the Logoi, the Rays of the One Logos, the direct manifested emanation from the one ever-concealed Infinite and Unknown, whose *rays* incarnated in mankind. They consented to *fall into matter* and are therefore called the Fallen Ones. The names Christos and Krishna are of the same origin. Christos is the crown of glory of the suffering Chrestos of the Mysteries as of the candidate to the final union, of whatever race or creed. To the true follower of the Spirit of Truth it matters little, therefore, whether Jesus, as man and Chrestos, lived during the era called Christian or before, or never lived at all. The Adepts who lived and died for humanity have existed in many and all the ages, and many were the good and holy men in antiquity who bore the surname or title of Chrestos before Jesus of Nazareth, otherwise Jesus (or Jehoshua) Ben Pandira, was born.

I may briefly repeat a prophecy which is a self-evident result of the state of men's minds in Christendom: "Belief in the Bible *literally* and in *a carnalized Christ* will not last a quarter of a century longer." (It is just twenty-five years since H. P. B. wrote this.)

Orthodox Christians have fallen into the same error of the "foolish Galatians" reproved by St. Paul who, as he tells them (Gal. III: 1-5) "having begun (by believing) in the Spirit" (of Christos) . . . ended by believing in the flesh, i. e., a corporeal Christ.

(All italics are H. P. B.'s.)

If there was anything that Madame Blavatsky abominated, it was an enslaving, unaudited orthodoxy and I fear some of her followers are unfortunately in danger of falling, in the name of Theosophy, into the very same pit as that from which she strove so hard to rescue the devotees of the religious faiths. She wrote strongly against the orthodoxies of the world built up around the literal following of somebody's written word. She came to destroy that sort of intellectual servility on behalf of a people who are destined to become masters of ideas, not slaves to them, and it would be rather a cruel fate if she should now be pointed to as having said the last word on Theosophy and her words be quoted with the same old ecclesiastical dixit "Thus saith the Lord" as that which she so vigorously condemned.

When *Isis Unveiled* was written, if she knew about reincarnation she showed considerable self-control in not mentioning it. Colonel Olcott thought she knew nothing of it. Yet in later works she saw fit to lay great stress upon this teaching. That showed evolution, progress. In many other ways, as her work progressed, her field of

vision enlarged. When she passed away she was succeeded by one who had the power to carry this expansive progress onwards, and it has been so carried on with signal success. If H. P. B. had lived, one does not know but that she herself would have influenced the expansion of Theosophy even much further than her successor and her colleagues have done, and certainly she never founded the Society with the idea of having all possibility of its progress thrown onto the funeral pyre with her for cremation into ashes of death. Her place was that of the first herald of our great movement, and we accepted her message as true. Mrs. Besant's is that of the second, having been directly appointed by H. P. B. as her successor, and as long as she holds the position of leader her message is entitled to the same respectful acceptance. A part of H. P. B.'s message was in reality the announcement of the coming of an Avatar and she clearly felt that her work was the beginning of a campaign of education that would constitute a preparation for His advent. Although she may have believed from philosophic reasoning or other cause that He would not appear until the latter part of this century, certainly none but the literalist would see in this anything to make him believe that H. P. B., if she were living, would not now be advocating an earlier date. Time is known to be a most elusive consideration in occult matters and one can never be quite sure of it. Future events shift as present activities vary.

In the article above quoted, H. P. B. was obviously pleading for a recognition of the idea of the mystical Christ. At the time when she wrote, the fact of this conception as a great cosmic truth that touched every individual man was too little realized. Christians generally believed that Jesus was the only one who ever had or ever could or would become Christ. H. P. B. wanted to show that every man was a Christ in potentiality and that no being had the monopoly of that principle, though one here and there might show it forth in brilliant degree. This truth is just as real today as it was when she wrote, but it has nothing to do with the idea that the Great One who holds the post of World-Teacher, and who has the greatest development of the Christ principle of any spiritual teacher on this planet, is to appear again among men and show them the next step in truth and progress. It matters little whether He be called Chrestos or Christos, the Avatar, the Jagat Guru, Krishna, or what. His coming could only emphasize the universality of the Christ principle in humanity and give the hope to millions that its development in them might some day be as it was in Him.

This question, strange as it may seem, forces us to review our definition of Theosophy and see if we have one that will hold good for all time. On this point I wish to state fearlessly my belief that Theosophy is not reincarnation, karma, teachings of rounds and races

and planes, devas and elementals, as such. If it were, then we should need to erect a creed at once and start out with the assertion of belief in those things. If the Three Objects of The Theosophical Society are to be taken as a guide in determining what Theosophy is--and of course they should be—one sees without very much difficulty that there is nothing that can be technically denominated as Theosophy in this organization except the doing of those things that lead to the formation of a Universal Brotherhood of mankind, regardless of race, creed, sex, caste or color; the doing of those things which encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science, and the doing of those things which constitute the investigation of the unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

Such being the case, one may ask: How is it that the teachings about karma, reincarnation, the reality of the unseen worlds, etc., etc., are blazoned forth before the world as Theosophy? Upon whose authority are they given as such, and how came the Three Objects to omit them if they were intended to be fundamental tenets of Theosophical belief? And if these things are not Theosophy, what indeed is left that can be called Theosophy? You are face to face with the whole question.

My answer to it would be: The responsible leaders of the Theosophical Society are in duty bound, and they would be recreant to their highest duty if they failed, to throw emphasis on any truth that seemed for the moment to require emphasis in order that its Three Objects might be better subserved. In the beginning of the Society's work one of the essentials was to re-discover the fundamentals of the World Religions. When these religions were examined, karma and reincarnation were found to be embedded within all of them. It obviously then appeared that these teachings were so far-reaching and fundamental that humanity would be greatly strengthened by recovering them for modern and future civilizations. Therefore the leaders laid special stress upon them and the ideal of the First Object accordingly prospered.

Then investigations were made into the unseen planes by those who had acquired the power to do such things. The results of their efforts were published to the world in the form of *The Ancient Wisdom, The Astral Plane, The Devachanic Plane, Occult Chemistry,* etc. This was done in furtherance of the Third Object, and the First gained once more. Now through that same Third Object still later investigations disclosed, to the absolute certainty of at least two of those who are able to use the higher faculties, that the time of the coming of the Avatar, whose advent had been foreshadowed by H. P. B., could then with definite certainty be approximately mentioned as within the time of the present generation. And so, in furtherance of the Third Object and in the strengthening of the First, the an-

nouncement of that discovery was duly made, as other announcements were previously made concerning knowledge previously acquired and at present generally accepted as Theosophy.

Now why is this process less legitimate in one case than in the other? Unless the unfoldment of Theosophy has come to a standstill, by what other method may its progress proceed? Is it not the mark of a progressive Theosophical movement that its leaders shall grow with the times and keep their faces ever turned toward the sources of inspiration and knowledge? That surely was what H. P. B. hoped for the T. S., and anything less would have been repugnant to her purpose in founding it. New and unexpected ideals can never become popular at once, and there must be some body of world workers strong and illumined enough to herald forth coming events to an unbelieving and skeptical people and H. P. B. hoped to see the T. S. perform that high and thankless function. If she had thought that Theosophy was destined to be regarded as no greater than herself and that it was to begin and end with her particular expression of it, she might have had less opinion of her task. And so I hold that the duty rests upon the leaders to lay stress from time to time upon any discovery or upon the result of any investigation that they may make on this or any other plane of consciousness, if they believe for the time being that this nucleus of human brotherhood will be strengthened by it or if the other two Objects will in any way be furthered, for the Society's destiny depends upon the faithful doing of those things that best serve the realization of the particular Objects for the sake of which it exists, no matter whether such things be hoary with age or fresh from the womb of discovery.

There is no dogmatic bugaboo that can be legitimately labeled Theosophy. Theosophy is untrammeled truth, and it is only a matter of discrimination and good judgment as to what particular phase of truth should be regarded as important to be pressed upon the attention of the people of each age in furtherance of the Three Objects of the Society which stands as a mouth-piece of Theosophy.

I submit therefore that Theosophists who believe that the prophecy of the near coming of the Master of Masters is true, and that the cause of human brotherhood will be advanced by its frank expression, are quite within their rights and even duties to make known that belief in no uncertain terms; and I further submit that it is as legitimate to call such teaching Theosophy as any other that is now regarded as Theosophy. But that does not mean that Theosophists are expected to believe this teaching unless it appeals to them. Fortunately, a believer in universal brotherhood may believe whatever else he pleases and still be a good Theosophist, provided that he accords to those of opposite belief the same respectful consideration that he claims for his own.

UNDER THE BANYAN TREE

By Eleanor Maddock

[Editor's Note.—In full, Mrs. Besant's Convention lectures were: 1. *Theosophy, or Paravidya;* 2. *The Open Road to the Masters;* 3. *Theosophy the Root of all Religions;* 4. *The Theosophical Society: Its Meaning, Purpose and Functions.* The first two of these we published in the May and June *American Theosophist*, respectively; for the last two, readers are referred to a book now in press, *Theosophy and The Theosophical Society*, soon to be obtainable from the Theosophical Book Concern, 116 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

The following pen picture of the place of the delivery of those lectures is drawn by one fortunate enough to have been at the time a visitor at Adyar. In the eloquence that flowed forth from the heart and lips of our President to those assemblages "under the banyan tree" each one of the thousand listeners seemed to find also, so the visitor writes, a special message for himself. We believe her little description will bring the message and that speaker nearer and dearer to those not privileged to be there and will link us closer by a touch as of familiar endearment to that T. S. Centre from whence pulses its heart currents.]

BY COMING into touch with different people who have been to the T. S. Headquarters at Adyar, one gets a very fair idea of what it is really like, since no two persons describe the same thing in quite the same way. With reference to the purely physical aspect of the place apart from its deeper associations, one person may feel the warmth and keenly sense the blue of the sky filtering through the delicate fronds of the tall palms; another may marvel over the glory of the painted sunset just before that hour of hushed stillness when all nature seems to change its note with the swiftly approaching shadows of the Indian night; and yet another may leave these both unnoticed, but be impressed by some third and totally different aspect.

Much has been said and also written about the banyan tree in the Adyar grounds. It is said that one at Madura is an older as well as

a somewhat larger tree but, as no two seem to exactly agree on this point, it does not matter much except that these two trees are probably the finest in all India. They are much alike, with this difference—that the great banyan tree at Adyar is a temple, with pillars and lofty dome such as the hand of man can never fashion, with a consecration peculiar to itself, a living simile of those temples used by great Rishis of old. Some idea of the space underneath may be estimated from the fact that fifteen hundred people or more could be comfortably seated under its sheltering branches which shoot outwards in all directions thirty feet or more, supported at intervals by trunks firmly rooted in the hard soil.

Those of the people who preferred remained standing, and a few agile ones perched high up among the twisted branches. There was room for all and to spare. None were left out in the cold—or, in this instance, the *heat,* the weather being much the same as early July in our northern clime. The ground, no rain having fallen for months, was dry and hard as any floor and the coolies had swept it free from rubbish with their queer native brooms, made of twigs from a kind of tough bush tied to a long stick.

Several large dherris, or striped cotton carpets, such as one sees everywhere in India, were spread on the ground in front of the small, high platform at one side. On these were seated, in Oriental fashion, probably over a thousand natives of various parts of India: Tamils from the Madras presidency; Rajputs with their brilliant turbans of sheer mull or mull and silk—numberless yards of it—cunningly wound into intricate folds and pleats according to caste, and a few men from the far slopes of the Himalayas, that "Garden of the World," Kashmir. (There is no mistaking a Kashmiri, not because of his dress, for that is simple enough, but because of the way in which his head fits onto his shoulders, the poise and swing of the body in walking and, what is most striking of all, the expression of the eye.) There were Hindus, of decidedly advanced ideas regarding women, accompanied by their wives and daughters. In India one rarely or never sees high caste Hindu women; they are always "purdah nashin." Consequently, it was a real pleasure to see these women going about with uncovered heads and taking their places side by side with their European sisters. Some of them are very beautiful, with lustrous dark eyes and smooth, glossy hair, their skins of a soft creamy hue with just a suggestion of pomegranate tint, this fairness probably the result of long seclusion from the sun behind the purdah, for the men belonging to the same family are noticeably several shades darker. The married women usually wear an ornament in the nose. Now this may not sound very attractive from our Western point of view but, after all, it is only a difference of opinion. I noticed three young women and each had a small cluster of diamonds fastened by a tiny

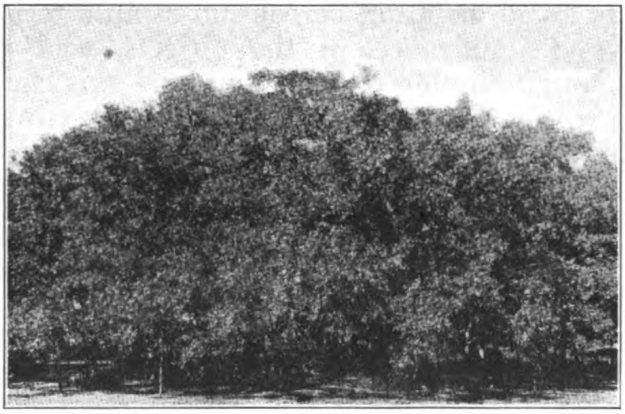
screw into the side of the nose and in their ears. There was no gold visible, only the sparkle of jewels against the clear olive skin, set off by dark eyes and hair and the sheen of blue and pink silk saris.

But to return to the group still busy arranging themselves on the ground. One noticed several men wearing badges of honor bestowed by the British Government, some ruling chiefs, pundits, prime ministers to Maharajas, etc., and well in front—for, unfortunately, he is very deaf—was seated Judge P. Narayana of Madura, a man possessed of a good stock of first-hand knowledge in occult matters, and by his side the earnest ascetic face of Mr. L. Subramania, his devoted clerk and amanuensis.

After the vast crowd was finally settled and waiting expectantly, Mrs. Besant in a plain white satin gown appeared and passed up the steps of the platform. It had been made rather high, either by chance or design, and the branches sweeping lower at this point gave her the appearance of actually standing *in* the banyan tree; indeed, it was easy to picture the white-robed figure as that of some Druid priestess.

The swift and willing fingers of the stenographers present have made it possible for these lectures to be read by all in the different countries. If only the printed message might convey the picture also!

The hour of sunset with its brooding sense of peace, the subdued sweetness in the call of the song birds, faint sounds coming from the distant native village and from the bullock carts creaking their slow homeward way, a smell in the air of cooking fires as the women prepared the evening meal—the scene seemed much as it may have been nearly three thousand years ago when the Enlightened One sat under the Bo Tree at Budha Gaya uttering words which have dropped like honeyed dew down through the centuries into the hearts of men.



View of Banyan Tree at Adyar

THE SACRAMENTAL LIFE

By Claude Bragdon

IN the hurly-burly of these resounding times the sacramental life can claim few devotees, being incompatible with an extreme immersion in sport and gossip and the driving of sharp bargains. Yet it should interest every professor of that greatest of all arts—the art of living—since it conduces to beauty and dignity, to happiness and profit.

The sacramental life, in the sense here used (divorced, that is, from the forms and observances of any specific religion), consists in the habitual perception of an ulterior meaning, a hidden beauty and significance, in the objects, acts and events of every day. Though binding us to a sensuous existence, they nevertheless contain within themselves the virtue of liberating us from it. To perceive this virtue it becomes necessary to discover in them, over and above their immediate use, their pleasure or their profit, a hidden meaning which teaches some lesson emancipating to the soul.

A classic example of a sacrament, not alone in this special sense but in the ordinary meaning of the term, is the Holy Communion of the Christian Church. Its origin is a matter of common knowledge. The evening of the night when He was betrayed, Jesus and His disciples were gathered together for the feast of the Passover. Aware of His impending betrayal and desirous of impressing powerfully upon His chosen followers the nature and purpose of His sacrifice, Jesus ordained a sacrament out of the simple materials of their repast. He took bread and broke it, and gave to each a piece as a symbol of

His broken body; and to each He passed a cup of wine, as a symbol of His poured-out blood. In these, as in the washing of the disciples' feet on the same occasion, He made His ministration to the needs of men's bodies an allegory of His greater ministration to the needs of their souls.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is of such beauty and power that it has persisted even to the present day. It lacks, however, the element of universality—at least, by other than Christians its universality would be denied. Let us seek, therefore, some all-embracing symbol to illustrate the sacramental view of life.

Perhaps marriage is such a symbol. The public avowal of love between a man and a woman, their mutual assumption of the attendant privileges, duties and responsibilities—their marriage, in short—are acts so pregnant with consequences to them and to the race that by all right thinking people it is regarded as a high and holy thing; its sacramental character is felt and acknowledged even by those who would be puzzled to tell the reason why.

The reason is involved in the answer to the question: Of what is marriage a symbol? The most obvious answer, and doubtless the best one, is found in the well-known and heartily abused doctrine, common to every religion, of the Spiritual Marriage between God and the Soul. The Mystic Way comprises those changes in consciousness through which every soul passes on the way to its perfection. When the personal life is conceived of as an allegory of this intense, ample, supermundane life, it assumes a sacramental character. With strange unanimity, those who have followed the Mystic Way have given the name of marriage to that memorable experience in "the flight of the Alone to the Alone," when the soul, after trials and purgations, enters into indissoluble union with the spirit, that divine, creative principle whereby it was made fruitful for this world. Marriage, then, however dear and close the union, is the symbol of a union dearer and closer, for it is the fair prophecy that on some higher arc of the spiral of its evolution, the soul shall meet its immortal mate and be initiated into mysteries divine.

As an example of the power of symbols to produce those changes of consciousness whereby the soul becomes ready for this union, it is recorded that an eminent scientist was moved to alter his entire mode of life on reflecting, while in his bath one morning, that though each day he was at such pains to make clean his body, he administered no similar purgation to his mind and heart. The parallel appealed to him so profoundly that he began to practice the higher cleanliness from that day forth.

If it be true, as has been said, that ordinary life is a training school for a life more real and more sublime, then everything pertaining to life in the world must possess a sacramental character and must

possess it inherently, not merely by imputation. Let us discover, then, if we can, some of the larger meanings latent in little things.

When at the end of a cloudy day the sun bursts forth in splendor and sets red in the west, it is a sign to the weather-wise that the next day will be fair. To the devotee of the sacramental life it holds a richer promise. To him the sun's brightness is a symbol of the love of God; the clouds, those worldly preoccupations which prevent that love from manifesting. This purely physical phenomenon, therefore, which brings to the man in the street a scarcely noticed augmentation of heat and light and an indication of fair weather on the morrow, induces in the mystic an ineffable sense of divine immanence and beneficence, and the assurance of their continuance beyond the dark night of the death of the body.

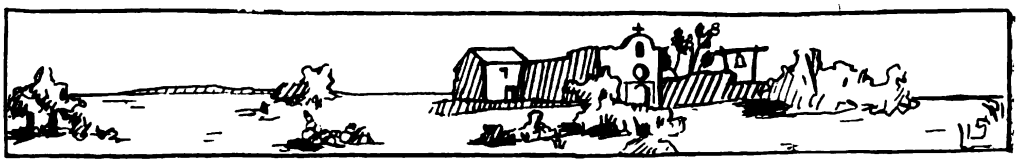
For this symbol the author is indebted to a friend who has formed a habit of seeing the sacrament in everything. When this friend goes swimming in the sea he enjoys to the full the attendant physical exhilaration, but a greater joy flows from the thought that he is back with his great Sea-Mother—Nature; that feminine principle of which water is the perfect symbol, since water brings all things to birth. When at the end of the day he lays aside his dress—that two-dimensional sheath of the three-dimensional body—it is in full assurance that his body in turn will be abandoned by the inwardly retreating consciousness and that he will range wherever he wills during the hours of sleep, clothed in his subtle vehicle of the fourth dimension, related to the physical body as it is related to the clothes it wears.

To every sincere seeker Nature yields her secrets but, since men differ in their curiosities, she reveals different things to different men. A walk in the woods or in the open instructs the geologist concerning the present constitution and past vicissitudes of that particular part of the earth's surface; to the botanist the flora of the neighborhood becomes an open book, while the drama of insect life unfolds itself before the patient entomologist. All are rewarded for their devotion in accordance with their interests and desires, but, woman-like, Nature reveals herself most fully to him who worships not the fair form of her, but the soul. This favored lover is the mystic; forever seeking instruction in things spiritual, he perceives in Nature an allegory of the Spirit and interprets her symbols in terms of the sacramental life.

The brook, pursuing its tortuous and stony pathway in untiring effort to reach the centre of the earth, is a symbol of the soul upon the Mystic Way impelled by the gravitation of love to seek God within the heart. The modest daisy by the roadside and the wanton sunflower in the garden alike seek to image in themselves the sun, the god of their worship. A circular core of seeds surrounded by a fringe of petals represents their best effort to mimic the flaming disc

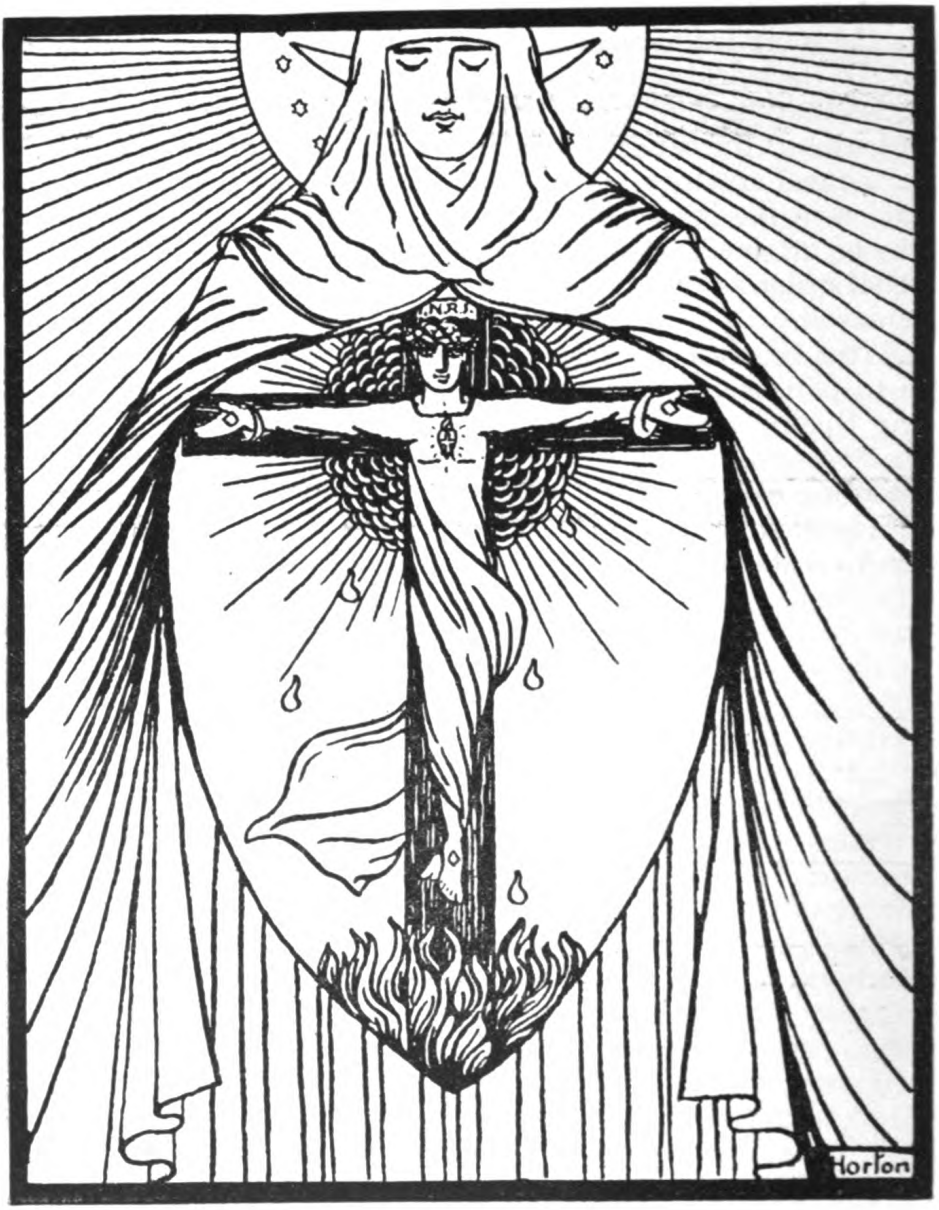
and far-raying corona of the sun. Man seeks less ardently, and so much the more ineffectively, by his will and his imagination to image God. In the world of insects we gain hints of what we have been and what we may become—something corresponding to the grub, a burrowing thing; the caterpillar, a crawling thing; and finally the butterfly, a winged creature. The locust leaving its sheath represents a condition in the life of the soul not yet attained on earth, but some day to be attained. The life of the hive or of the ant-hill foreshadows that order and co-operation possible when human solidarity shall be achieved.

After this fashion, then, does one who leads the sacramental life come to perceive, in the "sensuous manifold" of Nature, that One Divine Reality which thus both instructs him in supermundane wisdom and woos him to superhuman blessedness and peace. In time, this reading of earth in terms of Heaven becomes with the sacramentalist a settled habit. Then, in Emerson's phrase, he has hitched his wagon to a star and changed his grocer's cart into a chariot of the sun.



If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the ocean shelf
And say—"This is not dead"—
And fill thee with Himself instead.
But thou art all replete with every thou,
And hast such shrewd activity
That, when He comes, He says, "This is enow
Unto itself—'t were better let it be;
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

T. E. Brown.



From *The Way of the Soul*

THE SECRET OF THE ROSY CROSS
IS KNOWN TO THOSE WHOSE EARTHLY LOSS
IS GAIN; FOR LOVE DIVINE, SUBLIME,
DOTH RAISE THEM UP BEYOND ALL TIME.

By permission of Mr. Horton

FORGIVEN ALL, THEY ALL FORGIVE,
AND GIVEN ALL, THEY ALL DO GIVE;
MADE ONE WITH THEIR DIVINITY,
THE PRESENT THEIR ETERNITY.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS

By Elisabeth Severs

DOWN through the ages the picturesque figures of those mediæval warriors, the Knights Templars, stand out, clothed in their white mantles adorned with the Crusader's red cross, as brave warrior soldiers of Christ and devoted guardians of Christianity's Holy Places.

Poor, literally poor, were "the poor knights of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon" when Hugo de Paganis and Godeffroi de St. Omer, with seven other unnamed knights, in 1118 founded the Order and bound themselves by an oath to the Patriarch of Jerusalem to keep open the Pilgrims' road to the Holy Places of Palestine, to fight in their defense and to observe the monastic vows of chastity, poverty and obedience; so poor that the Knights were for a time clad in the old clothes of the charitable; so poor that the seal of their Order showed two knights riding on one horse!

But it was the age of a vivid Crusading enthusiasm, fanned to burning activity by St. Bernard's fiery eloquence, and so riches, honor and recruits soon poured in upon the new Order. The King of Jerusalem, Baldwin II., gave the Order a home at Mount Moriah, the former site of King Solomon's Temple, and hence their name. St. Bernard warmly welcomed the Order, the Pope sanctioned it and soon, very soon, the Knights Templars became one of the dominating factors in the war to the death between the infidel and the Christian. To the white habit was added, in 1146, the Red Cross and the Order was gradually elaborately organized in its three divisions, Knights, Chaplains and Serving Brothers, Grand Master and Grand Officers, each with their suite and equipage and soon with many privileges of sanctuary and much wealth.

And how bravely they fought—those Templars! "The New Maccabees," as the Pope styled them, in recognition of their reckless bravery. "They were the first to attack and the last to retreat," their place in battle being on the right of the army while the rival Knights of St. John occupied the left. They poured out their blood like water

for centuries, during the heavy and persistent fighting that marked the different Crusades and the varying fortunes of the Latin Kingdom. They scorned alike death, imprisonment and torture. Sometimes the Cross triumphs over the Crescent and then, by mere numerical superiority, the Crescent is lifted high above the Cross, and Saracen, Tartar and Egyptian hordes almost exterminate both Knights Templars and Christian forces. Killed almost to a man the Templars were in many a bloody battle, at many a hard-waged siege, and the survivors, proudly refusing apostasy, were beheaded or sawn asunder. Some of the Grand Masters even were killed in battle or died as prisoners, and yet recruits from Europe were never wanting to fill up the decimated Templar ranks.

To read the story of the Crusades is, in short, to read the Templars' history—the two are one. The proud Templars took their share also, and a dominant one, in the feuds and factions of the day; their reckless bravery even sometimes played the Christian forces a sorry turn; their rivalry of the Knights of St. John and the Teuton Knights was a ceaseless source of tumult; hints of treachery, even to the cause of Christianity, were whispered. When, with the fall of Acre in 1291, the Templars retired to Cyprus and, their original occupation gone, turned to civil and international wars and political intrigues, soon their vast wealth, their arrogance and their extraordinary privileges, brought about their sudden and dramatic fall, that persecution and destruction of the Templar Order which is said to be "the blackest crime" that history records.

In nearly every European country the Templars held large landed property and had houses and branches of the Order. For nearly a hundred years they had been one of the wealthiest and most influential factors in European politics. "Two Templars were appointed Guardians of the disputed Castles on the betrothal of Prince Henry of England and the French Princess in 1161." The Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, came to France in 1306 with 150,000 gold florins and ten horse-loads of silver. In France, whole villages with their populations belonged to the Order, it being a source of complaint that "churls and serfs" were admitted. The Templar Houses possessed the right of sanctuary; the Templars were exempt from both civil and ecclesiastical taxation and from military service, though they themselves could declare war. They confessed only to their own Templar Chaplains and, as the Pope was their supreme Bishop, the Order was exempt alike from civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, a great grievance to the clergy, as disputes concerning Templars could only be decided by the Pope. It was also enacted "that anyone who struck or wounded a Templar should be excommunicated, and they must not be injured, annoyed or insulted." For their pride (and Richard, Coeur de Lion, who escaped from Palestine in a Templar

galley and wearing a Templar habit, bequeathed his pride to the Templars) they were hated by the nobility. The clergy suspected their orthodoxy. The populace whispered dark stories of the immorality which prevailed at the secret meetings which the Templars guarded so jealously, and believed they indulged in fearful deeds of witchcraft and sorcery.

Hence it came about that when Philip of France, aided by Clement the Pope—the King being miserably in need of money and owing the Order a personal grudge in that it had excluded him—arranged a skilfully devised plan to enrich himself by confiscation of the Order's goods, aided by treachery, not a hand outside the Order was raised in its defence. France looked on without protest, probably with approval, at the long drama of the Templars' sufferings and agony. On October thirteenth, the secret instructions issued by the King being faithfully carried out, all the Templar Houses in France were surrounded by armed forces and all the Templars simultaneously arrested, to be imprisoned and charged with the blackest crimes against God and humanity the mind of the period could frame.

Even in that conspicuously dramatic age of history, the mediæval period of Europe, the drama of the Templars' sudden rise into power, long predominance in war and politics, and equally sudden fall, stands out as unique in history. Literally, one day the friend of and moneylender to kings—"the Paris Temple was the centre of the world's money market"—the next, imprisoned on the vilest charges, tortured, finally condemned in many cases to a horrible death, the strange story and dramatic fate of the Templar Order has stamped its name deeply in the world's records. The Order whose members for centuries had given blood and life, never counting the cost, to preserve the Lord's sepulchre from the defiling touch of Infidel hand, was now charged with the defiling of the Cross for whose predominance over the Crescent they had fought so long, accused of the denial of Christ! An Order nurtured in poverty, bound to poverty, chastity and obedience, done to death and destruction by envy of its vast accumulated riches and by rumor of its general immorality and the worst vices! So curiously turns the wheel of fate!

The persecution initiated in France embraced all the other countries in which the Order was domiciled, though it was not elsewhere of so severe a nature. In England, Edward was at first reluctant to prosecute an Order in whose innocence he personally believed. Following, however, eventually the commands of the Pope, he had all the knights simultaneously arrested and when they proved obdurate in professions of their innocence also allowed torture to be used to extort confession.

The specific charges brought against the Knights Templars were:

"*The Knights Templars*," by A. Bothwell-Gosse.

Denial of Christ and defiling of the Cross; Adoration of an idol; Perverted sacrament; Ritual murder; Wearing a cord of heretical significance; Ritual kiss, or *"osculum inhonestum"*; Alteration in the ceremony of mass and a peculiar form of absolution; Immorality—permission for vice; Treachery to other sections of the Christian forces.

The knights, except under torture, indignantly denied the grosser charges, though the denial of Christ and the defiling of the Cross at the ceremony of initiation were generally admitted. It is probable they were symbolical acts in a secret ritual of which many explanations have been offered but of which, from the nature of the case, nothing authoritative is known.

The ignorant and superstitious population, then as now ready to regard the secret and the unkown as the monstrous and the evil, purposely excited by the clergy who were ordered to preach on the wickedness of the Templars and their heresy, added all sorts of wild rumors to the original charges. They believed that at the Templar meetings the Devil appeared and was worshipped in the form of a black cat and that devils (succubi) appeared in the form of beautiful women and seduced the knights; that children were slain by their own fathers if they chanced to witness the nightly orgies of the Order. No charge was too monstrous to be believed against the hated Order. Torture was freely applied in the French prisons. Indeed, thirty-six knights died under the torture, and for seven years the prosecution dragged on. Some knights who had recanted their confession were burnt as relapsed heretics in different batches; some died of evil treatment in prison; some killed themselves; some who confessed were liberated. In 1310, the Order was abolished by the Council of Vienne and its property ordered to be transferred to the Knights of St. John, though a good portion under various pretexts was retained by both the French and English Kings.

The consummating act in the long drama of supreme tragedy was the final martyrdom of the Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, and his companion, the Master of Normandy. Jacques de Molay had confessed under torture to the denial of Christ and the defiling of the Cross, but had never ceased to demand access to the Pope, to whom he said he could explain, but when he and the Master of Normandy were brought up in March, 1314, to receive their sentences of perpetual imprisonment, they cried out before all the people assembled in front of Notre Dame, from a scaffold erected for their confession, that the Order was innocent of all the charges brought against it. Furious at this public recantation, Philip, on his own authority, sentenced the prisoners to instant execution, and Jacques de Molay and the Master of Normandy were burnt to death at a slow fire of charcoal, on or about March 11 (different dates are given), 1314, "on the

little island in the Seine." In his last speech, from the flames, Jacques de Molay continued to protest the innocence of the Order—"Truth compels me now to confess."

The King watched the expiring agonies of his victims from the neighboring Royal Gardens, but the days of his triumph were short. Rumor had it (one wonders if it penetrated to Philip's ears) that with his last breath Jacques de Molay solemnly cited the French King to meet him within a year before the Judgment-seat of God. History records the fact that Philip died within eight months from a fall from his horse and that Clement expired from lupus in less than two months. The Inquisitor, Guillaume Nagaret, cited similarly by another Templar on his way to the stake to appear in eight days, also obeyed the dread command. Edward II. of England, another Templar persecutor, died a miserable death in Berkeley castle. The two knights who had betrayed the Order were hung for fresh offenses and misfortune, as later in the case of the suppression of the monasteries, overtook those who came into possession of the Templar property.

In other countries where their wealth did not excite so much cupidity, though the Order was dissolved, the charges against the Templars either fell through (except at Florence, where four knights confessed to all the charges) or they were declared innocent, though in Germany four important knights were burnt. In Portugal, in 1317, the Society of Jesus Christ became a continuation of the Templar Order. In many countries the Templars were pensioned.

But though about eight hundred Knights Templars are known to have been imprisoned or burnt, thousands escaped, for the Order is said at the time of its suppression to have numbered fifteen thousand active members. Some of the surviving knights sought refuge in monasteries, others in kindred societies, such as that of the Hospitalers, and some returned to the world. Some fled, it is said—and there seems some circumstantial evidence to back the legend—to Scotland and there joined the Guild of Operative Masons, with whom it is probable they already were in connection. With the famous old Kilwinning Lodge the Templar legend has ever been intertwined and from Aberdeen also, tradition records, the French Templars under the guise of Freemasonry spread the Templar doctrine.

The question naturally arises: What were the Templar teachings? Had the Order a secret knowledge? It is an exceedingly interesting and very complicated subject on which, though much research has been expended, practically no direct evidence exists. No trace of a secret rule has been found, and all that is known about the Templar ritual and practices is contained in the reports of the trials—"reports, some of which have never been edited and are still untranslated from the original Latin;" reports necessarily fragmentary, con-

fessions the result of torture, accounts the prisoners would necessarily, in all probability, do all in their power to keep fragmentary and in confusion if they had any regard for their vows of secrecy. We must also, in this connection, remember the general unlettered state of the age. Jacques de Molay declared at his trial that he could neither read nor write. Probably only the Templar priests possessed such knowledge. Under such circumstances, the chief rule was jealously guarded by the chief office-bearers of the Order; a secret rule, if one existed, might be only orally communicated. Modern scholarship, notably Professor Finke, seems on the whole to believe in the Templars' innocence, but thinks they may have acquired so-called heretical or esoteric doctrines in the East, may have acquired, besides, a knowledge of chivalry from the Saracens, something of the traditional lore of the East. Traces of Gnostic and of Manichæan doctrines are found in the Templar ritual and symbology.

It is noticeable that the Templar rite has ever formed one of the higher degrees of Freemasonry. The ancient operative Lodge of Kilwinning seems to have worked the Templar degree, as is done today in speculative Freemasonry. The similarity of many of the Masonic symbols with the Templar symbology has led to the conjecture that either the Masons borrowed from the Templar or that, which perhaps is more probable, both possessed a certain knowledge derived from the same source. In *The Knights Templars,* by A. Bothwell-Gosse, these traces of resemblance are worked out with care and with some very suggestive similes between the two rituals. It must be remembered that at this time when so few were literate, in the modern sense of the term, symbology served as a universal language, as a mediæval Esperanto. Misunderstood acts and phrases of a secret ritual had probably much to do with the extraordinary rumors concerning the Templar Order, a misunderstanding they would be powerless to remove. The "secret of the Templars" remains in the twentieth century a secret still and will probably so remain. Some circumstantial evidence may be produced to prove resemblances with this or that heretical sect or secret ritual, but of direct proof there is none. A secret that has not been committed to writing keeps its secret well!

It seems to me—it is, of course, a purely personal speculation—that the Templar Order was originally founded, as its founders professed, to protect the Christian pilgrims, to fight for the restoration of the Holy Land to Christianity. It is also possible, for those who believe that the destinies of the world are watched over and guided by spiritual powers, to see in this Order of Knights Templars an instrument capable of a more important work. For the Templar Order was a great international Brotherhood in which all Templars were—theoretically at any rate—on an equality. Very early in its Palestine days the Order was connected with a semi-occult Society, the cele-

brated Order of the Assassins, with its head the Old Man of the Mountain, who is said to have professed a sort of "mystic pantheism." Any organization that prospers—develops. To their original militant Christianity the Templars may in time have added—learnt from the Saracens, who are known to have been much influenced by the doctrines of Manes—a more liberal interpretation of spiritual things and a wider and more universal knowledge indicated by their ritual. It seems to me that the destruction of the Templar Order may have been part of a plan to disseminate this knowledge to a wider circle. It is evident that the Templar Order had suffered the usual soul-destroying effects of a too worldly prosperity. Corrupted by luxury and wealth, the Templars had degenerated from their Knightly ideal of poverty, chastity and obedience; they had become a menace alike to church and state and their ranks were becoming a place of refuge for the dissolute and idle. A general spirit of scepticism owing to the failure of the Crusades was also prevalent. And so the Order of the Knights Templars perished, but its knowledge survived. The Templar knowledge doubtless did its part in helping to keep alive the flame of the Divine Wisdom to the present day. Ay, strange as it is, it is true that even today in more than one organization the Templar symbology still survives and Knights of Christ vow themselves again to the task of protecting the servants and pilgrims of Christ, the Lord and Teacher of men and take anew on themselves in this prosaic twentieth century the duty of making straight His way and that of His pilgrims to their Holy Places, to a Temple "not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

"LET THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD OUR GOD BE UPON US"

By Adelia H. Taffinder

THUS sang the psalmist David, and many are the hearts in which it has found response. No matter where we find Beauty or in what that Beauty consists, it is an expression of an eternal Truth; genuine grace has somewhere the charm of infinite loveliness upon it.

Mrs. Besant says that Beauty is a necessity of daily life—the daily bread—and this expression accords with the sentiment of the text from the Koran: "If I had but two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy hyacinths for they would feed my soul." Mrs. Besant also says that life is poor where there is no beauty, and life itself grows common, degenerate, where Beauty is not a dominating force. It is one of the great revelations of God Himself, for Beauty lies in perfection of harmony, in exquisiteness of outline, in loveliness of color.

Nations which knew the value of beauty made their towns beautiful; their works of art were common property; their buildings were exquisitely proportioned; their architecture magnificent. We are told that, 12,000 years ago in Peru, that land of perfect civilization, there was held the doctrine in the religious teaching that beauty of form and color was especially pleasing to the Deity and that the production of such beauty might be regarded as an acceptable offering to Him. One may easily fancy that many who lived in Peru at that period and who were deeply impressed with such a doctrine, incarnated later in Greece, the land of adoration of the Beautiful in form and color.

Probably no nation ever felt that the True, the Good, the Beautiful are one in the same simple instructive way that the Greeks felt it; and the philosophical conviction that everything true is also beautiful at its root, and that everything beautiful is also essentially good must have greatly quickened the spiritual and æsthetic sense of that people. Their profound feeling of symmetry and proportion, of order and of energy became embodied in their architecture, illustrated in their sculpture, and was the very soul of their poetry.

It is said that Beauty honors all who are intelligent enough to comprehend it and pure enough to love it. The Greek loved the higher mental and physical culture; he was æsthetic in mind and body and everything he touched grew beautiful, from the sandals on his feet and the helmet on his brow, to his patriotism at Marathon and his courage at Thermopylæ.

Beauty does not alone lie in material substance but in those eternal ideas which material forms very inadequately reflect, and it can be truly seen only with the inward or spiritual eye. Through this higher kind of vision or by intellectual and moral intuition the Infinite realizes itself within us, and all separation between us and the Divine is overcome in a process of mystic illumination. Everyone must partake of the divine nature before he can discern the divinely beautiful. It is the Eternal dimly shadowed forth by symbols in matter.

Professor Max Muller is authority for the statement that the Sanskrit contains no word that corresponds exactly to our modern idea of the beautiful. In Hindu thought, beauty implied happiness, harmony, peace—all aspects of the Divine Mind.

We need to daily refine our senses away from mere earthliness. Our ears are so dull that few catch the louder intonations of the Divine Voice; we need to listen more attentively to the intuitions that whisper things which no man can teach. Would we "Let the Beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," then must perception penetrate the clouds and faith sweep out beyond to where the stars go down, to Him who makes both sun and stars to rise again. We must look not so much at the sky as through the sky; not so much at the flower as at the flower's capacity for growing beautiful and awakening thoughts of loveliness within us; not so much at the glowing sunset as on beyond, through the quivering immensity of ether to where spiritual forms salute and beckon and smile; not so much at anything with eyes of flesh as at everything with spiritual vision that sees in every object a divine purpose, and in its abstract existence the beautiful concept of the great Architect.

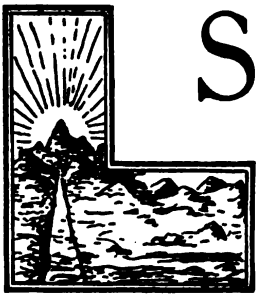
"To the materialist philosopher the beautiful is a mere accident, and therefore rare. To the spiritualist philosopher, the beautiful is the rule, the law, the universal foundation of things, to which every form returns as soon as the force of accident is withdrawn. Beauty is thus a phenomenon belonging to the spiritualization of matter. It is a momentary transfiguration of the privileged object, to remind us of the ideal. As a powerful electric current can render metals luminous and reveal their essence by the color of their flame, so intense life and supreme joy can make the most simple mortal dazzlingly beautiful. The ideal is after all truer than the real, for the ideal is the eternal element in perishable things: it is their type, their sum, their

raison d'etre, and the most exact and the most condensed expression of them."

Returning to our beloved advocate of Beauty, we find Mrs. Besant emphasizing that, step by step, we have to climb from the manifested to the unmanifested, and in His compassionate love, God veils Himself in forms of beauty to attract the human heart, in order that the human heart may rise adoringly to His Feet, "in order that some portion of His life, pouring down thereinto, may enable the Self—the soul—of the worshiper to realize even partially its unity with Him."

A NATURE WONDER

By A. P. Warrington



SOME time ago it was my happiness to have the privilege of spending a day at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona. And what a day! There was compressed more of surprise, of wonderment, of utter readjustment of the measures of observation, of rapt enjoyment of splendor and beauty, of joyous peace and upliftment than ever I put into the short space of ten hours before. This stupendous spectacle, thought by many to be at once the hugest and the most beautiful of Nature's marvels, has inspired so many talented pens in paying tribute to its matchless splendors that it were idle that I should attempt to add my poor words to what has already been so ably said by others. Yet perhaps I may say a word to show what this great panorama has meant to a Theosophist.

At once my Theosophical soul was gratified to observe that the important points at the Canyon were not all named after the Devil, as is so often the case elsewhere, and it was a pleasure indeed to notice such names as the Tower of Ra; Krishna's Shrine; the Tower of Brahma; Rama's Shrine; the Tower of Horus; Shiva's Temple; the Tower of Set; Osiris Temple; Isis Temple; Cheops Pyramid; Buddha Temple; Deva Temple; Wotan's Throne; Thor Temple; Zoroaster Temple; Hindu Amphitheatre; Manu Temple.

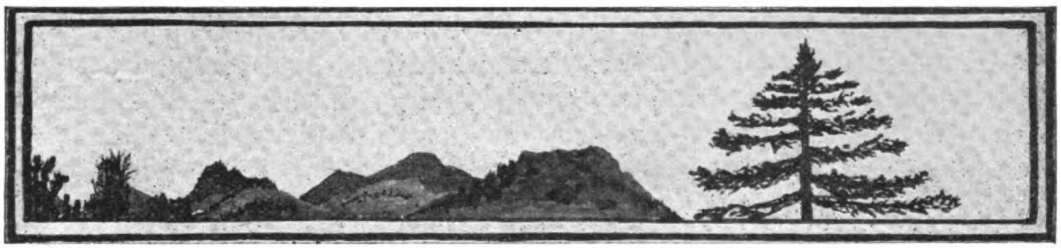
One first catches sight of the many-hued peaks of the vast chasm as one approaches the El Trovar hotel from the railway station, and then the sight comes so suddenly and unexpectedly that one drops all impedimenta on the spot and ventures with mute astonishment to the

edge of the cliff. There in front is a yawning rift in an extensive plateau, a huge red gash extending in width thirteen miles from cliff to cliff. Three and a quarter miles below there threads its way between imperishable walls the dark stream of the Colorado River and rising from that on either side is terrace after terrace of rock, taking almost every conceivable form of architecture and constantly changing shade, from the deepest red to the most delicate violet, the whole extending in length for a distance of over two hundred miles—perhaps nearer three hundred. What can one say that could adequately describe it? The best that one could do would be to try faintly to describe one's sensations on beholding it.

After a day spent in alternately enjoying on the one hand the marvelous scene as best one might with limited powers and, on the other, trying to expand one's sense of relative values so as to be able to appreciate in a wider scope that which was there in so wide a gamut, one at last found that the brilliant shades of reds and blues and greens, which for so many hours had claimed admiration, had begun to darken; the Lord of the day had dropped behind the distant horizon and the even was come. From that moment was beheld the enactment of a panorama that must linger in the memory as long as there is memory. Gradually the sharp, beautifully-colored crags began to soften. Tints of more delicate hue, almost impossible to distinguish, now enveloped them; no longer were the angles and rough surfaces there, but in their place a surface seemingly as soft as the coat of some furred being. Then, as the darkness gathered faster and faster, all was transformed into the semblance of a great, far-off city, as a phantom abode of the Gods. Temples, dwellings, domes, spires, mountains, dark rivers—all were there. As if the divine residents of this mystic abode had gone into their sacred temples for evening devotions, there arose from that enchanted place a cloud of the softest and loveliest devotional blue. A few moments of this exquisite color and there came the final shift in the scene, when the blue shaded off into a purple so indescribably delicate that it was felt almost more than seen. Then all vanished into the darkness of the night. At this sacred moment one could but bow the head in silent meditation, wondering if this scene of enchantment might not somehow be a reflection in the dull tints of earth of the devotions of the devas, and whether what was last seen were not somehow the ascent of their spiritual aspirations into the heavenly places. The dark curtain of night closed upon the day; its memorable panorama was ended, and one turned to face again the world of the commonplace.

The lights of the Inn beckon one away, and over its portal one reads with a responsive thrill:

Dreams of mountains, as in their sleep
They brood on things eternal.



AN ASTRAL TRAGEDY

By Addie M. Tuttle

THE following story is one of fiction, but the manner in which it was written might be of interest. Often I read stories in my sleep. Seldom can I remember the stories on waking, for they fade out of my mind as to details, but sometimes the bare outlines can be recalled by an effort of will and, if I can manage during the night to come back to my body slowly—after reading one of these stories—and then before moving a muscle follow it backwards, point by point, I can register the memory on my brain sufficiently to write it down the next day. I do not know just what happens when one absorbs a story in this way, for the peculiarity of it is that while one has the sense of listening to the story, yet he *is* every character in it. It may be that he sees and feels the creation of the story on the astral plane and it is possible that astral people enact it as a sort of play.

The story submitted is not by any means a cheerful one and I must confess, evidently, to rather poor taste as to my astral reading. But it is interesting in that it causes one to speculate as to the impression made by thought-forms created by authors of fiction on astral matter.

As a child I was not generally considered a model of exemplary conduct and good behavior. I was prone to keep my kind parents and friendly elders on the ragged edge of anxiety as to what wild escapade I was premeditating or what shockingly naked truth I was liable, at any moment, to hurl into the midst of a conversation in which I was not supposed to be included.

Across the street lived a little girl with smooth golden curls who was everything that I was not. She was held up to me as an example of what I should ever strive to imitate, but I was made to understand that, with my most frantic efforts, I could never hope to be her equal. I began, first, to dislike her golden curls and then to hate her because she stood a shining light to illumine the darkness of my gross imper-

fections. All the animosity toward golden hair which leaped into action at that time—and which had been crushed back and smothered, because powerless against so innocent a cause of offense—burst forth, years after, into a blaze of wrath toward another person equally guiltless of misdeed, but who furnished a greater though less reasonable cause for my growing resentment and secret displeasure. That person was Owen Wister, author of *The Virginian.*

Perhaps the original cause of my irritation concerning both story and author was the fact that I was in the backwoods when the story first appeared before the public. I was hidden behind the same Rocky Mountain peaks that furnished the background for his cowboy pen-pictures and when I emerged into civilization once more, the story was getting old and everybody had read it except myself. Every friend seemed to greet me with the question: "Have you read *The Virginian,* by Owen Wister?" Even casual acquaintances took up the inquiry, until I began to feel antidiluvian. I told myself that I would not read that story now. Nothing should induce me to look between its covers. From the moment I came to that conclusion, *The Virginian,* by Owen Wister, began to follow me like a nightmare. Go where I might—to a friend's house, that book was the first on which my eye rested; into a bookstore, it was the first volume my hand touched. I began to hate Owen Wister, his *Virginian,* and every cow-puncher that he had created. One day the climax of my downfall was reached when I discovered that away down in my heart there lurked a secret wish to catch up the thing and read it. The more I battled with that torturing desire which leered at me from the covers of the fateful book that haunted me like Hamlet's ghost, the more powerful grew the morbid curiosity which urged me to read for myself.

A dark and stormy night marked the signal of my defeat, and Owen Wister stood triumphant in the corner of the room as I shut the door of my castle to all intruders and guiltily sat myself in the big arm-chair to read the book. I had sneaked it into the house a few days before, telling myself that I had bought it to throw at the head of the next one who spoke of it to me, but I knew all the time that I was only waiting for a night when I could be alone and unseen to read the story of the man I viciously hated.

The wind beat upon the outer casings and whistled a distant note of weird rejoicing, but I gave the logs in the fire-place an extra prod to cheer my flagging purpose and—did the deed. Never for one instant did my enmity relax toward the author of the story, which I followed with an ever-increasing interest. The very force of that interest swelled the tide of antagonism that followed in the wake of the phantasmagoria which Owen Wister swept over Medicine Bow and Sunk Creek Ranch, then turned through Bear Creek and Raw-

hide Station into the wilderness of the cottonwood tragedy, thence on to the Emerald Island of perfect bliss.

A dash of rain against the window brought me back to my present surroundings, and the wind which had spent its fury during the night hours died down to an angry whisper as I threw another block into the grate. I curled up once more in the arm-chair to think over the story I had read, analyze my feelings concerning the author and decide my future attitude toward the person who had ruthlessly disturbed my peace of mind for the last several months.

I thought I heard a mocking laugh from one of the dusky corners, and nervously glanced over to the place where Owen Wister had stood in triumphant expectation when I first began reading. Yes, he was still there, and from out the gloom his eyes seemed to gleam with satisfaction. A spark flew out upon the hearth and I caught my breath as the light from it threw a momentary flash over the room, showing me faces lurking in distant recesses which slowly took form, then boldly came forth and gathered around me.

I began dimly to understand that man is dual, that there is another and more subtle existence interpenetrating the physical and material one. I strove to collect myself and, by an effort of the will, hold myself down to the firm and substantial plane of physical reality; but my effort was futile, for the glamour of midnight revel was upon me and the banshee of innocence unavenged chanted a dismal wail as objective consciousness was torn from me and I sank shiveringly into the subjective realms of the mind-world.

There was no longer a comfortable room with its cheerful fire, but a lonely spot in the mountains, and a group of weather-stained cowpunchers assembled in the outhouse of an abandoned ranch. It was a motley assembly of characters, tuned to common vibration by the same subtle force that had drawn me to them and made me an unwilling spectator of the tragedy they had come to enact.

In the background of consciousness there glimmered the light of understanding that told me this was the stable scene previous to the cottonwood hanging, which Wister had so graphically portrayed. But the inner light flickered and went out in total darkness when I tried to gain any comfort from the vague thought that it was, after all, only a phantasm.

This was Owen Wister's stable scene, to be sure, but with a difference, for Owen Wister himself and the "Virginian" were the prisoners who would hang on the morrow from the cottonwood tree, and I —not the "Tenderfoot Prince of Wales"—who must witness the deed.

There was nothing unreal now in the feeling of repugnance which passed over me as I began to realize the horror of my position. Furthermore, there was in my intellectual consciousness the unwholesome knowledge that I was the cause of the impending catastrophe. I knew

now and fully understood that it was my baneful thoughts of hatred toward these creatures of Owen Wister's mind, which had gathered force as they rushed along with unimpeded progress to meet the very objects which had given them birth, that had found the victims and aroused in them a mutiny nearly as powerful as the current that swept them into its whirlpool of discontent. They began to see themselves with my eyes as I had watched their career and, knowing Wister as their creator, were dissatisfied with themselves, with their environment, the circumstances in which they had been placed and with him because he had made them what they felt themselves to be. My wrath had found theirs, mingled with it, and formed a mighty torrent to sweep him into the abyss of destruction. They would call him to account. He should come before them into the midst of the very wilds his brain had brought forth and among the very creatures he had peopled them with.

He should meet the same fate that he had caused them to measure out to two of their companions. The "Virginian," as his favorite and chosen one, he of the dauntless courage and unconquerable energy whom he had made superior to the rest of them, should accompany him on this trip over the dusky trail and together they should ford the creek that leads to oblivion. I noted the dark countenances of the cowboys and felt the same vicious throb of exultation course through my being as I looked into the faces of the prisoners, that I knew the captors felt in theirs, but I knew the doomed men were innocent. In my heart I felt, at last, that Owen Wister had done them no harm but had given to them far more than they themselves might have afforded when stripped of the idealism of natural attraction. He had drawn them with his finest instruments, painted them in his most brilliant colors and placed them in a setting that threw them into picturesque relief. He had, without their realizing the fact, given them characters, and the refreshing freedom of life which he had thrown around them would offer attractions to people who had hitherto regarded that life with abhorence. But I strangled this secret knowledge in the hour of its birth and buried it in the ashes of any kind feeling toward the prisoners that might have tried to burn in my heart.

These cow-punchers had struck for a higher type of character, and they wanted revenge because they knew that Owen Wister was powerless to recreate that to which he had already given the breath of life.

I swore to myself that they should have it even though I, a woman, equipped with the more sensitive, nervous organization which goes with woman, must suffer the tortures of the damned in witnessing it. I too longed to spend the night in the deserted cabin, but I knew that this could not be, for my thought-atmosphere mingled with the

ether of the other players in the sombre game of destiny, so I could not separate myself from them. I knew that I must throw down my blanket in the same bed of straw that had sheltered the "Tenderfoot." I vaguely wondered if my hands and feet would grow cold when the prisoners were marshaled out at break of day. They all seemed unconscious of my actual physical self amongst them but, although not actually visible, I knew they felt my presence as one feels the power of a malignant force and, while they would have shaken me off, yet we were bound together by the deadly ties of vengeance and neither could break the iron chain of common hatred.

The same sleety gusts of wind that had disturbed the "Tenderfoot" swept over me as the various members of the band passed in and out. To my dismay, "Steve" and the thing with the gray flannel shirt buttoned over it took a stand beside my stall. As they had cast aside their physical bodies, thus living in their astral counterparts, they were thought to be the best guardians for an unseen but tangible and disagreeable presence. I noticed a dark red mark around their throats, from which the collar was turned down, then I glanced at the necks of the prisoners, and meditated.

Leader of the gang, king of the band, was "Trampus," and all the black devils of Hades were turned loose when his evil eye rested on the victims. Clothed by the one in the fitting rags of a despicable nature and outwitted by the other at every turn, then hounded by both into the grave of a deserved disgrace, he felt the accumulation of ignominy that had been heaped upon him. He shook with impotent passion as he walked past the prisoners, who should now know the power of his pent-up fury. So eager was he for the culmination of his triumph that he would not wait for the early morning. A confused change of sounds told me, as it had warned the "Tenderfoot," that the hour for the prisoners had come. I looked at the thing in the gray shirt to see if it moistened the corners of its lips with its tongue, and mechanically searched among my belongings for a newspaper for "Steve."

I listened while they saddled the horses and tried to catch the odor of the wet sagebrush but, instead, I heard the wierd cry of the coyote sounding from the foothills and from the distant cottonwoods came the faint yell of some wild beast. I watched to see the straw of my bed (which was partly outside) move, because of the something being dragged over it that had its arm hurt, yet I knew I would not see it, for the "Virginian" had not been created in a manner to stand for that nor allow his partner to do so.

I looked expectantly at the "Virginian." Surely, Wister had given *him* a character and strengthened it with an indomitable spirit that would cause him to rise and meet even such an emergency as this. At that moment I would have retraced my steps had it been

possible; would have withdrawn the baneful force which had met them more than half way and furnished the impetus to their outbreak—but it was too late! There was but one who could stem the current at this point and that was the "Virginian" himself. Grim and silent he sat his horse, while the men, outwardly silent but inwardly shrieking out the foulsome noise that comes from unclean minds, grouped themselves around him.

Beside him rode the creator of these men, horses and the cottonwood grove, waiting to be hung by the children of his own invention and without the power to stay the act that would rush him headlong into another world. He too, looked into the face of the "Virginian" and for the first time that night he dropped his eyes in the embarrassment of intense disappointment and sense of utter failure.

Even the "Virginian" had failed him! The "Virginian," on whom he had lavished every effort that tends to produce a character in which sounded the key-note of a noble nature ringing through the man's chorus of natural pride, courage and conscientiousness; even he, to whom had been given every grace of uncultured gentility untouched by the veneer of a polished education, had turned him down! Sternly, unflinchingly, the "Virginian" met the look of inquiry and said no word. With the others, he felt that something should have been given him which he lacked. *He missed the polished education.* More in sympathy with his captors than with his companion in bondage, he would calmly meet death rather than say the word that would have turned the scale and saved them both.

It was soon over after that, and before the last hoof had sounded a retreat I recovered from the momentary swoon which had spared me the horror of the last act, to find myself alone with the mocking demons of darkness. Every living creature had departed, but they had left behind them the refuse of their crime, myself with the rest. I fell on the dark earth and covered my eyes to shut out the sickening sight of what the "Tenderfoot" had circled the cottonwoods not to see, and cried aloud in my agony of remorse. No human voice answered to my call, but an owl hooted from out the shadows and a black bat stirred the night wind near my cheek. Far away over the foothills came the faint baying of the timber wolf. My blood ran cold in my veins as I sensed the approach of a new foe. Slowly, with wildly staring eyes, from out the gloomy night shade came a girl, young and fair, with the promise on her face of beautiful womanhood.

"Not here! Come not here!" I shrieked at her. But she heeded not, and stood beneath the tree.

A smile was on her face. She clasped her hands and gazed in ecstasy over the borderland of her fancy. She was thinking, I knew, of her wedding journey and the green island through which ran the

babbling creek where the speckled trout darted from out the shadow of the great boulder. Slowly she came forth from the dreamland of her future happiness and, fascinated with unspeakable terror, I watched the dawn of approaching consciousness come into her face. I watched her see and understand. Her eyes dilated with the realization of that which had come into her life in the form of a beautiful angel, shining with the radiance of the greatest rapture that the heart may know, and then had gone out in the misshapen figure of the bitterest disappointment that misery can conceive. I hope that I may never live to witness another picture of such abject despair!

Then she saw me, and once more she understood. All the fury of that slain love leaped into her eyes as she sprang upon my crouching figure and shook me with the strength of a madman.

"Fiend in the form of woman," she cried, "woman, monster and demon in one, see what your sin-stained mind has accomplished! Behold the victims of your poisoned thought! You hated our creator, you hated us whom he created and, to satisfy the revenge of a fancied injury, you have doomed to misery the helpless victims of your relentless hatred! Have you ever known what it is to love with every throb of a heart which beats only to the music of a soul that is white with the purity of holiness? Have you ever felt the melody of a love so unselfish that no sacrifice devised by heaven above or earth below could be too great to be endured, if in service to the one beloved? Has your whole being vibrated with the knowledge that there is one soul so in harmony with your own that the slightest thought of joy or grief to the one is a happiness or a misery to the other? Then your punishment for this night's work is not complete, for sometime you will know, and your love will be murdered before your eyes. Then, you will remember us!"

Her voice died away in such a wail of agony as might have come from some lost soul, and all the fury of a long gathering tempest suddenly fell upon us, as though to emphasize the expression of her righteous wrath. The rain descended in torrents and there came a lurid flash of lightning from the black clouds and, simultaneously, a deafening crash of thunder which reverberated along the foothills and caused me to leap to my feet.

But I stood in my own room. The big arm-chair still moved back and forth from the force with which I had sprung from its embrace. The fire had burned out and the room was cold as the grave. It was still raining, the wind had risen again and the heavy transom had closed with the bang that had brought me to my feet. On the floor I saw a book with a familiar cover.

I had decided what attitude to assume in the future toward Owen Wister and his story, *The Virginian.*

EXAGGERATION

By C. W. Leadbeater

WE all know people who have a tendency to exaggerate—who never can relate an incident exactly as it happened or pass on a story without improving upon it. After a time we get used to these people and learn to allow a certain discount off everything which they say. Usually we regard them as untruthful and often also as conceited, especially if their magnifications refer (as they generally do) chiefly to their own part in the stories which they tell.

A considerable amount of experience, however, with persons who have this peculiarity has convinced me that in most cases the exaggeration is unconscious. A person finds himself in a certain position and in that position he (being in all probability quite an ordinary man) acts or speaks much as any average person would do. In thinking over the situation afterwards, he often realizes that he might have met that little emergency much more effectively and dramatically—that he might have covered himself with glory by making some particularly apposite remark, if only it had occurred to him at the time. If he happens to be the type of man who cannot put aside an event when it is past and forget it in a sane and healthy manner, he continues to brood over the trifling incident and reconstruct it, imagining how the conversation would have proceeded if he had made what he now sees to be the most effective retort, or how the drama would have worked itself out if he had not lost his head (as so many of us do) just at the critical moment. And after he has rehearsed the occurrence a few times along these lines, he begins actually to believe that he really did make that splendidly witty remark, or that he was in fact that hero of romance which he feels that he ought to have been and indeed would have been if he had thought of it.

Such a man is no doubt acutely self-conscious, otherwise he would not continue to worry himself about an event which is past and cannot be recalled, and he has also a certain amount of imagination and sensitiveness. The former quality enables him to make strong thought-forms of himself as doing or saying what he feels ought to

have been done or said, while the latter quality enables him to sense these thought-forms and to feel their reaction upon him until he fails to distinguish them from the actual memory of the event; and so after a time he relates in all good faith a story which departs widely from the facts as recorded by a more prosaic spectator. Indeed, I have myself on more than one occasion been put in a most awkward position by being appealed to in public to confirm a highly-colored account of some experience which the narrator and I had shared in the past, but in regard to which my recollection was distinctly less dramatic than that of my poetically-inclined partner. I have even in some cases had the interesting experience of watching a story grow —having in the first place myself witnessed what really happened, and heard the principal actor give at the time a reasonably exact account of it. Coming back a week later, I have found that the tale had considerably expanded; after a few months it has even become wholly unrecognizable, the embroidery of self-glorification having completely disguised its substratum of fact. Yet I am sure that this inaccuracy is wholly unintentional and that the narrator who is so entirely misrepresenting the story has no thought of deceiving us, and indeed would shrink with horror from any deliberate falsification.

This is a curious phenomenon, and although, in the extreme form which I have described, it is fortunately confined to comparatively few, we may all of us detect what may be regarded as a sort of germ of it in ourselves. Many of us find it difficult to be absolutely accurate; we are conscious of a certain desire to make a story more dramatically complete than it is in reality—to round it off, or to introduce into it the element of poetic justice which is so often sadly lacking in the very limited views which alone we are able to take of mundane affairs. Quite a number of people who have every intention of being perfectly truthful will yet, if they watch themselves carefully, find that they are not entirely free from this curious instinct of magnification—that in repeating a story they instinctively increase the size or the distance or the value of that of which they speak.

Why does this tendency exist? It is no doubt true that in many cases there is something of conceit, of desire for approbation, of the wish to shine or to appear clever, and even where these terms would be too strong there is an instinctive self-consciousness which causes the person concerned to look back to past events in which he took part with the desire that that part had been more distinguished. Yet quite apart from that, and where the story has no connection with ourselves, we still perceive the same curious tendency.

The reason lies deeper than that; in order to understand it we must think of the nature of the ego and of the stage which he has reached in his evolution. It has often been mentioned in our literature that

one of the characteristics of the ego is his remarkable power of dramatization. (As illustrating this, see my little book on *Dreams,* p. 40, and several pages both before and after.) In a recent article I endeavored to explain that he deals with abstractions as we on the physical plane deal with concrete facts—that to him a whole system of philosophy (with all that it involves) is a single idea which he uses as a counter in his game, which he throws down in the course of a conversation just as we down here might quote a fact in support of some contention which we were urging. Thus we see that, when dealing with matters on his own plane and those below him, all his ideas are complete ideas, properly rounded off and perfect. Anything incomplete would be unsatisfactory to him—would in fact hardly be counted as an idea at all. For him a cause includes its effect and, therefore, in the longer view which he is able to take, poetic justice is always done and no story can ever end badly. These characteristics of his reflect themselves to a certain extent in his lower vehicles, and we find them appearing in ourselves in various ways. Children always demand that their fairy-tales shall end well; that virtue shall be rewarded and that vice shall be vanquished; all unsophisticated and healthy-minded people feel a similar desire. Those who (on the pretext that things do not happen this way in real life) clamor for an evil realism are precisely those whose views of life have become unhealthy and unnatural, because in their short-sighted philosophy they can never see the whole of any incident, but only the fragment of it which shows in one incarnation—and usually only the merest outside husk even of that.

Let us notice the influence exercised upon the manifestation of this characteristic by the stage of evolution at which we now are. It has often been explained that each root-race has its special quality to develop, and that in that respect each of the sub-races also manifests the influence of its own special peculiarity upon the root-race quality. The fourth root-race, we are told, was chiefly concerned with the development of the astral body and of its emotions, while our fifth root-race is supposed to be evolving the mental body and the intellect which is intended to work through it. Thus in the fifth, or Teutonic, sub-race we should be intensifying the development of intellect and discrimination, whereas in the fourth, or Keltic, sub-race we may see how its combination makes easier both artistic and psychic development, though probably at the cost of scientific accuracy in detail. In fact, this passion for scientific accuracy, for perfect truth in minutest detail, is comparatively a recent development; indeed, it is that characteristic which has made possible the achievements of modern science. We now demand first of all that a thing shall be true and if it is not, it is of no interest to us; whereas the older sub-races demanded first of all that it should be pleasing, and declined

to be limited in their appreciation by any such consideration as whether the thing had ever materialized or could ever materialize on the physical plane.

You may see this clearly in the old Keltic stories. Notice how in the legends which cluster round King Arthur a knight tilts with some casual stranger, overthrows him and brings him as a prisoner and how, in narrating his exploit, he describes his unlucky victim as a gigantic ogre, a monster towering to the skies, and so on; and yet nobody present appears to notice any discrepancy between his account and the actual appearance of the unfortunate person then and there before them. We see at once, as we read those stories, that for their reciters and their hearers the limitations of what we call fact simply did not exist. Their one desire was to make up a good and soul-satisfying romance, and in this they succeeded. That the alleged occurrence was manifestly impossible did not trouble them in the slightest degree. It troubles us who read these fables now, because we are developing the discriminative faculty and therefore, though we like a rousing tale of adventure just as well as our forefathers did, we cannot feel satisfied with it unless an air of probability is cleverly thrown around each incident to satisfy this new yearning for verisimiltude and accuracy of statement.

This desire for accuracy is only the coming through of another of the qualities of the ego—his power to see truly, to see a thing as it is—as a whole, and not only in part. But because down here we are so often unable to see the whole as he sees it, we are beginning to demand that the part which we do not see shall be to a certain extent complete in itself and shall harmonize with such other parts as we can dimly glimpse. Our little fragments are usually very far from complete. They do not end properly, they do not show off the characters to the best advantage, and because down here we cannot yet see the real ending which would explain everything, our instinct is to insert an imaginary ending which at least to some extent meets our requirements. That is the real reason for our desire to improve upon a story. In some of us the newly-developed desire for truth and accuracy overpowers the older craving to please and to be pleased, but sometimes the other element is victorious. Then comes in, as we have already said, the influence of vanity and the desire to make a good appearance, and our newly-developed quality of truthfulness falls ignominiously into the background. In most cases all this takes place entirely in the subconscious mind, and so our ordinary waking consciousness is unaware of it. Thus it comes about that some people are still quite mediæval in their accounts of their personal adventures.

When we understand this, it is clearly our business to assist the ego in his present efforts at development. We must encourage and insist on the quality of accuracy, and we must keep our record of facts

apart from our thoughts and wishes with regard to those facts. Yet, in thus cultivating truthfulness we need by no means extinguish romance. It is necessary to be accurate; it is not necessary to become a Gradgrind. If we wish to pass an examination in botany, we must load our memories with uncouth, pseudo-Latinized terms and we must learn to distinguish the dicotyledonous from the monocotyledonous, but that need not prevent us from recognizing that there is a higher side to botany in which we study the existence of the life of the tree and its power occasionally to manifest in quasi-human form, nor need we ignore the folklore of the trees and plants and the action of the nature spirits who help in the moulding and the coloring of the blossoms—though we shall do well to keep all these rigidly out of our examination papers! The knowledge of the beauty and romance which lies behind need not be lost because we have to acquire arid superficial details, any more than we need lose sight of the fact that sugar is sweet and pleasant to the taste because we have to learn that its chemical formula is $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$

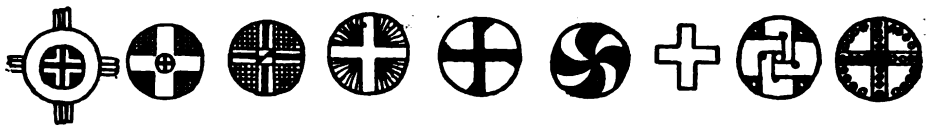
To mingle our imagination with our facts is a wrong use of a very mighty power, but there is a right use of it which may be of great help to us in our progress. One who desires to meditate is often told to make an image of the Master and fix his attention upon it; when he does this, the love and devotion which he feels attract the attention of the Master and He immediately fills that image with His thought and pours through it His strength and His blessing upon its creator. If the student has been fortunate enough to see the Master, his thought-image is naturally far clearer and better than in cases where it is a mere effort of the imagination. The clearer the image, the more fully can power be sent through it, but in any and every case something at least is gained and some considerable return is received. This, then, is a case of the legitimate use of the imagination—a case in which its results are most valuable.

It comes into play also in one of the many lines of psychic development. A pupil who desires to open the etheric sight is sometimes told to take some solid object and endeavor to imagine what the inside of it would be like if he could see it. For example, a closed box might be set before such a pupil and he might be asked to describe the objects inside it. He would probably be directed to try to imagine what was inside, to "guess," as the children would say, but always with an effort of strained attention, with an endeavor to see that which by ordinary sight he could not see. It is said that after many such attempts the pupil finds himself "guessing" correctly much more frequently than is explicable on any theory of coincidence, and that presently he begins really to see before him the objects which at first he only imagined.

A variant of this practice is that the student should call up before

his mind's eye the room of a friend and endeavor to make a perfect image of it. After a certain number of attempts he will probably be able to do this readily and with considerable wealth of detail. Then he would watch closely for anything new or unusual in his mind-picture of that room; or perhaps he might be conscious of the presence of certain people in it. If that happened to him, it might be worth his while to write and ask whether such people had been there, or whether there was any foundation for his idea that certain changes had been made, for if he proved to be right on a number of occasions, he would realize that he was beginning to develop a certain impressibility which might in process of time evolve into true clairvoyance.

To sum up: Like other powers, imagination may be used rightly or wrongly. Exaggeration is clearly wrong and is always a bar to progress, even when it is unintentional. Accuracy is essential, but its achievement does not preclude the study of the higher and more romantic side of nature.



PROPHECY OF A GIPSY

Reported by a German Correspondent

Editor's Note: The chief actor in the following story is known to the Editor. He assures us that the report is in every way true as to facts, names only being changed. Along with the story he has sent his personal astrological data, the influences of which seem strongly to indicate the possibility that the second part of the prediction will come true like the first. It deserves notice that in the neighborhood of the land in question layers of salts have lately been discovered.

Mr. Ernest Carr, the head of a large, well-known firm, had been accustomed for many years to spend a few weeks of every summer in a small resort situated in the south of Germany. Here he had made the acquaintance of a young American lawyer, Mr. Enners, and the two took many a walk together in the beautiful surroundings of the delightfully situated little place.

One day they met some gipsies who had put up their camp in the neighborhood. Mr. Carr, who had a generous, sympathetic character, stopped to give one of them a dollar. He did this without being

asked for it and the gipsy seemed to be very much surprised and pleased with such a rare deed of kind generosity. She took his hand and looked long and attentively, with growing interest, at the lines in its palm. The longer she looked the more earnest grew her face till at last she let his hand go with a deep sigh, saying, however, nothing to explain her strange conduct.

"Does my hand show such inexpressible things that even your secret art is unable to express them?" he asked, in his light-hearted, jesting way.

"I meant nothing of the kind, sir, but sometimes I see things I would rather leave unsaid, and I dislike to thank people for kindness shown to me by making myself a messenger of bad news. Yet, I dislike still more to keep silent and see some one run blindfold and unwarned into his misfortunes. But, after all, what is the use! Let me rather cover it with the veil of silence this time!"

Mr. Enners, whose whole character was antagonistic to things which, according to his worldly way of looking at them, were foolish and simply impossible, had walked on slowly, leaving his friend alone with the gipsy. As to Mr. Carr, he, also, attached no value to supernatural and mystical subjects. Yet, in this case his curiosity was aroused and he insisted that the gipsy should frankly tell him all that she could read in his hand.

She hesitated, but as he grew more and more insistent she took his hand again, giving it another long examination, and then slowly, carefully considering every syllable, she told him his past life in a few words, every fact she mentioned being true. She told him, to his utter amazement, his whole rather extraordinary business career and showed a knowledge of all details of his present circumstances.

"I see you," she said, "honored and popular, as the head of a large business firm, one of fifty years' standing. But dark clouds are gathering at the horizon of your fate. Your partner, who is your best friend, is now apparently a picture of health and strength, but slowly yet surely death approaches him and soon, very soon, you will lose that friend. Much, much money I see you are going to lose. Your wife's fortune will give you new resources, but her money will go also, as well as that belonging to your five children. All will be lost. The devil of speculation will ruin your affairs. Debts, larger and larger, I see gather around you. Your business will go into the hands of others. Strangers will be at the head of it and you—you will be an employé in what is now your own firm!"

The gipsy stopped, her eyes as though lost in an invisible world. Mr. Carr felt somewhat uncomfortable and was, against his will, under the impression of what had been said. Then at once the gipsy's face cleared up and she went on, almost excitedly: "But I see a

helper coming! In your utmost despair and need someone is going to help you, a noble, rich man who heard about your misfortune. My eye brings me over a large water, away, way out into another part of the world. You possess land there and out of that land help will come to you. Money will come back to you, much money, thousands of dollars, a million! And still, even a million is not enough for that land, for it will prove to be of enormous value. I see a spring on it and thousands of people going there to seek and find health, and from the soil inexhaustible quantities of valuable salts and minerals will be brought to the surface. The help of your unknown protector will be rewarded a thousand-fold and you yourself will rise again from poverty to power, and then, my friend, you will again give to the poor and needy more than you ever did."

Then she went away, leaving Mr. Carr to himself and to his many new impressions. He went to join his friend, who was impatiently waiting for him. Upon hearing what the gipsy had told, Mr. Enners was as amazed as Mr. Carr at the fact that she had shown such an exact knowledge of the latter's circumstances; but the story of the unexpected ruin of the old firm, the fatal accumulation of misfortunes, and last, not least, the brilliant restoration to wealth—all that sounded too much like a fairy tale to be taken in earnest.

"At all events," they concluded, "in our enlightened days such things are foolish and to believe in them, even to talk about them, is not only wasting time but is actually injurious, since it may spoil our cheerfulness and take away from us all our present happiness."

But still, when Mr. Carr returned that evening to his rooms the gipsy came back into his mind and her words would not leave him.

"Hamlet," he thought, "spoke of such things. There seem to exist more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy teaches us, whether our human brains can catch them or not. Our ideas about real and unreal, possible and impossible, knowledge and ignorance, are rather uncertain. It could be," so thought he, "that this woman had simply followed one of the methods of physiognomy and had recognized in his type and features the well-to-do business man."

And then all the other points? Well, they were accidentally guessed right. But that question concerning his lands abroad? This had to be thought over, because even his closest friends knew nothing about this property. Many years ago Mr. Carr had bought a piece of land from a friend in order to save that friend from ruin. He knew that by the purchase of that land he had not made a bargain; he had only done it to help his friend, and by paying a sum much too large had avoided the impression of doing a charity. How did this ragged woman, whom he had never seen before, know about it? People talk much about telepathy, the connection between two human brains, a side line of the just lately discovered wireless telegraphy. Did such

a connection exist between that gipsy and himself? But his possessions in America had not been in his mind for days and weeks, and he was absolutely sure that nothing of the kind was in his brain during the hour he talked to her and certainly such would have been necessary to produce a condition for telepathy. But if thought-transference were excluded, if really the limits of space and time had disappeared before that woman's eye, what then? What would that mean to him?

And so his restless mind went on and on. But the advice of Mr. Enners proved at last to be the strongest, namely, to put aside such thoughts systematically, and herein Mr. Carr succeeded. He came home to his city after finishing his cure, feeling cheerful and strong, and important matters requiring his full attention he forgot the prophecy.

After a while though, something happened that, with a sudden shock, brought the gipsy back into his mind. His partner fell all of a sudden seriously ill. The fight for his life was long, but after much suffering he passed away. Was this not part of what that gipsy had foretold?

Gathering together all his strength, Mr. Carr managed his affairs with a firmer hand than ever before. He was an expert in speculation—till then. Even in the most hazardous enterprises good fortune had always attended him. But not so after the death of his partner. Now everything seemed to go wrong. Yet he did not despair; on the contrary, he fought against his fate with all the strength and courage he could command, though all in vain.

Blow after blow followed. He put all he had on one chance, risking everything in one last, desperate effort, but—lost. He used his wife's fortune and that of his children, only to lose it all. The large establishment of Ernest Carr & Company went over into the hands of strangers and—he himself became an emlpoyé in the new firm.

All of the first part of the prophecy has come accurately true. And the second part—his restoration to prosperity? Mr. Carr expects with great faith that that also will happen. His misfortunes seem to have reached their culminating point and, according to the prophecy, his helper must now be near. Will the second part of the prophecy come true also? This is the point of the whole story.

THE BOOK OF ENOCH

By Isabel B. Holbrook

(Continued from page 766)

FOLLOWING the chapter printed last month are several descriptive of various visions seen by Enoch: Visions of the Land of Shadows; of Holy Mountains and of the Seven Luminous Stars; of the Earth as a Magnet; of Rivers of Fire and of Celestial Lands. Interspersed among them are short "Sermons to the Sons of Men," from which we take these transcriptions:

O mortal, who art immortal,
Thou who in clay partakest of the Eternal,
Is thy soul of force to pierce the Dark?
Canst thou read the Hidden?
Those things which I have seen on high,
Those things which I have unveiled,
Are to the slaves of earth a riddle
Dark as the Voices of the Stars.
If thou givest not thyself heart and soul,
Yea, and thine everlasting spirit unto their contemplation,
Laboring by day, meditating in the night,
Rejecting earth and aiming after the spiritual,
If thou doest not these things earnestly,
Praying also unto the Supreme for aid,
Know thou this, from me, the Messenger,
Never shalt thou read their meaning.
Thou shalt think, and think, and still strive,
But the dawn of light shall not reach thee;
Thou shalt be as one who, while a mortal,
Labors hard to soar into the sun.
But if, abandoning all earthly things,
Thou givest up thy whole nature to the search,
Thy soul itself shall be light;
Thy spirit shall partake of the Wisdom of God.

* * *

Be not thou aggrieved because of the times;
There is a period prescribed to all things;
Let the truly good arise and gird himself
With virtue, holiness and love.

Love shall descend in a shower of light
Upon him who loveth truly.
His way shall be a path of roses;
He shall walk in everlasting sunshine.
From mystic visions, from the Holy Spirit,
Hath my soul learned these things;
I have read them in the Tablets of Heaven;
Let men receive them in the heart.

* * *

All men are equal before God; all men are the children of Him. Mortal! forget not this truth; let it be graven on thy inmost heart. In thy morning hour meditate upon it; remember it in the time of night; let it shape all thine actions and never once be absent from thy life.

* * * * *

O Son! let this truth be graven on thy soul with adamantine pencil in living flame: that Virtue alone is true happiness and Vice is misery in all respects.

* * *

My son! hear the Statutes of the Lord God,
The Statutes thou art commanded to fulfill;
And ponder well upon the truths that I reveal,
Meditating upon them as the words of wisdom.
Thou wert born in thy body of the earth,
And to the earth thy body shall descend;
Thou shalt leave behind thee all that perishes,
Thou shalt carry with thee whatsoever is of heaven.
That which men of the earth covet dieth with them,
It passes away and is no more beheld,
But that which the Children of Heaven have garnered
Passes with their spirits into the presence of God.

* * *

Of the many visions enumerated above we give one—that of man's existence after death as he reaches the celestial lands. The description as written was conjoined with accounts of life in various lower astral planes and the passage of souls through them, but these we have not space to include.

Note the first line and compare with the Biblical statement: "In my Father's house are many mansions." (St. John, XIV: 2.) Compare also the last four lines of the following quotation with "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." (St. Luke XV: 10.)

Many are the mansions in the kingdom of Heaven—
Celestial spheres more gorgeous than the sun,
Wherein the Spirits of Divine Love dwell
As thou mayest see the fruits upon a spreading tree.
And there are angelical Spheres of Light
More radiant than the rainbow's orb,
Wherein the loveliness of God is felt
By all who are the inhabitants thereof,

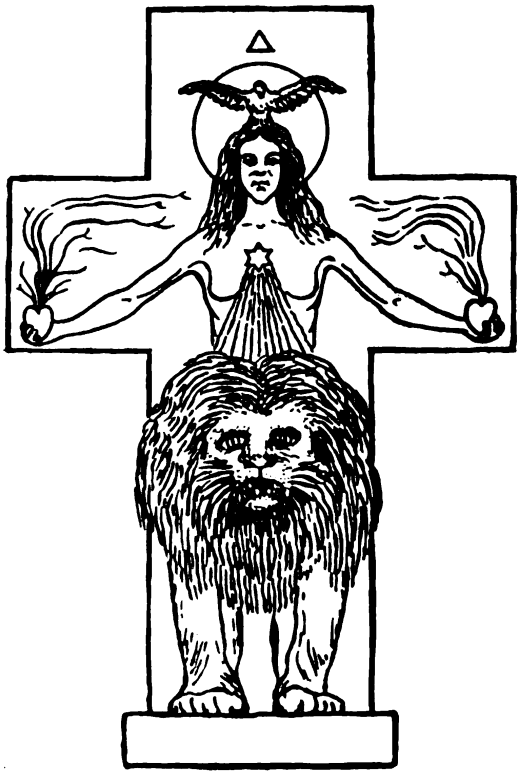
And into these ascend the Spirits of men
Who pass from earth in purity and truth,
Who have aspired after the Wisdom of God
And clothed their souls in wisdom.

Man, when first he passeth out of human life,
Awakens as if from clouded dream;
A glory of celestial splendor surrounds him;
He dreams that he is in a Vision of Beauty,
But opening his eyes and stretching forth his limbs,
He finds that he is a living spirit.
He sees his soul around him like a garment,
But he is wholly destitute of the corporeal body,
And he is sorely troubled and affrighted.
He knows not whither he is going.
He floats through an ethereal ocean;
He feels himself wafted on a wind.
But, lifting up his ever pure thoughts
To the Most High God of his adoration,
Who hath been unto him while in the flesh
His Father, his Comforter, his Guide,
He becomes filled with a heavenly peace.
He perceives a harmony in all his sensations;
His soul and spirit glide like a musical hymn
Through a sea of sparkling bliss.

Then does he look upon all surrounding objects;
He sees them distinctly in their pure light,
Revealed in sun and star-shine
Like the flashing gleams of the firmament.
And ever and ever as the celestial splendors
Beam from above, brightly and more bright,
And his chaste thoughts are uplifted to his Father,
The High, the Holy, and the Divine,
He beholdeth around him, like a circle of sunbeams,
A beautiful Choir of Sacred Spirits,
From whose most glowing presence is effused
A perfume sweeter than violets.
Spirits of Love,
Spirits of Truth,
Spirits of Knowledge,
Spirits of Wisdom,
Spirits of Charity,
Spirits of Pureness,
Spirits of Light, and
Spirits of God.
From these transcendent forms is poured forth
A radiancy so divine and dazzling
That it outshines the eyes of the sun
When they glow with hottest beam.
And these Spirits by their celestial nature
Behold the very essence of the Man;
They penetrate the recesses of his inward thought;

They know at a glance all his desires.
And unto these, according to their properties,
The blessed Spirits incline themselves,
For the Spirits of Love conjoin with him
Whose spirit hath ever been founded in love;
And the Spirits of Truth conjoin with him
Whose spirit hath ever been founded in truth;
And the Spirits of Charity welcome him
Whose spirit hath ever been founded in charity.
For like seeketh its like in Heaven,
Even as like seeketh its like on earth,
And the pure avoid the opposite to purity
In the celestial as well as in the terrene spheres.
Therefore, whatsoever virtue man soweth
In his frail and transitory life of clay,
The same reapeth he a thousand-fold
When he transmigrates into the heavenly life.
For the mystic sympathy which pervades the Universe
Immediately unites him to those that he resembles;
And the antipathy that exists between light and its opposite
Detaches him from aught that is not in unison with his desires.
And all the dwellers in those Blessed Places
Participate in the beatitude of the newly-come,
Perceiving an increase in their own happiness
By the happiness of this new member of their Circle.

(To be continued)



A FEW PRINCIPLES OF FREE RELIGION

By Rev. Frank Abram Powell

MERSON declares that "God builds His temple in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions." Religion survives its forms, because true free religion does not consist in a cultus, neither in a body of doctrines, but in a few living principles which reappear again and again even out of the ruins of churches and creeds.

Quite obviously the first principle of free religion must be freedom. There must be freedom of thought, freedom for investigation and research and freedom to declare the truth when known. The principle of freedom places a premium upon honesty and industry in the search for truth. Orthodoxy of every description has always unwittingly placed a premium upon dishonesty, deception, indifference and stupidity by threatening its teachers and leaders with persecution for any departure from the old beaten paths of traditionalism. Free religion, to be worthy of its professions, must offer its prizes to originality, insight and progress. We glorify our freedom only when we use it in the search for truth and in voluntary obedience to the truth as already perceived. Emerson says: "And so I think that the last lesson of life, the choral song which rises from all elements and all angels, is a voluntary obedience, a necessitated freedom. Man is made of the same atoms as is the world; he shares the same impressions, predispositions and destiny. When his mind is illuminated, when his heart is kind, he throws himself joyfully into the sublime order and does, with knowledge, what the stones do by structure."

Another essential principle of free religion is individuality. A man cannot be free and is not free until he has a mind of his own. There must be individual initiative. Freedom properly begins when the individual begins to emerge out of the mass, when he becomes truly self-conscious, when he begins to have problems, when he asks earnest questions and tries to answer them, when he becomes aware of awakening powers and wishes freedom that he may exercise them. Emerson says again: "Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. Of what use (is freedom) if the brain is too cold or too hot and the man does not care enough for results to stimulate him to experiment and hold him up in it?"

Another indispensable principle of an intelligently free religion is the passion for reality. Indeed, the first legitimate demand for free-

dom arises out of the desire to seek for reality. The passion for reality is a veritable thirst for truth, a veritable hunger for that which is genuinely and unmistakably real. It grows out of the rational conviction that whatever is true must finally prevail in religion as in everything else. Emerson had felt this great yearning when he said: "There are moods in which we court suffering in the hope that here, at least, we shall find reality—sharp peaks and edges of truth." Every truly awakened soul must know what this longing is, this great desire to plant the feet of the soul upon the everlasting bed-rock of truth eternal.

In our search for reality we discover the necessity for another principle—spirituality. We discover that material things do not give back the final impression of reality. Hence we should seek always to find out the central and abiding principle, the very heart of truth, the soul of things, that spiritual verity which stands back of all phenomena and which is the true substance of which all things consist.

Another principle of free religion is a devout courage born of insight and understanding. No one is prepared for the responsibilities of freedom who has not realized that "God builds His temple in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions." We have an abiding confidence in the stability and wisdom of the world order when we begin to realize "that the globe is a battery because every atom is a magnet; and that the policy and sincerity of the universe are secured by God's delegating His divinity to every particle; so that there is no room for hypocrisy, no margin for choice."

Thus the very nature of free religion necessitates the principle of affirmation. The wise method of procedure—and the only effective method—in progressive religious leadership is to affirm that which we know to be true; and then, having first shown what is true, we may incidentally, when necessary, point out what is not true. It is that which we are able to affirm, after all, which constitutes our strength and effectiveness.

But, finally, practice is the crucible in which all things must be resolved, tested and fully approved. In practice we get all of our results; in practice we gain all of our realizations. Emerson declares: "A cultivated man, wise to know and bold to perform, is the end to which nature works, and the education of the will is the flowering and result of all this geology and astronomy." And again: "The only path of escape known in all the worlds of God is performance. The weight of the universe is pressed down on the shoulders of each moral agent to hold him to his task. You must do your work before you shall be released." We are here because we have a work to do and lessons to learn; and so by every honest effort we make we attain unto more and more. Thus faith is progressively changed into knowledge by means of realizations gained in practice from day to day.

THE COMING

By Mary K. Neff

IT is not the Theosophical Society that is heralding this coming, but the Order of the Star in the East. Some Theosophists believe in the coming and some do not. The members of the Order of the Star in the East are both Theosophists and non-Theosophists. It is needless to say Mrs. Besant is a believer; and because she is also President of the Theosophical Society it is taken for granted that the Society as a whole belongs to the movement, which is not the case.

The teaching, put as briefly and simply as possible, is this:

The Teacher whom we know as the Christ is a very exalted Being, a Son of God, but not *the* Son of God in the sense of being God Himself. He is a man who has climbed to His great height up the same path we are treading, only He is vastly ahead of us. He is "the first fruits of them that slept," almost literally the first fruit, being but the second of *our* humanity to reach that exalted office of World-Teacher, or, as the Hindus called it, Jagat Guru, and the Buddhists, Bodhisattva. His predecessor in the office (for the world is never without a World-Teacher) was the Lord Gautama, the Buddha, who was the first of our humanity to attain to that great office.

When the Lord Buddha resigned His office and work as World-Teacher, He passed it on to His successor, the Lord Maitreya, or, as Christians call Him, the Christ. Part of the work of a Bodhisattva is to give religions to the peoples of the world such as are adapted to their needs and at such times as the need is great.

The terms "Bodhisattva" and "Buddha" are the names of offices in the great World Hierarchy, not the names of individuals. Each great World Race has its Bodhisattva. He holds office during the life of that race and until the next one has produced a man sufficiently evolved to take His place. Then He passes on to the next stage, that of Buddhahood. The Lord Maitreya, or the Christ, then, has held the office of Bodhisattva, or World-Teacher, since the sixth century B. C.

During that time He has several times founded or revived a religion. He Himself took the body of His disciple Jesus at the Baptism and for three years taught in Palestine, founding Christianity. Even before that time, during the life of the Lord Buddha, He took advantage of the favorable spiritual conditions which the presence of the Buddha on earth created and sent out His lieutenants who worked contemporaneously, or nearly so, with the Buddha: Lao-tze and Confucius in China, Pythagoras in Greece, Mithra in Persia, Shankaracharya in India. Later He sent one of His subordinates to give a religion to the wild tribes of Arabia, such as would be adapted to their low state of civilization, and so Mohamedanism was founded. He Himself appeared in the fourteenth century A. D. in Thibet as the great Buddhist reformer, Tsong-Kha-Pa.

Now the time is at hand for the founding of another religion, or rather, for the gathering together of all religions into one mighty Brotherhood; for, since *all* religions come forth from this department of the World-Teacher and are founded either by the Bodhisattva Himself or His disciples, they are essentially *one* at base.

You will ask: "Why at this time?" In the history of the world it has always been that a new religion was founded at the beginning of a new sub-race. The Aryans constitute the Fifth great Race, or Root Race as it is called, that the earth has produced. Up to this time this Root Race has sent out five sub-races:

First: Aryans proper; India, present Hindus; Teacher, Vyasa.

Second: Aryo-Semitic; ancient Babylonians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, etc.; Teacher, Hermes.

Third: Iranian; ancient Persians, modern Parsis of India; Teacher, Zoroaster.

Fourth: Celtic; Greeks, Romans, French, Irish, Scotch, etc.; Teacher, Orpheus.

Fifth: Teutonic; English, Germans, Danes, Dutch, Scandinavians, etc.; Teacher, the Christ.

Now the sixth sub-race is about to make its appearance in America; in fact, the new type is already marked there. The leading ethnologist of America, in making a report to the American Government, gave this statement: "that a new race is growing up in America marked, distinguishable and clear." He gave the measurements of the head, the type of features; he pointed out the square jaw, the well-cut face; a type intellectual, strong-willed, and becoming more and more numerous in the United States; a new type, a fine type, full of intellect and power. This new sub-race must have its Teacher and teaching to launch it on its way, as all the preceding races had. Christ was to come again not at "the end of the world," as the passage of Scripture was translated, but at "the end of the age," the correct rendering. This is the end of the age.

THE PARABLE OF THE THREE OLD MEN

By Leo Tolstoi

[Editor's Note.—This was translated from the Russian by Princess Marie Mestchersky, and published by her permission in *The Theosophical Review*, *Vol.* xxv, page 297.]

A BISHOP who desired to make a pastoral tour took ship from the town of Archangel and sailed for the Solovetsky Islands. In the same ship were crowds of poor pilgrims going to visit the holy shrines. The wind was favorable, the weather fair and the ship sailed swiftly. Some of the pilgrims in the stern of the vessel were lying about, some were partaking of a frugal meal, others formed small groups and chatted among themselves in their homely manner.

The Bishop presently came on deck and began to pace the vessel from end to end. As he approached the stern and observed the groups of pilgrims one man in particular arrested his attention. This man was pointing across the sea and speaking to the others who were listening. The Bishop stopped in his walk and began to look across the sea in the direction pointed out by the peasant, but he saw nothing. He drew nearer to the group and listened. The peasant, seeing the Bishop approach, took off his cap and was silent; the rest of the pilgrims, when they perceived the Bishop, also took off their caps and made their obeisance.

"Do not mind me, brethren," said the Bishop, "I have also come to listen to what this good man is telling you."

One of the listeners, a small trader, braver than the rest, remarked:

"The fisherman was telling us about the three old men."

"What about them?" asked the Bishop, as he came up to the group and seeing a trunk near sat down on it.

"Tell me thy story—I would like to hear it. What wast thou pointing out?"

"There is yonder a small island," said the fisherman, pointing over the sea to the right of the ship. "On that island the three old men live alone and have devoted themselves to the service of God."

"Where is the island?" inquired the Bishop.

"Will your Lordship please to look in the direction my hand points? There in the distance is a cloud and towards the left, lower down, a low strip of land."

"I see nothing," said he, "but wilt thou not tell me something about these old men?"

"God's people they are," answered the fisherman. "Long had I heard about them, but never did I see them till the year before last."

And he began again to tell the story; how he had gone out in a boat to fish, and how the wind had risen and carried him along to that very island and he had not known where he was, for it was night. In the morning he began to walk about and had come upon a small hut made of clay, and near it one of the old men. After a time the two others had likewise come out. They offered him such food as they had, dried his clothes and helped him to mend his boat.

"What are they like?" asked the Bishop.

"One is a very small old man, bent and bowed with extreme age, in a very shabby old garment. He must be over a hundred years old. His beard has begun to get a greenish tinge, but he has a face that beams, and a radiant smile, and seems even like an angel. The second is taller, also old. He wears a coat that is not only shabby and old but is moreover in rags. His beard is white and full and streaked with yellow. He is a strong fellow—he lifted up my boat as easily as if it were a feather before I had time to help him. He also looks very bright and happy. The third old man is very tall. His beard grows down to his knees and is as white as snow. He looks very grave. His eyes are sunk under his heavy brows. He is almost naked, only girt with sackcloth round the loins."

"What did they say to each other?" asked the Bishop.

"They were mostly silent and spoke but little to each other: one would look up and the others immediately understood. I asked the tall one how long they had lived there. He frowned, seemed angry, and muttered something. But the little old man seized him by the hand and smiled, and the tall one at once grew calm. The old one only said: 'Have mercy on us!' and smiled."

While the peasant related these things the ship was nearing the Solovetsky Islands.

"Now the old men's island is distinctly visible," said a trader. "Will your Lordship look out once more?"

The Bishop looked and, straining his eyes, he saw afar off a black

line dimly visible; it was the small island the peasant had spoken of. He looked and looked and at last went off to the other end of the ship and asked the steersman:

"What is that small island in the distance?"

"It is a nameless place," answered the steersman vaguely, "there are many such in these parts."

"Is what they say true, that three old men live there?"

"So people say, your Grace, but I do not know if it be true or false. It often happens that people invent foolish stories."

"I wish to be landed on that island and see those men," said the Bishop decidedly; "how can it be managed?"

"The ship could not approach the island near enough for you to land; you might go in the boat, but you must ask the mate," replied the steersman.

The mate was summoned.

"I should like to visit those men," said the Bishop. "Can you not row me ashore?" The mate began to dissuade him.

"We could certainly take you, but it would require much time, and may I assure your Lordship the place is little worth seeing? As to the three old men, I have often heard from people who have seen them that they are quite stupid; they understand nothing, they scarcely ever speak, and seem more like fish than like human beings."

"Nevertheless, I wish to go to them," insisted the Bishop, "and will pay for the extra trouble."

There was nothing more to be said, so the sailors set sail in the direction of the island. A chair was brought for the Bishop and he sat and watched. The passengers flocked round him and watched with him. Those whose eyes were the sharpest first perceived the rocks on the island, then they pointed out the mud hut and at last one descried the three old men.

A telescope was brought and given the Bishop. "Truly," said he, as he looked through the glass, "on the shore, to the right of the big rock, there stand the three men. One of them is very tall, the second shorter, the third quite small. They are standing on the shore and hold each other by the hand."

The mate approached the Bishop.

"Here, your Lordship, the ship must stop. If you are resolved to land, we will lower the boat and row you ashore; the ship can lie at anchor till your return."

"Let us go, children," said the Bishop.

They cast anchor, the boat was lowered, the Bishop climbed down the ladder and seated himself in the boat, the sailors took the oars and rowed towards the island. As they neared the shore they saw more and more distinctly the three old men—the tall, naked one, the shorter man in his ragged coat, and the little shriveled up man

in his shabby garment—all three held each other by the hand. The boat ran ashore and the Bishop stepped out.

The three men saluted the Bishop with a deep obeisance. He, in return, gave them his blessing. They again bowed to him more deeply than the first time. Then he began to speak.

"I hear," said he, "that you men of God have retired to this solitary island to devote yourselves to His service—that you pray to God and to His Son Jesus Christ for the people. I, the unworthy servant of the Lord, have been called by His grace to feed His flock. Therefore, I had a great desire to see you, His faithful servants, in order that I may, if need be, instruct you in His word."

The three men were silent. They smiled and looked at one another.

"Tell me, brethren, how you live and how you serve God," said the Bishop.

The middle-sized man gave a deep sigh and looked at the oldest. The tall man frowned and also looked at the oldest one. The oldest man smiled and answered:

"We know not, servant of God, how to serve God. We serve ourselves and seek our daily food."

"How, then, do you pray to God?" asked the Bishop.

Then the oldest man answered:

"We pray thus:

"Ye are Three,
We are three;
Have mercy upon us!"

No sooner had he said these words than all three raised their eyes towards heaven and all three, as one man, repeated the words:

"Ye are Three,
We are three;
Have mercy upon us!"

The Bishop smiled and said:

"You have heard about the Holy Trinity, but your prayer is not quite right. I love you, men of God. I see you try to please Him, but you need to be shown the way to serve Him. You must give up this prayer of yours and listen to me. I will teach you to pray rightly. The words will not be my own words, but those of Holy Scripture, a prayer that God Himself taught us to pray."

Then the Bishop explained to the three old men how God had revealed Himself to men, explained the mystery of the Holy Trinity, One Person in Three—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—and then he told them how the Divine Son came on earth to save all men and how He left us a divine prayer.

"Listen, and repeat after me," and the Bishop began the Lord's Prayer.

They tried to repeat the petitions after him, but they often made mistakes, they mixed up the words. One of them could not pronounce well because he had a harelip. The oldest could hardly pronounce the words at all for lack of teeth.

The Bishop repeated the prayer again and again, and they after him. At last he sat down on a rock, and the three old men stood close to him and repeated every word after him as best they could. A hundred times he had repeated the prayer. The day had passed, the night was coming on and the Bishop was still patiently teaching, the old men earnestly learning. He could not make up his mind to leave them until they had learnt the Lord's Prayer. At length they were able to repeat it after him correctly, and at last they could say it by heart without a mistake.

It was now dark and the moon began to rise out of the sea. The Bishop rose to depart. He bade the old men farewell and they all three bowed down to the ground to him. He raised them, gave them the kiss of peace, exhorted them to pray as he had taught them to do and, getting into the boat, returned to the ship. On the way he heard the old men loudly repeating the Lord's Prayer. The sounds gradually grew fainter and fainter until they were too far off to reach his ear. Only the three figures could still be seen glimmering in the moonlight.

The Bishop re-entered the ship. They heaved up the anchor, hoisted the sails and sped away. The Bishop went and stood at the helm; he could not tear his eyes away from the now distant island. Gradually the forms of the old men vanished and, lastly, the island itself disappeared from sight in the moonlit rippling waters.

The pilgrims lay down to sleep and all on deck was wrapped in silence. But the Bishop could not sleep. He sat alone near the helm, looked in the direction of the small island and thought about the old men. He remembered how glad they were when he had taught them the Lord's Prayer, and he thanked God for having led him to that unknown island to help those holy men and teach them to pray.

The Bishop sits and thinks; his eyes are fixed on the sea in the direction of the long vanished island; he cannot make it out—what vision passes before his eyes? A small light seems to spring up, now right, now left, of the ship's wake. Something suddenly glistens in the silent moonlight—is it a sea-gull, or the white sail of a boat? He looks more intently. It must be a boat that is following the ship and gaining on it. And now the light is quite near, but what is it? No boat, and still something skimming swiftly. Now it nearly catches up with the ship. The Bishop cannot distinguish the form of the bright object. It is no boat, no bird, no fish—rather like a man

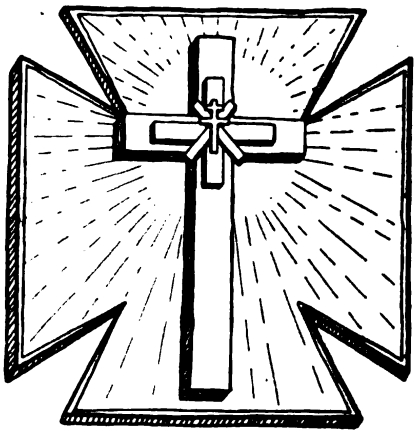
than anything else—but so big—and then, how could a man walk on the sea? The Bishop sprang up and hurried to the helmsman, crying: "What is that? What is that, man?" But now the Bishop himself sees what it is. The three old men are moving swiftly on the sea towards the ship, their white beards shining in the bright moonlight. They approach the vessel as easily as if it were standing still.

The helmsman looked around, grew terrified and shrieked aloud: "O Lord! the old men are pursuing us, walking on the sea as if it were dry land! They are nearing the ship!" And he dropped the rudder in his fright. The pilgrims were roused out of their sleep by his cries; all the people on board flocked to the helm. They all saw the strange sight—the three old men speeding on the water, holding each other by the hand, while with their disengaged hands they waved and motioned the ship to stop. There was not time to stop the vessel before they quite reached it and, standing under the ship's side, they lifted their heads and spoke—all three:

"We have forgotten, servant of the Lord, we have forgotten thy teaching! So long as we repeated the prayer we remembered it, but we rested one hour; we then missed a word here and there and after a while we could make nothing of it. Now we remember nothing at all, so we have come to learn again."

The Bishop made the sign of the Cross, bent over to the men and said: "Your prayer, though simple, has found its way to God. Holy men, it is not for me to teach such as you. Pray for us sinners!"

The Bishop bowed to the ground before the three men. They stopped, then turned back and went home, walking on the water, and until day-break the people saw a bright light in the direction in which they were slowly disappearing.



It is stated that it is dangerous to waken a person on the astral plane who has not his mind and desires tolerably under control. How does such a person get along after death? It may be answered that he is protected through the rearrangement of the astral body. Then is it wise for the ordinary Theosophist to prevent this rearrangement of the astral body after death?

It is quite true that it is unadvisable to waken a person on the astral plane if his desires are uncontrolled. The reason may easily be seen if we consider exactly what is meant by waking a person astrally. The average cultured man has his astral body fully developed and quite capable of any kind of activity; but he has not yet formed the habit of working in it and, consequently, during sleep he usually drifts about in a half-asleep condition, ruminating over what he has already felt or experienced rather than feeling or experiencing anything new. He is often temporarily aroused from this condition if he happens to come into contact with some feeling or emotion in others which excites a sympathetic vibration in him; and so he has occasional experiences of a violent emotion, which he probably remembers as vivid dreams. But after one of these his ordinary lassitude reasserts itself and he sinks back into a comatose condition. To awaken a man on the astral plane is to shake him out of this condition and to insist upon his keeping awake and taking notice of the objects around him until he has overcome his previous state of unawareness and has learnt to be alert and watchful. Before that, he has been little more than a statue in his astral life—a statue which only occasionally awakens for a short time and then becomes marble again; but after that process he becomes an active inhabitant of the astral plane during his hours of sleep. It is obvious that it would not be wise to play Pygmalion unless one were

reasonably sure that Galatea when aroused would do, on the whole, more good than harm.

A man whose desires and passions are uncontrolled finds much more to excite them in the astral life than he normally does in the physical world; consequently, he does harm both to himself and to others by constant outbursts of violence. The object for which a man is awakened is that he may help others; but one who is in the condition we have described is quite incapable of giving useful assistance, because he is himself an unstable and constantly fluctuating mass, instead of a firm pillar to which those who are frightened or uncertain may cling. He would not only be useless to us—he would be a great additional responsibility, for we should be to some extent responsible for the evil which might be wrought by him.

After death such a man finds himself upon the astral plane, but he is not necessarily more awake there than he was during sleep; and furthermore, as the questioner suggests, the rearrangement of the astral matter by the desire-elemental puts the heaviest and coarsest matter outside, so that the body is less easy to wield as an instrument even than it was during sleep. A certain proportion of such people do gradually arouse themselves; but it is also true that many drift unconsciously through all that lower part of the astral life. The wise Theosophist would no more awaken such people as these after their death than during their sleep—unless he had some personal tie with them which gave him a strong hold over them, so that he felt himself reasonably certain of being able to help them speedily to learn to control themselves.

The chief reason for desiring to prevent the rearrangement of the astral body of the dead man is that, when such rearrangement exists, he can see only the most unpleasant side of everyone whom he meets. The astral world appears to him full of evil influences; all the friends whom he meets have woefully deteriorated and he finds himself at his worst, constantly responding to the coarsest and least refined influences. This makes the astral life a veritable hell to him—and all because only the lowest part of his astral body is turned outwards and so he can perceive only such things as are of a like nature. From all that discomfort he can be saved just by restoring his astral body to the condition in which it existed during his life and keeping its matter in circulation instead of allowing it to stagnate.

Sometimes by sudden death a good man is thrown unexpectedly into the astral life while there is still a good deal of that lower matter left in his vehicle; the rearrangement takes place as usual, but, just because he is a good man and has not allowed his lower passions to riot unchecked, he is not in the habit of using that lowest kind of astral matter or of receiving impressions through it. He cannot suddenly acquire this habit, even if he wished to do so, and therefore he floats

through the astral world unconscious of all the evil which otherwise would act upon him, and his consciousness reasserts itself only when the disintegration of his astral body has reached such a point as to uncover some of the finer matter through which he has been in the habit of working.

In this latter case it is quite arguable that it is better to leave the man within his shell, though even then the rearrangement prolongs his astral life and therefore retards his arrival in the heaven-world. In addition to this, there is much good karma to be made by helping others on the astral plane and the man who has to spend a certain amount of time there may well employ it in doing such good work; but naturally such action is possible to him only when the rearrangement has been canceled and his normal activity restored. *C. W. L.*

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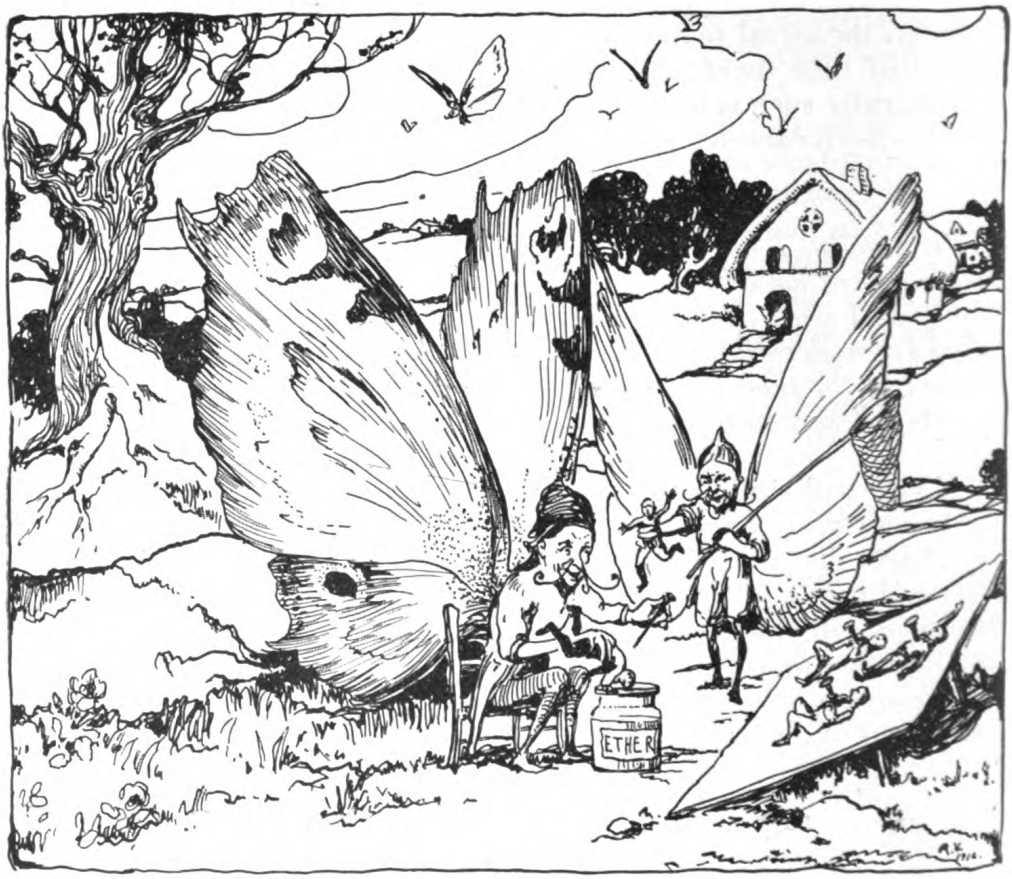
Personally, I have been a vegetarian for seven months and to a certain extent have benefited by it, but I do not seem to have as much vitality as I used to have and I was thinking of going back to meat-eating in moderation, but I should like to know the opinion of one who knows the true Theosophical doctrine on this point, as to whether by eating flesh we do retard our own progress and that of the animals. *G. A. F.*

If you will study carefully what has been written on the side of vegetarianism by those who are capable of dealing intelligently with the subject and not merely as emotional sentimentalists, you will be convinced that any other regimen is both filthy and foolish. From the standpoint of efficiency, bodily cleanliness, clarity of mind, purest morality, compassionate humanitarianism and spiritual possibilities, vegetarianism is a necessary step. I admit that meat-eaters often feel a lessening of the forces of their body when they timidly cease their carnivorous habits, but it only requires a respectable depth of conviction and steady persistency in order to overcome this temporary condition. *A. P. W.*

When is a pupil admitted to the Great White Lodge?

He is admitted to the Great White Lodge at the first initiation, when he becomes what is called "a Brother." Prior to that admission he must pass through three stages: First, that in which he is put on probation by a Master. The next step is when he becomes the accepted pupil of a Master, in which his consciousness, to a large degree, is blended with that of the Teacher. The third is when he becomes the Son of the Master. Then his consciousness becomes linked to that of the Master and can never be broken. Usually at this stage, or immediately following, the first initiation takes place. *I. S. C.*

THE ROUND TABLE



THE BUTTERFLIES' FAD

I happened one night in my travels
To stray into Butterfly Vale,
Where my wondering eyes beheld butterflies
With wings that were wide as a sail.
They lived in such houses of grandeur,
Their days were successions of joys,
And the very last fad these butterflies had
Was making collections of boys.

There were boys of all sizes and ages
Pinned up on their walls. When I said
'T was a terrible sight to see boys in that plight,
I was answered: *"Oh, well, they are dead.*
We catch them alive, but we kill them
With ether—a very nice way:
Just look at this fellow—his hair is so yellow,
And his eyes such a beautiful gray.

"Then there is a droll little darkey,
As black as the clay at our feet;
He sets off that blond that is pinned just beyond
In a way most artistic and neat.
And now let me show you the latest—
A specimen really select,
A boy with a head that is carroty-red
And a face that is funnily specked.

"We cannot decide where to place him;
Those spots bar him out of each class;
We think him a treasure to study at leisure
And analyze under a glass."
I seemed to grow cold as I listened
To the words that these butterflies spoke;
With fear overcome, I was speechless and dumb,
And then with a start—I awoke!

From Holland's "Butterfly Book"

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

By Charles Hampton

Stuart's father had been telling him about the inner worlds, of worlds within a world, where time and space do not exist, worlds that might be explored while one slept, and so when he went to bed he said:

"Good-night, daddy; I will meet you tonight and we will go together on an excursion to India."

But when he fell asleep he forgot all about his appointment, for he had a strange dream and this is what he saw. He thought he was living in the tenth century, in the days of Arthur, the King. He thought that he was Sir Launcelot, one of King Arthur's knights, and that His Majesty had just called in all his soothsayers, for he was deeply troubled over a dream and sought an interpretation of it.

This is the vision he related to his knights, the soothsayers, and the wise and learned men of his Court:

"I was in a large and beautiful garden of some strange land overlooking the surrounding country. In it fountains were playing and in the centre of the garden a clear, cool, crystal spring bubbled up and flowed down into the valleys beneath, causing the country to duplicate in some measure the glories of the world around me. From the branches of stately trees sweet-voiced birds caroled forth exquisite morning melodies, while a soft breeze did little more than disturb the pure and tranquil air which seemed to fill one with a joy that cannot be described in words. It was good to be alive and I felt well disposed towards all creatures.

"As I walked among the flowers, filled with a peace and joy that no words could describe, I suddenly sensed the fact that I was not alone. It seemed as though my consciousness were raised to take in another world of thought and feeling. Presently, however, I understood the cause of my heightened perception, for, looking up, I beheld a Man of majestic countenance and saw that I was entering the aura of a Great One, that He was coming towards me. As He walked along the mossy green grass, which sank like many folds of silk beneath His feet, even the flowers appeared to be conscious of His benign Presence for they opened their tiny hearts so that some of their fragrant scent might be mingled and gathered by the little nature spirits and wafted to Him as incense upon the soft breeze; all this I saw as He came towards me.

"I cannot tell you how noble and compassionate He looked. I only know that while He was so wonderful a Being, I, though a king, felt small and insignificant beside Him, yet I was not in the least embarrassed in His presence. He did not speak, but walked beside me until we came to a place on the southern slope of the mountain where His garden was located, from which we could see the whole world and, though He spoke no word, still somehow I *felt* Him say: 'My world! I hear! I come!'

"The Presence vanished and I seemed to be in a dreary dungeon, such as we have in the depths of this castle, dark as night; the walls were heavy and solid, wet and muddy; in the centre was a pool of water, stagnant and reeking with disease germs (I could not see it but I knew it was there). I struggled to get out but could not find any opening. I called for air but none heard me. In the midst of my striving I remembered the garden of the Master and, forgetting all my evil surroundings, I turned my heart in aspiration to my Friend. Immediately I saw a tiny ray of light coming through the wall of my prison and then, then I awoke.

"Now," said King Arthur, "I prithee tell me the meaning of this dream and what it portends, for I cannot tell what will befall."

The wise men of the Court were very materialistic, very intellectual, learned in all the sciences of the day and so they sought to explain the vision in many ways, but no two could agree together. When Sir Lancelot (who was Stewart) saw that the soothsayers were muddled and confused in thought and that the wise men were confounded, he came near and said to the King: "I know a man who can interpret the vision." The King was pleased and the knight brought to him a holy and venerable monk who lived much in other worlds. So the monk stood before the King and heard the dream related. When it was finished, he said:

"This, O King, is the interpretation: The garden which you saw and the glorious life of joy and peace you experienced there is a symbol of the life of the disciple, lived in the pure, unsullied light of the higher planes; the Great Man with whom you walked is a Friend of the world, the Master of Compassion; the stream of crystal water flowing out into the world comes from the fountain of Eternal Truth; the darksome dungeon in which you were confined is this limited physical world, this prison of the senses; the stagnant pool is the noxious life of selfishness, the individual life turned inward upon itself; the struggle is that experienced in gaining self-control; the aspiration you felt towards the Master is that alone which makes inspiraton possible, hence you saw light in the darkness, the result of your seemingly ineffectual struggles, for no force or stimulus can do the work of the life within each heart; finally, the words the Master seemed to say indicate that the time has come when He has determined to leave His

life of freedom in the higher worlds and enter again a human body, a house of clay, there to be confined within the senses and the limits of time and space."

The venerable monk told the King that the Master had done this many times before, that He has limited Himself again and again so that those dwelling in the darkness and the transitory things of this world may catch a glimpse of *His* world, and so be helped in their unfoldment.

The priest then asked King Arthur to excuse him, for it was a part of his duty to say Mass at least once a day so that a channel might be made for the force of the Lord of Love to reach the world. The King, hearing this, said, "I also will go with you," and, calling his knights, they all followed the holy father to the oratory. As they proceeded, the King asked of the monk, "How can I enter the beautiful world of which I dreamed?" The monk made no immediate reply, but when they reached the door of the sacristy he turned and said: "My Lord, the secret is contained in the First Collect. Listen for it."

You may be sure the King and his knights waited in eager anticipation to hear the secret that would lead them towards the Path by which the garden of the Master could be reached. At last the words came from the lips of the good priest: " . . . that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where pure joys are to be found."

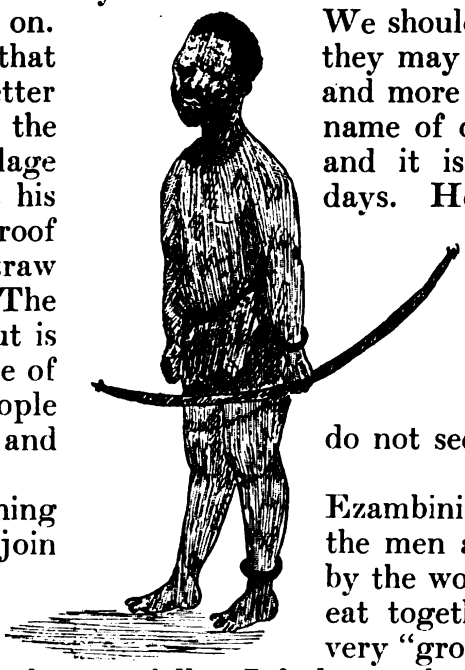
"Oh, daddy," exclaimed Stuart, "I had such a lovely dream, all about King Arthur, and I was one of his knights! Why, I must have had a dream within a dream!" and he related the vision you have just heard.

LITTLE BROTHERS IN MANY LANDS

Letters from Betty

Dear Children:

The brothers of whom I am writing this month are strangely unlike any about whom you have heard so far. They are such very, very young brothers that they have not yet learned right from wrong in even the most common things, for these young brothers are quite savage. The men and women of the tribes are like tiny children who have never been at school for one day. They can neither read nor write and when they see anything which strikes their fancy they proceed to take it, just as a baby does, not knowing that they have no right to what belongs to another. You and I, children, have been born again and again, and so we have learned many things which these savage brothers have yet to learn but which they surely will learn as time goes on. We should feel only pity for them and pray that they may soon be taught and helped to lead better and more useful lives.

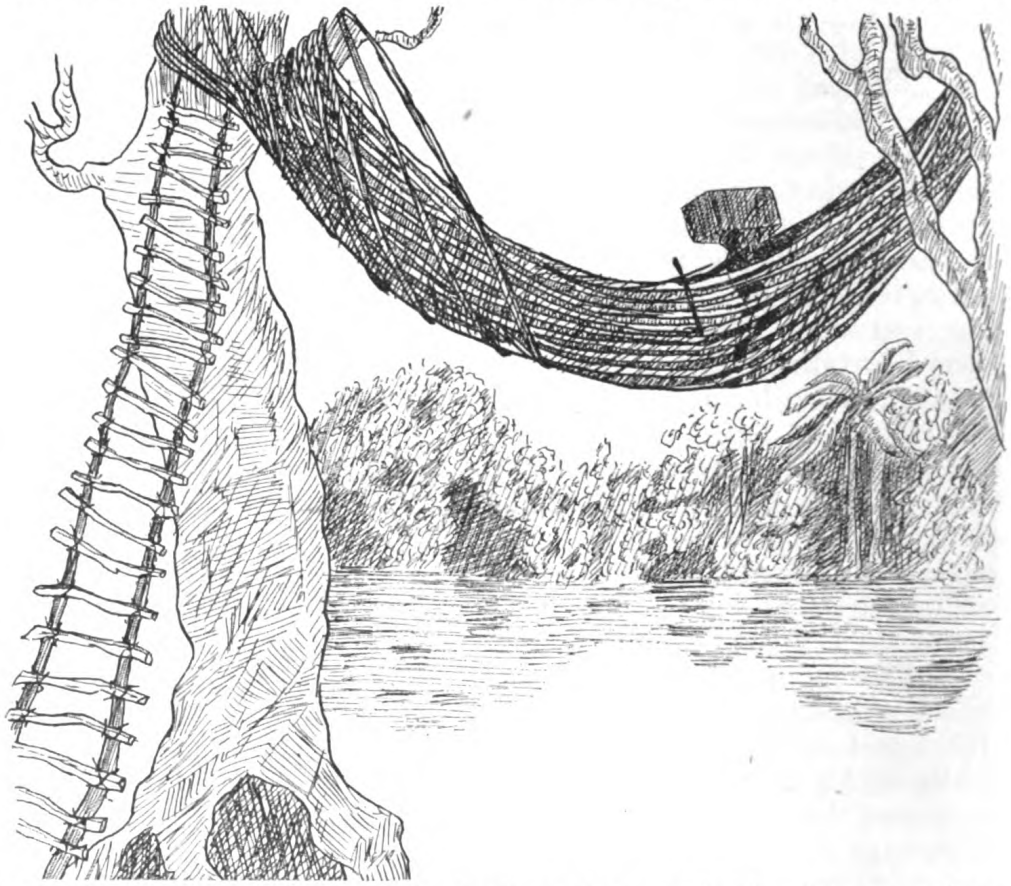


Ezambinia is the name of one of the little boys of the Congo village and it is interesting to watch how he spends his days. He lives in a hut with a cone-shaped roof made of grass. The sides are of straw plaited by his mother and sisters. The place is very unpleasant for the hut is surrounded by garbage and refuse of all kinds, since none of the people know the meaning of neatness and do not seem to mind evil odors.

Early in the morning Ezambinia creeps out of the hut and goes to join the men and boys at the breakfast prepared by the women. The men and women do not eat together and Ezambinia thinks himself very "grown-up" since he is allowed to eat with the men-folk. I feel sure that not one of my readers would relish Ezambinia's food, consisting as it does mainly of white rats! Ezambinia regards it as delightful food, and the fact that his front teeth have been filed down to sharp points does not seem to prevent him from eating rather greedily and noisily.

Breakfast over, he runs out to join the other boys bathing in the river. This is rather dangerous sport because the place swarms with

crocodiles and he has more than once come very near to losing his life. When weary of playing about in the water, they take up their arrows and bows and practice archery, sometimes very cruelly using the poor pariah dogs as targets. You remember I told you that these unfortunate brothers do not know when they are doing wrong. A



forbidden pleasure is to climb about on the rope bridge like a monkey; forbidden because the building of such a bridge is a long and difficult task. There are no carpenter's tools, so the work is done with crude instruments and takes a long time.

We could hardly admire this little brother's appearance. His lips are very thick and his skin coarse. When he was quite young his father cut his face to scar it, this being considered a mark of beauty among the Congo natives. His eyelashes have been pulled out, since only the girls and women wear them. When he is a bit older he will be allowed to have a round piece of iron set in his upper lip to make it stand out. Altogether, he is not what we should call handsome, but he is strong and brave and we may remember this about him when we think of him.

Affectionately yours,

Betty.

FLOWER PREACHERS

By "Lotus"

"Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches today
Under the green trees, just over the way."

SEE the children's little legs twinkle as they run to find their old friend Jack. Hear their cries of delight when they discover him, standing proudly erect in his hooded pulpit—a pulpit softly lined with black, green and maroon.

When first building his pulpit, Jack pushes from the ground a long mottled peg. Inside this peg, closely wrapped, are the leaves of the plant as well as the "pulpit" and flowers. The leaves unfold first; there are one, two, and sometimes three of them, each one divided so that each leaf looks like three. Gradually the pulpit unfolds and finally there stands Jack, ready to preach his sermon to all the children, birds and flowers who will come to listen.

Building the Pulpit

And this is what Jack tells us:

"Dear Brothers, one and all, did you think that the lovely pulpit in which I stand is the flower of this plant? I am quite sure that you did. Most persons do. But the wise men whom we call botanists say that my pulpit is merely a curiously shaped leaf, formed thus to protect the real flower, which is myself! A leaf used in this manner is called a *spathe*. I wonder how many of you can remember that new word? Instead of one large flower, there are many of them. Tiny things, sometimes round and greenish and sometimes purple and white, closely clustered together at my feet, inside the pulpit. They are placed here for greater protection.

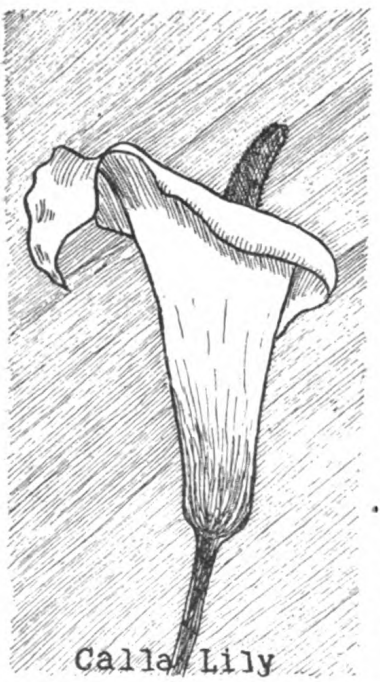
"For several months I stand carefully guarding my flowers. As time goes on, they become round green berries. When the August sun shines, they become a bright scarlet and then I step out of my

pulpit and stand where everyone can see my beautiful scarlet-robed babies, the berries.


Scarlet Berries

"Long before the white people came here to live the Indians used the berries for food. That is why I am sometimes called the Indian turnip. By cooking the berries they lose their peppery taste and are quite good.

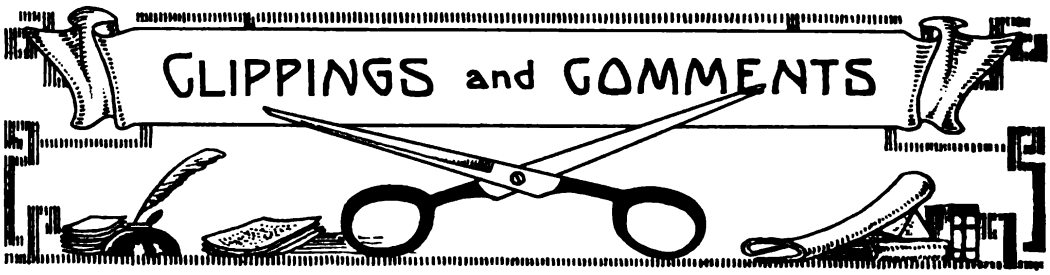
"I am not the only flower preacher, children, though perhaps you love me best because you know me best. My beautiful stately sister, Calla Lily, you remember, has a pulpit, too. Her pulpit is spotlessly white and she dresses in cloth-of-gold, whereas mine is greenish. I like to think of her as a sweet-faced, gentle nun. Perhaps you might think that I am like a priest in the early spring and, later, when I put on my flaming robe I become a cardinal! My sister Calla must be tenderly cared for and spared all roughness, but I am sturdy, growing out of doors the year round, taking care of myself both summer and winter.


Calla Lily

"At Easter-time you will see my lovely sister decorating the altars and pulpits of churches. Well for me that my dress is dark, for when I am used to decorate, it is the altars set up by the children in their play, whose hands are sometimes stained with the warm brown earth and the green of plants. But I love you, children, and love to have you find and study me. And when you lift the hood of my pulpit, I will give you a welcoming smile."

THE DISTRESSED FAY AND THE GALLANT WASP

Flitting among the sweet roses, a Fay
Caught her gown on a thorn, she could not get away.
Vainly she struggled; but help came in sight,
For a gallant young Wasp saw the fair lady's plight.
With his little hand-saw he released the sad Fay,
Then politely he bowed himself off and away.



VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY

We found it stated in a recent newspaper that Victor Hugo was firmly convinced that he had always existed from the antediluvian times, when the Creator placed him on earth, and that he would exist forever.

When atheists would say to him: "The proof that you will not exist in the future is that you did not exist in the past," Hugo would answer: "Who told you that I did not exist in past centuries? You will say: 'That is the legend of the ages.' The poet has written: 'Life is a fairy tale twice written.' He might have said: 'a thousand times written.' You do not believe in the doctrine of surviving personalities for the reason that you do not recollect your anterior existence. But how can the recollection of vanished ages remain imprinted on your memory when you do not remember a thousand and one scenes and events of your present life?"

These simple words contain nothing new, but the fact that Victor Hugo expressed them may once more bring out the fact that many of the greatest men that history has known held the idea of reincarnation.

THE NEW CONTINENT

Students of cosmogenesis will be interested in an extended article in *The National Geographic Magazine* for February, describing the eruption of Katmui Volcano in Alaska and the general seismic disturbances there. In the same issue is also an exceedingly interesting article headed "Do Volcanic Explosions Affect Our Climate?" by no less an authority than the Director of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institute. His conclusion is as follows:

"It seems to me that there can be little question that the volcanic haze has very appreciably influenced the march of temperature in the United States. When we take the march of temperature for the whole world the apparent effect is not so striking, but in this case there are so many conflicting influences at work that it is perhaps too much to expect so good an agreement. . . . . Although a large group of stations may, by their contrary local influences, mask the influence of the haze, I believe it will be found eventually that temperatures are influenced perhaps as much as several degrees by great periods of haziness, such as those produced by the volcanoes of 1883, 1888 and 1912. Certainly an agency capable of sending out vast clouds of dust to a height of twenty miles in the air, there to be distributed by the winds all over the world and to remain in suspension for months or years, causing the decrease of the direct radiation of the sun by as much as twenty per cent, is a climatic influence not to be ignored."

It is significant to notice that the new continent being born in the Pacific is working its way out into the ocean bed by way of the Pribeloff Islands, as has been several times observed by exploring parties and officers of freight and passenger steamers in that quarter. It is interesting also to notice that the new continent thus is springing from between two points of land (Siberia and Alaska) which are held respectively by Russia and the United States. It is well known that Russia and the Russian people are the second choice.

or reserve, for the new sixth sub-race. If the United States fails, Russia will come to the fore, and is only now going through those throes to be born as a democracy so that the same spirit of brotherhood can spring up. The United States holds Alaska and no doubt in some very far distant day, as the climate gradually changes, the coming race of which Lytton dreamed will walk out upon the new-born continent in the Pacific from Alaska. But if it does not come from the United States, Russia will send great crowds of emigrants upon the land, and so the new race, whether from American or Russian stock, will assuredly take its course of empire into the Pacific Ocean.

SCIENTIST CHANGES VIEWS

Dr. Max Kemmerich, the well-known scientist of Munich, recently began to investigate the problem of clairvoyance and prophecy. With the help of mathematics he believed he would be able to prove that clairvoyance was utter foolishness and the common belief in it nothing but a remnant of old-fashioned superstition, which with difficulty had secured for itself a little place in the famous age of technical progress and scientific knowledge. Investigating the Messianic prophecies, the fulfilled predictions of Nostradamus, and last, but not least, the political prophecies of the seers, some of whom are still living in our own age, he began to doubt and finally to believe in its possibility from a scientific standpoint.

"To believe in clairvoyance is no superstition of the Middle Ages. All times and all nations speak of exceptional men and women who had a great name and were famous as seers and prophets. From this time forth the aim of science should be to discover the conditions under which this power of prophecy can manifest," now declares Dr. Kemmerich.

TO STUDY FAKIR'S FEATS

Andrew Carnegie is financing a party of scientific investigators into occult phenomena in Egypt, according to *The Montreal Star*. The purpose is to inquire into the mysteries of levitation, the secrets of dervishes and fakirs, and the ecstatic state in which the latter are observed to accomplish their wonderful feats. The leader of the party is a young *savant* named Schwidtal. The results of their work will be communicated to the University of Berlin.

It almost seems as if the race of scientists who called all occult facts "hallucination," "foolish superstition," "tricks," had disappeared.

WAVE-LENGTHS

Camille Flammarion, in his book *The Unknown*, gives a very interesting table of wave-frequencies, and students of *The Secret Doctrine* will remember very many places where H. P. B. spoke of waves and the frequencies of vibrations; but, except for the table on page 480 of the third volume, is there any mention of wave-lengths?

The Scientific American Supplement for April 5 says that the shortest electromagnetic waves yet obtained have a wave-length of two millimetres; that heat waves as long as one-tenth millimetre exist in the radiations from a Welsbach burner; that the wave-lengths of visible light lie between .0007 and .0004 millimetre; and that in the ultra-violet light waves as short as .0001 have been found by photographic means. It goes on to state that Messrs. Friedrich, Knipping and Laue have made experiments on waves very much shorter than any heretofore known, the smallest being about .000,000,010 millimetre in length.

As the diameter of a molecule of hydrogen is estimated at .000,000,160, it seems that the limits of the physical plane must be close at hand. Those who have studied *Occult Chemistry* by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater will remember that it is said that

the "atom" spoken of by scientists is the gaseous unit of the element in question. The molecule of hydrogen contains two atoms and, as the book *Occult Chemistry* says that each of these contains eighteen "ultimate atoms," we have thirty-six of these "ultimate atoms" in the molecule of hydrogen. Now if the volume of the molecule were equal to the sum of the volumes of the units of which it is composed (probably it is much greater), then we could calculate that the diameter of an "ultimate atom" would be about .000,000,027.

Cannot some student write out and send the Editor of *The American Theosophist* a table of wave-lengths showing the limiting lengths, for example, of sound, electromagnetic and other waves? There is also a little data on earth and water wave-lengths scattered among books on earthquakes, but so far it has never been collected into a single table.

NATURE'S HARMONY EXPRESSED IN ART

In the Queen's Hall in London took place on February 1 the performance of *Prometheus, a Poem of Fire*, an extremely complex work of the most modern type of music for orchestra, piano-forte and organ, by Alexander Scriabine. In the program it said: "The composer intends that in *Prometheus* the symphony of sounds shall be eventually accompanied by a symphony of color rays. To this end he has invented a *tastiera per luce*, or key-board of light." And, further, that "he is now engaged upon a 'Mystery,' in which symphonies of music, words and gesture will be accompanied by symphonies of color and perfume."

If this can be worked out, it certainly will be a most impressive demonstration of unity in Nature's diverse modes of expression.

"PETER PAN"

Peter Pan is the symbol of youth, and the play breathes freedom, breathes and palpitates youth. You look into the very core of childhood, and he is dull indeed who cannot take a "cue," somewhere in the play, for action in his dealings with the lads and lassies of his "earth." One critic said of it, that "it gets nowhere"! That critic reminds me of the man who looked at a great painting and could see "nothing but a bit of sky, some trees, and a few clouds." The eyes of the soul must be open to understand fully the beauty, the ethereal daintiness, the exquisite loveliness of *Peter Pan;* the thrilling, cleansing sense of eternal youth; the surety of a world all about us peopled with beings of another realm, other powers, other functions, other mediums of expression. And as we see the possibility of experiences in dream-land, almost unconsciously we begin to check and guide our waking thoughts, that our dream experiences may be sweet and helpful and thereby our growth during sleeping hours be worth while.

Ah, dear *Peter Pan*, come back again, and again, not only that little children may believe in fairies, but that a little of that faith may creep into all our hearts and make us all more like children! For it is the wings of youth, not the feet of decaying age, which make it possible for us to reach the mountain top. It is the vision of eternal youth which beckons from flight to flight upward. *Frances J. Wallis.*

SOUND FORMS AND FAIRIES

In *The Craftsman* there was a while ago an article on the work of Pamela Colman Smith. This artist paints pictures presented to her inner vision during the performance of classical music. She also paints fairies and nature spirits "as she sees them." This is the more interesting since she is not interested in problems of psychology or occultism.

All of which corroborates current Theosophical teachings and shows the enhanced sensitiveness of the coming race.

AND ON THEOSOPHY

Father Benson has an interesting contribution to make to psychical literature. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* he writes of "haunted houses," and gives a series of striking instances of psychical phenomena which have come more or less within his own experience. He mentions the theory of the Theosophists as a possible explanation of the occurrences he relates. "These teach," he writes, "that human beings have in addition to soul and body a kind of semi-material envelope, which they name 'astral.' At death this 'astral body' is released; usually it corrupts and disintegrates, but in certain cases it retains, often for a considerable time, a kind of quasi-life. It is these astral bodies, therefore, operating under material conditions which, according to the Theosophists, form the substance of these apparitions, acting over and over again until their energy has dissipated the scene in which soul and body once took a part." Without endorsing any theory, Father Benson declares that superior laughter or reckless accusations of fraud and falsehood no longer meet the case for these appearances of which he writes.

"COLD LIGHT," A NEW ILLUMINATION

Light without heat has at last been discovered. This is the result of successful tests made by M. Dussand, of the Paris Academy of Science. It is reported as extraordinarily powerful, and so brilliant that it can be used as a substitute for the X-ray. It is stated that with it letters can be read through their envelopes, even when wrapped in a dozen thicknesses of paper. An advantage claimed for it is the elimination of danger, since a lamp producing so dazzling a light that it is impossible to look at it with the naked eye can be held in the hand without the slightest heat being felt. It requires a current a hundred times less than the ordinary bulb and thus uses a tiny battery. The motive power can be given by an ordinary water-tap or a foot treadle. The new light is said to be so intense that it is entirely available for flash-light photography.

WHEN THE AURAS CLASH

Mrs. Hiatt Gregory has offered what we find termed a "new and original" solution to the question: "Why so much domestic unhappiness?" It is all the fault of the auras.

Two young people meet, feel drawn to each other, and marry. Their auras are perfectly harmonious and probably not overly well developed. As years go on, one of the two changes entirely. New work, new thoughts, new responsibilities, have developed an aura of a higher or different kind, and one that is antagonistic and cannot vibrate harmoniously with the aura of the other. Then comes the clash, trouble and divorce. "These two people may both be excellent, each in his or her own way; but their auras have changed to such an extent that harmony is impossible. It is then that matrimony becomes a bore, or worse."

It is all true, no doubt; as true as that I have a toothache because there is a hole in my once perfect tooth. And, by the way, do you see from this how auras are becoming "Daily Talk"?

MORE PRODIGIES

Last month we mentioned some; here are others.

Beulah Miller, a little ten-year-old Massachusetts girl, reads readily the mental performances of all persons about her. Exhaustive tests have revealed that she is able to instantly state any date, fact, number or idea in the mind of the questioner. Her powers are attracting much attention and the psychological department of Harvard will make scientific investigation.

A Tamil boy sixteen years old has for some time been doing such wonderful calculating feats that the Ceylon branch of the Royal Asiatic Society has begun a test

investigation of the case. The boy comes from a family of the working class and is quite illiterate; yet problems in compound interest, exchange, cube root, etc., set before him are all answered correctly and almost instantaneously by mental calculation alone. A unique feature in this instance is that the boy is abnormal not only in mind but also in body, for he has six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot.

The same marvelous calculating ability was discovered in an inmate at the lunatic asylum of Nantes. This man can neither read nor write and is a violent and dangerous patient, but any arithmetical problem he solves mentally with lightning speed. Asked, for instance, how old a man would be who had lived a thousand million seconds, he gave in less than a minute the correct answer: 31 years, 8 months, 15 days, 17 hours, 16 minutes, 40 seconds. Try, and see how long it takes *you*.

In such a case as this last, genius and mania meet; the genius, the attainment of the soul by careful application in previous lives; the mania, that of imperfect brain cells, the resultant likewise of past but afflicting karma.

APPARITION SEEN BY WATCHERS

Strange and seemingly vested with religious spirituality was a vision which appeared in the house of Robert Lavery, of San Francisco, while his body rested in a casket awaiting the last rites. Twelve persons witnessed the mystic phenomenon. The vision lasted from two o'clock until half-past six in the morning. It was the form of a woman, life-sized and very beautiful, a vision in bright white light thrown onto the wall of an adjoining room. It was so clear in detail that the folds in the robe could be counted. The face was turned toward the dead man and its hands seemed out-stretched to him. It was thought that the reflection from candles on the wall of the dark room might be the cause of the apparition, but doors, window-shades, glass-covered pictures and mirrors were shifted to no avail; none of these affected it. Those who beheld it could only say: "I saw it, but I cannot explain."

CARNOT'S UNLUCKY IDOL

At a time when there was no question of Sadi Carnot's chances for the presidency of France, an eminent archæologist presented him with a delicately wrought stone idol. The rajah who had given it to the archæologist had averred that it assured supreme power to one of the members of the possessor's family but, also, that he would die a violent death. Carnot accepted the gift without attaching any value to its supposed power.

Shortly after, he was unexpectedly elected President of the Republic. Seven years later, President Carnot was assassinated.

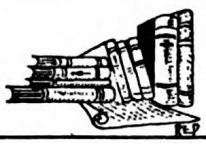
It seems that Mme. Carnot was more superstitious than her husband. On the evening of his election she sent a laconic note to the archæologist, saying only: "It is the statue." And when she died, her children found in her will the urgent request not to keep the idol. In compliance with that wish, they got rid of the image.

It came ultimately into the hands of an intimate friend of M. Poincare, who presented it to the latter in 1911. As you know, M. Poincare is now President of France. It will be worth while for all investigators of psychic phenomena to keep track of this idol.

"THE DOOR WITHOUT A KNOB"

Such is the title of a new book dealing with reincarnation, about which most of the newspapers seem to have published the account of "how it was made." We have not seen the book, but the notice in so many papers, telling how in an oft-repeated dream the author learned about his previous incarnations, has interested us. It must in itself have called attention again to the thought of reincarnation—*and it would not have been placed in so many dailies if the editors did not recognize the interest of the public in this subject.*

BOOK REVIEWS



The books here reviewed can be ordered from the publishers named with each; also from *The Theosophical Book Concern*, 116 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; or from your nearest dealer in Theosophical books.

IN HIS NAME, *by C. Jinarajadasa. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.* 1913. *pp.* 84. *Price,* 1*s.*

We reviewed another edition of this beautiful little book in our March number. The reader will there find an appreciation of its contents. In workmanship the two editions are both so near perfection and so much alike that we would not know which to prefer.

A. T. O.

THE DIAMOND SUTRA (*Chin-Kang-Ching or Prajna-Paramita*), *translated from the Chinese by William Gemmell. Publishers: E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.* 1913. *pp.* 117. *Price,* $1.00 *net.*

The Diamond Sutra is regarded as one of the most metaphysical works ascribed to Buddha and is greatly esteemed by the Chinese. This English version is a translation from the Chinese text of the scholarly Kumarajiva. There exist in the English language two other renderings, one from the Sanscrit by Max Muller and the other from the Chinese by Beal. This new version is presented by the author in a more accessible form to the general English reader.

The original was written in Sanscrit. It represents the Mahayana school of Buddhist thought, which has had a marked influence on a vast portion of the Buddhist Church. Its object is to teach that all objects differing one from the other by their Dharmas are illusive or, as we should say, phenomenal and subjective, and that they are of our own making, the products of our own mind. We find incidental references made to the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation.

The name of the book is thus explained: "As the diamond exceeds all other precious gems in brilliance and indestructibility—so, also, does the wisdom of *The Diamond Sutra* transcend, and shall outlive, all other knowledge known to philosophy."

A. H. T.

THE UNIVERSE OF ETHER AND SPIRIT, *by W. G. Hooper. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing Society,* 161 *New Bond Street, London, W.* 1913. *pp.* 242. *Price,* $1.50.

This is a sequel to *Ether and Gravitation*, which made its advent in 1903 and stamped the author as a deep and earnest thinker. He states that this new book is an attempt to reconcile the conclusions of recent investigations of modern science with a spiritual interpretation of the universe as revealed by the Word of God.

The conclusions of his former book left him with a material conception of the universe, instead of a spiritual one, which he believed to be the true explanation of all phenomena. How to make the circle of the sciences harmonize with the circle of spiritual truth and revelation became an arduous philosophic problem. Weary with the intellectual concept of things, he determined to have a personal realization of the "Baptism of the Spirit," and to "stake everything in a great final assault on the Kingdom of the Spirit." He walked, he fasted, he prayed, he meditated, until he was rewarded by an expansion

of consciousness that has brought him "at last into the secret of power and inspiration and wisdom" and to the finding of that peace which passeth understanding. The book is the fruit of this higher consciousness and has been sent forth as a messenger of hope to the weary world.

The author postulates that the Universe of Ether is the physical source of all the motion, force and energy of the material universe and that Ether is the garment of the Spirit. He is certain that there are great ethereal currents in the solar system which circle round the sun and flow out into space, bathing every planet with their energy and bringing light and heat to every living thing on each and every world, after which they return by another path to the sun.

Then he asserts that the very life currents of God's Being are ever being poured forth throughout the entire universe and that the avenue by and through which this is accomplished is the universal ether of space. The great secret for humanity, he says, is to discover how to get into conscious touch with that life flow. His testimony in regard to his personal experience along this line is full of inspiration. The book can be warmly commended to any truth seeker. *A. H. T.*

ESOTERIC ASTROLOGY (*Vol. VII of "Astrology for All" series*), *by Alan Leo. Publishers: "Modern Astrology" Office, Ludgate Circus, London, E. C.* 1913. *pp.* 294. *Price,* $3.50.

This book is well calculated to interest and to educate the unprejudiced mind in the inner meaning and influence upon the individual expression by the planets and luminaries as well as the positions of mid-heaven and ascendant, while working out our earthly experience. The individuality as related to the personality is made very clear, and the equal importance of the study of both the exoteric and esoteric influences of the zodiac are set forth as valuable in their respective spheres of activity.

The esoteric deals with the abstract cause, the spiritual essence which lies behind the exoteric result, the effect, the outward expression, the concrete manifestation, and we must learn to relate one to the other. In all nature we are able to find the dual forces represented—as the higher and the lower, birth and death, growth and decay, day and night, summer and winter—all governed by One Life, The Supreme, The Absolute. The circle and the cross, and the combinations of both, are fully explained as symbols of the fundamental principles governing humanity under the rule of the heavenly bodies and the incomprehensible unity that underlies all manifestation.

Illustrations are given in the nativities of a number of remarkable personages to show clearly the working of both the individuality and personality by the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies, and it is demonstrated that this influence is to be explained on the principle that in all nature everything is affected by every other thing.

One of the most important lessons inculcated is that we must not accept any of these planetary forces as setting limits or bounds to our progress, or in any way become fatalists, but simply view them as light-houses, guide-posts, to show us where we are traveling and whether we are on the right way that leads to the highest and best possible expression of the Ego. *Charles T. Wood, D. A.*

THE BASIS FOR ARTISTIC AND INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL IN INDIA, *by E. B. Havell. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.* 1912. *pp.* 197. *Price,* $ .75.

This little volume contains some well-thought-out views on art and national life in India. With the most sympathetic attitude, and taking art to be the most potent factor in national life, the author maintains—having based his arguments on facts—that at least one of the surest ways of the regeneration of national life in India is through the revival of her struggling art which, as he shows, is yet alive and has its life-force in living tradi-

tions. Mr. Havell then gives some information how Holland, Germany and Italy are now introducing Indian methods of dye-painting on silk and cotton in their technical schools and are establishing new industries on Indian lines. Then he proceeds to show how the industries, which are transplanted to Europe now, are made to decay in India by the introduction of machinery which, he maintains, kills the initiative and creative power and skill of the workmen. The book then ends with a plea to all lovers of art, inside as well as outside of India, showing that the adoption of machinery in India is not a wise step forward, to aid the growth of real genuine Indian art on Indian lines, which should proceed on Indian lines and be made to fit the taste and needs of the present day. This, he says, will not only keep alive a thing which our civilization has produced, but will save a great deal of the unnecessary time and labor which may otherwise have to be spent before we find it out again.

The book gives a very good idea of at least one phase of India and Indian life and also throws a considerable amount of light on the question of unrest in the industrial world. We heartily recommend this book to all who are interested either in art or in India.

T. P. S.

THE JOYS OF LIVING, *by Orison Swett Marden. Publishers: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.* 1913. *pp.* 403. *Price,* $1.25 *net.*

The key-note of this book is: "Develop happiness and content from within"—and what a changed world would it be if its people could but strike this note in life! Then would all the "chords of life" ring true. All things take the mental coloring which we bring to them. Bring beauty, and we find them beautiful. The grandeur of nature and the inspiration and sublimity of music are inside of us, and the cheerful and optimistic mind will bring happiness to its possessor "whate'er betide." Read this book. It will do you good and aid you to make life worth while.

C. O. S.

THE POPES AND SCIENCE (*The Story of the Papal Relations to Science, from the Middle Ages down to the Nineteenth Century*), *by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. Publisher: Fordham University Press, New York. pp.* 400. *Price,* $2.00 *net.*

The author brings forward abundant evidence to prove that the attitudes of the Popes were not hostile to science, as is generally believed. He shows that the so-called scholastics of the Middle Ages were, many of them, men of profound learning and insight into nature, who foreshadowed and even anticipated many important discoveries and generalizations which are credited to scientists of recent centuries. At that time many of the leading lights in science were Catholics; in fact, either clergymen or belonging to ecclesiastical orders.

The book deals very largely with the history of medical science and gives the impression of letting this department stand as an index of science in general. However, most valuable and interesting information is given in various other departments of science. Dr. Walsh maintains that the sciences were cultivated quite extensively in the Middle Ages, citing as an example the very full knowledge of the great poet Dante on such subjects as astronomy, biology and botany.

To Theosophists it is gratifying to see the author vigorously defending the medieval alchemists and philosophers against their disparagement by modern scientists and historians of science who ridicule them for their belief in the transmutation of metals and their search for the philosopher's stone. It is also worthy of note that the author denies the right of Lord Francis Bacon to the title of "Father of Experimental Science," but would bestow it on the Franciscan friar Roger Bacon, who lived in the thirteenth century. He shows that many of Francis Bacon's advanced views were stated in almost the very same language by the friar. Those who know the occult relation of these two great leaders in

Western thought and philosophy will smile at the thought that men are often permitted to accept the same truth in one way when it is undesirable to them in another form. *C. S.*

GITANJALI (*Song Offerings*), *by Rabindranath Tagore. Publishers: Macmillan and Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London.* 1913. *pp.* 101. *Price,* $1.50.

In order to fully enjoy this book one must have an appreciation of the rapture of the mystic. These *Song Offerings* are like exquisite pastels, portraying in the most delicate shades of thought the charm and grace of bits of physical or metaphysical life. This poet understands Nature and human nature, and depicts all the aspirations of mankind in his poetic prose.

The *Gitanjali* has been described as "a spiritual revelation," and will assuredly have its place among the modern classics. It is a collection of prose translations made by the author from the original Bengali, which are said to be full of wondrous subtlety of rhythm and metrical invention. This English edition contains an Introduction by W. B. Yeats, who prophesies that these lyrics, as the generations pass, will be sung by "travelers on the highway and men rowing upon rivers." He says: "I have carried the manuscript of these translations about with me for days, reading it in railway trains or on the top of omnibuses and in restaurants, and I have often had to close it lest some stranger would see how much it moved me." *A. H. T.*

COSMIC POEMS, *by Albert A. Manship. Publishers: The Poet's Press, Portland, Oregon.* 1913. *pp.* 289.

A book of poems written, as the author says in the Foreword, when "the inspiration came upon him. For ten months the pen of the writer was busied in recording the impressions and thoughts that followed swiftly one upon the other as he surveyed with a mental vision approaching the Universal, the wonders and glories of a Perfect Cosmos."

There is a note of joyous confidence in the book and an understanding of the love principle underlying all things. The author certainly has realized something and shows a wideness of view that here and there even reminds one of Walt Whitman. Sometimes the rhythm is imperfect, but the thought expressed makes up for this. He is a true mystic who finds all in himself:

"My only deity or power
Is that which in myself I find."

He readily acknowledges the truth found by all other earnest seekers,

"But as authority or law I know you not."

He has realized the great power of love, the law of love, and he sings it out in many aspects. And then he says:

"If All is Love, and Love is All, Man need win only Love
To win his All." *A. D.*

SONG OF THE SANYASIN, *by Swami Vivekananda. Publishers: The American School of Metaphysics, 10 East 66th St., New York. pp.* 13. *Price,* 20 *cents. Paper cover.*

A poem strong in thought, smooth in form; let it speak for itself in these few lines:

"Who sows must reap," they say; "and cause must bring
The sure effect: good, good; bad, bad; and none
Escape the law, for whoso wears a form
Must wear the chain." Too true; but far beyond
Both name and form is Atman, ever free!
Know thou art that, Sanyasin bold!
Say, "Om tat sat, Om!"

The present edition is in a dainty and attractive form. *M. O.*

LODGE DIRECTORY

NOTE: In the Lodge Directory is kept standing (a) the name and address of the Secretary, (b) the address of the Lodge Headquarters, (c) the telephone to be called for information.

AKRON, OHIO: Mrs. M. F. Karper, 146 S. High St. Meets E. Market St. Tel. Peoples 5208.

ALBANY, N. Y.: Miss Anna Emmons, 15 Western Ave. Meets 294 Quail St. Home Phone 685.

ANACONDA, MONT.: Mrs. Winnie Abbott, 318 W. Fourth St.

AUSTIN, TEX.; Austin. Fred H. Smith, 613 Congress St. Meets 908 Congress Ave. Tel. 629 S. W. **Dharma.** Mrs. E. A. Graves, 1401 W. Fifth St.

BALTIMORE, MD.: Mrs. Gracia F. Tongue, 4524 Reistertown Road.

BERKELEY, CAL.: Mrs. W. J. Woods, 1334 Spruce St. Meets Wright Bldg., Corner Shattuck and Center Sts. Tel. 4599.

BOSTON, MASS.; Alpha. Mrs. Bertha Sythes, 167 Huntington Ave. Meets 585 Boylston St. Tel. Oxford 1044. **Besant.** Miss Eudora Morey, 17 Batavia St. Meets 17 Batavia St., Suite 8. **Boston.** Mrs. Bessie W. Jewett, 84 Willowwood St. Meets 585 Boylston St., Room 10. Tel. Dorchester 566-M. **Huntington.** Mrs. Isadore Wing, 201 Kensington Bldg., 687 Boylston St. **Olcott.** Miss Emma Mills, 389 Main St., Brockton, Mass. Meets Chauncey Hall Bldg., Room 10, Copley Square.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Miss T. Van Nostrand, 95 Lafayette Ave. Meets 95 Lafayette Ave. Tel. Prospect 4476.

BUFFALO, N. Y.; J. E. Taylor, 256 Main St. Meets Henkel Bldg., Corner Main and Utica Sts., Room 7. Tel. Crescent 465-L.

BUTTE, MONT.: Mrs. Emily T. Lostin, 225 N. Henry St Meets 119 Owsley Block. Tel. 8790 Independent.

CHICAGO, ILL.: Akbar. Mrs. Clara J. Kochersperger, 7212 Coles Ave. Meets Room 819 Fine Arts Bldg., 410 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. South Chicago 1175 or 1198. **Chicago North Shore.** Mrs. Ida Ferne Robinson, 4423 N. Robey St. Meets 4666 Evanston Ave., Rooms of North Shore School of Music. **German Morning Star.** Dr. Karl Freitag, 19 So. Hoyne Ave. Meets 3403 N. Paulina St. **Sampo.** Gust Jacobson, 2917 5th Ave. Meets at homes of members.

CHICAGO THEOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION (representing the following Chicago lodges): Besant Hall, Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. **Adyar.** Harry A. Alexander, Des Plaines, Ill. Meets Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. Randolph 3364. **Annie Besant.** Mrs. J. C. Myers, 10736 Walnut St., Morgan Park, Ill., Meets Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. Morgan Park 1554. **Central of Chicago.** Miss Inger Adele Wilson, 113 So. Seeley Ave. Meets Lake View Bldg. Tel. Central 5049. **Chicago.** Mrs. Kate G. Hill, 2537 Michigan Ave. Meets Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. Harrison 4476. **White.** Mrs. Julia W. Goodell, Bos. 520 Lafayette, La. **Kenwood.** Mrs. A. A. Rolfe, 4459 Oakenwald Ave. **Leadbeater.** Max R. Schneider, 1607 Lake View Bldg. Meets Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. Harrison 1196.

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CROOKSTON, MINN.; Donald J. McDonald, Box 518.

DANVERS, MASS.: Mrs. Florence I. Robins, 9 Ash St. Meets 58 Water St. Tel. 158-4.

DENVER, COLO.: Denver. Mrs. Ida Blakemore, 1723 Park Ave. **Colorado.** Mrs. Ella W. Fisher, 281 So. Clarkson St.

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DULUTH, MINN.: Gustav F. Lundgren, 230 W. Seventh St.

EVANSTON, ILL.: Mrs. Olive H. Rabe, 6715 Southport Ave., Chicago. Meets 1723 Central St. Tel. Evanston 2272.

FREEPORT, ILL.: Miss Minna Kunz, 680 Stephenson St.

FREMONT, NEB.: Mrs. Mae C. Butt, 609 N. H St. Meets Corner Sixth and Broad Sts. Tel. Bell A-737.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.: Grand Rapids. Miss Alice E. Kunz, 875 Franklin Ave. Meets 321 La Grave St. Tel. Citizens 9464. L. A. Mitchell. **H. P. B** J. B. Howard, 479 Fountain St. Meets 303 Ashton Bldg. Tel. Citizens 5054. J. B. Howard.

GREAT FALLS, MONT.: Mrs. H. S. Benson, Great Falls, Mont.

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HOLYOKE, MASS.: Mrs. Jennie N. Ferris, 1236 Dwight St.

HONOLULU, H. I.: Francis Evans, 1479 Young St.

HOUSTON, TEXAS: Mr. W. L. Underhill, 1220 Baker St. Meets 614½ Fannin St., Rooms Federation of Woman's Clubs. Tel. Hadley 3134 or 2416.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.: Miss Clara Linder, 3126 Washington St. Meets 203 Studio Bldg. Tel. South 945.

LA GRANGE, ILL.: W. P. Fogg, 434 N. Brainard Ave. Meets 200 So. Fifth St. Tel. La Grange 229.

LIMA, OHIO: L. P. Tolby, 864 W. Wayne St.

LINCOLN, NEB.: Lucie S. Blanchard, D. O., 212-214 Fraternity Bldg. Meets Room 28 Burlington Block, Corner 13th and O Sts.

LONG BEACH, CAL.: Miss Mary E. Haines, 33 Mariposa Ave.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.: Los Angeles. C. O. Scudder, 2015 Cambridge St. Meets Blanchard Bldg., 233 So. Broadway. Tel. Home 73443. **Hollywood.** Miss Jetta Clay, Krotona, Hollywood, Cal. Meets Odd Fellows Hall, 6412 Hollywood Blvd. Tel. Home 57134. **Krotona.** Mrs. E. R. Broenniman, Krotona, Hollywood, California. Tel. Home 57134.

LOUISVILLE, KY.: Mrs. Margaret F. Chase, 243 East Walnut St.

MEADVILLE, Pa.: Mrs. Flora F. Walling, 654 Washington St. Meets 751 N. Main St. Tel. 368-X.

MELROSE HIGHLANDS, MASS.: Mrs. Jessie A. Jones, Spring St.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.: H. M. Stillman, 733 Maryland Ave. Meets 559 Jefferson St., Room 2. Tel. Lake 2987-X.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: Alcyone. John Johnson, 2542 29th Ave., So. Meets Maccabee Hall, Public Library Bldg., Corner Franklin and Bloomington Aves. **Minneapolis.** Serena Flattume, 1416 3rd Ave. So. **St. Anthony.** Mrs. Thomas G. Lee, 509 River Road, S. E. **Yggdrasil.** G. Troseth, 3030 Eleventh Ave.

MUSKEGON, MICH.: Muskegon. Mrs. Minnie W. Chase, 658 Lake St. Meets 105 Houston Ave Tel. 166. **Unity.** Mrs. Loretta E. Booth, 57 4th St. Tel. 640.

NEWARK, N. J.: Mrs. L. H. Colvin, 235 Sixth Ave. Meets 102 Halsey St.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.: New Orleans. Miss Muriel Mitchell, 7730 Jeanette St. Meets De Soto Hotel. **Truthseekers.** Mrs. Florence Howard, 3513 St. Charles Ave. Meets 3513 St. Charles Ave.

NEW YORK, N. Y.: Central. John O'Neill, 1947 Broadway. Meets 2228 Broadway (between

79th and 80th Sts.). Tel. Schuyler 9571. **New York.** Miss Agnes S. Stewart, 158 W. 76th St. Meets 2228 Broadway. **Unity.** Mrs. A. G. Porter, 202 W. 103rd St. **Upasika.** Miss Sewona L. Peckham, 507 W. 139th St. Meets 561 W. 157th St. Tel. Audubon 1210.

NORFOLK, VA.: R. H. Pruefer, 136 Cumberland St.

OAKLAND, CAL.: Mrs. Emma Shortledge, 348 Palm Ave. Meets Maple Hall, Cor. 14th and Webster Sts. Tel. Oakland 8120.

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PELHAM, N. Y.: Mrs. Fannie Brook, 328 Sixth Ave. Meets 246 Loring Ave. Tel. 1483; Tel. 2122 W., Mrs. Burnett.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Miss Caryl Annear, 530 N. Natrona St. Meets 1710 Chestnut St., Room 31.

PIERRE, SO. DAKOTA.: Wallace E. Calhoun, 262 Coteau St. Meets 320 Pierre St.

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PORTLAND, ORE.: Mrs. Esther E. Horvey, 639 Alberta St. Meets 403 Eiler's Bldg., Seventh and Alder Sts. Tel. East 1861.

READING, PA.: Howard C. Peirce, 127 Rose St. Meets 522 N. Ninth St. Tel. Consolidated 381-4.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: Frank T. Terryberry, Gregson Ave., Calder's Station.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS: Paul Lass, 403 Prunl Ave. Meets 208 Central Office Bldg. Tel. (o.d) 8130.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.: Annie Besant. Mrs. Tyndall Gray, 819 Spruce St. Meets 1322 Fifth St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: Golden Gate. Mrs. E. J. Eaton, 1472 Golden Gate Ave. Meets 147. Golden Gate Ave. Tel. Sunset 1645. **San Francisco.** Mrs. Dora Rosner, 346 Pacific Bldg. Meets 346 Pacific Bldg.

SAN JOSE, CAL.: William F. Davis, 350 N. Ninth St. Meets Spiritual Temple. Tel. San Jose 5099-R.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.: Mrs. Nellie H. Uhden, 14[illegible] Third St. Meets 145 Third St. Tel. 479-[illegible] Main Lines.

SANTA ROSA, CAL.: Mrs. Lucy M. Zoberbier, 433 Humboldt St.

SEATTLE, WASH.: Mrs. Blanche Sergeant, Fauntleroy Park, Station T. Meets 1426 Fourth Ave. Tel. Main 8232.

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SPOKANE, WASH.: Mrs. Agnes L. Clark, 831 Main Ave. Meets Room 221, Hutton Bldg., Corner Riverside Ave. and Washington St.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: Mrs. E. L. Bragg, 230 Main St., West Springfield. Meets Room 207 Kinsman Bldg., 168 Bridge St. Tel. 1385-11.

SUPERIOR, WIS.: Superior. W. E. Haily, 219 Truax Block. **Superior North Star.** A. L. Williams, 289 W. Tenth St.

SUTERSVILLE, PA.: Newton. J. F. Clark, Smithdale, Pa.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.: Miss Fannie C. Spaulding, 2364 Midland Ave., Onondaga Valley Sta. Meets 205 Gurney Blk., So. Salina St. Tel. 3715-J.

TACOMA WASH.: G. A. Weber, 1529 So. K St. Meets Room 202 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.

TAMPA, FLORIDA: George P. Sullivan, Box 598.

TOLEDO, OHIO: Harmony. Mrs. Gertrude Heller, 424 Rockingham St. Meets 219 Michigan St. Tel. Home 6170. **Toledo.** Mrs. Graziella Curtis, 1127 Horace St. Meets 302 Colton Bldg. Tel. A-6739.

TOPEKA, KANS.: Mrs. Jennie Griffin, 714 Horne St.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: Capital City. Miss Edith C. Gray, Box 314. Meets Room 419-420 Corcoran Bldg. **Washington.** Mrs. U. P. Bradway, "The Germania," Third and B Sts., S. E. Meets "The Germania," Apt. 2. Tel. Lin. 3040.

WEBB CITY, MO.: Miss Ethel Watson, Box 486.

BRITISH AMERICA

EDMONTON, ALTA.: H. T. Bolt, 110 Jasper Ave., W. Meets Labor Hall, Jasper Ave. Tel. 6470, H. T. Bolt.

KELOWNA, B. C.: Sydney H. Old, Box 576.

MONTREAL, QUE.: Miss G. I. Watson, P. O. Box 672. Meets Room 10, No. 16 McGill College Ave. Tel. East 3863, Mr. Fyfe.

REGINA, SASK.: C. A. Grubb, Public Works Dept., Government Bldg.

TORONTO, ONT.: Roy Mitchell, 204 Canadian Foresters' Bldg. Meets Canadian Foresters' Hall.

VANCOUVER, B. C.: Lotus. Miss Jessica Hunt, Box 1224. Meets Room 17, 633 Hastings St., W. Phone Seymour 9424. **Orpheus.** Mr. James, 1173 Davie St. Meets Studio Club, Hastings St. **Vancouver.** Kenneth McKenzie, Room 125, 119 Pender St. W.

VICTORIA, B. C.: C. Hampton, P. O. Box 73. Meets 1203-5 Langley St. Tel. 177.

WINNIPEG, MAN.: President, John McRae.

Number of Lodges, 137; Approximate membership, 4065.

Note:—For the following cities, where no lodges exist, names are given of resident Theosophists.

Amherst, Wisconsin.....Mrs. Annie C. Fleming.
Cortland, New York.....Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Henry, 25 Oswego St.
Farmington, Connecticut.....Mrs. Richard Blakemore.
Fillmore, California.....Mrs. Elizabeth Elkins Rivard.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.....Charles A. Seifert, 117 N. 17th St.
New Westminster, B. C., Canada.....Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Thomas, Cor. Sherbrooke and Richmond Sts.
New Haven, Connecticutt.....J. L. Buttner, M. D., 763 Orange St.
Paducah, Kentucky.....Mr. W. G. McFadden, 605 Broadway.
Red Wing, Minnesota.....Mrs. David R. Jones, 824 Third St.
Scottsbluff, Nebraska.....Dr. Andrew Crawford.
Sioux City, Iowa.....R. S. Owen, Sr., 1140 22nd St.