

# 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.

No person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor any interference with them permitted, but everyone is required, be-fore admission, to promise to show towards his fellow-members the same tolerance in this respect as he claims for himself.

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Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavor to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high and work perseveringly is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

The International Headquarters, offices and managing staff are at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, India. The Headquarters of The American Section of The Theosophical Society are at Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California See the Official Supplement for information as to literature.

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Vol. XIV.

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## IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

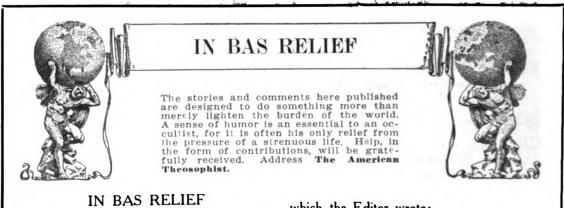


In the September issue there will be a new departure, and one of much The American Theosophist is able to present Marguerite Pollard's interest. poem, There Are No Dead, in finished musical form composed by Professor Frank Le Fevre Reed of the Pennsylvania College of Music.

New things are appearing in medical science, and, in accord with its policy of keeping ahead of the times, The American Theosophist is able to present the responsible opinions of physicians upon these new things, as well as upon some not so new. At the same time, in the September issue, Otto Carque publishes his expert conclusions under the title of "Diet in Relation to Health and Efficiency."

Alan Leo writes of "The Wisdom of the Stars;" Irving S. Cooper tells of the "Sources of Theosophic Knowledge;" Darye Hope, in his most fluent style and charming ease, carries us "On the Trail of the Celt."

This paragraph is reserved to welcome to the pages of The American Theosophisi the able editor of The O. E. L. Critic, Dr. H. N. Stokes, whose contribution to the September issue is called "Moses and the Prophets." It will assist us all to lead ourselves out of the wilderness of threatening Theosophical orthodoxy.



The conversation had been turning about the old free-will-and-destiny trouble, with honors almost evenly divided between the Free-Will camp, headed by the Reporter, and the Destiny adherents, headed by the Traveler. Of course both parties were right in part (both parties are always somewhat in the right -that is what party means), and the upshot of the evening of discussion was a most friendly agreement by all to the fact that man was part of an equation something like this one

which the Editor wrote:

God is to man as man is to animal. This proposition was met with such approval by all present that the Reporter offered to wind up the evening with an illustration from his great store of stories (that is what store means), a tale which would show how important is the seemingly unimportant, how far from trivial the small, and how nature and man are, as Wordsworth truly said, "divinely fitted" by a great Joiner. So he told us (Continued on page 3, Advertising Section)

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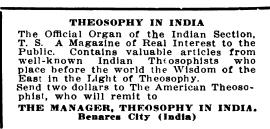
The house faced the road squarely, and was restrained from marching out into the highway by a flagged walk running in from the closed gate; but the flags had buckled in two or three places in performing their important duty. Upon the porch of the house, reclining weakly in an old and infirm chair, was an invalid very weak in body albeit strong in spirit,

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as his eyes showed. He sat in the shade, for the sun was hot upon road and field. From behind came the rattle of dishes and occasional complaining voice of the woman who washed them, to whose shrill and staccato tones was added a more vigorous clatter of tin and china and the creaking of a screen door. Presently around the corner of the house trotted a cat. The animal rubbed itself against the thin legs of the invalid, stretched and (Continued on page 5, Advertising Section)



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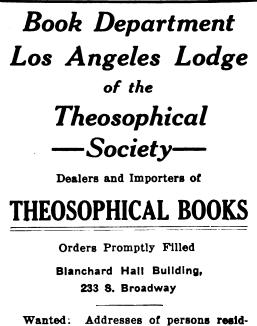
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yawned prodigiously, then lay down in the sunlit corner of the porch, stretching its legs, finally, like clothes-pins and settling its head with careful judgment.

The scolding voice grew louder until the owner stood behind the screen door and directed her remarks toward the invalid, wiping meanwhile at a pot held against her hip.

"John," the voice continued, "how often have I got to say that you must get rid of that worthless cat?" and it querulously flowed on while the owner re-The invalid neither moved nor treated. answered.

Following evidently the trail of the cat, there appeared at the corner of the house a fat child dragging a crooked stick. The bright eyes of the invalid followed the figure as it rambled toward the gate, followed indeed so intently that into his consciousness came no hint of a subdued sound from beyond a willow-bordered curve in the road, a sound of an approaching vehicle. The child pulled open the gate and toddled into the road, where (Continued on page 6 Advertising Section)



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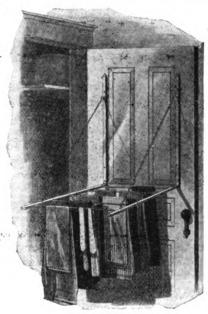
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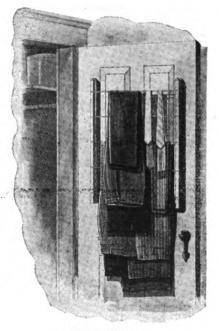
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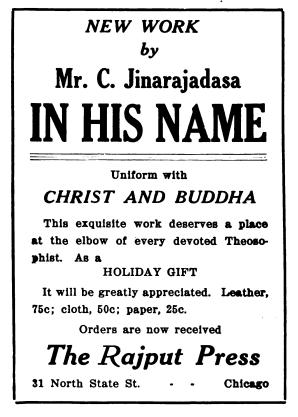
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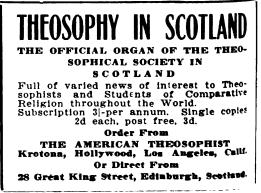
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XIII

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### **REASONABLENESS OF BROTHERHOOD**



F consciousness is life manifest in form, and if all life is one, then all manifested consciousness is fundamentally one. Therefore, there is but one consciousness in operation and all separate manifestations of it are only fragmentary parts of the whole. Let us call that one

consciousness the Total or Central Consciousness. Mark that—the Total Consciousness—the Central Consciousness wherein every form of consciousness is finally summed up. Then, by the hypothesis, when you or I think or feel or act, such would be registered in the Central Consciousness. At this central point there would be thus registered every shade of vibration that occurred in the field of which it is the centre, embracing items of consciousness of enormous variety. Stored therein would be the fruits of the sum total of experience of life in all forms for all time. As the race grew by experience, this central content of its wisdom would correspondingly expand.

Now if every unit of consciousness contributes to the upbuilding of that central reservoir of experience, and therefore is essentially linked therewith, why may not every individual have the power within him to connect up consciously with this central store-house of con-

sciousness and share in its totals of wisdom and experience? Why in this way may not the experience of the entire mass of life be at the disposal of every individual who can thus make the conscious link? If this be true, then every man, no matter what he does, is acting unconsciously or otherwise for or against the whole, and in working for the whole he is only increasing the general resources upon which he himself may draw. Again, if every man can draw upon the Central Consciousness, why may it not be true that when he reaches his highest state of development he will be able to associate his consciousness with the Central Consciousness continually and in that way become consciously one with all-not blotting out his own individual centre, but expanding it so as to embrace all other individual units? The perfected human atom, as it were, would have learned thus to vibrate from the finest point to the remotest circumference, being at once both unit and all-perhaps the culmination of immediate evolution.

In such apparent scheme of evolution all men appear as integral parts of a single Life—of a vast, organized Central Consciousness which in turn should be considered as a larger unit in a still vaster organism—the One Universal Source of All-Consciousness whom some call God, others Parabrahm, others Allah, still others the Absolute, etc.

Believing in some such scheme as reasonable and therefore possibly a profound fact in Cosmos, what a convincing truth does Brotherhood become and how eagerly does one long to see its principles fulfilled of all men!



### PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY



HE LAW OF KARMA which insures to every man the precise results of his actions is a wonderful medium of justice. Through the operation of this law every man is the result of what he has made himself. No one else is to be blamed or praised. All that he calls life, his pleas-

ures, his sorrows—all, he has himself caused.

The knowledge of this brings a deep sense of personal responsibility. The man with the adult soul feels his responsibility in life, no matter whether he knows of the karmic law or not. But the child soul, knowing nothing of the law and guided only by his personal desires, goes recklessly through life, committing all kinds of actions with the carelessness and abandon of the child nature. Man, in his highest development, cognizant of the law of karma and bent with determination upon utilizing this law as fully as possible, recognizes at once the responsibility that rests upon him to perform only those actions which will affect society in some beneficial manner. He refrains from all deeds that would result in injury to others and therefore in the piling up of trouble for himself, for he realizes that the chickens of his actions always come home to roost, whether they be good or ill; if good, he enjoys their fruit; if evil, he only meets with suffering.

Thus nothing may injure us except ourselves; nothing lift us but our own efforts. Man is an infinite potential force, a law unto himself. By utilizing the knowledge of karma he can in time become superman, but many incarnations are required to insure the experience necessary to such growth, just as many have already passed in developing him to the stage where he now stands. Necessary it is to know the law, for then the law shall make us free.



### DISCRIMINATION



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**HE** man who is a success in life knows how truly his success has been made possible by discrimination. The ability to judge between the useful and the useless, the stable and the transient, the permanent and the impermanent in a word, the discrimination between the real and the

unreal in any matter-is the first essential toward success. Behind a well-developed quality of this nature lies a long and varied series of experiences including both the present and past incarnations. Discrimination is neither inherited nor obtained as a gift from God; it is the result of endeavor fraught with painful experience. But when once acquired, when the faculty becomes a possession of the permanent consciousness, then it is of use all through the nature of the man and is displayed by him in all his actions from the physical up to the highest spiritual levels.

Recently a friend, occupying a prominent connection with large "If I knew where to turn to find an able exaffairs. said to me: ecutive for some of the large interests with which I am connected, it would mean a salary of \$25,000 a year to such a person." I asked, "What qualities do you look for?" and he answered, "Judgment, the rarest of all qualities."

All life is continuous; out of the darkness comes the light; from materiality develops spirituality. This same quality which is so necessary in the business world is found to be a requirement at the very gate-way leading to the highest spiritual life. On the first step of that Probationary Path which leads to the Path of the Superman, we find written the word Discrimination.

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### THE INSPIRATION OF THEOSOPHY



HERE is a great, living truth that vivifies Theosophythe existence of the Masters of the Wisdom. Through that truth Theosophy inspires large numbers of people today and makes life worth living by filling it with a larger hope. So long as the struggle seems for nothing but the

comforts of eating, sleeping, and the same old routine of pleasures of one sort or another, the prospect is not very inspiring. To live for this and then die and go to some immaterial locality possessing the characteristics of material life, where presumably the same round of experience is eternally gone through, has not proved a very serious attraction to the intellect. But when a scheme is seen showing that all life is one; that it animates form after form, from the simplest to the highest; that it is endless and deathless; that it manifests in a constantly expanding field of consciousness, incarnating into form after form for the experience that brings growth up to the very highest peak of human perfection—that is inspiring. By that hypothesis all who are weak and ignorant will some day be strong and wise and only time, through many incarnations, is necessary to bring about the cessation of evil and the triumph of good.

The Masters represent the next grade of evolution above the human; They Themselves came up through that stage; They attained to human perfection and so passed on to Their present lofty station. They now are the guardians, the protectors, the teachers of the races and Their state of consciousness is that of constant bliss.

The great hope for us lies in the fact that what They have done we are promised we also can do, and it is a question of time and the amount of strenuous endeavor that we are willing to put forth as to how soon we, through quickly succeeding incarnations and specially strenuous circumstances, may be able also to expand by growth into the higher grade. This consummation is ultimately a practical possibility for all the human race, but will only be grasped by the few within measurable time. Those who have realized with deep conviction the scheme of evolutionary progress feel intensely the reality of the Masters and Their practical helpfulness in the affairs of life. There are a few of the race who have come into close personal touch with Them, and thereafter their lives have been illumined and their hands filled with consecrated human duties and people have risen to call them blessed.

To form a personal relationship with one of these Great Ones through devotion to human service is the greatest event that can transpire in any human life, and leads on to a spiritual career filled with power, wisdom and joy.

### **TREASURE HUNTING IN EGYPT**

#### **Results of Discovery at Abydos**

### By Marie N. Buckman, Secretary for the United States

This report is sent from, and published by permission of, the National Headquarters of the Egypt Exploration Fund.



GOLD STATUETTE OF HERSHEF 700 B. C. Now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

**T**HO has not at some time quoted the familiar axiom "History repeats itself?" And where has it proved more emphatically true than at Abydos, the cradle of the Egyptian race, the homestead of the nation? Through the sunlight and shadow of long periods of development and of obscurity runs the amazing story of human achievement. The record begins far away in predynastic times, five thousand years before Christ, and continues in unbroken sequence through the treasures of the royal tombs of the first and second dynasties, town life and temple building to the end of the sixth dynasty, about 3322 B. C. Then occurs a break. Nothing is heard of Abydos during the obscure period of the seventh to the tenth dynasties; but in the eleventh dynasty, 2778 B. C., we find the kings again carrying on extensive building operations here and an ever lengthening chain in events till the long darkness of the Hykses invasion draws closer its impenetrable veil.

With the casting off of the foreign yoke and the gathering strength in the mighty eighteenth dynasty to meet and to overcome the adjacent Syrian countries Egypt first tasted the sweets of power abroad, the riches of conquest, in which Abydos shared.

The ruined temples were repaired and offerings so costly were bestowed that their description reads like an Oriental legend. Thothmes I. ordered for Osiris a barque of cedar, the bow and stern to be

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made of electrum, and a second barque to be decorated with gold, silver, black copper, lapis lazuli and other precious stones. These were rivaled in excellence only by the statutes that he erected, with all their standards also of electrum; he further presented the temple with offering-tables, sistrums, necklaces, censers and votive vases. In the reign of Thothmes III. we read of Prince Antef of this province who controlled the entire oasis region of the western desert and delighted to pour its wealth upon the altar of the great god. At this period within the enclosed walls of the ancient city of Thinis we



WORK IN PROGRESS AT ABYDOS

may picture these temples rising amidst the houses, their altars blazing with gold and their halls ringing with the musical tinkling of the sistrums and the voices of the priests in their chants to Osiris.

Not, however, till the rise and passing of the brief Utopian dream of Khuenaten that threatened to wreck the national independence did Abydos truly arise from centuries of neglect to the foremost place it then maintained as the great sacred centre of special religious ceremonies till Ptolemaic times. To this long period's splendor, from 1375 to 525 B. C., belongs the temple of Seti at Abydos, of such delicate beauty and interest that still, after more than three thousand years, modern pilgrims from beyond the seas pay homage within its hypostyle halls and chapels. Here as of old glow the barques and standards upon the walls of the shrines of the gods. Here Seti sits enthroned in deathless sculpture, still directing the gaze of the prince, destined to be the Pharaoh of the Oppression but now simply the young Rameses, to the tablet of the seventy-six sons of the sun, his kingly ancestors. The recovery of this temple, which

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may be called the finest in Egypt, is due to the genius of that pioneerprince of archeology, M. Mariette. When his commission to dig was officially granted by the French government, with characteristic energy he started excavations at thirty-seven different sites at once! At Abydos a dreary waste of many mounds confronted him, for he faced nature's stronghold, the first seat of the powerful chieftains of Thinis, the earliest city and capital in Egypt, with its sequacious

ruins. But he chose to begin operations a mile to the south-east of Thinis at our present site, Abydos, attracted by the extent of the gray mounds and perhaps by the name of the village El Arabat el-M a d f u neh, literally Arabat "the buried," partially built over the largest mound.

Before he went to Egypt, Abydos was unknown. Mariette excavated Seti's temple just fifty years ago. The forecourt he left untouched, for the village houses clustered thickly there, with many a sculptured block built into the mud walls, and the village was



PREDYNASTIC BURIAL VASES IN POSITION

too large and prosperous to disturb. From that time till this, winter visitors have threaded a winding way past these mud-walled and sculptured houses of El Arabat, with now and then a granite column to be seen in the native's palm garden or a broken sarcophagus by a dried-up well.

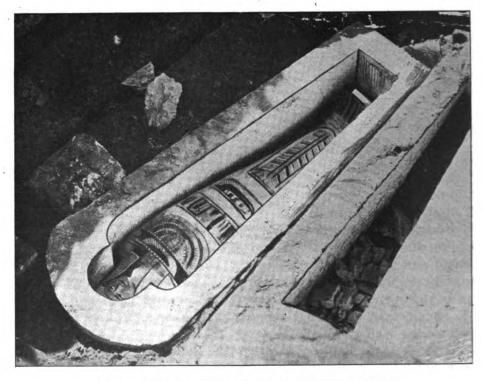
Just as at Deir el-Bahari, Mariette's operations left an enormous heap of refuse forty-five feet in depth dumped on the middle platform, the "birth terrace," as his legacy to the Fund, so at Abydos his zeal in clearing the temple of Seti led him to pile the debris from his excavation within the temenos at the rear of the temple, thus burying the Osireion still more deeply under tons of rubbish to the depth of forty feet—a second burdensome legacy to the Fund! Much of this heap has been removed by means of the double line of light railway loaned the Fund by the Department of Antiquities.

Again the cycle necessary for an Egyptian resurrection being

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fulfilled, Abydos in every direction is literally throwing off its cerements of sand. Under the scientific attack of the pick and basket brigade a host of witnesses—not only those sculptured upon temple walls but the veritable occupants—appear from grave and tomb to break the silence of another two thousand years.

This is the story that they tell. Abydos is a vast necropolis where Egyptians liked to be buried or to have memorial tombs, from the earliest to the latest times. In the great mixed cemetery to the south lie graves of the well-known neolithic type where the crouched body, surrounded by its pottery jars, a few slate pallettes and perhaps a handful of beads, proclaims its occupant of the predynastic era. Although these burials are moderately close to one another, so desirable was the sacred privilege of resting here regarded that many shaft graves of the sixth dynasty and later crowd over the same era, their brick walls alone separating the dwellers in "their eternal



PTOLEMAIC MUMMY IN STONE COFFIN AS FOUND

abodes" who in life were divided by many centuries. To add to the confusion, above them both frequently occur the vaulted brick tombs of the thirtieth dynasty, 330 B. C. While in the north cemetery, as revealed by this season's digging, suddenly appears a rich carton-nage gleaming with gold and enameled with the blue of the Ptole-maic period.

Illustrating these many epochs disclosed by the spade, so varied

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a harvest in pottery has been collected and catalogued that the very alphabet of archeology is recovered. We see the predynastic vessels earlier than 5,000 B. C. made without the help of the potter's wheel gradually giving way before fine stone-ware patiently wrought by chipping, boring, and polishing with flints and grinding pebbles, and later more easily fashioned with copper implements. Later still we see the abandonment of the stone vases for the rapidly made wheel pottery of endless form and variety. Always the new art supersedes and drives out the old until Abydos becomes a school in the arts and crafts of its ancient progress.

From the royal tombs come choicer objects. There crystal fragments of a bowl engraved with delicate tools, dolomite toilet jars with gold covers, amulets cut from amethyst, a king's sard and gold sceptre and, rarest of all, the superb jewelry of the Queen of Zerall embellish the marvelous tale of Abydos as embroidery the hem of a sovereign's robe. Interspersed with these objects from the graves and tombs are the instructive objects found in the town. These show that in predynastic time a high state of civilization had been attained. An ivory statuette of a king of this period found here is executed with a degree of skill never surpassed in Egypt; the shrewd expression of the face and the pattern of his quilted robe impresses his age and personality strongly upon the observer's attention. Here in the fourth dynasty at the temple of Osiris King Khufu left in offering an ivory statuette of himself, the first portrait that has ever come to light of the builder of the Great Pyramid. To have found such remains, to have recovered and published in order the history of the early kings, to have shown what the arts and skill of the Egyptians were in those primal days and to have uncovered the successive temples of four thousand years is the greatest prize ever gained in the history of man and has made Abydos the most interesting place in the world today.

Beautiful in situation is Abydos. Its geographical position, too, is interesting on account of modern problems in the regeneration of Egypt in reclaiming hundreds of desert acres to agriculture.

The twenty-sixth parallel of latitude marks its place three hundred fifty miles south of Cairo, two hundred thirty-three miles north of the great Aswan barrage. It lies some six or seven miles from the river, and the cultivated land sweeps to the very edge of the desert plateau where the cool, shady palms almost encroach upon the area of the now destroyed temple of Osiris and hanging gardens of vegetation cover the slope to the sandy plain. From this line of demarcation the desert gradually widens from a mere strip to a bay four miles across, sheltered by the cliffs which rise abruptly to a height of eight hundred feet. This bay is nowhere more than a couple of miles from the cultivated ground. Along its edges stand

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ENTRANCE TO SLOPING PASSAGE OF OSIREION LEFT CORNER

the temples at the present our chief care. By the silting up of the Nile bed the sandy edge of the temple district has been encroached upon by Nile deposits until it is now about twenty feet below the high Nile level. Hence the infiltration of the soil has been so considerable that the method necessary to clear the ancient temple of Osiris also destroyed it. "There were more than a dozen different levels of building," reads Professor Petrie's report, "all the lower ones only of mud brick; the whole of the lower levels were under the high Nile and certain to be a mud swamp so soon as the Nile rose next sumsummer. To treat such a place like the Forum would have involved enor-

mous substructure, layer under layer, and a wide drying area for hundreds of yards around at a cost of certainly five figures. No one would be likely to give a hundredth part of the cost to attain that end. If any part were left without clearing to the bottom, the next high Nile would make entire pudding of it. All that could be done whenever it was begun was to dig it dry in as dry a season as possible, when the water was at its lowest, to clear it entirely to water level, and to make plans, leveling and recording every wall and every detail, removing everything that stood in the way of going lower. Henceforward that temple site, instead of existing in unseen layers of solid earth, exists only on paper." As this temple lay a mile farther north and west than the temple of Seti, with which the Osireion connects, it does not require much foresight to predict the fate of the latter if its excavation be too long delayed. With the completion of the great dam at Aswan there will be no barren years caused by extreme low Nile.

The importance, at this site, of the Osireion lies in the fact that

it is unique; in the whole course of Egyptian history no other such structure is known. It is a subterranean temple intended for the performance of the mysteries of Osiris, here identified in the underworld with the king and builder of the edifice, Merenptah, Pharaoh of the Exodus. The Osireion lies forty feet below the surface. Trial shafts show its length to be certainly two hundred feet. In the search for roofing stones, the sloping passage was found to lead to the rear wall of the temple of Seti. Chambers and halls were found to exist. A line drawn through the axis of the temple of Seti to the royal tombs passes through the sloping passage and across the centre of the great hall, thus showing that both were dedicated to the same Naturally, the secret entrance to Merenptah's underworship. ground temple should be sought within the great Abydos temple which the piety of Seti led him to erect in memory of the ancient kings.

Early in the reign of Rameses I., father of Seti I. and the first king of the nineteenth dynasty, there occurred the discovery of the sepulchres known to us as the Royal Tombs, located on the spur of the hills beyond the village of El Arabat. Among these tombs the Egyptians of this period believed they had identified the tomb of Osiris, which we now know to be the tomb of Zer, second king of the first dynasty. In this brilliant nineteenth dynasty the worship of Osiris was wide-spread throughout the Delta and upper Egypt, and the supremely sacred character of Abydos, where tradition had located the buried head of the god, was securely settled by the reputed finding of his tomb. A wave of religious zeal set in to clear the necropolis, restore and adorn the ancient tomb, build temples and establish elaborate ceremonies. Seti I. dedicated his temple to the divine ancestors. Merenptah consecrated the adjoining underground temple to the divine Judge of the dead; it symbolized the entrance and safe passage through the gates of the under-world to the realm of Osiris.

The centre of interest just now is at the site of the temple of Seti, 1313 B. C. Work is now going on under M. Naville's direction in the ruined rear portion of Seti's temple to discover the Osireion's secret entrance. The fallen blocks and those displaced must then be restored. But to repair the entire temple is a governmental undertaking and one so important that the village houses in the forecourt have been purchased and are now being demolished by the Department of Antiquities. The north pylon, too, will be reconstructed as far as the recovered blocks will admit, when the temple will again face the open plain. Unlike all other Egyptian temples, Seti's temple has a wing on the east side where were kept the sacred barques and standards used in the processional during the Osirian

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miracle play. This unsymmetrical annex has ever been a puzzle to architects. But the excavations at the Osireion behind the temple have disclosed the buildings evidently referred to by Strabo, who states that they led down to a spring which, rising here in the sand, discharged itself into a small channel and so joined the Nile. The reason, then, for the turning aside of the back rooms is surely obvious; the builders found that they were approaching moist, unstable sand upon which the foundations could never rest secure.

Believing that we stand at the threshold of enlightenment upon many obscure points, the Egypt Exploration Fund established a permanent camp at Abydos some years ago for the thorough investigation of this great centre of civilization. In the desert at Abydos the Fund has commodious quarters, two houses accommodating the Director, M. Naville, and his assistants. Consequently, the camp is well supplied with convenient premises not only for the staff but for



CULTIVATED LAND, EDGE OF DESERT

housing securely all the antiquities which may be unearthed. In his address before the twenty-seventh annual meeting in London, M. Naville stated what the above results confirm as a just appraisal of the situation.

"In settling at Abydos, at a place where we shall have to remain for several years, we made no new departure, we do not act differently from what we have done at Deir el-Bahari. We initiate no new methods, we are following the principle which has now been adopted in Egypt by all really scientific explorers. Scientific excavators do not change every year their sites. They settle in one place and do not leave it before they know what there was in antiquity at the spot where they are working. They do not dig merely for filling museums or making private collections; they do not declare a site to be worthless because they have nothing to carry away from it. The clearing may solve important historical or artistic questions."

The Egypt Exploration Fund was the first to adopt this method of work, that of clearing old monuments, of showing to the world what they were. It is on this principle that we cleared the two temples at Deir el-Bahari, the magnificent eighteenth dynasty temple of Queen Hatshepsu and its ancient model, the eleventh dynasty temple, antedating that of the Queen by five hundred years. Antiquities, however, do result, and their value is greatly increased by the fulness of knowledge attained by thorough and exhaustive research.

Among the agencies engaged in recovering Egypt, the Egypt Exploration Fund stands conspicuous. It is international, and is the senior society for England and the United States working in

Egypt since 1883. Headed by no less a world figure than the Earl of Cromer and three vice-presidents in England, three vice-presidents also in the United States, a full Committee, and a host of honorary secretaries, with a staff of nine officers in charge of explorations, this association has won the respect of governments and scholars.

It is the rare privilege of every member of this society to rank as partners in the unearthing of these treasures of historical truth, especially as when in the present season we look to solve an Egyptian problem in engineering and architecture and to gain further commentary on the religious beliefs of a vanished race so pre-eminently associated with our Scriptures.

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ALEXO Bir Lebuk Medinet-el-Fayum Ain Ra Hada II b.Card Minich Melawi Jergo Manfalut el-W Far fra Sherki Jeb: Abu-Bomat n Meh Oasis of Dakhel 1 sta Mho Taohin Oasis of Kharga Berts --+-Halfah Kassaba Abutingilu El Shebburg Abu Simbar Aug 8, 1890

MODERN EGYPT

### **GHOSTS OF THE CENTURIES**

By Camden M. Cobern

Honorary Secretary of the Egypt Exploration Fund and Member of the Staff in Egypt, 1913.

SAT in the night in the Land of Death.



The tomb of Den was in front of me, with the ancient staircase dimly outlined down which walked the grim procession over five thousand years ago when the body of this great king of the First Dynasty was carried into his funeral chamber, gate of the Under-world. Close beside this open tomb was the ruined and now completely buried tomb of Zer,

honored for milleniums as the site of the Tomb of Osiris himself. The sand of the Sahara was all about me and all was silence except the occasional wail of a jackal from the desert *gebel*.

Suddenly I heard a chant that sounded like the death-knell of a world, but with a note of heavenly hope in it, as if something were left even though the earth were gone, and I saw passing over the sands a strange procession of priests in leopard skins and brave warriors with bright weapons and kings with stately retinues, all joining in the solemn chant for the dead.

Then I must have slept a little, but was waked by a glad shout and burst of joyous music and a Festival of Lights; and as I looked I saw a face beautiful as a son of the morning, a calm, sweet, reticent face, divinely pure, and I knew it was the countenance of the Good Being, the "Ruler of Eternity," and I did not wonder at the adoration of the multitude.

Then I must have slept again, and when I awoke there was nothing but wilderness and ghastly sand and empty stretches of ruins, covered with human bones and potsherds and broken mummies from rifled tombs and the stern *gebel* jutting up above me. As I looked a voice said:

"Hail to thee, Gebel of Arabia across the Wady, Mesakum bilkheir. Art thou asleep yet?" And a voice answered:

"Hail to thee, Gebel of Libya! Allah yimessikum bil-kheir. I

have just waked from a little nap, but things do not look natural to me. Where are the shadows of the temples, and why do I not hear the chants and the music, and where is the smell of the incense? Do you know what has happened?"

"Yes, I will tell you. Last night the Great Alexander was here and Osiris was alive and the world was glad in his renewed life, and he was God of the whole world; but while we have slept Set has conquered again and the ground stinks like a sepulchre now."

"Yes, neighbor, I hear you and agree with all except your praise of that upstart of an hour who dared in the Land of the Pharaohs to call himself 'the Great.' Great, indeed! He lost his crown almost before it was settled upon his head, and what did he add to the beauty and glory of Abydos? Nothing."

"Thou may'st be right, Bauwab of the West, for I too can re-

member the events of greater days than his. There was Rameses the Great, and his father who was greater than he. I was very old when they came, but it made me feel young to see how those two men could build mountains and, with the help of Osiris, defy death itself. It has been a month of earthly centuries since they were here, yet thou canst still see the giant shadow of their temple in the moonlight.'

"Yes, Habib, I see it. It is all that is left of ancient glory. But I remember earlier and greater temples built by greater men. You too knew Khufu and Mena when, day before yesterday, they



HYPOSTYLE HALL OF SETI'S TEMPLE

came in here and changed the whole face of this earth so that it has.

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never looked the same to us since. Those were men worthy to be in league with the stones of the hills and to call themselves 'Sons of the Sun.'"

"True, my brother, Guardian of the Land of Death, it is all true; yet do not forget that those kings also had predecessors great as



KHUFU, THE BUILDER OF THE GREAT PYRAMID, 3908 B. C.

themselves. To my mind those earlier simpler folk were as great, though they built neither house nor temple. Do you remember the first day they found magic Name and the seized the life-spark of the sun and could create sunlight and sun-heat at will? They rightly called themselves 'Sons of the Sun' ever afterwards. Do you remember, O wise Hakim? But these creatures of a moment; these children who never grow up, what do they do in this Land of Greatness? They come only to look and wonder and destroy. Mashallah! Wail, O world, for the Great Bear has conquered again and a bad fate has befallen the land!"

But even as the words were spoken, I saw the

star of Osiris blaze into new beauty and a whisper fell from the Pleiades: "Fear not, O mountains, and rejoice, ye stars of heaven. Osiris has indeed died; but after death cometh a resurrection!"

Abydos, Egypt, February, 1913.



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# WANING OF THE LIGHT OF MEROE

By Edgar Lucien Larkin

Director of Lowe Observatory, California.

I am all that has been, that shall be, and none among mortals has hitherto taken off my veil.

Inscription on Egyptian statues of the goddess Isis.

Thou art come to me rejoicing at viewing my beauty, O, my son! I shine on account of thy love for me, and my heart expandeth at thy visit to my beautiful temple.

Inscription on the walls of the Temple of Karnak.



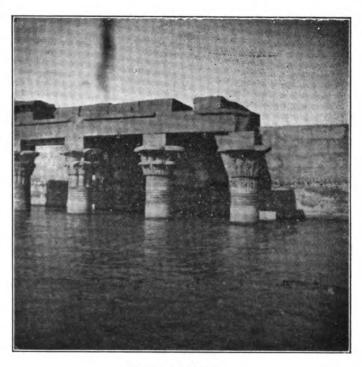
**B**ETWEEN the paws of the Sphinx there is an inscription on the stone which tells how it came to pass that Pharaoh, Thothmes IV., in the year 1400 B. C., cleared away the sand that had submerged that gigantic image. Thothmes, so it states, had been hunting in the adjacent desert and, becoming weary, in the

heat of the day had fallen asleep in the shadow of the Sphinx, whereupon a Voice, speaking as a father to his son, said: "Verily, I see thee, I behold thee, my son Thothmes I am thy father, Harmachis-Khepera-Atum, who will give thee to reign. The sand of the desert approaches me and I am sunken in it; hasten, cause that which is in my mind [i. e., clearing the sand away from the image of the god], knowing that thou art my son, my protector."

Here is recorded in letters of stone the basic fact of a voice speaking to a man, in this case, a reigning Pharaoh of Egypt. The hearing of voices from external and unseen personages is a very important and even central idea in remote and prehistoric literary remains of vanished races, of esoteric schools and ancient mysteries. It is a central fact in man's oldest religions.

#### SITUATION OF MEROE

Merce was the capital of the most remarkable nation on the soil of the African continent, that prehistoric nation always dimly seen in the background of all historic writings, inscriptions and literature, the Mother of Egypt, mighty Ethiopia. Of its location, Agatharchides, an ancient geographer and historian, says: "The river Astaboras, which flows through Ethiopia, unites its stream with the greater Nile and therefore forms the island of Meroe by flowing around it." Strabo wrote: "The Nile receives two great rivers which run from the east out of some lakes and encompass the great island of Meroe.



TEMPLE OF ISIS

One is called Astaboras. which flows on the eastern side: the other, Astapus. Seven hundred stadia above the junction of the Nile and the Astaboras is the city of Meroe, bearing the same name as the island."

Bruce, the explorer, traversed the site in 1834 and Burkhardt also visited the remnants of its ancient glory; later, Calliaud surveyed it, but

this fascinating locality, where the very soil and stones have witnessed great human events, really remained unexplored until E. W. Budge made excavations to the limit of his means in 1902-1905.

Deep beneath the surface he discovered ruins of ancient temples, and published a book: Egyptian Sudan and its Monuments, London, 1907. He disinterred the ruins of a palace and of sacred temples and holy shrines. The interior walls of these were inscribed with texts from the world's most ancient bible, The Egyptian Book of the dead. (The fact is, it is older than Egypt. It is the Meriotic or Ethiopian Book of the Dead.)

When war ends and the science of archæology really becomes endowed and cherished, then the world will be astonished with revelations from subterranean Ethiopia, from deeply-submerged Meroe; and what is now Nubia is destined to reveal limitless archæological wonders on the advent of long-sought peace and reversion of the human mind to study and research.

The latitude of Meroe has been found to be 17 degrees north, and the longitude 5 degrees 30 minutes east of Greenwich. To modern students of ancient configurations of the constellations this latitude is highly important, for it is the nearest approach to the equator of any great city having carefully orientated temples.

### A MOST IMPRESSIVE SCENE OF THE NIGHT

Three men of solemn mien and refined dignity were slowly walking in a labyrinthine passage or subterranean corridor beneath a colossal temple in that most noted city of all antiquity, Meroe. They walked silently along the avenue between granite bases of columns and huge temple walls; the very air of mystery held them in some state of mental unrest. They ascended a stairway and came to a door, a slab of stone on hinges. This the leader turned; the trio entered and found themselves in the rear room of a great temple, magnificent and beautiful, whose pillars wrought in precious marbles were adorned with gems, the offerings of the faithful during many centuries. They paused before the open door. Some overpowering thought wrought upon their minds and all were sorrowing. Finally, the one that had opened the portal thus spoke:

"Thou Son of the Nile and Hierophant of Thoth, wilt thou do me the honor of being the first to pass within?"

And to the other he said: "Son of Osiris and Hierophant of Thebes, wilt thou enter the Holy of Holies?"

They entered and then followed the leader, who was Grand Hierophant of the Temple of Sirius at Meroe. The room in which they were now standing was an exact cube and was of the rarest marble. It was empty, but a plate of polished onyx was in the centre of the rear wall half-way between floor and ceiling and between either side. After a period of profound silence, of rapid and intense minutes passed in deep meditation, the good Hierophant of Sirius, Unatari, spoke, saying:

"Priest of Thoth, wilt thou behold the motion of the ray?"

The aged priest of Thoth, with eyes now growing dim, advanced to the rear wall, strained his vision and looked intently at a point upon some cross-lines where was a moving spot of dim light glowing in the total darkness of the room. The hierophant looked long and earnestly, then turned away in an agony of despair too intense for expression in words.

"My worthy brother Meri, wilt thou behold the lines?" then asked Unatari.

"Most worshipful Grand Master of this Temple of Meroe, may thy will be mine!" replied the august Meri and, advancing, fixed his eyes upon the lines and beheld, with emotions of awe and foreboding, the movement of the tiny spot of light on the highly polished surface. He looked long and stood as if petrified by some all-powerful thought. Then the hierophant Unatari went to the place, looked at the slowly shifting light and stepped away in silence. He had done this annually for twenty years. At last the oppressive stillness was broken by Unatari thus:

"What sayest thou, my worthy brother, Grand High Priest of Thoth?"

The hierophant replied: "Most Worshipful Master of this Temple, the ray has moved toward the south."

"What is thy mind, my brother Meri?" said Unatari.

"Grand Hierophant of Ethiopia, I am distressed; the spot of light is moving toward the southern horizon."

Then Unatari: "You have confirmed my discovery made within two years after my accession to the Mastership. In mental unrest during these twenty years, I have kept this awful secret to myself. To relieve my tribulation and to have you share this knowledge with me, I invited you both to come into this most sacred room, the Holy of Holies, the central shrine of the nation, at this hour of night.

### A CALLED MEETING

In a silence almost oppressive two boats glided over the still waters of Lake Mareotis, west of the Nile, and at the hour of two in the morning came to shore at the southern base of a pyramid. Four venerable men disembarked and were there met by the three hierophants with tokens of honor and esteem. These three led the way into an avenue that descended beneath the pyramid and ran along the way toward the north. Winding corridors and sinuous pathways were traversed. Many gates were opened and then closed behind them as they advanced. Passwords, secret signs and tokens given by the leader served to warn the guards. Stairways were descended and the four visitors were aware that they must be in subterranean chambers far below the level of the water in the lake, and all ways of knowing the true directions from the entrance were obscured by the erratic and devious passages encountered.

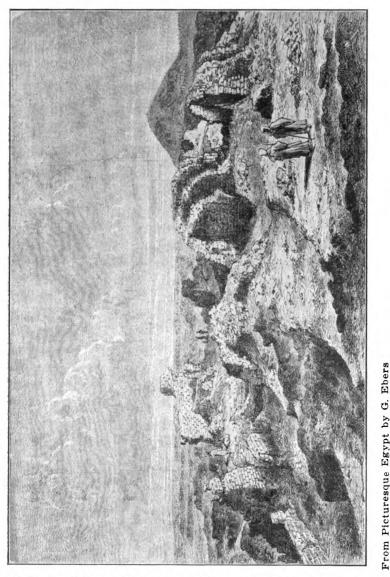
The four Masters of Temples were expected; they had been sent for by mental force—telepathy, we now call it. One of these was from the Temple of the Pyramid and Sphinx, one from Sais, one from Memphis, and the other from the splendid shrine of Abydos. The priests of the Labyrinth had summoned them in dire distress and all were aware of the gravity of the occasion and of the unusual summons.

After an hour passed in serious conversation and resting, they all entered the Hall of Rites, performed several ceremonies of night

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work, closed the lodge in due and ancient form and prepared to ascend to the upper temple.

The seven men were in the most remarkable temple ever reared by human hands—remarkable in its way, as the Pyramid of Thothmes, now known as the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. This building by



the mystic Lake Mareotis was the famous Egyptian Labyrinth. Herodotus gives the most fascinating account of its centuries of magnificence. Always on the date of full moon nearest the spring equinox the Labyrinth was a scene of animation. Once in five years they had a Grand Lodge of the Nations. Every nation of remote antiquity, from India on the east to Gaul on the west, had esoteric

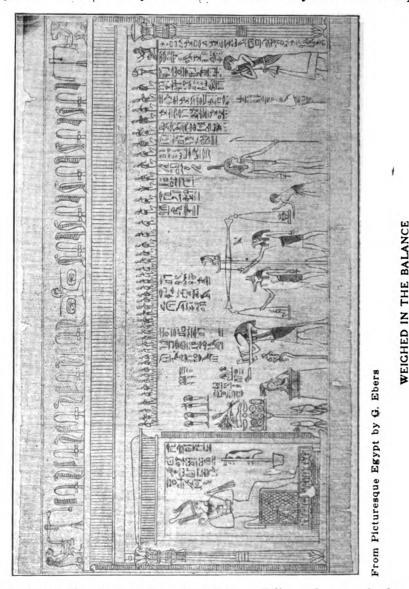
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REMAINS OF THE GREAT LABYRINTH AT ORSINOE

mysteries, secret orders whose members received the most arcane truths in imposing and impressive rites of initiation.

A World Grand Lodge was due to meet within three years; this, of the chief hierophants of Egypt and Meroe, was a called meeting, entirely unusual, and only a most extraordinary event could possibly



warrant the call of the Grand Master Hierophant of the mighty Labyrinth of Arsinoe for his distant brethren to come.

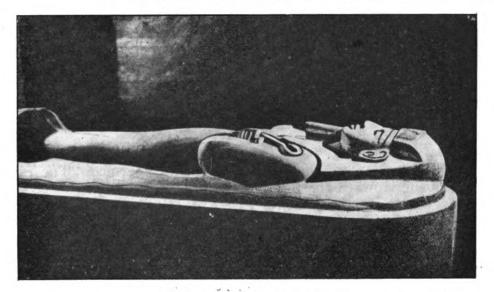
According to classical historians, this vast and complex building had three thousand chambers, half of them subterranean. The plan was that of an involved labyrinth in which a visitor would soon be lost and become unable to find exit. For centuries, hierophants,

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JUDGMENT SCENE

EGYPTIAN

NA



#### SARCOPHAGUS OF MERENPTAH

masters, princes, scholars, literary and the most intellectual men had filled the rooms, halls of records, initiatory chambers, and had traversed the intricate winding ways. The most astonishing truths were unfolded to the candidate. He approached the portals of death, appeared to be dying, and when the chief moment of suspense came he was informed by the High Priest of the most important truths known to man, relating always to immortal life beyond the tomb in which he was then buried below the pyramid. Resurrection followed, from gloom to bright light. Beyond doubt electricity and magnetism were in use, as phenomena are described that can only be explained on this hypothesis.

Members of this world mystery for ages assembled from the lodges of the mysteries of Osiris and Isis, from Ellora in India, Persepolis, Susa, Echatana, Nineveh, Babylon, Palmyra, Jerusalem, Eridu, and other long-buried temples in eastern Arabia, submerged by the silt of the Euphrates and Tigris; and later, when Greece, Rome, Thrace, and even Gaul, were settled, candidates came from all these to become recipients of the arcane wisdom of Ethiopia, and later of her daughter Egypt.

VISIT OF THE GRAND HIEROPHANTS TO THE UPPER CHAMBERS

The fact is, each hierophant had an idea of the reason why he had been summoned to come to Arsinoe, but they kept their surmises to themselves.

The priests of the Labyrinth, as in the case of the hierophant at Meroe, led the way up through the heavy floor of stone into a little cubical room in the extreme rear of the huge temple. In the exact centre of the rear wall was the white stone with the two delicate crosslines. One was vertical, the other horizontal. The emotions of the men were indeed profound, pathetic. The Master of the Labyrinth removed a small curtain and instantly a dot of light fell on the polished stone in the wall.

"Grand Hierophant of the Pyramid Temple of Suphis, Herhorsi-Amen, wilt thou examine the light?"

The Master looked with fascinated interest and awe. He turned away in anguish.

"What sayest thou?" asked the Priest of Arsinoe.

The Pyramid priest slowly replied, in husky voice, "The ray is surely moving toward the south."

"My worthy brother, Meire, Priest of Isis, from the Adytum in the Temple of Sirius at Memphis, wilt thou behold the ray sublime?"

He did so, and said: "My good brother Massui, the star of our beloved Isis is moving away from the central line of this great building."

Then the venerable hierophants of the temples dedicated to Isis in Sais and Abydos both looked at the moving light and both said:

"The Star of Egypt is passing."

TO THE ROOM OF PAPYRI THE HALL OF ANCIENT RECORDS

By this time the rotation of the earth had caused the light of the star to pass entirely from the tablet of stone in the central line or axis of the temple, and dawn of day was lighting up the distant east. Slowly the priests wended their way through corridors, halls, doors and chambers, wherein many of the great ones of the world had passed rites of mystic initiation and secured wisdom for revelation to home lodges, and finally entered the immense marble-lined chamber, the ancient library of the Labyrinth.

It was now daylight and the sun was above the hills of eastern Nubia and Egypt. The Hierophant of Abydos was the first to speak:

"Oh, my brethren! The holy temple of Abydos is surely moving, the holy light is passing away from the median line."

The Master from Sais confirmed the startling fact.

The Master from Memphis: "My worthy brother of the Labyrinth, the great building at Memphis is moving away from the star of Isis."

Lastly, the High Priest of the Temples of the Pyramid and Sphinx related that the solid pyramid was moving away from the ray from the polar star. (It is well known that the light from the then polar star, Alpha Draconis, entered the long inclined passage on the north side of the Pyramid of Thothmes.)

Then began an intensely dramatic discussion, striving to find the cause. Meire spoke, saying:

"I thought, when I first noticed the mysterious motion, that the temple wall had settled out of adjustment. This was found not to be the case. The motion is regular, and the displacement of the ray of light is becoming so great that in a few years acolytes and other altar attendants will discover it and the secret will become known to the people."

Massui said: "The surface of the earth or the star itself is in motion. But I have carefully observed during a number of years and Sirius has not moved among adjacent stars. The hills have not moved in relation to each other. Other temples in Ethiopia and Egypt have shifted, so the land of both nations has surely moved or the entire earth has moved. If the continent of Africa has moved, may there not be a disaster, some convulsion, earthquake or land displacement impending?" They were already aware that the central ray of the sun had vanished from the colossal solar temple of Amen-Ra at Thebes, and thought that both troubles were from the same hidden source.

What should be done was the insoluble problem. The Sacred Grand Lodge of the Nations was due to meet in less than three years here in the Labyrinth. Should Masters be notified not to come? Would the temple, subjected to some strain, become wrecked by movements of the ground? These and other fears filled their minds. Yet all these sinister and forbidding thoughts were as nothing to the fear caused by Massui, when he said that the Goddess Isis might have become displeased and was forsaking Egypt and the mother country, Ethiopia. Had they been remiss in their duties? Had they not taught the people correctly?

Sirius, the blessed star of Isis, was passing; all the magnificent temples reared and dedicated to the holy goddess were moving as if clutched by some sinister power of being.

TEMPLES ORIENTATED TOWARD THE BRIGHT STAR SIRIUS

Next in importance to the sun, to all Egyptians, was the star Sirius. Religion and government were involved, also the length of the year and the great Sothic Period. The star, and all temples so placed that its "ray divine" could shine on the cross-lines in the Holy of Holies, were dedicated to the long-adored Goddess Isis. A number of splendid temples had been erected and centred upon the point on the horizon where Sirius appeared at its impressive rising, invisible of course when the sun was either about 15 degrees east or west of it in its annual sweep around its majestic orbit.

The solar temple at Thebes was orientated to the sun at its setting at the instant of the summer solstice 3,700 B. C. At the instant that the sun was farthest north of the equator, a tiny ray was admitted through a small aperture in the front gate when it passed along the axis of the temple, entered a still smaller opening in the front door of the Holy of Holies, and fell on the cross-lines in the rear. The

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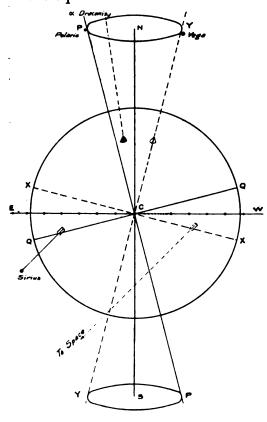
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exact centring of the tiny ray from the sun was the opening instant of the Egyptian New Year of the epoch. The most elaborate feasts and rejoicings were indulged in by rich and poor, for then the Nile, the life of Egypt, began to rise.

But there inevitably came a time when the grand temples became useless for the purpose intended, that of determining the exact length of the year; they began to move, and the light of Egypt's most holy star traveled each year farther and farther away from the allimportant point in the holy places. The annual displacement being very minute, it could not be well detected, without telescopes or some means of magnifying, until after a series of years. Finally, hierophants began to notice the displacements after the lapse of sufficient time. They hesitated to tell each other at first. They were completely mystified and could not hope to even think of the obscure cause.

#### PRECESSION OF THE EQUINOXES

As we know, it was the diminution of the angle made by the plane of the equator and orbit of the earth, or obliquity of the ecliptic. That



astronomical phenomenon called the precession of the equinoxes is the true cause of the shifting of directions of all lines on the surface of the earth.

Quite a satisfactory idea of this shifting motion may be had by placing a weight on the rapidly revolving ring of a gyroscope. These are sold as toys, but are really valuable scientific instruments. Suppose that a gyroscope be set revolving with great speed and that its axis is exactly vertical, then the heavy ring or rim will be horizontal. Place a weight on one edge of the ring and it will draw it down, but this cannot be done without causing the axis to lean over in the same direction and make an angle with the verti-Each end of the axis will cal. traverse circles PY and YP as shown in the accompanying diagram. If the reader will take the

time to study out all that the figure implies, an explanation of pre-

cession will be obtained; a knowledge of many most remarkable events in the religious history of man may be secured, also added understanding of obscure sayings and statements in the writings of very ancient authors and hidden passages in the world's most ancient bibles.

Particular attention must be given to the line EW. It is a short portion of the earth's orbit around the sun. With the sun as a centre, the earth moves around it at a distance of 92,882,000 miles. A straight line drawn through the centres of the sun and earth, revolved around, describes a circle, with the sun as the centre. Now imagine that this circle extends out forever, then it will cut the universe into two equal This fundamental cutting-plane, the one great standard portions. reference plane, used by astronomers since astronomy began, is the plane of the ecliptic. The line EW is a minute portion of that allimportant plane. Every circle has an axis and, in the diagram, NS is the axis of the ecliptic. This line is fundamental. Modern accurate astronomy has located its direction in space with extreme pre-Every motion of the earth, year after year, is referred to cision. this plane and its axis; likewise, latitudes and longitudes of all stars and planets.

If you have no gyroscope, spin a peg-top on the floor. At first, its axis will be nearly vertical—actually vertical if it is exactly symmetrical and you spin it with sufficient speed. Soon, however, the motion slows down a little, the axis begins to lean over, the top has a wabbling motion and the axis describes circles around the original vertical position. The earth is a peg-top, but the ancient hierophants in the Hall of Papyri in the huge Labyrinth of Arsinoe did not know it; hence their discomfiture and fear that good Isis was displeased with their manner and fidelity of service, ritual and worship. Humanity had to wait during all the centuries until the master mind of Sir Isaac Newton grasped this gigantic problem of the ages and discovered the cause of the wabbling.

The true cause is this: The earth is not an exact sphere. The equator is thirteen miles farther from the centre than the poles. This enormous ring of matter is subjected to the pull of attraction exerted by the sun, moon, and, in a far less degree, by the planets. A leverage is secured by these bodies which tends to cause the line PP to coincide with NS, but cannot because the heavy, spinning earth tends by inertia of motion to maintain its original position. Between the two tremendous forces it strikes a compromise, as in all mechanics, and PP moves around NS with C as a centre. The circle represents the earth and the heavy line QQ the equator when the axis of the equator when the axis PP has moved around in the direction of the arrows to position YY in 12,939 years, one mighty circuit of the

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA pole of the earth around the pole of the earth's orbit being made in the vast period of 25,878 years.

The word "equinox" means equal night, but the night equals the day only when the sun is crossing the equator in March and September. Let the dots on the line EW represent the centre of the sun, day after day, as it appears to move from W toward the reader's eye, above C, toward E. The earth actually moves with the hands of a watch, as seen by observers in north latitude and facing the equator. This causes the sun to appear to move in the opposite direction, ever opposed to the motion of the hands of the watch, with its face to the north.

The reader will note that this diagram represents the vernal equinox, for at C the centre of the sun crosses the equator, QQ, on its way north, for E is nearer the north pole, P, than Q is.

The important point in the drawing is C at the spring equinox. And now we see clearly the intricate philosophy of the precession of the equinoxes. For if the north celestial pole, P, moves toward the eye between it and N, over from left to right and to Y, the south celestial pole of the earth at P moves in the opposite direction. And here is the sublime fact in astronomy: the crossing, C. The equinox ever moves thus, causing the equator to slide on the orbit of the earth ever to the west, as seen by an observer in any northern latitude. This celestial, this wondrous cosmic motion, the enigma of the ages, was the problem which those astute Egyptian hierophants could not solve.

The annual western movement of the equator of the earth and heavens, and with it the world's standard time meridian, is shown by the short cross-lines west of C. All time is regulated by the passing of any meridian; but the distances of all celestial bodies ever around to the east, reading in time from 0 to 24 hours, are all measured from the one great standard time meridian passing through both poles of the earth and the vernal equinoctial point, which thus becomes the most important point in astronomy. It moves entircly around the celestial vault in 25,878 years. This is, indeed, the Annus Magnus, the Great Year. This is at the rate of 50.2 sec. of arc per year. But 50.2 sec. of arc traversed by the sun on its apparent orbit—really the motion of the earth—is equal to 1,223 sec. or 20 min. 23 sec. of time, required for the sun's centre to move, coming from the west, from one of these intersections to the other in its annual circuit of the sun.

Then the solar year, from its place of crossing the equator around to the next crossing at the end of the year, is 20 min. 23 sec. shorter than around to any star. This affected all of the great religions of antiquity. When, after discovering the discrepancy of solar motion, they found that either the stars or their huge temples were moving, they were completely mystified. One second of arc is the measure of a line one inch long, as seen at a distance of 3.25 miles; it is no wonder, then, that the Egyptians and Ethiopians, the wise hierophants of Memphis, Thebes, Abydos, Sais, Arsinoe, Heliopolis, Tentyra and famed Meroe, could not detect the motion of their huge temples until after the lapse of a long time.

But when the vernal equinox slides or retrogrades from C, above the plane of the paper around through W to a point opposite C below the paper, the equinoxes change entirely. The vernal equinox assumes the place of the autumnal, and the solstices Q and Q shift to X and X. This made further changes in very ancient religions.

### A NEW POLAR STAR

A great, basic, fundamental fact of all astronomy, in all ages of the career of man, is that the pole of the earth, in its grand circuit of 25,878 years, points to far different stars. These become the polar stars during the centuries of approach and recession. Thus 13,475 years ago the north pole of the earth was at Y, a very important place in the early history of man because it was at the nearest approach to the magnificent star Vega, the superb gem in the northern sky. The celestial pole was then adorned with a diamond that blazed and glowed in effulgent lustre. Vega is the only bright polar star the earth has ever had or can ever have.

At present, the pole of the earth is at the point P, 1 deg. 9 min. from our dim polar star; the vernal equinox is in the first point of the sign Aries. All aspects were reversed when the pole pointed toward Vega; the vernal equinox was in Virgo; both solstices were reversed and Sirius greatly displaced toward the south.

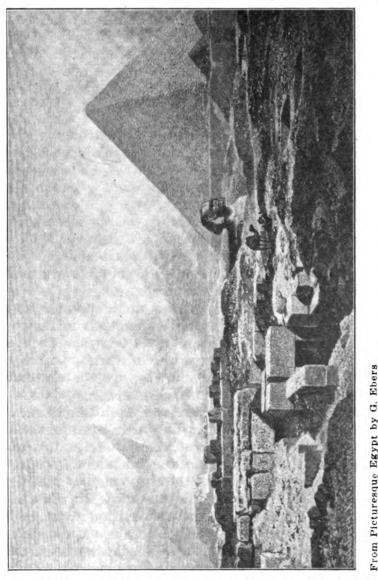
The hints, obscure suggestions and set accounts (of an age of peace and happiness on earth) here and there found in existing remnants of the vast mass of archaic literature of a prehistoric civilization of high grade, clearly indicate that there really was a famous Golden Age; this surely was when the splendor of Vega, the beautiful, illumined the regions around the then celestial pole.

If the reader will hold up the maps of Burritt's Atlas of the Heavens at night and imagine the pole shifted from present Polaris to Vega, he will indeed be impressed. Queen Cassiopeia, King Cepheus, their beautiful daughter Andromeda, the royal family of the fascinating Ethiopia of tradition and history, will rest resplendent in the polar skies. Hercules, Bootes and Perseus, all of Ethiopia, appear to be arranged as a grand Council of State to aid the Royal House. But see this: All these glories are submerged by that one magnificent symbol of the Age of Peace, Vega, the bright star of Lyra, the Harp, the emblem of Harmony, then actually at the pole of the heavens. With Lyra, the Harp of Peace, at the celestial pole, the entire fabric of human history and human religions is revealed,

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA reanimated, and shown in a new and glorious light. Mighty thought!

Two positions of the Pyramid are given: one, when the then polar star, Alpha Draconis, actually did send its glittering ray along down the tube in the north side of the Pyramid even to the bottom, below the surface of the earth (about the auspicious year 2,170 B. C.); the



other, thousands of years later, when on the dotted line of the new direction of the axis of the earth.

Two positions of a Sirian temple are shown: one, when the light from the star Sirius actually reached the cross-lines in the rear; the other, after the expiration of a decade of centuries, when the axis of the costly building was far and away from the direction of the star of Egypt.

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**CREAT PYRAMID AND SPHINX** 

# THE AWAKENING

# By Leigh Devereux

T **IV**/HAT an imagination you have, Mother!"



The words rang out with all the force of the dominant personality of the girl who sat on the piano stool, belying the indifference of her tone. "If you'd confine yourself to generalities, truths which one could interpret one's own way—but you *will* bring in details

that offend, besides being positively outrageous. People come and fawn and flatter and perhaps believe while they are with you, and then a few days later I hear: 'Mrs. Lassiter is charming—but I can't quite always follow her'—in a word, crazy."

The woman at whom these sentiments were flung leaned back wearily in her big chair, her delicate profile outlined against the covering of tapestry showing a listlessness not of defeat, but of despair. Her great eyes opened slowly, eyes in which a sublime spirit glowed.

"Bernice, I can't argue with you. Truth deals with details as well as generalities. Some day you will know."

"Doubtless; in fact, I know now and it is because I know that I would not have God made a jumping-jack. I believe much as you do and what I do not believe I do not deny. There may be Masters but there *is* God. We may reincarnate here—but we *do* live again. Do let us be balanced and reasonable. One false fact stated hurts a cause more than any amount of proof can rectify. Then there's John," she went on, "you spoil him. If he has a work to do let him prepare himself by being a man. Does selfishness have any part in greatness?"

Through tired lips came the reply, simply a breath: "Oh, Bernice, if you only knew! An unawakened soul is not the less a great soul," she added with an effort.

A touch of pity moved the girl, who in some way felt herself entirely master of the situation and she swung off the stool to cross the room and seating herself on the arm of the great chair she lifted her mother's beautiful hand and patted it softly.

"It's a cruel bear of a daughter, isn't it, Mummy? But I get savage when I hear people saying things of you—and you invite it."

"I know, Bernice, that you always champion me to others," and

turning her lovely face to look again at her daughter she said, "When you do see, you will be wonderful."

"There you go, Mummy! I'm just a selfish ordinary mortal, but I'll never be a fool. Emerson says: 'Beware of the man on the eve of a revelation, for people humor him in his idea and he is cut off from God's cheerful fallible men and women.' Every one humors you. It must be a strong character that can stand it. They don't tell you the truth."

The temporary flicker of radiance died out of Mrs. Lassiter's face. "We won't talk of it any more. I am tired," and she partially shrank from the hand caress that only seemed a gentleness that might be used to excuse further violence.

Bernice sprang up lightly. "Well, I'm off, Mother. You look as lovely as Ellen Terry in *Queen Catherine*. I don't wonder people spoil you," she added half proudly.

The door slammed in the distance and the woman, now alone, lifted her great eyes with the light of prayer in them and her lips moved softly.

Against the window frame the girl's slim figure was softly outlined in the fading twilight. A look of pain showed in the extreme sadness of the thin face glowing with intense feeling, yet in the eyes was a serenity and light. It is Bernice, changed and silent, but glorified.

A youth paced back and forth, controlling his irritation with obvious effort. Suddenly he stopped close to the girl.

"If you only didn't have these ideas! Why can't you be content to be as others?"

"But you said you loved me because I was different."

"Different didn't mean—crazy." He softened the word by hesitancy, yet the girl did not flinch.

"Even so, what I say is truth and truth once seen is not to be altered by denial."

"It's a weird, wild, insane idea!" burst from him.

'You blow your lips against the tempest," she said superbly. "If you don't like it, why don't you forget it? It makes me happy, it makes you miserable. I was bound to tell you, but your belief is not necessary to its fulfillment." Her air of apartness was fuel to his passion. He gathered himself for the blow.

"But don't you see if you believe these things, I can't marry you!" So it had fallen. No martyr at the stake could have felt the sting of fire as Bernice felt the cry of her soul within for more than life. One moment of silence and then she met his eyes gravely.

"That rests with you."

He felt victory snatched from him for, with all the obstinacy of a

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weak nature, a stand once taken must be held, and Bernice had never seemed to him more desirable.

"To see God's plan is blasphemy," he charged.

"Christ Himself was accused of blasphemy," she answered gently. "But you are not Christ," he almost shouted.

"Lesser than Christ I am, but with God in my heart no less truly than He."

A silence followed in which they gazed at each other, this man and woman to whom love had come, a love not to be rightly denied. Bernice's calmness enraged him and yet he knew that she was deeply hurt, and he did not analyze his wish to hurt. In calmer moments it would have amazed him.

The girl dropped into the tapestry chair, a fleeting vision of her sweet mother, now gone, causing her to close her eyes for one brief second. The boy dropped on his knees before her.

"Give it up, Bernice! Let us be content to be human and divinity will come in its own time," he pleaded.

"It has come already," and she was about to add "in this love," but he stiffened before her. "Have I been other than normal and reasonable? Can I not play with you and work with you as you like me to play and work? It may be this very idea that has made me worthy to be your wife. Oh, Boy, you are so great and light in your soul when you come into your own! Trust me just a little now and you will see. Be still and it will come to you. Others have seen its truth. It is not me, but God in me."

He was on his feet, and his eyes were not good to see. "People do not tell you the truth. You are blind, blind, blind!"

He held out his hand. It was an evident sign of departure. She stood up, her body aquiver, and put her hand in his.

"Good-bye," she said, "and may God bless you!"

The slam of a door in the distance brought her back to the surging reality of pain and she fell on her knees, her face buried in the chair. For a few moments she felt the awful calmness of death in her soul, and then—her face lifted to life—her lips framed the word "Mother!"

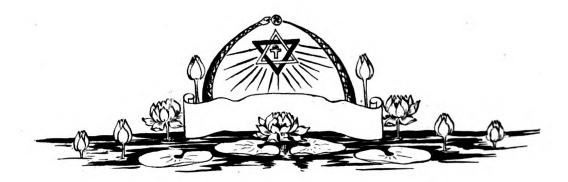
Seek not the end of love . . . But seek acts whose end is love. So shalt thou at last create that which thou now desirest.

The art of creation, like every other art, has to be learnt.

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Edward Carpenter.

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# THE LAW OF RENUNCIATION

### By C. Jinarajadasa



HE joy of life! Is it not everywhere? In plant and animal and man do we not see an instinct for happiness which impels all creation to rise from good to better, from better to best? Since God said "Let there be, light!" are not all men seeking to step out of darkness into light—blindly, dimly feeling that happiness must

be their goal? Yet how few find happiness in life! It is easy to sing-

God's in His heaven, All's right with the world!

But to sing so long one must be blind to facts. Life is a tragedy to many, and far truer is it described by Tennyson—

> Act First, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe You all but sicken at the shifting scenes. And yet be patient. Our Playwright may show In some fifth Act what this wild Drama means.

Nevertheless all feel that happiness must be the goal of life, and humanity never errs in its deepest feelings. But then why should not the attainment of happiness be easier than it is?

MAN AN EVOLVING SOUL

There is a philosophy of life which holds that man is an immortal soul, living not one life on earth but many, growing, by the experiences he gains in them, manifold capacities and virtues. This philosophy further postulates that all men are the children of One Father, who has created a universe in order that, working therein,

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA His children may know something of Him and come to Him in joy. According to this theory, the purpose of life is not to achieve a stable condition of happiness for any individual, but rather to train him to work in a Plan of an Ideal Future and find in that work an everchanging and ever-growing contentment.

From the standpoint of the Theosophist all men are indeed working for a foreordained ideal future; but they work at different stages according to their differing capacities. A recognition of these stages and the laws of life appropriate to each makes "e less the riddle that it is. There are three broad stages on the Path of Bliss that leads to the Highest Good, and they are happiness, renunciation and transfiguration.

### THE STAGE OF HAPPINESS

God calls upon His children at this stage to co-operate with Him by offering them happiness as the aim of life. He has implanted in them a craving for happiness and provides work for them that shall make them happy. Love of wife and child and friend, fame and the gratitude of men, success and ease—these are His rewards for those that serve Him. Many are the pleasant paths in life for the young souls at this stage, reaping happiness as they prove those pleasures

> That hills and valleys, dale and field, And all the craggy mountains yield.

Useful as men are in the Great Work at this stage, yet so long as a man deliberately seeks happiness, his capabilities as a *worker* are soon exhausted, for soon he "settles down in life"; the precious gift of wonder slowly fades away; his happiness ceases to be dynamic. Self-centred he calls on the universe to give. But the Path to Bliss is by work, and if he is to go ever on he must fit himslf for a larger work than has so far fallen to his share. He must enter on the next stage, but for that he must change utterly. Hitherto he has measured men and things by the standard of his little self; henceforth the Great Self must be his measure; he must break the sway of himself and realize that evermore what is important in life is not he, not his happiness, but a Work. Before this realization can begin there must be a conversion.

#### CONVERSION

In many ways are men converted from the interests of the little self to the work of the Great Self. Some, loving Truth in religious garb, open their hearts to a Personality that dazzles their imagination. Thenceforth they must serve Him and be like Him, and gone

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forever is the standpoint of the little self. Some study science and philosophy and discover a magnificent plan of evolution, with the inevitable result that they know that the individual is but a unit in the great Whole and not the centre of the cosmos; and if they set rightly to study they see, too, that there is a Will at work, and that cost what it may they must co-operate with that Will. A few there are to whom comes some mysterious experience from the hidden side of things, and life speaks to them a transforming message. Out of the invisible comes a "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" and a persecutor of Christians is changed into an Apostle of Christ. Manifold are the ways of conversion, the same in all lands and in all faiths. One factor is common, the old personality is disintegrated and a new one is reintegrated in the service of a Work. When through conversion the new personality is ready for a larger work the tools he uses must be made pure. They are his thoughts and feelings, and slowly a process of purification is begun. Disappointment and pain and grief are his lot-the sad harvest of a sowing of selfishness in the unseen past of many lives, for we reap as we have sown. When the worker is ready, swift is Nature's response to free him from the burden of his past, in order that he may be fit to achieve the great work prepared for him.

### THE MEANING OF PAIN

With some sorrow hardens the character, but with those who are ready to enter on the second stage it ever purifies. Does not the very texture of the flesh of a sufferer who has in patience and resignation borne his pain seem luminous and pure, as though through every cell there gleamed the light of a hidden fire? How much more is it with mental suffering! Are we not irresistibly drawn to reverence one who has suffered much and nobly, and sometimes to love, too?

> Sorrow was there made fair, Passion wise; tears a delightful thing, Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare. She made her signs to sing, And all things with so sweet a sadness move As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

#### THE STAGE OF RENUNCIATION

Life seems full of evil days to those that come to the end of the first stage, but its lesson is clear. That lesson is, "Thou must go without, go without! That is the everlasting song, which every hour, all our life through, hoarsely sings to us." Truly does Carlyle voice the wisdom of the ages when he says, "The Fraction of Life can be in-

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA creased in value not so much by increasing your numerators as by lessening your denominator. Nay, unless my algebra deceive me, unity itself divided by zero will give infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet."

### THE LAW OF RENUNCIATION

All great workers know that the Law of Renunciation is true and that "it is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin." There are no great souls who are completely happy, can never be! Once more let the great apostle of work speak to us: "The happy man was never yet created; the virtuous man, though clothed in rags and sinking under pain, is the jewel of the Earth, however I may doubt it, or deny it in bitterness of heart. O never let me forget it! Teach me, tell me, when the Fiend of Suffering and the base Spirit of the World are ready to prevail against me and drive me from this last stronghold."

Take whom you will who has done a great work, and he knows that renunciation is the law. In bitterness of heart Ruskin cries out: "I've had my heart broken ages ago, when I was a boy, then mended, cracked, beaten in, kicked about old corridors, and finally, I think, flattened fairly out." But he persevered in his work all the same. There is no greater name in the world of art than Michel Angelo, "this masterful and stern, life-wearied and labor-hardened man," whose history "is one of indomitable will and almost superhuman energy, yet of will that had hardly ever had its way, and of energy continually at war with circumstance." It is the same with all who have been great.

### THE MEANING OF LIFE

But through renunciation the soul on the threshold of greatness discovers life's meaning. If religious, he will state it, "Thy will be done"; if scientific or artistic he will say "Not I, but a Work." He is now as Faust who sought happiness in knowledge, and failed; sought it in the love of Marguerite and reaped a tragedy; and only as he planned to reclaim waste lands for men, and lost himself in the dream of that *work*, found that long-sought-for happy moment when he could say, "Ah, tarry a while, thou art so fair!"

So, renouncing, live the souls at the second stage, lovers of a Work. Sad at heart they are; but if they are loyal to their work, then comes to them in fleeting moments more than happiness, the joy of creation. Such wonders they now body forth that to themselves their masterpieces are enigmas. In fitful gleams they see a Light, and know that now and then it shines through them to the world. Perfect masters of technique they are now, in religion, in art, in science, in every department of life. But, alas! just as they have discovered what it is to live, what it is to create, they are old, and life comes to a close before it seems hardly begun. Shall the path of renunciation bring nothing but despair?

> Despair was never yet so deep In sinking as in seeming; Despair is hope just dropp'd asleep For better chance of dreaming.

#### THE STAGE OF TRANSFIGURATION

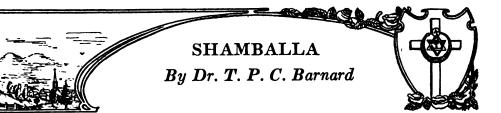
"Hope just dropp'd asleep for better chance of dreaming"—that, truly, is death. The great worker leaves life but to return again, with every dream, old and new, nearer realization. He returns with the inborn mastery of technique of the genius to achieve where he only dreamed. The joy of creation is now his sure and priceless possession, that wondrous joy which only those know who can offer all gifts of heart and mind and stand apart from them while a Greater than they creates through them. "Seeking nothing, he gains all; foregoing self, the universe grows I." Now has he found that life which he lost in the stage of Renunciation; henceforth, in all places and at all times, is he become "a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall no more go out."

#### THE PATH OF BLISS

So life gives of its best to all—happiness to some, renunciation to others and, to a few, transfiguration. What if now most of us who love Truth must "do without?" Let us but dedicate heart and mind to a Work, and we shall find that renunciation leads to transfiguration. There is but one road to God for all to tread. It is the Path of Bliss. It has its steps—happiness, renunciation and transfiguration. Whoso will offer up all that he is to a Work, though he "lose his life" thereby, yet shall he find it soon, and "come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."



Those who live on the mountain have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to rise a little higher.





O a certain type of mind the unusual has an almost irresistible attraction. The very mention of Shamballa has such for me, and as I read the description of the scene just prior to the setting out of the hosts which went to India (Life X of Alcyone) there is a sense of familiarity about the whole thing that is tantalizing, just as is the feeling when one has a name "on the end of his tongue" but cannot speak Perhaps you who read this feel the same way.

From The Secret Doctrine (Vol. II, page 528) we learn that "on the plan of the Zodiac in the upper Ocean or the Heavens, a certain realm on Earth, an inland sea, was consecrated and called the 'Abyss of Learning'; twelve centres on it, in the shape of twelve small islands, representing the Zodiacal Signs . . . . . were the abodes of twelve Hierophants and Masters of Wisdom. This 'Sea of Knowledge' or learning remained for ages there, where now stretches the Shamo or Gobi Desert. It existed until the last great glacial period, when a local cataclysm, which swept the waters south and west and so formed the present great desolate desert, left only a certain oasis, with a lake and one island in the midst of it, as a relic of the Zodiacal Ring on Earth." From this it is evident that Shamballa is one of the very few parts of the earth's surface that has existed from the very beginning of things and, from the fact that it is called "the Sacred Island," it has always been considered Holy Land.

Even as early as the time of the destruction of Lemuria this Sacred Island was in existence and known, for (The Secret Doctrine, Vol. II, page 383) mention is made of Lemuria's "Elect" taking shelter there, and (on page 366) of "the handful of those Elect, whose Divine Instructors had gone to inhabit that Sacred Island."

Shamballa is the Spiritual Capital of this world. It is located on an oasis in the Gobi Desert and it was here that was placed one of the seven cradles of humanity. This island is said to be without rival in the world for unparalleled beauty and, "according to belief, exists to the present hour."

"Around no other locality . . . . hangs so many traditions as around the Gobi Desert. In Independent Tartary this howling waste of shifting sand was once, if report speaks correctly, the seat of one of the richest empires the world ever saw. Beneath the surface arc said to lie such wealth in gold, jewels, statuary, arms, utensils, and all that indicates civilization, luxury and fine arts, as no existing capital of Christendom can show today. The Gobi sand moves regularly from east to west before terrific gales that blow continually. Occasionally some of the hidden treasures are uncovered, but not a native dare touch them, for the whole district is under the ban of a mighty Death would be the penalty. Bhati-hideous, but faithful spell. gnomes-guard the hidden treasures of this prehistoric people, awaiting the day when the revolution of cyclic periods shall again cause their story to be known for the instruction of mankind." (Isis Un*veiled*, Vol. I, p. 598).

"The district of the Gobi wilderness and, in fact, the whole area of Independent Tartary and Thibet is jealously guarded against foreign intrusion. Those who are permitted to traverse it are under the particular care and pilotage of certain agents of the chief authority, and are in duty bound to convey no intelligence respecting places and persons to the outside world. . . . The time will come, sooner or later, when the dreadful sand of the desert will yield up its longburied secrets, and then there will indeed be unlooked-for mortifications for our modern vanity." (Isis Unveiled, Vol. I, p. 599).

When the time came for the founding of the Fifth Root Race, the Manu led forth His 9,000 followers from Atlantis—79,997 B. C. The emigration was undertaken because the fifth sub-race was about to be entirely subdued by the Dark Ruler, and He wished to draw His people away from that influence. They were first established in Arabia, becoming soon a great nation, and from them He selected about 700 of His own descendants who were moved on to the neighborhood of Shamballa, where they grew and flourished. Even at this early date records state that Shamballa was held in deepest veneration by the savage surrounding tribes—so much so that the island (for the Gobi Desert was then a sea) served as a secure refuge in case of attack.

The real founding of the new race is said to have begun some 60,-000 years ago. Prior to that all had been the work of preparation. The civilization which arose was pure and fine, and flourished exceedingly.

A thickly populated kingdom surrounded the Gobi Sea and, by degrees, obtained dominion over many neighboring nations. In the ze-

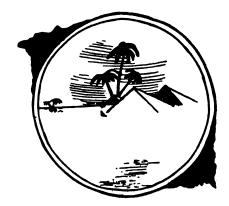
#### Shamballa

nith of its glory it had a magnificent architecture of the Cyclopean style and size, but finished with great delicacy and polished to a remarkable degree. Its builders erected the marvelous temple whose colossal ruins are the wonder of all who have seen them in Shamballa today; it was they who built an unequaled bridge which once linked the Sacred Island with the shore. This bridge still stands, mighty as ever, though now only the shifting desert sand flows beneath it. The city was called the City of the Bridge and also Manu's City. Its sculpture was noble, its coloring brilliant, its mechanical genius considerable.

When Poseidonis sank, the Sahara and Gobi seas became dry land. All that now remains, of which we hear, is the oasis which was an island. In it now is a lake, and in the lake is an island on which, we must presume, stands the temple which is mentioned in Life X of Alcyone. In *Isis Unveiled* the statement is made that there was no communication with the fair island by the sea, but subterranean passages, known only to the chiefs, communicated with it in all directions.

Reasoning from the foregoing, it is evident that the "Heart of the Earth," i. e., Shamballa, is on an island in the centre of a lake in an oasis in the Gobi Desert; that there was and is no communication, save subterranean passages, between what is now the oasis and the island in the lake and that there was, and is, a bridge from the main land to the ancient island which is now the oasis.

In Life X of Alcyone (*The Theosophist*, July, 1910) we read of the solemn peace which ever pervades Svetadvipa, the White Island in the inland sea whereon stands Shamballa, the Sacred City—which peace is the benediction of the High Presences that dwell there. And well may this be called "Earth's Most Sacred Spot," for it is here that the Mighty Lords of the Flame have appeared and it is here that is said to dwell that Gracious and Mighty ONE who stands at the head of the Spiritual Hierarchy of this planet.



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#### SERVICE TO MANKIND

#### By Roger W. Babson

[Those who had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Besant lecture, during the time of her last visit to America, will remember that she brought us the message of a great World-Teacher who is shortly to come among us. She very strongly urged us to help prepare the way which His feet will tread. To most of us this announcement, I believe, came as a flash of light out of a clear sky and seemed too wonderful to be true. It is quite possible that most of us would gradually have forgotten the message, after the glamour of its magical wonderment had passed away, had it not been that Mrs. Besant in her forceful and convincing word-pictures firmly fixed the truths within us by citing the many signs of the times which seemed ample proof that her message was founded on facts.

We were shown that world conditions were changing in many ways, that the keynote of "service to mankind" was now continually being sounded consciously and unconsciously, yet all in harmony with the divine plan.

The conditions in all lines of endeavor are gradually changing, and efforts from wholly selfish motives are being replaced by endeavors based on service to mankind in varying degrees of perfection. The changes are coming so gradually that to the average man they are scarcely perceptible, but those who will view the whole gamut of human actions with unprejudiced minds will see evidences of them on every side.

It is gratifying to note that not only are these changes showing forth in moral, religious and ethical lines, but also in the commercial and financial life of the people. Mr. Roger W. Babson of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, an eminent statistician and student of fundamental conditions as applied to financial and social problems, is sounding this same note in his talks to organizations composed of business men from all walks of commercial activity. He has brought out very strongly the key-note of service and emphasized the same not only from the standpoint of right action but because conditions are so changing that, in the future, those who do not accept service to one's fellow-men as the basic principle for their endeavors will be socially, economically and politically left behind in the march of the world's progress.

Mr. Babson has given his permission that the following, from one of his talks, be published in The American Theosophist. By A Business Man.]



VERY audience of able business men like that before me today can be divided into two groups: each one of you belongs to one or the other of those groups. The first stands for selfishness; the second for something very much greater and in the end far more profitable. Those of you in the first group, for whom I have no respect, *produce to consume*, while those of

you who belong to the second group consume in order to produce. The first group contains those of you who are in business simply to make money and render as little service therefor as possible; those of you in the second group have as a primal object a desire to be of service, although you cannot help but make money if you are of service; it will naturally flow to you like water to a valley.

Again, you of the first group are simply children of circumstances. following the lines of least resistance, and your success is dependent

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA upon conditions over which you have no control. Those of you who belong to the second group, thank God, are shaping conditions and making such improvements that you are independent of conditions. Let me repeat: the first group stands for selfishness; the second stands for unselfishness; and do you know, gentlemen, nothing in this world succeeds like true economic unselfishness? Christ stated a great economic truth when He said: "The meek [that is, the servant,] shall inherit the earth."

If you are in group two, God bless you; you are bound to succeed, as no man has ever yet performed a real service but that he or his family has eventually been rewarded therefor.

If there is any uncertainty as to which group you belong, you should get into this second group at once; you should cease being a parasite on the community, cease following the lines of least resistance and become a producer and a real factor.

Gentlemen, in my study of the past and present trend of events, I find history subdivides into three great eras. The first era was where all conquest, and in fact progress, advanced through warfare; the greatest fighters were, in that era, the most successful men. Some operated on a small scale, like the barons who built castles on the River Rhine; others operated on a large scale, like Harriman, Morgan and Rockefeller, but their names were Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon.

The second era was born with the printing-press and thus came the saying: "The pen is mightier than the sword." During the growth of this second era the talker has beaten the fighter and progress has been made by argumentation, flattery or deception before the sovereign power.

Of course, this sovereign power has differed at different times of the world's history. Sometimes it has been the pope at Rome, at other times kings and princes, and today it is the people themselves. But at all times in this second era changes have taken place through coaxing, threatening, arguing and flattering of this sovereign power, whether it be pope, king or people. Our political leaders of today, in crying "Let the people rule" may be using the same methods of flattery that were used hundreds of years ago in obtaining favors and positions from kings, emperors and popes. It is true that this second era is a great improvement over the first, but it is only a temporary make-shift. A river cannot rise above its source. Our municipal councils and our legislatures can only temporarily be of a higher order than the people themselves and, until there is a change, we must expect graft, incompetence and the present state of affairs to continue.

But, friends, as I get up on the mountain top and look down on the great mass of humanity—bankers and merchants. laborers and

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mill operators, rich and poor—I see that we are entering a third and ultimate era, when not the greatest fighter will win nor even the greatest thinker but, rather, the man who does the most. Yea, not the man who has the most, but the man who does the most will be the greatest man in this coming era. Not the nation with the greatest population and natural resources will be the greatest nation fifty years hence but, rather, that nation whose people are the greatest producers and savers.

It is increase in the cost of living (due to the fact that the selfish, "get-along-easy," consuming class, above referred to as group one, is so large) that is bringing this change about. No trees ever grew to the sky and no balloon ever kept on expanding forever. Therefore, before long, this second era in which we are now must break down under the great load caused by modern waste, extravagance and the increasing cost of living. The present spirit of getting all you can and giving as little as you can, the spirit which Christ continually referred to as "selfishness, the root of all evil," cannot continue much longer unchecked. Instead, to quote again from that Great Teacher, men will be "judged by their fruits" and "by their works"; the next generation will be judged by what it produces and not by what it consumes; the greatest producer will be looked upon as the greatest man and not he who spends the most, as is the case today.

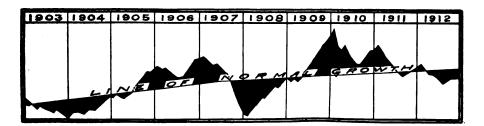
Yes, times are changing; and fortunate are those of you young men who get the right point of view and who realize that when you grow up you will be judged by different people than possess the world today. The new generation will not ask what you have but, rather, how you got it. I go further, and say that the coming generation will ask you only one question, namely: "What are you doing?" you are in some business where you are not a factor in production, or if you are an idle parasite on the community, it will make no difference how much money you have, neither you nor your family will be accepted into decent society. Moreover, you will not only find it more respectable to aid in increasing production and reducing waste, but you will find it more profitable. The non-producer is bound to be taxed more and more heavily every year. The income tax is not only coming, but it is here; the inheritance tax will be gradually increased and even now this country is far behind England and other nations in this respect. The selfish man will not only be a retrograde in the sight of both God and man, but in this new era which we are entering, selfishness, idleness and waste will be taxed out of existence—and wise are you men who are prepared for these changes.

On April 15, 1912, the greatest steam-ship that ever sailed the seas went to the bottom of the ocean on her maiden trip. In reading

the accounts of that great disaster, with its loss of life and property, every civilized nation was shocked to its foundations. I wish to say nothing which will in any way detract from the misfortune of the terrible accident but, on the other hand, gentlemen, do you know that many a family of children which lost its father on that eventful April 15 regards that event as its greatest asset. Before that day their father was looked upon by the community as a selfish man, a man who cared only for money and luxury; on that day he showed the world his other and unselfish nature, and his name is now revered by those who, before that date, looked down upon him. Even John Jacob Astor did more for his family name in those last hours. than his wealth or position could ever possibly purchase. In fact, that disaster impressed upon the minds of many of the world's greatest merchants and readers that "it is truly more blessed to give than to receive" and that "a good name is to be chosen rather than great riches."

I believe, in truth, that April 15, 1912, was the beginning of this new era of which I have spoken and I trust, when April 15 comes again, every man in this audience will think of this feature of that great accident and follow the example of the men who went down on the steam-ship Titanic and, forgetting himself, be a man. In fact, I am very much interested in having that date kept by you business men in years to come, not as a holiday but as the day when you will quietly sit in your offices, banks and factories and think how you can carry on your business more unselfishly, in order that you may help eliminate these reckless booms and distressing panics, erase these black areas above and below the line of normal growth, do more, instead, to increase the slope of this line of growth by increasing production, eliminating waste, distributing opportunity and prosperity to the ultimate benefit of all mankind.

This should be the purpose of all life, religion and government; and the important factor for all of you men—especially you young men—is to get the right point of view and, with an eye on this Composite Plot, remember that we are entering a new era when all of us, whether manufacturers or merchants, bankers or laborers, will be judged not by what we have but by what we are doing.



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## ON THE STUDY OF MUSIC

### By Frank L. Reed



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T IS reported that at the first performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio* one captious critic remarked disdainfully, "That is not music, that is philosophy." Surely, this was a case of the light shining in darkness and the darkness comprehending it not. Music *is* philosophy. "All is music and number." Music, in its theoretical

aspects, rests eventually on science and carries the student into the domain of physics and mathematics; in its highest aspects, as tonal art, it is the medium of the purest state of the mystic consciousness—communion with the Ultimate Reality, the highest degree of religious experience, religion undefiled; for the nonce, the individual consciousness touches the cosmic consciousness. That which unites religion and science is philosophy. Music is philosophy.

In the last analysis, the "appreciation" of music is an *experience*. But experience may be on any or every plane, from the physical to the spiritual, and by means of any one of the corresponding vehicles of consciousness—instinctive and sensuous; passional and emotional; mental, as form and formless or concrete and abstract thought; intuitive, as direct apprehension; and spiritual apperception, or SELF consciousness.

The object of the study of music should be to raise the musical sensibilities from the lower to the higher aspects of consciousness, to purify, discipline and control the two lower-the physical and emotional-and to provide a suitable vehicle for the practical expression of the two higher-the intuitional and spiritual-by the cultivation of the two aspects of mind. The real organ of musical discrimination is of course the buddhic, the intuitive or wisdom consciousness, and its instrument of practical utility in the world is mind. Much music, perhaps most music, makes its appeal on the lower planes of nature and consciousness, and indiscriminate emotional response is inadvisable if not actually harmful. Professor James has recognized the undesirableness of the lower phases of music and by the weight of his opinion has helped to perpetuate this limited view of its appeal. In the otherwise very great chapter on Habit, in his Principles of Psychology, he says: "Even the habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon character."

The more comprehensive view of musical experience, long held

by thoughtful Theosophists, is being sensed by the most highly intuitive musicians, those who have freed themselves from the many superstitions of conventionalized criticism. It has been most clearly and forcefully expressed by Arthur Farwell, in an article in a recent issue of *Musical America* from which we quote:

Then let us in America take a step forward and rid ourselves of this outworn cramping and egregious falsehood—that music is fundamentally restricted to an emotional appeal. Let us prepare ourselves by so doing to accept music for what it is—a symbol of the whole of Life, an appeal to the whole Man, physical, mental, spiritual, real and ideal. Let us take music down from the cross. Let us strike the shackles from it in our thought, and give it light and air and liberty, that it may stand forth without apology in its rightful majesty, all-human in its message—a mighty power for the interpretation and the uplift of life.

Two popular conceptions of music have become embodied in two well-known and oft repeated phrases: "Music is the language of the emotions," and "Architecture is frozen music." Now there is some degree of truth in each. They are not quite "as full of naught as space is full of emptiness." They bespeak a vague recognition of a certain dual character of music, a recognition of the subjective content and the objective form—Theosophically, the Life and the Form. The gross physical body of music is the air vibrations; its finer body, the etheric forms; the form and structure are ideational; the content may be sensuous, passional, emotional, intuitional or spiritual. The form and structure of music is architecture in a fluid state; both are governed by number or proportion.

Music may be said to be a language in that the laws of its orderly development, the succession of themes and subordinate elements, are the logic of its expression. As formal logic is the science of correct thinking as expressed in language, so the form and structure of music is the science of correct procedure in terms of the tonal art. In this sense, music may be said to be a language. The study of logic never taught anyone to reason correctly, neither will the study of musical form enable one to understand music or, rather, to deeply respond to it. However, just as a knowledge of logic will enable one to enjoy and admire the cogency of an argument or to more quickly detect and better reply to its fallacies, so the knowledge of the logic of music will prove advantageous in our experiences with music. It will prove to be an "open sesame" to many beauties and thus we may enter at least the outer court of the temple.

This aspect of music in its lower phases may also be likened to versification, but as the rather formal science of English verse is at last superseded by what Sidney Lanier calls "tune in speech" and as the parallelism of Hebrew poetry and the rhapsodic chanting of Walt Whitman or a Giovanetti are of a higher order of rhythm

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA than versification, so in music there is a higher order of speech than the logic of form. Music in its highest and purest state is the medium for the expression of transcendental verities only to be apprehended by the highest order of consciousness, the mystic-religious consciousness, and the language of this consciousness is symbolism.

The supremacy of Beethoven arises simply from the fact that he, of all composers, most frequently attained this altitude and maintained it undimmed for longer spaces. In his so-called "third period" he transcends all limitations of mere technique, and communes in tone and sound with the Universal Oversoul. Among musicians his last quartettes are spoken of as "the Holy of Holies" and recognized as almost beyond the capability of human beings to interpret. Of them it has been written:

He (Beethoven) passes beyond the horizon of the mere singer and poet and touches upon the domain of the seer and the prophet, where, in unison with all genuine mystics and ethical teachers, he delivers messages of religious love and resignation, identification with the sufferings of all living creatures, deprecation of self, negation of personality, release of the world.

Except for the relative inferiority of the medium, the last five piano sonatas fall little short of the quartettes in content and significance. They "are perfectly distinct from any of the earlier ones, not only in individuality—for all Beethoven's works are distinct but in a certain wistful yearning, a sort of sense of the invisible and vision of the infinite mingled with their power."

It is of great significance to the musician-mystic (and he is hardly a genuine musician who is not a mystic), and especially so to the Theosophist-musician, that Beethoven copied out and kept constantly on his work-table these lines found by Champollion-Figeac on an Egyptian temple:

I am that which is.

I am all that is, that has been, and that shall be; no mortal hand has lifted my veil.

He is by Himself and it is to Him that everything owes existence.

Thus we see that music becomes the medium of expression of a state of consciousness far transcending the emotions and the intellect and, by the analysis of compositions of this type, learn that the ordinary elements of music—melody, harmony, rhythm and technical form—are quite subordinated for purposes of higher expression. and music has become symbolical sound. Formal logic and versification have given way to a rhapsodic freedom without any sacrifice of the "triune symmetry of exposition, illustration and repetition" which is the spiritual essence of the sonata and symphonic form. It is characteristic of only the greatest masters of music that they have in some moment of their compositions touched this "formless" yet most positive of all states of consciousness. In the heart and mind of the thoroughly disciplined musical appreciator, the several elements of music that have been the subjects of separate study are eventually synthesized and blended into an intuitional concept; each element is held, as it were, in a fluid state and the flow of sound becomes a majestic symbol of the universe.

Thus is music *philosophy*.

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can, Existent behind all laws, that made them and lo! they are; And I know not if, save in this, such gift is allowed to man, That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star."



THE BOOK OF ENOCH

### By Isabel B. Holbrook

(Continued from page 840)



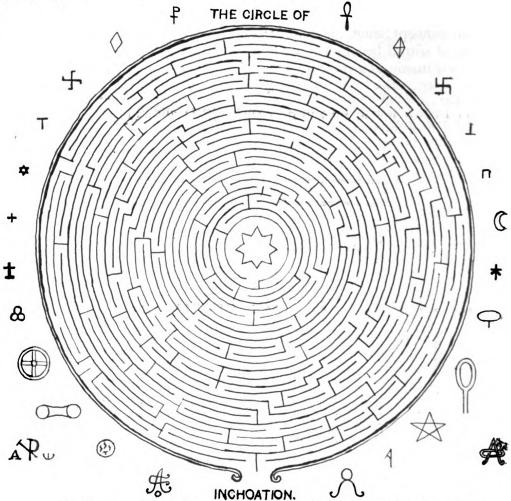
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N connection with the visions of Enoch (see June American Theosophist) which showed to him the wanderings of the lapsed Spirit through different spheres or realms in search of its centre, the Sun, the translator of the edition of the book which we have has added a drawing of the Circle of Inchoation, typifying that symbolical journey with the "sigma" that Enoch found analysis to "work

with the "signs" that Enoch found enabled him to "work his way" past the wardens of the various portals.

It was this Circle of Inchoation, no doubt, which gave origin to the ancient labyrinthine Cave-Temples. Significantly enough, history itself has recorded that they were invented by Tubal Cain and the first one erected at Enochia. Interesting, also, the fact that that famous, ancient Ethiopian Labyrinth, on the shore of Lake Mareotis, described in Professor Larkin's article in this present issue, marks the locality where was recovered, as part of the sacred canon of the Ethiopians, this same Book of Enoch, it having doubtless been there preserved during all the centuries which have elapsed since the time of Atlantean splendor.

But alike—this Ethiopian wonder of the world, with its three thousand chambers and intricate passages, or the Cretan, with a hank of thread its clue to the dwelling of the Minotaur and the only mode of finding the way out, down to the modern garden Maze at Hampton Court—all find their prototype in this Circle of Inchoation and that, in turn, in the Soul's passage and experience in matter. We append a copy of this drawing and the directions accompanying it.



In the centre is the Heaven of God, symbolized as a Shining Sun. The manner in which entrance is to be accomplished is not without a certain significance. The great feature of the puzzle is to avoid that path which is the most tempting. Having once been put on the track, though the traveler's object is to get into the centre, he must, nevertheless, avoid every opening that, *apparently*, leads him nearer to the centre. Another feature is, after passing from the first circle into the second, to work on continually to the left. *Outer*, means towards the circumference; *inner*, means towards the centre; *circle*, means the space between the lines. With these general directions on starting, the track may be followed up with comparative ease.

1. Enter at the foot and turn to the right, following the outer circle as far as you can, till you enter the second circle.

2. Now proceed to the left and continue till you meet with a shoulder; passing round this, you encounter two openings; select the outer one.

3. Following up this circle and still continuing ever afterwards to keep to the left, you will be conducted to a similar shoulder, which must be passed round and the outer opening taken.

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4. Still continuing to the left, we reach an inner circle. The first opening to the right must be passed unheeded (this is a trap), and by pressing on we make another advance. Two openings are observable; take the outer one and again avoid the adjoining opening to the right.

5. Pass round the left shoulder of the T and, continuing the road, you arrive at the foot of the same T, pointing to the centre. There are two roads open to the traveler; choose that to the left, which will lead to a shoulder.

6. At this point you had better pause to view your position and know it again in case of losing your way. There you find four openings and, by following the rule at first laid down, you must take the least tempting and pass up to the outermost turning.

7. Follow this road; pass round a shoulder; avoid the first turning on the right; pass along until introduced to the tenth circle. Still continue to the left; pass the two openings on the right, and you arrive at a small perpendicular line pointing to the centre and a number of openings; avoid all these; pass round the line to the left; turn the corner; take the opening on the left which, followed up, advances us two circles.

8. On entering the next circle, turn sharp round to the left and you will advance rapidly.

9. Here two openings to the right lead apparently to the centre (these are traps); therefore continue till you meet with a shoulder with two opennigs; take the outer one; pass on to the left, and you are immediately at the end of your difficulty.

We also copy drawings of two other interesting symbols from the book: (1) the Apocalyptic Rod, the prototype of all rods of power and sovereignty, and (2) the Sword-Sceptre of those Cabiric messengers who "came not to send peace, but a sword."



Note that this mystical rod appears in the hands of the symbolical Hermes; it is the magical staff of the Magi, of the Brahmin priests and of the old Druids; it is the rod of Moses; it is preserved to the present day in the Episcopal crozier of the Church, and in all magical wands and divining rods.

The twelve symbols graven on this Rod represent the twelve Great Messengers of the Naronic or Sacred Cycle, the Epiphany of Messengers in due succession. As given in *The Book of Enoch*, that nearest to the head represents the Sun and Oannes, the Greek and Assyrian name for the First Messenger, Adam. The cross signifies Enoch, the Second Messenger. The snake is a Chinese hieroglyph for Fo-hi, the Dragon-Man. The three points in triangular shape symbolize Brigoo, the Hindu Messenger. The Sol-Ipse sign stands for Zaratusht. The monad in the parallelogram is for Thoth of Egvpt. The lines which follow signify Amosis. The square is for Lao-Tse (at the present day this square is in the centre of Chinese coins). Jesus, the next Messenger, is represented by lines also. The

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last three symbols stand for respectively the Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Messengers which are yet to come.

The Sword-Sceptre is an analogue of the Rod; the hieroglyph at the point signifies Adam; after him is Enoch, or Ænoch, whose initial diphthong is given with the triune sign; etc., etc. Ten symbols only are apparent here, but that occult relation of the ten to the twelve is involved; the triangle surmounted by a cross or triple-tau is explained to mean reappearance of the Seventh Messenger as the Ninth; the last, the Z with the double cross, signifies also a reappearance, a Buddha, combining in one form both a conquering Cabir and a humble Messiah.

The following Hindu figure represents the Bi-Une holding the Messianic sceptre in the right hand and the Cabiric sword in the left;



the solar bull, emblem of the Messenger of Peace; the solar lion, emblem of the Kabir. The right side of the figure presents God as the Sun: the left as the Moon, symbolized by the starembroidered robe which wraps that luminary around in the night. The figure is crowned with a solar nimbus; the serpent is entwined around the neck, and on the right thigh is the cat's or panther's head—the Egyptian symbol of the mighty power that sees through the darkness of the infinite abysses. Water gushes in a tor-

rent from the head, and vivifies the universe. The water comes from the right or masculine side, to show that God is the maker of all. This is the water said to be the *principium* or principle of all things; while God was the mind which formed all things from water.

Hebrew writers knew the difference between the Messenger of Peace and the Kabir of War, for note in the Old Testament how the Messiah is spoken of as a Conqueror and King as often as He is Judge and Teacher.

In the New Testament, in Luke xxii: 38, there is an allusion to the two mystical Swords: "And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And He said unto them, It is enough." In the Eleusinian Mysteries, we are told, types or images of these very swords were represented; the Mazonic symbol of Two Swords crossed commemorates the same. Similarly the Sword, with two edges, which comes out of the mouth of the Divine Messenger, as seen in the Apocalypse, and which became the device of the Knights of the East and West, symbols that union of the positive and negative, of the right and the left, of the East and the West, which must precede "Perfection," whether of a Mason, a Divine Messenger, or a Universe.

> The Lord of Justice goeth forth from Heaven. He goes to put in force his Laws: The evil doers are swept away: They perish under the face of the sun. Every unholy tower shall crumble; It shall be burnt with its keepers in fire: The plough shall scatter its ruins; They shall fall into a judgment of death; The flaming womb of hell receives them; They are clothed in darkness and confusion: From the Divine Presence they are expelled— The Sword of Flame warns them away. The pure shall wake as if from sleep; Wisdom shall be exalted high: But by the Sword shall sinners perish:

Could I reveal unto thee The Mystery of the Sacred Mysteries; Then would thy soul upraise itself Like a Winged Serpent before the Lord God. As the wind moves over the shining waters, So would thy fire-spirit be impelled; It would bear thee on the lightnings, Like thunders would its wings rustle. But the mighty King of Fire;-By Him hath it been forbidden; I see His glittering Sword— It waves-it quivers-and I faint. From the White Throne a Voice comes; O thou child of the bosom of light, Stay, stay, murmur not: Why should the Sword descend?

He shall be a support for all the righteous To lean upon without stumbling; He shall be the Light of Nations

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And the hope of all who are in trouble. All who dwell on earth shall wait for him, And do the things that he ordains; They shall bless the Lord who sent him; They shall sing to the King of Spirits.

Wouldest thou know his name? Soshiosh, the Savior, is his name; His presence on the earth of man Is as the presence of Morning Light.

From God's presence did he go forth A Messenger unto spheres of sorrow; He shall exist for ever when his work is done; He shall be in the presence of the Master, He was concealed in God's splendor, But he came forth from the Holy One, To reveal the Institutes of the Spirit-Lord, To those who pined in darkness.

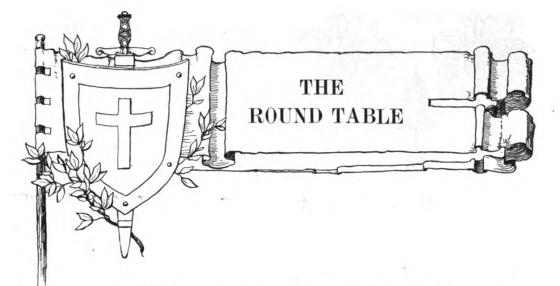
From the first he did exist in secret; He was hidden—the Concealed One; Not even to the Cherubic splendors Was his mystic name known.

He bears the Sceptre of Command; He bares the Sword of Conquest; Let the whole earth bow down; Its Pontiff and its Lord appears.

(To be continued)



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# FOR THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE TO KEEP IN MIND

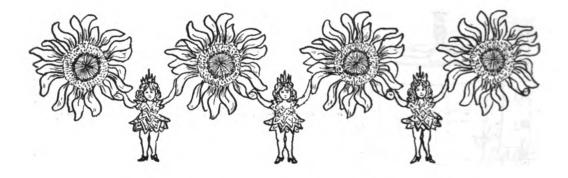
"It is not so much what you say As the manner in which you say it; It is not so much the language you use As the tones in which you convey it.

"The words may be mild and fair, And the tones may pierce like a dart; The words may be soft as the summer air, And the tones may break the heart.

"For words but come from the mind, And grow by study and art; But the tones leap forth from the inner self, And reveal the state of the heart.

"Whether you know it or not— Whether you mean or care— Gentleness, kindness, love and hate, Envy and anger are there.

"Then, would you quarrels avoid, And in peace and love rejoice, Keep anger not only out of your words, But keep it out of your voice."



# THE SUNFLOWER AND THE FAIRY

A TRUE FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN-UPS

By Louie F. MacGregor



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NCE upon a time there was a man who, when he was quite young, had taken upon himself a duty to which he vowed to devote his life. As the years came and went, this duty drew more and more heavily upon his strength, but he braced himself firmly, remembering his vow, and bravely thrust aside all temptations that might cause him to be false for an instant to his trust. Thus many years passed by,

the burden becoming heavier and more wearisome with each added year. Then came a temptation subtler and more alluring than any he had known before—an opportunity to taste the pleasures of the world; the joy of being loved as well as loving.

While he was thinking over the matter one day, planning how he might arrange his affairs before he went out into the world, he remembered that there was a Wise Woman who lived in a little hut just over the hill and who was famed for her wisdom. So he went to her and told her his story; told her how this sweet, fairy-like dream beckoned to him; of the woman who was waiting to give him her love when he should have given over his "noxious duty," as she called it, and had come to the city to live with "real people." All this he told the Wise Woman and, also, that he could find another to take his place and thus no one would be harmed by his going. Would it not be right for him to be happy? Had he not earned that in all these years?

The Wise Woman looked at him with eyes filled with deepest compassion. So many had come to her with the same plea. "A little happiness, a little pleasure. Surely some one else can bear my burden— 'et me lay it down for awhile." This one wanted so-called "love." to take into his life one to love him as well as let him work for her, who, as he said, "is a fairy, dainty and flower-like."

The Wise Woman's heart was filled with pity, for she could see far into the future and had many memories of the past.



"Sit here at my feet," she said, seating herself on a small, ivygrown log, "and I will tell you a story." The man threw himself on the ground at her feet and she told him this true story.

My dear friend, put not your trust in fairies! The dainty, witching things have no souls and can know no responsibility. I know one, a merry, laughing sprite that dwells in a bower of exquisite beauty in the rose-bush under my window.

One morning, when all the world was sparkling with dewy freshness and the trees in the grove were festooned with floating webs that glistened with the jeweled drops, the little fairy flitted forth in the coming dawn to view again the world she so exulted in.

From the bluebell, which she shook with mischievous fingers, came a faint tinkling greeting. The daisy, half awake, turned up its innocent face to meet her gentle touch. Laughing merrily, gay and light as a thistle-down, she flew from flower to grass blade, from leaf to leaf. The morning-glory opened its heart to her and she rested for a moment in its grateful calm. Then she darted away on swiftest wing to where the rose bed with its many blossoms invited her. She sipped the dew-drop from a creamy petal and thrust her dainty fingers into the rose's heart. With a glad "good morning," she greeted each blossom and pursued her happy way.

At last she perched upon a crimson-petaled poppy and swayed dreamily with the sweet breath of the morning breeze. About her, the flowers, not wholly awake, were beginning to stir with the herald of the coming dawn. She knew each blossom; knew that each one would greet her as queen, she who herself was a flower. The violet in its grassy bed, the pansy with its baby face, the honeysuckle—ah, surely the honeysuckle had cause to reproach her! She had neglected it all this morning. She would visit the honeysuckle. So, carrying in her hand a streaming thread which she caught from a floating web, she darted up and away to where the honeysuckle, with its red and yellow blossoms, climbed its rambling trellis. She whispered gently to the fragrant cups and they nodded understandingly. For awhile she lingered with them, then once more alighted upon the crimson-petaled poppy. The floating end of the thread she had carried in her flight was entangled above her head and, looking up to see what held it, she spied a handsome sunflower. Tall and stately, his face turned to the rising Sun, he stood in silent adoration, all unconscious of the little fairy on the crimson-petaled poppy behind him. For awhile she watched him indifferently, swaying dreamily with the gentle morning breeze.

"Good morning, sir!" she called to him, "is not this a beautiful world?"

But the sunflower stood waiting, watching for the first beam of the Sun, his adored and beneficent God.

"Why do you not answer me?" cried the fairy, "is not this a dear, glad old world?"

But the Sun was beginning to glow faintly above the horizon and the sunflower, in a dream of ecstasy, was waiting, waiting for the first ray that should say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" For him the little fairy was not in existence. His duty was to greet the rising Sun with worship and adoration and nothing else could tempt him, for to him nothing else was.

But the tiny sprite upon the crimson-petaled poppy began to woo him.

"Turn to me, you great handsome thing!" she cooed gently. "Only look at me. I am very fair, my wings are of the rainbow hues, my hair is of yellow gold. The other blossoms greet me gladly, for I am very sweet. Never has one refused me'a glance of welcome but you, who are so strong, so stately, so grand! Will you not give me one word, one look? Will you not say 'good morning'?"

She darted around him like a flame of light, glancing swiftly into his upturned face, and returned once again to her perch upon the crimson-petaled poppy.

The sunflower stirred uneasily; what was this thing that disturbed his morning devotion? His service, his life, were due to the returning God of Day, and what was this that penetrated faintly into his adoring heart?

"I want you! I want you!" cooed the fairy. "Look at me! The others all look and call me the most beautiful of all the fairies. You are so noble, so brave, so great! Surely, you will turn and look at me; it is so easy for you, and I want you so!" Impatiently at last she cried, "Why do you not turn your great, handsome, stupid head?"

Again the sunflower stirred uneasily. Into his great heart, intent upon his devotion, this insistent voice pierced like a thread of music.

Again the tiny, flame-like creature darted around him and again alighted on the crimson-petaled poppy.

Slowly, at last, he turned his head, striving to see again the brilliant thing that had met his vision. And there she sat upon the crimson-petaled poppy, smiling at him, holding out her little hands in greeting.

"You did come! Good morning! Good morning!" she cried delightedly.

"You called me and I came," said the sunflower. "Do you really want me? Really want me?" And he bent softly toward her.

"Not too close," she cried merrily, "I only wanted you to look at me." And she clapped her hands and laughed with glee.

The sunflower looked and looked and looked! The golden sunlight was not more bright, the fragrant blossoms were not so sweet, the music of the rippling brook was not so dear. Forgotten were his duties to the beneficent God, forgotten was his allegiance to the Sun. For the first time in the memory of the Garden, the returning Lord of Day was not greeted by the adoring face of his faithful worshiper.

The sunflower leaned toward the fairy.

"Dear," he murmured, "I love you. Come to me; I will fold you in my heart and we will be all in all to each other. Though I have sinned, your love will more than repay. Though I die, the knowledge of your love will give me peace. Come to me, dear, I will fold you in my heart and find courage to face the consequence of my sin."

"I do not understand," said the little fairy, "what do you mean?" Lower and lower bent the great head.

"Sweet," murmured the sunflower, "do you not know that for a sunflower to turn from the Sun is death? You asked me to turn, to look upon you. To turn is to die, to look upon you is to love you. I am dying, but you love.me and I am content."

"Love? What is love?" said the fairy. "I do not understand. What is this love?" And in perplexity she drew farther away.

"Nay, do not leave me," murmured the sunflower, "let your love shine upon me as I die."

Lower and lower bent the great head; lower and lower, until it touched the leaves of the poppies; lower and lower, until it rested prone upon the earth. "Farewell, sweet," he whispered, "farewell! I die because I love you; I give up all for you; my work, my life, all I have; and you will not forget. Farewell!"

"I do not understand; why do you die? What do you mean? What is love, this love of which you speak so much?"

For awhile she looked enquiringly at the bowed head, stooping lightly over the edge of the crimson-petaled poppy. Then, catching sight of a lingering dew-drop on a grass blade untouched by the Sun, she sped swiftly to shake it from its resting place.

Once again her silvery laugh rang out as, stopping here and there to greet a favorite blossom, she winged her way back to her bower in the rose-bush under my window.

She is a fairy! A beauteous, witching thing, soulless and knowing no responsibility. All unknown to her is the tragedy in the Garden, and the Sun pours his burning rays upon the prostrate form and bowed head of him to whom love was more than duty. While the sunflower stood with his face upturned to the Light all the strength of the powerful rays served to give him life, but the same strength pouring now upon his prostrate form will soon destroy it and turn it to nothingness.

The fairy still laughs and sings and plays about the dear old Garden. The blossoms are as sweet, the dew-drops as bright, the dawn as glorious. The sunflower is not forgotten—he was never even known.

Her story finished, the Wise Woman placed her hand gently on the bowed head of the man at her feet and said softly:

"When you have turned your back upon the Sun, what shall you have left? Rest and compensation and love? Or will you have turned from your Dharma to stretch out your arms to—empty air?"

Rising, she slipped noiselessly away into her little hut, leaving the man still sitting on the ground by the ivy-grown log. Long he sat, his head bent, pondering deeply the story he had just heard. At last he arose and looked about him. The grass, the woods, the sky, all seemed to have taken on a new beauty. And, squaring his broad shoulders as if bracing himself against some unseen obstacle, he turned and walked swiftly away, retracing the path over which he had come.

AN CLASSIFICATION - Conteres

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# LITTLE BROTHERS IN MANY LANDS

## Letters from Betty

Dear Children:

The Egyptians are the oldest people known to the world as a nation. Many, many thousands of years ago they carved their history upon the great stone monuments which they built and from these carvings wise men have been able to tell us much about the lives of this ancient nation. The writing is composed of symbols or characters called "hieroglyphs," which means *sacred writing*. The picture-writings prove that some of the old customs have been handed down unchanged for all these years.

Siwa, our Egyptian brother, and his little sister, Kleona, are the children of a farmer, but here a farmer is called a *fellah*. For the greater part of the year their home is on dry land, just as is any other farm-house, but for the rest of the time Siwa and Kleona live on what is practically an island, the house being almost completely surrounded by water, with only enough of land to make it possible to walk to the outer buildings. At these times, to go from village to village requires a boat, or you might see Siwa carefully picking his way along the dikes belonging to the irrigation system; dikes which run for miles and miles all over the country.

It seldom rains in Egypt, but water is supplied for the growing things by the River Nile, which overflows its banks each year. The rising of this great river is the cause of Siwa's living on an island part of the time. All over the country lies the glistening water, thickly dotted with green islands—the farms and villages. When the waters subside, Siwa helps his father plant the grain in the basinlike terraces into which the land is arranged. By and by the land

becomes very dry again and then the little boy drives the buffaloes who turn the great water-wheels. These wheels lift the water from the lower basins to the higher and from there it is run off into the irrigation ditches. He may help with the *shadufs*, too. These are the water-lifts worked by hand, of which it is said there are over one hundred thousand in Egypt.

Because so much depends upon the waters of the Nile, the Egyptians look upon the river with great respect, even amounting to reverence. They celebrate its annual rising by a festival lasting several days. A miraculous drop of water is supposed to fall in June and this causes the Nile to begin to rise, and the celebration is therefore that of the Drop, *Lelet-en-Nukta*. Guns are fired, all kinds of fire-works let off and a merry time generally is passed by all. After this a crier goes about in every district announcing, in a quaint chant, the rise of the waters.

When the river has been rising for some months, Siwa and Kleona begin to watch carefully for the crier's coming, for they know that when he changes the chant the water has reached its highest point, and he will then present at each house a few limes or other fruit, together with a bit of dry Nile mud, and they mean to be on hand to receive the fruit. After this the crier's work is done for the year.

The children would not willingly miss the annual festival. Dressed in very full silk trousers, pink stockings, close-fitting vest, with divided skirts, Kleona has a seat beside her mother on the ungainly camel which will take them to the festive scene. The girl's black hair is in a dozen tight plaits, each one fastened with a gold ornament. In front it is combed low over the forehead and cut off straight across. Perched on the back of her head is a *tarbush*, or fez, around which is wound a handkerchief. To this is fastened an embroidered muslin veil. Kleona keeps this veil closely drawn over her face when men are present; only her beautiful large brown eyes are visible.

Affectionately yours,

Betty.

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# A "WOOLLY BEAR"

By "Lotus"

Run, dear little children, run, here comes a woolly bear! No, children, no! it is a caterpillar rare.

We are not afraid of that kind of a bear, are we, children?

When we see the furry caterpillar hurrying along, we know what he is going to do. He is on his way to find a sheltered spot where he can spend the winter. When we take him up—very gently, of course—he quickly curls himself into a tiny, fuzzy ball. He does



the same thing when a bird tries to catch and eat him. When the bird sees the little ball of hairs he goes off again, for he doesn't care to have his throat stuck full of them.

"Woolly" is made up of thirteen parts not counting his head, which is like a tiny, shining button. His legs are fastened to these parts, which are called segments. There are six true legs and several which he does not use for walking. Of course you know that when we breathe, we draw breath into our lungs through our

noses. Woolly has another way of breathing. Examine him closely and you will find little yellow spots along his sides. It is through these spots, which are really openings, that Woolly draws in the air to purify his blood. When you see him waving the fore part of his body about before moving on, you will know he is feeling his way. The poor fellow is very near-sighted and his eyes are very small.

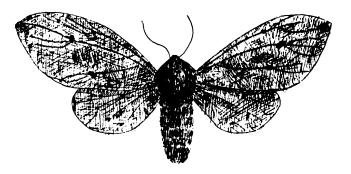
All children love fairy tales and I am sure the story of Woolly's

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life reads like one. In the fall, when he has found a snug place to hide in during cold weather, he makes himself a cradle of the finest silk by weaving around himself numberless delicate strands. It is difficult to understand how Woolly's fat round body can be squeezed into such a small space. If after a short time you could peep through the walls of his cradle, which is a cocoon, you would not find Woolly at all. Instead, you would discover a tiny smooth creature called a *pupa* into which he has turned.

But this is not the only change which takes place. From the pupa Woolly soon changes into a lovely moth. We cannot understand how that large moth could have grown in the little cocoon any more than we could see how Woolly could wrap himself up into such a tiny ball. But now Woolly's name has changed and he is called the Isabella Tiger moth. His (or perhaps, as the name is now Isabella, we should say her) wings are a beautiful greyish yellow, thickly covered with powder. Her body is again woolly, but the hair is very soft and downy. We do not see her during the day, for she flies only at night.

After a time she lays her eggs, picking out a plant with nice juicy leaves. She does this because when her eggs are hatched, there



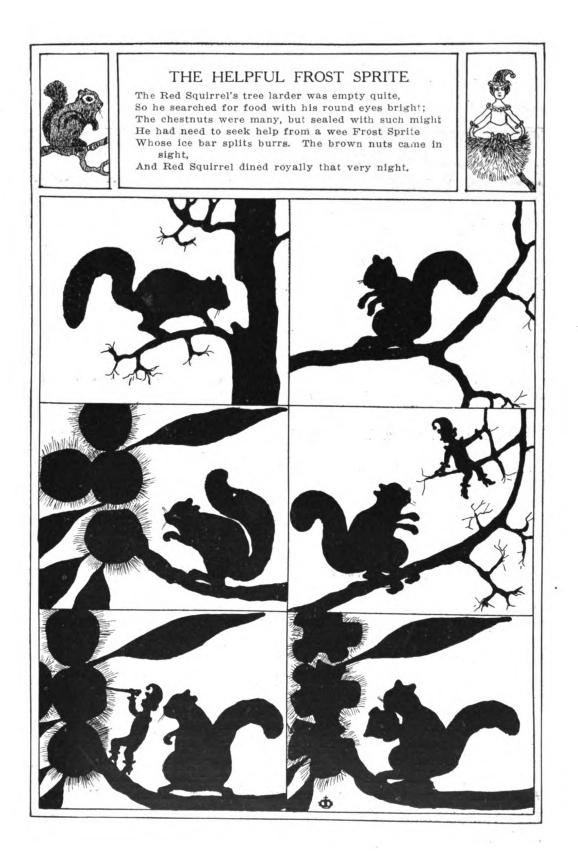
are a lot of little woolly bears once more! The little fellows have great appetites and must have food near at hand as soon as they open their little beady eyes. And so the wonderful chain goes on.

From woolly bears grow moths and from the eggs which the moth lays, once more there grow woolly bears!

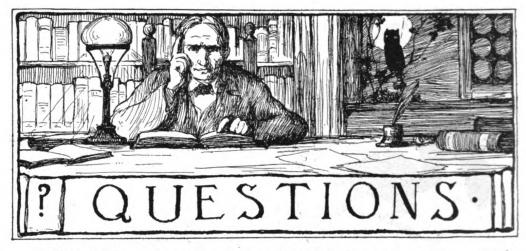
But there comes a time when even this is changed. You remember I told you that Woolly's life was like a fairy story. It is, indeed, and a real one at that, for all the while he is changing from one to another he is learning a lesson.

When he has learned all that moth life has to teach him, he passes into a higher grade and becomes a beautiful bird. And when the lesson of bird life is over, he passes on to a still higher grade and really becomes a fairy! And that is one reason why we need to be very careful not to harm birds nor butterflies and moths, nor indeed any living creature, as we know, for while they seem to be idly flitting about, they are truly going to school, preparing themselves to become beautiful, bewitching fairies.

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What is the reason that some who think they are at home on the higher planes find themselves unable to obtain evidence of the coming of the World-Teacher?

In the first place, they may think themselves at home and may not be at home at all. There is always a difference between actuality and imagination. And, secondly, they may not have been taken into the confidence of the Great Teacher. But, on the other hand, I should say, if any one were fully conscious on the astral plane he would be fully alive to the preparations now being made for the coming of the Great Teacher, because tremendous efforts are now being made to spiritualize the world. I. S. C.

A student once asked you if a certain person were well and if she had been able to take a contemplated voyage. You stated that even if you knew, you would not be allowed to say. May we know why? Why are psychics not permitted generally to give out things that can be proven on the physical plane?

So far as the pupils of the Masters are concerned, it is simply a question of ordinary honor. If any teaching has been given to them by virtue of which they have been able to develop the higher faculties it has been given under certain stringent conditions—with stipulations which a pupil would never for a moment think of violating. He does not even concern himself as to the reason of the imposition of these conditions; having given his promise, he feels himself bound in honor to observe it. For a very able discussion on the general subject, see Mr. A. P. Sinnett's *The Occult World*, pages 80-85 of the eighth edition. C. W. L.

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#### What is tact?

It is a power of quick judgment; a foresight which leads close upon intuition.

The quality called "tact" in the world might in occultism be called "discrimination." Tact is a love attribute connected with feeling and sympathy. It deals with people and creates harmony among them on the physical plane. Discrimination pertains to knowledge, connected with reason and justice. It deals with principles and creates harmony with the Self. M. O.

How is it that pride, avarice, deceit, irritability, selfishness, etc., can be expressed in the mental body and yet, when the time comes for the soul to enter Devachan, they cannot express themselves? (See "The Theosophist," page 350, "A Text Book of Theosophy.")

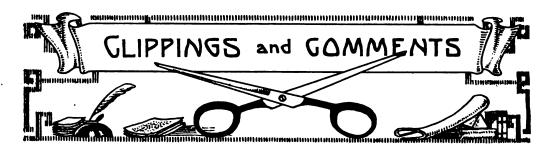
That these qualities can be expressed in the mental body is an illusion cast by the close association of the astral and mental bodies an overlapping of their activities, seemingly, by an interblending of the two. These feelings are all sensed in the astral body and without that body they could not be. The mental body cognizes these and remembers them and, in a way, in its kama-manas ability, senses them as though they were its own. When the astral body, at the end of the astral plane life, is sloughed off, these qualities are no longer possible. Thus the man is prepared to enter Devachan, where none of these lower states are possible. If one had no mental body he could not know that he possessed these qualities, while at the same time he would be living them in their undisturbed existence. J. L. K. H.

## What is "Man"?

He is the Self with an apparatus or appanage for establishing contact or relations with the Not-Self. When we think of "man" it is mainly of the apparatus that we think, because we spontaneously call up a mental image of the most material part of the apparatus, while the Self is beyond our thought. E. H.

# What is the meaning of "good luck?"

When a man is so proverbially lucky that he depends on his luck, it proves that he is reaping the results of meritorious actions in the past. In a universe governed by law there can be no such thing as chance. This is no exception, and the fact that he relies on his luck proves that he recognizes a law and not an uncertainty or chance. It may also prove that he has more of the elementals in his service that work in the matters in which he is lucky. M. O.



#### DOES REINCARNATION EXPLAIN?

In the Forum of The New Haven Journal-Courier, Dr. T. L. Buttner applies the idea of reincarnation to the special case of Helen Keller in an able manner. We quote:

"Helen Keller is a wonder and a freak. Science does not explain her otherwise than by saying that she is a genius, and science has not yet accounted fully for genius. The appearance in an individual of faculties much beyond what he could have inherited or acquired by his own efforts leaves a gap in the argument of the advocates of evolution by natural selection and transmission of acquired characters.

"We have learned that the development of the mind is dependent on the impacts the brain receives through the sense organs. Therefore no senses, no mind. The psychologist tells us that ninety-five per cent of our knowledge of the world comes through sight and sound. Then Helen Keller, deprived of both, should have remained a haggard figure, totally unable to receive the creating impulses accounted necessary to make of her something more than a jelly-fish actuated by and living only in impressions by contact. Yet back of this windowless body an active mind existed on the *qui vive* for the smallest hint that might make the dark, silent night pulsate with life. Whence the mind whose tense energy has grasped a world of meaning in finger pressure, and how could it understand?

"Education and training have not created her genius, though they have helped in its expression. Natural evolution and heredity are words that fail utterly to clear the mystery of Helen Keller's life. If her mind has never perceived a sound, it is beyond comprehension that she could ever have uttered a syllable. If it has never seen the light, whence her inspiration and her knowledge of things that alone can be seen? Most wonderful of all, if she is the product of blind fate in nature's Juggernaut car, how could her soul be sweetness, devotion and hope?

"Maybe all she had to do is to remember. Reincarnation is not orthodoxy's explanation, but there is no more rational idea so far presented. It is the perfect conception that can synthesize natural evolution and spiritual aspiration in a satisfying whole. And science is not very far from giving to it its *imprimatur*, for Sir Oliver Lodge tells us that life is best explained by incarnation with pre-existence."

#### AN INTERESTING BIT OF KARMA

This sad and unusual case has recently come to the attention of Mrs. Russak. A well-respected young woman was committed to an asylum because suffering from the awful delusion that she had not been properly and lawfully married to her husband and that the child to which she was about to give birth was not a legitimate one.

On looking it up occultly Mrs. Russak found that she was entirely in error as to this, but that she was really recalling the memory of an unfortunate experience in a past life. She was then in love with the man who is now her husband but, as his religion was different from hers, her family prohibited the marriage. Broken-hearted, she

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retired to a convent where she gave birth to a child and died in shame and sorrow in a few years.

When people come to realize that often the life in the present can be fully understood only when it is linked to the ones in the past, perhaps they will not criticize too severely those who are already suffering so much, but will give them the strength that comes from love and understanding.

#### ARCHEOLOGICAL AND PALEONTOLOGICAL

Among the clippings sent in to *The American Theosophist* are many that can be condensed under the above title.

From Alaska we get news of a jar, uncovered by Indians, containing Chinese coins clearly of great antiquity; also of a piece of teak-wood of a grade produced in no other country but China, and of a tomb-stone of ancient make inscribed with Chinese characters—these findings being used by the writer of the newspaper article to bolster up the theory that Mongolians were shipwrecked on Alaska perhaps more than twenty centuries ago and that tribes of their descendants wandering over the continent left as posterity what we call the North American Indian.

As the Indian himself has it in a phrase, this "maybe so, or maybe no so." It is a fact that in the early days of the West. when the Indians were on the war-path, they never molested, and refused to harm, a Chinaman, because they regarded him as a relative, but that, as well as the technical classification wherein Mongolian and North American Indian are listed in the same category, can be more validly accounted for by acceptance of the broad teachings of our occultists concerning the distribution of the sub-races of vanished Atlantis and who the present-day people are that represent them. (See Scott-Elliot's The Story of Atlantis and Mrs. Besant's The Pedigree of Man.)

A. Lefave, a mining engineer, has found the relics of a town in Arizona which he insists are at least ten thousand years old; he supports his claim by strong proofs based on accepted geological data; he is satisfied that the ruins are older than those of Nineveh or Babylon and were the work of a high civilization of which the cliff-dwelling tribes are much later and degenerated occupants. All this again fits into the story that Theosophists accept of Fourth Race, or Atlantean, history.

To the similarities which research has brought out between the ancient Egyptians and the Mayas of Central America, Dr. Paul Schlieman is adding another which his own and the work of his famous grandfather, Dr. Heinrich Schlieman emphasizes that they had a similar musical scale, similar ecclesiastical style, similar rhythm, similar instruments, similar great hymns, oratorios, plays and orchestras, similarly-built musical halls with similar regard for the laws of acoustics.

Dr. Schlieman gives in *Musical America* (June 7, 1913) an article on this subject, at the end of which he sets forth the various theories of communication between the two ancient nations which bring about these similarities, discarding them all, however, for the only credible one, the existence of a continent which then stretched from the west coast of Africa to the shores of Central America—Atlantis again.

At Yale University, Professor Lull has succeeded, by means of fragments of skeleton found in various parts of the world, in restoring the form of man as he was in the stone age, probably a hundred thousand years ago. His work goes to show that, in that far-off time, man could not walk erect but had to stoop.

And now in southwestern France a skull has been unearthed which Dr. Henri Martin, the learned French archeologist, says reveals several distinct differences to skulls previously looked upon as the most ancient, and which go to prove that there was a very

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early race of men undoubtedly herbivorous, and that man and ape are not descended from a common ancestor, the ape degenerating and the man improving in form.

The Secret Doctrine should be studied by one wishing to straighten out, by its references, the connection of apes and man, and in Alfred Ross Parsons' New Light from the Great Pyramid there is an intensely interesting chapter on the life of man before he became carnivorous and why he became an eater of flesh.

The Carnegie expedition sent into Eastern Turkestan has come upon a wealth of remains dating back to a period "compared with which the advent of Christ is modern history," vindicating the title of that region as "Mount of Nations," and which are confirmed by the history recovered by our leaders and outlined to us in Man, Whence, How and Whither and Rents in the Veil of Time.

The region of the Yukon is furnishing a collection of mastadon and other fossil bones for exhibition at the 1915 Panama Pacific Exposition. Among these is a skeleton of a prehistoric ox which shows it to have been a giant ruminant as large as an elephant, with short horns measuring over five feet from tip to tip. Montana is sending to a New York museum a skeleton of a trachadon, a prehistoric sea-monster estimated to have lived not less than three million years ago. There has been found on a California mountain top a perfect fossil sea tortoise in strata that date back at least four hundred thousand years.

Now scientists ask and expect us to accept these facts and huge time figures because they are proven by the scientific mode of proof. How, then, about accepting the facts and figures of occultists who, because the same are proven by the occult mode of proof, tell us that we, reincarnating again and again, have lived a series of lives on this planet stretching back for that same hundreds of thousands of years of time?

#### SCIENCE AND THOUGHT-POWER

Science, in dealing with the problem of thought-forces, is coming to some very interesting and helpful conclusions. Individual responsibility for one's thoughts is put down as an exceedingly grave thing. It is stated in a recent periodical that: "The mind or soul-wave that he starts in motion, however infinitesimal, is a permanent force. It never ceases to exert a certain influence upon the minds and thoughts and emotions and acts of others, and to demote or to promote their welfare accordingly as the influence is bad or good. And most solemn of all is the reflection that the influence set afloat is perpetual.

"This scientific view of individual responsibility is in some sense appalling—but if it serves to prompt to right thoughts and actions, the concept cannot fail to be uplifting."

#### VEGETABLE MILK

Many vegetarians drink cow's milk. It is one of the little inconsequences that they would like to avoid—for most of them acknowledge that by taking it they indirectly partake in the slaughtering of old cows and calves. This difficulty is about to be solved. Milk produced from vegetables—chiefly soya beans—will soon be on sale in London cheaper than cow's milk. A factory with a capacity of forty thousand quarts a day is near completion. The "cowless" product differs little either in taste or appearance from the "natural" product and it is claimed that it is cleaner, keeps longer, and is of unvarying quality. Even can an excellent cheese be made from it. American cities will certainly soon follow the example, not only for the benefit of conscientious vegetarians, but of everybody else as well.

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#### ANOTHER GIPSY STORY

From Le Theosophe we translate the following:

Some years ago, working at the archives of the War Department, I discovered an old clipping from a paper of the year 1830. This clipping gave a strange prophecy made the preceding year to Prince William of Prussia by a fortune-teller whom, just for curiosity, he had asked to look up his future.

After much foolish talk, the fortune-teller placed a pencil in the hand of the Prince, telling him that a great deal of his future was included in the number of the running year—1829. "How is that?" asked the Prince.

"Add the digits of this year," said the gipsy.

"1 and 8 is 9 and 2 is 11 and 9 is 20," answered the Prince, lifting up his head. "Add this number to the present year."

"1829 and 20 is 1849."

"The cards state that that is the date of a grave revolution in your country, which will be suppressed at the cost of much blood."

"And then?" said William.

The old woman shook the cards, arranged them, whispered some invoking words and said:

"Do with 1849 the same as you did with this year and you will find the date of the foundation of the German Empire, which is also that of your own coronation.'

The Prince counted: "1 and 8 is 9 and 4 is 13 and 9 is 22. 1849 and 22 is 1871. 1871," repeated he. "Good heavens, my dear," he said laughing, "by that time I shall be a pretty old emperor, being born in 1797! At what age, then, are you going to let me die?"

"Go on adding and you will know, Sir."

"1 and 8 is 9 and 7 is 16 and 1 is 17. 1871 and 17 brings us to 1888-but that will almost make me a centenarian!'

He rubbed his hands gaily and went on:

"You spoke about the German Empire. Is it asking too much to know whether my empire is only a temporary one, or will it exist a long time after my death?"

The gipsy made a slight movement, pointing at the paper on which the fatal date was already written.

"Go on adding the digits of the year of your death and fate will give you the year of the destruction of your empire."

Somewhat feverishly he, who became William I, counted hastily:

"1 and 8 is 9 and 8 is 17 and 8 is 25." He quickly added the number he got to "1913!" 1888 and cried:

In this story, too, all but the very last prediction has come true. Though 1913 is not over yet, we doubt whether such great political changes as here foretold are likely to occur.

#### REMARKABLE DREAM STORY

The assassination of the King of Greece has provided a remarkable dream story. M. Gregoriades, ex-Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies of Greece, was at the time in London. Passing a night in uneasy slumber, he was suddenly startled by the feeling of a presence in the room. Someone touched him on the shoulder and shook him, and he saw the King of the Hellenes standing over him. "Fifo, Fifo!" the presence said, "Fifo, Fifo! I---" and the king began to say many things to him, all of which he heard distinctly but which seemed to slip from his memory the moment they were uttered. After the presence had left him and while still dreaming, he tried to recall the message, but in vain and he puzzled himself why the king should call him "Fifo."

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His Christian name is Joseph and Fifo is the pet short name for Joseph in Greece, but M. Gregoriades never remembers his Majesty addressing him in that manner; always it was "Major" or "Joseph" but never "Fifo." He was still, half awake and half dreaming, wondering at the unwonted familiarity when a friend burst into his room with the news of the king's assassination.

Here is an interesting problem for the psychologist. Formerly M. Gregoriades was head of the late king's body guard, and it was his honor on state occasions to ride beside his Majesty's carriage; the king on his side had shown unlimited confidence in him. Was it that, at the moment of his last extremity, when stricken by the bullet of the assassin, the mind of King George naturally turned to the Major who in the past had so often stood between him and possible attack, and that those quick powerful thoughtwaves of a man dying under tragic circumstances were carried to the friends far off in London? Being at the time heavily preoccupied with important duties, and therefore not in a receptive state, the message of the dead king could not impress itself upon him until he had fallen asleep. But how account for the unusual name used? May it not have been that, so great the regard and trust felt by the king for his "Major," he had in his inmost thoughts come to think of him endearingly as "Fifo" and that that word came forth as the more appropriate form in which his soul expressed itself than those usually framed by his lips in physical manifestation?

#### GHOST OF COMPOSER AT OPERA REHEARSAL

It is reported from Paris that a ghost was seen at the Gaiete Lyrique during the rehearsals of the first presentation of Massenet's posthumous work *Panurge*; several of the actors and stage hands agree that the composer himself was there, that they saw him beat time to the music and shake his head at times in disapproval.

If the change called death is but a dropping of the physical body and does not automatically change one's tastes, desires, emotions, ignorance or wisdom, then it is not a bit strange, is it, that a composer should care to be present at the rehearsals of his own opera? The strange thing is that so many persons were able to see his ghost; that fact, if authentic, would make this instance unusual and one to be noticed by the Society for Psychical Research.

In Mr. Leadbeater's book The Other Side of Death there are many ghost stories and such clear "reasons why" that we refer all interested in cases like the above to it.

#### SAY MAN BECOMES A GAS

Large, fantastic illustrations in many newspapers, articles covering several columns to accompany the pictures—all to tell that two Dutch scientists, Professors Matla and Zaalberg van Zeist have found incontrovertible evidence of man's life after death.

The experiments were made with highly sensitive, clock-like recorders attached to air-tight cylinders. From the inside of the cylinders invisible beings moved the hands of the recorders, around which the letters of the alphabet were written, and so spelled full answers to questions, etc.

The scientists are careful in their terms. They say that these tests prove that man exists after death in the form of a "gas, endowed with intelligence." (That is about what the "astral body" amounts to.) They call it "man-force" and state that it is not what can properly be termed "soul." (Certainly not; a "soul" is something more than the astral bodies that have manifested themselves in their tests.) They also found that the after-death being, although having intelligence, was limited. (Yes, man cannot expect to obtain unlimited intelligence just by leaving the physical body.) And last, not least, they state that the "man-force" is not immortal, but "dies" after a while. (Theosophical investigators know a little more about this, too.)

But, after all, it is encouraging to see how, step by step, more evidence is found leading towards a fuller knowledge of the after-death conditions.



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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.

THE WAY OF SERVICE, by G. S. Arundale. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. 1913. pp. 28. Price, 20 cents. Paper cover.

This invaluable little guide to the pathway of Service is dedicated "To Alcyone, in whom the spirit of service shines out undimmed." The following is the foreword in full:

"In this little book will be found a few hints on the art of service which I have gathered from my elders and from my own experience. I am still trying to follow these hints, sometimes successfully, more often unsuccessfully; but I feel that they are all true, and I am thankful to be permitted to share them with others who—like myself—are learning how to serve."

To Mr. Arundale, the way of service is lighted by three principles: First, an overpowering joy in service; second, the realizing of one's self as a channel of service; and third, the recognition of the divine in others equally with that in one's self. The booklet opens with the enunciation of these principles and proceeds thenceforward with a series of strong and beautiful aphoristic paragraphs without further classification.

All earnest students of the Way cannot fail to be helped by the condensed wisdom contained in this little volume. A. P. W.

GENERAL REPORT OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY AND CON-VENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY HELD AT ADYAR, DECEMBER 26 TO 31, 1912. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. pp. 375. Price, 25 cents.

A Report of an International Theosophical Annual Convention is nowadays a ponderous affair. The present one contains little short of four hundred pages and is very interesting matter.

This volume opens with a sketch of the preliminary activities of the Convention, followed by a schedule of the meetings, general remarks and comments. We find our friend Henry Hotchner here mentioned as having run over from America and made himself very useful in reporting the speeches. (I am told, by the bye, that our President was very much gratified on the morning after the first lecture to have had the whole affair placed before her in cold print. In this she had an example of American enterprise.)

Next follows the Presidential Address, which the readers of this magazine have already seen. From the statistics given it appears that the Society has 950 lodges, plus 97 dormant ones; 95 of the latter are in India and two in France. The total number of active members is 23,140. In addition to this, India has a dormant list of 5,079 members two years in arrears with their dues. Number of members admitted during the year, 3,535. The largest number of admissions was in America; next follows England and Wales, then India. The Report shows a healthy condition and indicates a steady growth.

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The Treasurer's report seems a satisfactory one. The lecturers and workers are

active. The Adyar Headquarters is pushing straight ahead, with constructive energies expressed in various departments. Much valuable literature was produced during the year, and the subsidiary activities all showed progress and growth.

An interesting new step has been taken in the form of a movement for Theosophical Sanyasis. This movement surely is one in the right direction. When an Order of this kind becomes well established, it will afford an opportunity to those who want to renounce the world and its obligations and take up a life wholly consecrated to the service of the T. S. to do so in an orderly manner. No doubt the financial necessities of such an Order will easily be met through the donations and the surrender of property thereto by those who enter it.

The closing words of our President's address constitute a virile appeal to the members to stand up like men and defend the great cause entrusted to their hands.

After this comes the Treasurer's letter, which is concerned chiefly with the bookkeeping data pertaining to Adyar. From this we find that Adyar has not yet reached the point of being entirely self-supporting. But as regards regular expenditures, it appears to be not far from it.

Following this is the usual statistical data showing the state of affairs of the Society from its books.

Then, the report of the Adyar Library. Many books have been added during the year, both to the Eastern and Western departments.

Then come the reports of the various Sections throughout the world, including subsidiary activities.

The report of the Vasanta Press is most interesting. It shows a prosperous year with an appreciable profit, after deducting all expenses, such as running charges, depreciation allowance, interest on capital, etc. Additions have been made to the building to the cost of Rs. 3,000. Among the workers of the Press there has been joyous co-operation and mutual love. (Much has been said outside about the happy state of the workers in this department.)

Next follow the Articles of Association of the T. S., with the rames of the General Council and the minutes of meetings of the General Council held during Convention, and an Appendix including some correspondence from Mr. B. Das and a letter to Dr. Steiner.

After that the volume closes with the usual list of branches in all parts of the world. From this it appears that we now have twenty-two Sections and three inchoate Sections, each presided over by a Presidential Agent, as well as other non-sectionalized activities.

The report is well worth careful reading by all who to any extent are interested in the welfare and progress of the T. S., and especially should it be read by all officers of the T. S. A. P. W.

THE BASIC TRUTHS OF VEDIC RELIGION, by A. Mahadeva Shastri. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. 1912. pp. 21. Price, 10 cents.

This pamphlet explains to us how, though Vedic religion really is the basis of Hinduism, still Hinduism does not live up to its source. The author draws a clear distinction between the two kinds of laws: the Divine Wisdom—direct knowledge from God. the Veda—and the man-made laws. The first are unchangeable, remain the same; the latter are made by man's limited vision and have to be changed in accordance with the eternal laws when further experience and knowledge prove them defective. Because Hinduism has failed in this latter respect, the religions and social institutions have become rigid.

He speaks of Dharma as the divine will manifested in the world evolution; and the Dharma for man, the law of human progress in the divine scheme of the universe, involving

BOOK REVIEWS



his three debts to the Rishis, the Devas and the Pitris, the three aspects of the Divine Lord. He describes these three duties as laid down in the Vedas, and how they have degenerated in the man-made institutions. A. D.

LETTERS FROM THE TEACHER, by the Teacher of the Order of the 15. Publishers: The Curtiss Book Company, Los Angeles, Calif. 1913. pp. 249. Price, \$1.00.

These letters, transcribed by Harriette A. Curtiss and Dr. F. H. Curtiss, are answers to questions which were received from pupils. They are classified into ten Parts, such as Spiritual Growth and Development, The Masters of Wisdom and Their Work, The Astral Plane, Health and Disease, The Sex Problem, etc.

The book is pervaded with the spirit of loving service. Every question receives a clear and careful answer which must have satisfied the enquirer. The Appendix comprises some specific information concerning the Order. A. H. T.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY, by Max Seiling. Publishers: Rand, McNally & Company, New York. 1913. pp. 66. Price, 50 cents net.

In a plain and simple way the author tells us how he took up again the study of Theosophy, when he heard that Dr. Steiner gave all his time and energy for propagating it. He reasoned: "When a man like Dr. Steiner refuses all kinds of honorable offerings in order to give himself entirely to Theosophy, I find it my duty to pay closer attention to it." And so he did.

He describes how Theosophy makes our mental horizon wider, how it gives us an understanding of life and world evolution, and of the origin and development of man. He tells us how each individuality needs for its development a change of personality through reincarnation, and how the Law of Karma reconciles us completely with fate. He clearly points out the difficulty to get an understanding of the working together of our own free-will with this Law and how Dr. Steiner meets this difficult problem in Lis *Philosophy of Freedom* with a satisfactory solution. Then he maintains that Mnne. Blavatsky's sympathy for Buddhism is to be accounted for by the unfavorable impressions which she received from Christianity in her youth, and that it has been given to Dr. Steiner to announce "the appearance of Christ as the most significant event of the whole evolution of earth and man."

Naturally he takes the view of Dr. Steiner that the Christ was a Being far exalted above a Buddha and other great Teachers of humanity—a doctrine already put forward by the Gnostics. But of this there obviously are at least two divergent views among Theosophists.

The little book is more than worth its reading.

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#### *R*. *T*.

SHAKUNTALA, by Kalidasa. Translated from the Sanskrit by Prof. W. H. Ryder. Publishers: E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West 23d St., New York. pp. 216. Price, 35 cents net.

This book contains Kalidasa's seven works which have come down through the ages: the drama Shakuntala; two minor dramas, Malavika and Agnimitra and Urvashi; the two epics The Dynasty of Raghu and The Birth of the War-God; the elegiac poem The Cloud-Messenger; and the descriptive poem The Seasons. Shakuntala is known as the greatest drama of Sanskrit literature and ranks with the very best written in any language down to the present time.

Every one of Kalidasa's works is a love poem. He writes of love between man and woman, of love eventually happy though often struggling for a time against external obstacles. His women may appeal more strongly to a modern reader than his men,

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who are too meditative to suit our more materialistic ideal of alert and ready manhood. But lovelier pictures of childhood than those in which Kalidasa presents the little Bharata, Ayus, Raghu and Kumara would indeed be hard to find. His knowledge of nature is wonderful. To him the clouds and rivers, mountains and vales, trees and vines and the smallest flowers have a conscious individuality as truly and certainly as animals, men and Gods. His great love for all that lives pervades his writings and adds to the wonderful charm of his beautiful style.

It is remarkable how readable the translations are. They seem so natural, much more so than—for instance—the translations of Goethe's and Dante's works. Many passages are so beautiful that one marvels that this is not the original. J. H. E.

ASTROLOGY: How TO MAKE AND READ YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE, by Sepharial. Publishers: William Rider & Son, Limited, Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 1913. pp. 132. Price, 40 cents.

This small volume contains a wealth of information. From tracing the ancestry of astrology back to B. C. 2154 and showing of what great importance the ancient Chinese considered it as a guide in the affairs of men and nations, the writer offers as the conclusion of his study and experience that astrology is today as valuable a guide as it was then.

The book is well compiled for a beginner's use, and a well-defined progression from simple definitions of terms to the casting of a horoscope will enable the industrious student to grasp with a good degree of intelligence and to express with an equal degree of interest many of the abstruse truths of astrology. To him who determines to "rule his stars," Sepharial will point out the way, and him who indolently accepts his fate as determined and pronounced by the aspects of his Houses, Sepharial would inspire to greater selfmastery.

Thus the author, while acknowledging the great part the stars have in indicating possibilities, authoritatively states that those same stars prove that man is still the ruler of his own destiny. G. S. D.

BUNKER BEAN, by Harry Leon Wilson. Publishers: Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. 1913. pp. 307. Price, \$1.25.

This is a very amusing book, with its breezy, slangy, typically American brand of humor that parodies everything, and in it we have another proof that Theosophical thought is finding its way more and more into the literature of the day. We need not mind the fact that it treats of Karma and Reincarnation in a rather casual manner with goodnatured raillery, for when Americans begin to joke about a thing they are more than half ready to accept it.

The hero is an average young man, a stenographer in a railroad office, more concerned with the baseball score than the perfunctory performances of his duties. The ego within this personality, however, is trying to bring this soul into touch with subtler realms of thought and makes him grope blindly about for an explanaton of the laws of his being. He tries to find that explanation by consulting mediums and clairvoyants. He finally meets a Theosophist who is writing a book on reincarnation and, becoming fascinated with the idea, his one object now is to discover who he was in his previous life and whether his present one is a reward or a punishment—a stage quite familiar to many students of Theosophy! He then falls into the hands of two clever swindlers who prove to him that he was Napoleon Bonaparte and, further back, a great Egyptian king, Ramtah. For a liberal sum of money they even produce the mummy of the great Ramtah—made in Connecticut!

He now becomes entangled with a charming young suffragette with advanced ideas who is aided and abetted by her grandmother, "the Demon," a very up-to-date old lady who smokes cigarettes and leads suffrage parades, and the young man falls a victim

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to their wiles and finds himself married to the "perfectly" charming young woman before he knows it. While they are on their wedding trip, accompanied by the whole family, the real romance begins.

Through daily contemplation of the tangible evidence of his former greatness, the mummy of the dead king, Bunker Bean has unconsciously built into himself some of the same qualities with which he endowed the great Ramtah and has developed such courage that he is able to defy not only the father- and mother-in-law, but grandma, the Demon, as well, and from now on he assumes full charge of his destiny.

The gist of the book may be summed up in the author's own words: "'As a man thinketh in his own heart, so is he.' He had believed himself to be mean, insignificant. And so he had been that. Then he had come to believe himself a king, and straightway had he become kingly," a very good exposition of that important phase of our teaching, the value of thought power. M. E. C.

THE RETURN OF FRANK R. STOCKTON, written automatically by Etta De Camp. Publishers: Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Co., 45-49 John Street, New York. 1913. pp. 314. Price, \$1.35 net.

Frank R. Stockton is a familiar name to most Americans as that of the author of The Lady or the Tiger, Rudder Grange, Pomona's Travels, etc. Several years ago this clever humorist left the flesh but not the world, and on the title-page of this book we find as a sub-title: Stories and Letters which can not fail to convince the reader that Frank R. Stockton still lives and writes through the instrumentality of Miss Etta De Camp.

The first three stories in this book are English stories and the author explains his familiarity with English conditions by stating in a letter that now in the astral world he can spend as much of his time in England or any other part of the world as he chooses.

The last four are ghost stories. In a letter to his medium Mr. Stockton writes: "I was always fond of ghost stories and of thinking them out. But I never thought of any so original as these. I suppose people on the earth plane will speak of me as the ghost of Frank R. Stockton, when I AM Frank R. Stockton himself. I would consider my discarded body as being the ghost of my former self, for the real I, the mind and personality, still exists."

The mission of the book is to convince the world of life after death and Mr. Stockton feels certain that his friends will recognize him. Why not? He has tried to preserve his old-time style and wit and his letters are convincing. Perhaps the style has not the old-time polish and fluency of days when he had his own physical hand to hold the pen. How could it be under the present difficulties? Nevertheless, the stories are fascinating, thrilling and exceedingly humorous. It is a book destined to do much good. R. P. L.

# MAGAZINES

Of the VEDANTA UNIVERSAL MESSENGER we received the last bound volume for review. It is a most interesting magazine, in which Vedanta philosophy is presented mainly from the teachings of Ramakrishna and of Swami Vivekananda. It contains many articles on comparative religion and prophecies announcing the Coming of Krishna, on Plato, on Atlantis, and on problems of daily life, all in the broad light of the Vedanta. It is published at Mylapore, Madras, S. India. Subscription price, \$1.25 per annum.

Most noteworthy in THE THEOSOPHIST for May is My Occult Experiences, by Johan van Manen, with which go Explanatory Notes, by C. W. Leadbeater. We further find in it The Bases of Theosophy, Mystical Poets of the Seventeenth Century, a treatise on Time and Eternity, and several other valuable articles.

The symbolism of *The Lotus* was well described in THEOSOPHY IN NEW ZEALAND for April. Another article, instructive especially for T. S. members, is *Democratic Ideas* in the T. S.

The Notes of the Month in THE OCCULT REVIEW for June form a most excellent article on *Reincarnation*. The Faust Legend also adds to the especial value of this issue.

A very useful and concise article on *World Religions* can be found in THE MESSAGE OF THEOSOPHY for April and May.

The last four numbers of THE CO-MASON are before us and are brimfull of articles dealing with symbolic and ancient Masonry. From the Master's Chair (Editorial); The Comte de St. Germain; The Holy Grail; The Test of an Operative Mason; are notable articles, while the line of research into the ancient lore and documents of Freemasonry is exceedingly interesting as showing the growth and method of development of our glorious Order. This quarterly magazine, which is published at Paddington, London, is of great value to all Masons. Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum.

The NEW ENGLAND CRAFTSMAN for May had a study on *Masonic Emblems* in *Yucatan Ruins* which seems to link those structures with King Solomon's Temple and shows that the wonderful civilization of those days in America must have been in touch with that in Egypt.

Growing in every way is THE HALCYON. Its Easter number is full of short articles that every member of the Order of the Star in the East will like to read.

There are two splendid articles on comparative religion in THE OPEN COURT for May. One is The Nichiren Sect of Buddhism, the other The Call of Science to the Church.

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT for May gives, as a supplement, Savage Glory, An Appeal Against War, by Marie Corelli. A stronger appeal could hardly be made.

PROGRESS, a magazine for chiropractic, had a strong and noteworthy special Vaccination Number in March, which is about the clearest and most complete plea against vaccination ever printed. It is published by the Chiropractic College, Davenport, Iowa. Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum.

A series on *The Eye and the Printed Page* in EDUCATION for May ought to prove of practical interest, not only to educational circles, but to everybody who wants to read a good deal.



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# 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 West-ern Ave. Meets 294 Quall St. Home Phone 685. ANACONDA, MONT.: Mrs. Winnie Abbott, 318 W.

Fourth St. **AUSTIN, TEX.; Austin.** Fred H. Smith, 613 Con-gress St. Meets 908 Congress Ave.  $T \in I$ . 629 S. W. Dharma. Mrs. E. A. Graves, 1401 W. Fifth St.

b. W. Diarina. Mis. E. A. Graves, 110 ...
Fifth St.
BALTIMORE, MD.: Mrs. Gracia F. Tongue, 4524
Reistertown Road.
BERKELEY, CAL.: Mrs. W. J. Woods, 1334
Spruce St. Meets Wright Bldg., Corner Shaltuck 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. Bessle W. Jewett, 84 Willowwood St. Meets 585. Boylston St., Room 10. Tel. Dor-chester 566-M. Huntington. Mrs. Isadore Wing, 201 Kensington Bldg., 687 Boylston St. Olcott.
Mias 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.

Prospect 4410. 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.

Independent. CHICAGO, ILL.: Akbar. Mrs. Clara J. Kocher-sperger, 7212 Coles Ave. Meets Room 819 Fine Arts Bidg., 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.

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 (rep-resenting the following Chicago lodges): Besant Hall, Lake View Bidg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Adyar. Harry A. Alexander, Des Plaines, Ill. Meets Lake View Bidg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. Randolph 3364. Annie Besant. Mrs. Edith L. Storer, 25 East Walton Place. Meets Lake View Bidg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. 7el. Central of Chicago. Miss Inger Adele Wilson, 113 So. Seeley Ave. Meets Lake View Bidg. Tel. Central 5049. Chicago. Mrs. Kate G. Hill, 2537 Michigan Ave. Tel. Horrison 4476. White. Mrs. Julia W. Goodell, Bos. 520 Lafay-ette, La, Kenwood. Mrs. A. A. Rolfe, 4459 Oak-enwald Ave. Leadbeater. Max R. Schneider, 1607 Lake View Bidg. Meets Lake View Bidg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. Harrison 1196. CLEVELAND, OHIO: Cleveland. Mrs. Antoin-ette de C. Phillips, 8303 Superior Ave. Meets "The Birmingham." 5607 Euclid Ave. Meets 9909 Adams Ave. Viveka. Mrs. Alida E. de Leeuw, 1845 E. 75th St. Meets Room 501, 318 Euclid Ave. Tel. East 1761 R. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA: Mrs. Effle M. Smith, 126 So. Seventh St. Meets 322 Merriam Block.

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

EVANSTON, ILL.: Mrs. Ella L. Cutler, 632 Hin-man Ave. Meets 1732 Central St. Tel. Evanston Brownson.

2212. FORT WORTH, TEXAS: Mrs. Alice Brownson, 2423 Azle Rd. Meets 48th Dist. Court Room, Court House. Tel. Prospect 1157. FREEPORT, ILL.: Miss Minna Kunz, 680 Ste-

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

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

ard. GREAT FALLS, MONT.: Mrs. H. S. Benson, Great Falls, Mont. MART, MICH.: Miss Gertrude Reading, Hart, Mich. HELENA, MONT.: F. W. Kuphal, Jr., Box 371. HOLYOKE, MASS.: Mrs. Jennie N. Ferris, 1236 Dwight St. Dwight St. HONOLULU, H. I.: Francis Evans, 1479 Young

HOUSTON, TEXAS: Mr. W. L. Underhill, 1220 Baker St. Meets 614 ½ Fannin St., Rooms Fed-eration of Woman's Clubs. Tel. Hadley 3134 or 2416

2416. JACKSON, MICH.: Mrs. Garnet B. Thacher, 414 Webb St. Meets 123 W. Wesley St. JERSEY CITY, N. J.: Mrs. Sarah B. Black, 109 Belmont Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.: Miss Clara Linder, 3126 Washington St. Meets 203 Studio Bldg. Tel. South 945.

South 945. LA GRANGE, ILL.: W. P. Fogg, 434 N. Brain-ard Ave. Meets 200 So. Fifth St. Tel. La Grange

LIMA. OHIO: L. P. Tolby, 864 W. Wayne St. LINCOLN, NEB.: Lucie S. Blanchard, D. O., 212-214 Fraternity Bldg. Meets Room 28 Bur-lington Block, Corner 13th and O Sts. LONG BEACH, CAL.: Miss Mary E. Haines, 33 Marines, Ava.

LONG BEACH, CAL.: Los Angeles. C. O. Scud-der, 2015 Cambridge St. Meets Blanchard Bldg., 233 So. Broadway. Tel. Home 73443. Holly-wood. Miss Jetta Clay, Krotona, Hollywood, Cal. Meets Odd Fellows Hall, 6412 Hollywood Blvd. Tel. Home 57134. Krotona. Mrs. E. R. Broenniman, Krotona, Hollywood, California. Home 57134.

Tei. Home 57134. LOUISVILLE, KY.: Miss Elizabeth Brightwell, 219 W. Chestnut St. Home Phone City 2115-J. MEADVILLE, Pa.: Mrs. Flora F. Walling, 654 Washington St. Meets 751 N. Main St. Tel.

MELROSE HIGHLANDS, MASS.: Mrs. Jessie A.

MELANSE HIGHLARDS, MASS.: Mrs. Jessie A. Jones, Spring St. MILWAUKEE, WIS.: H. M. Stillman, 733 Mary-land Ave. Meets 559 Jefferson St., Room 2. Tel. Lake 2987-X.

land Ave. Meets bay Jenerson St., Room 2. 16. Lake 2987-X. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: Alcyone. John Johii-son, 2542 29th Ave., So. Meets Maccabee Hall, Public Library Bidg.. Corner Franklin and Bloomington Aves. Minneapolis. Serena Flat-tume, 917 First Ave. S. St. Anthony. Mrs. Thomas G. Lee, 509 River Road, S. E. Yggdra-sil. 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 Mur-iel Mitchell, 7730 Jeanette St. Meets De Soto Hotel. Truthacekers. Mrs. Florence Howard, 3513 St. Charles Ave. Meets 3513 St. Charles Ave.

NEW YORK, N. Y.: Central. John O'Neill, 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. Por-ter, 202 W. 103rd St. Upasika. Miss Sewona L. / Peckham, 507 W. 139th St. Meets 561 W. 157th St. Tel. Audubon 1210. NOPEOLE VA. R. H. Prucker, 126 Cumberland

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

St. OAKLAND, CAL.: Mrs. Emma Shortledge, 348 Paim Ave. Meets Maple Hall, Cor. 14th and Webster Sts. Tel. Oakland 8120. OMAHA, NEB.: Mrs. K. P. Eklund, 4319 Parker St. Meets Room 20, Baldridge-Weod Bldg., 20th and Fornum Sts. Tel. Douglas 3393 or Web-ster 5771. OBANGER N. L. Olectt. Mrs. Coorg. P. Swein

ster 5771. ORANGE, N. J.: Olcott. Mrs. George P. Swain. PASADENA, CAL.: Mrs. Delia L. Colville, 1008 Garfield Ave. Tel. Home 1408. PATERSON, N. J.: Miss Martha Bazdorf, 41 Olympia St., Lakeview. Meets Room 307 Colt Bidg. Tel. Paterson 1277-M. 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 \$1.

\$1.

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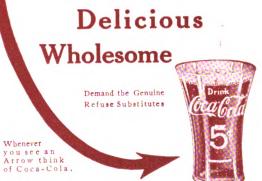
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