

CONTENTS

Ruins of the Greek Theatre, Taormina, Sicily.....	Frontispiece,
By the Editor.....	761
What Theosophy is not; Rabindranath Tagore; National Unselfish- ness; Bluster.	
What is the Matter with Us.....	Max Wardall 765
The Lighted Lamp.....	L. E. Girard 775
Sonnets on <i>The Bhagavad Gita</i>	Hubert Whitehead 782
The Elusive Krishna (To be continued).....	Thornton Clive 785
World-Teachers of the Aryan Race (Continued)	
Jesus, the Christ.....	Adelia H. Taffinder 791
The Higher Training of the Child.....	Agnes Boss Thomas 796
The Hidden Side.....	Hilda Powell 799
An Echo from Tauromenion Hill.....	Annie Besant 802
A Letter from Taormina.....	803
The Round Table and Lotus Circle (Special).....	805
Illustration; Message from Merlin; The Mission of the Round Table; King Arthur and the Imp; Wanted; The Goblins; Two True Dog Stories; A Bird Masque; The Magician.	
Clippings and Comments.....	824
Photography of the Atom; Stigmata; Enforced Tolerance; A World-Wide Nation; China is Waking; Confucianism; New Argument against Vivisection; Prayer; Dreams; President Wilson and Mexico; Weight of the Soul; The Ekois of South Africa; Sinking of the Caspian.	
Questions	828
Reviews	831
<i>Master Keys</i> , by Captain Walter Carey, R.N.; <i>The Idol-Breaker</i> , by Charles Rann Kennedy; <i>How to Rest</i> , by Grace Dawson; <i>Nature Cure</i> , by H. Lindlahr, M.D.; <i>Mysticism</i> , by Annie Besant; <i>Pancha Sila: The Five Precepts</i> , by the Bhikkhu Silacara; Magazines.	
Abstracts of the Lives of Orion (Concluded).....	C. Shuddemagen 835

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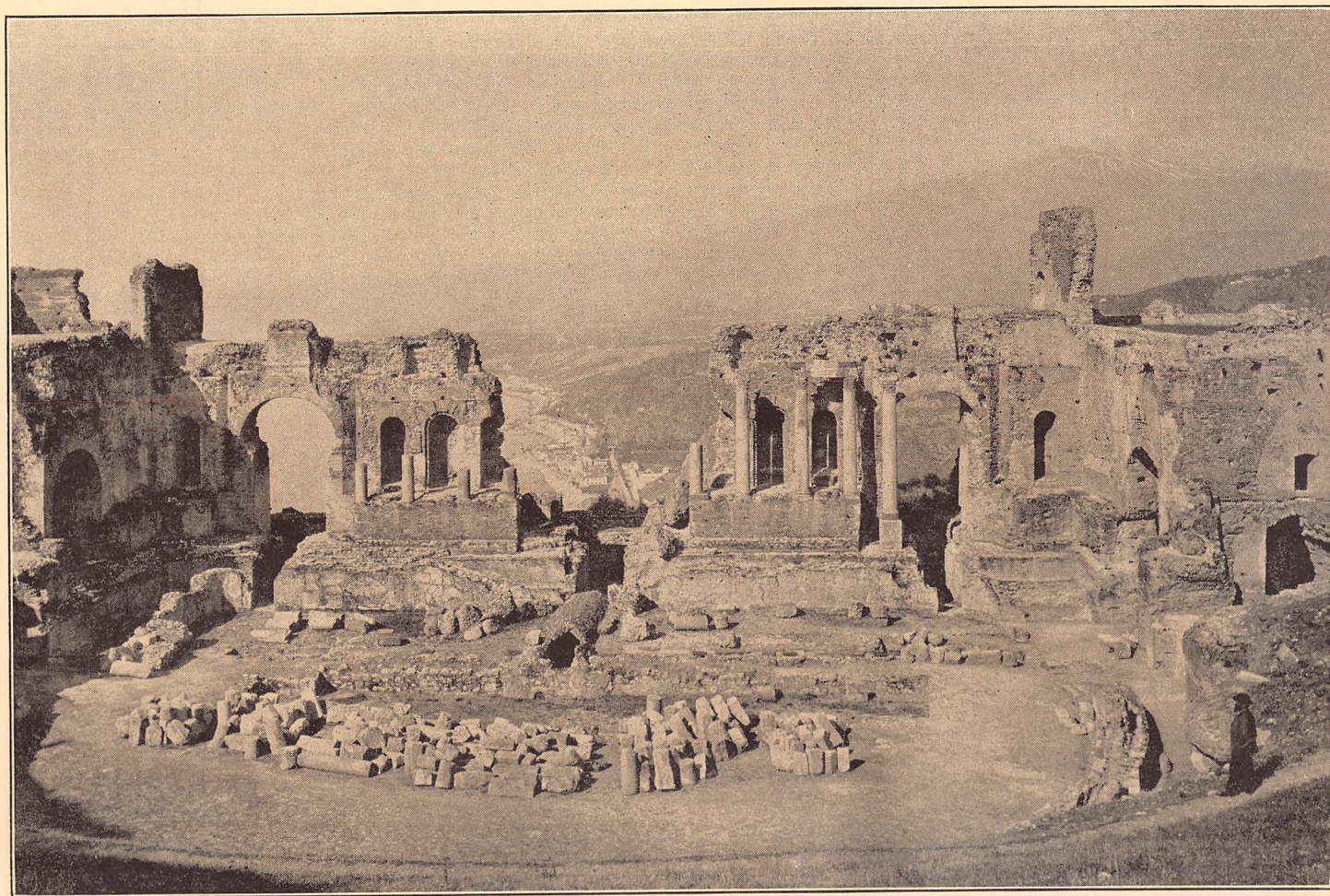
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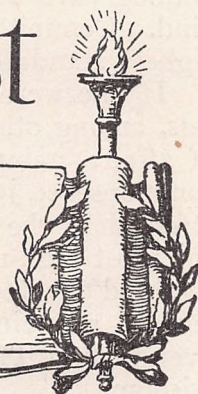
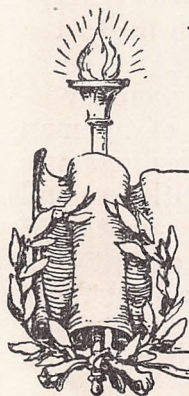
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RUINS OF GREEK THEATRE AT TAORMINA, SICILY

The American Theosophist



Vol. XV. AUGUST, 1914. No. 11.

BY THE EDITOR

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IT IS rather interesting to learn of some of the absurd notions that people have ignorantly acquired concerning Theosophy and Theosophists. The world has been so long fanatically abandoned to one curious religious idea and another that the general public finds it difficult to believe that any spiritual movement can exist with a sound substratum of common sense.

Of course so liberal a society as the T. S. must necessarily contain cranks and people of peculiar personal views. These exist everywhere and cannot, and even ought not, to be kept out. In fact, "a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood" could not consistently deny them admission. But neither these nor other individuals can rightly be taken to embody the principles of the Society, for no movement can be rightly judged by the individual opinion or practices of its members; it must be measured by the principles laid down as its foundation.

Many falsehoods have been and still will be circulated against Theosophists from time to time, and it is just as well that those who have not taken the trouble to post themselves should know, for example, that there is nothing in Theosophy that obliges men to wear beards; nothing that requires women to cut their hair short and to

wear curious costumes; nothing that countenances strange religious rites; nothing that justifies the decadent belief that the souls of dead people go into the bodies of animals; and most emphatically nothing that justifies the falsehood that Theosophy advocates free love.

The utmost freedom of belief exists in the Society. One may regulate his life according to his own individual ideals; but all deep students will recognize that the strictest moral standards as to sex and all other matters pertaining to the daily life are indispensable to the true Theosophic life. The Theosophist is really bound by nothing save the one belief in the Universal Brotherhood of Mankind. Committed to this, he naturally would try to live up to the highest standards of which he could conceive.

If one were to achieve true Theosophic success, one would possess, among other attainments, those of the highest type of the man of affairs, imbued with the principles of honest square dealings and commonsense judgment of values; he would have the gentleness and strength of the true gentleman; he would show forth the qualities of the most high-minded and liberal philosopher and of the most consecrated devotee, and in all ways he would display a liberal tolerance toward all beings, all religions and all phases of thought, striving ever to find Truth, however garbed, and to live it with the truest wisdom.

This, I admit, is a pretty large order. But what is an ideal worth if it be not above and beyond us? Certainly it will at least be clear that this one has not within it the lot of absurd fads and fancies about this and that belief, custom or usage which people ignorantly and falsely impute to the Theosophist, for those who *know* realize that his philosophy ever stimulates him to rise above and beyond all such things.

The simple belief of the Theosophist is: "There is no religion higher than Truth."



RABINDRANATH TAGORE



FROM the Himalayas to Nepaul and the Indian Ocean, the length of the seven times sacred Ganges and of the majestic Brahmaputra, in the plains of Bengal, a man has given his melodious name to the age in which we are living.

He sings, and fifty millions of his compatriots repeat his poems with love and admiration, an entire race whose wisdom is profound and ancient, where all is scientific and learned, where thousands of rites are handed on from father to son, like the fire of the

sacred lamps; a mysterious race, because, while retaining its reverence for ancestors and traditions—almost a negligible quality with us—it has made a man its god. That man is Rabindranath Tagore.

There is something almost marvelous, causing the liveliest astonishment, in this people who have given to the twentieth century the name of its greatest poet. And not surprising also, that at the time when the shadow of decadence is already falling on us, to see India, cradle of the race, give to the West these lessons of enthusiasm and youth?

Land of enlightenment, in thee knowledge, source of illumination, ever exists and, like the inexhaustible sap, flows forth with prodigal bounty to benefit mankind. "Light comes from the East," said Lafcadio Hearn.

The work of Rabindranath Tagore is universal. All the infinite pantheism of India speaks in his admirable poems; in those passages the most simple as in the most subtle, in the most profound as in those of lighter vein, one feels the flow, invisible and deep, of the irresistible side of the inner flood. But it is not only the soul of the East which is there revealed; there are many other things. Rabindranath Tagore is a second St. Francis of Assisi, for his pantheism is not alone the pantheism of the *Bhagavad*, the *Puranas*, or the *Vedas*, it is the fervent pantheism of the "Fioretti" with its all-embracing love, which is its invisible perfume. His God is a living God, for Him he waits, to Him he speaks. "My God," he says, "because I love this life, I know that I shall love death."

His childlike innocence and simplicity bring him close to Nature; he has the candor of the child, the wisdom of the sage, and the humility of the saint.

—From the French



NATIONAL UNSELFISHNESS



THE Theosophist understands that the nations of the earth are not left to drift by themselves. His investigations disclose that behind every root-race there is a mighty mind that guides it through all its evolutionary processes of sub-races, nations, etc. In the East the grandiose Being who fulfils that high function is called the Manu. It has been said that in the organization of the sub-races of the present fifth, or Aryan, root-race, its sixth sub-race, to be known as the American race, will occupy a step in advance of other races in spirituality and that unselfish service will be its strong key-note. Therefore it was with keen interest that Theosophists read in a recent press dispatch that Presi-

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The nation or race which claims that right has certainly taken a spiritual step in advance of others not having so resolved and places itself in the forefront of the world's progress.



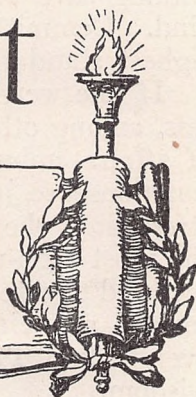
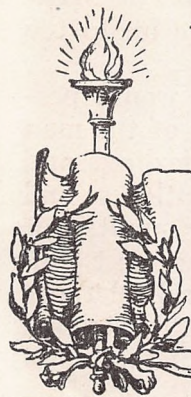
BLUSTER

THE same press dispatch quotes the President's views on the subject of national bluster. As the President views it, a responsibility is laid upon this nation, from now on, to lay aside bluster and "assume that much greater thing—the quietude of genuine power." The President said a great thing when he spoke those words. The assertion of power through bluster is an immature thing, whether done by man or by nation. Real power never needs to assert itself; it truly commands in the quietude of its own innate nature. Whenever I see a man blustering and hurling himself in the face of others with every pretense of power, I know at once that he is inherently weak, that his pretense is the outcome of probably his prehuman experience, when his astral nature resided in some animal form wherein such impulses were of the nature of the beast. But in the advanced human stage these primitive assertions are supposed to have been transcended. Another mark therefore of an advanced nation is, as the President wisely states it, the attainment to the only real power expressed in quietude rather than bluster; the power that resides in the permanent side of life, the spiritual, rather than in the physical or material alone.

The Bhagavad Gita (the Book of Devotion) tends to impress upon the individual two things: first, selflessness, and second, action; the studying of and living by it will arouse the belief that there is but one Spirit and not several, that we cannot live for ourselves alone, but must come to realize that there is no such thing as separateness and no possibility of escaping from the collective karma of the race to which one belongs, and then, that we must think and act in accordance with such belief. The poem is held in the highest esteem by all sects in Hindustan except the Mahomedan and Christian. It has been translated into many languages, both Asiatic and European; it is being read today by hundreds of sincere Theosophists in every part of the world; and it is offered to all others who truly love their fellow men and who aspire to learn and teach the science of devotion.

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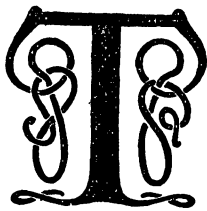


WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH US?

By Max Wardall

Many a man is trying to do by prayer what can only be done by correct diet.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.



HERE is no spectacle more painful than to see a high-minded, courageous soul struggling for expression in a dwarfed, deformed, diseased or poorly nourished body. So difficult is it for one to attain to spiritual or mental heights in such a body that it may almost be said that spiritual and mental greatness is incompatible with physical debility.

For a long time during the early development of the Theosophical Society many of us who were then members sedulously cultivated our mental and emotional bodies, often neglecting the mere animal body, to its vast discontent and discomfort. Why do we so blindly neglect one of our bodies at the expense of retarded development and lowered efficiency? Why do we spend so little time in studying Nature's secrets? And why, after she has forced her revelatory laws upon us, do we refuse to obey them? Doubtless it is because most of us are gazing outward for knowledge and relief; we scan every external avenue of escape from discomfort and disease instead of looking within, where certain escape might be found through the gateway of reason, judgment and common sense.

We suffer too from the lack of wise leadership in this most important matter of health; when we turn to scientists and specialists, from whom we might reasonably expect direction and guidance, we find them hopelessly divided on the essential functions of life which are concerned with eating, sleeping, drinking, breathing and exercise. After ten years of vain seeking and experimentation among a variety of infallible guides and advisers, the writer concluded that each man was a law unto himself and that, at best, another could only lay down the general principles that make for health and strength.

Some fundamental principles of this kind I shall have the temerity to present in this article—but let it first be said that my words are for those who regard the physical body as an animal entitled to the most exacting courtesy and consideration. There are some who hold the body in righteous scorn, refusing to bow and truckle to its vagaries and misdemeanors; these look upon it as a piece of encumbering baggage hung onto them until they can functionate without it. This view is not unlike that of the medieval monk who scourged, starved and abused his body, even contriving by ingenious methods to torture the fleshly thing while it slept, hoping through such wholesome punishment to reduce it to a point where it could not assert itself and its natural demands. After all his ingenuity had been exhausted in crushing out its supposed desires, he had at last to awaken to the lamentable discovery that the desires and passions do not have residence in the body he had been abusing, but in another—the emotional body; so it was all work and no profit. Even today, in India, we have the same type of ascetic who delights in inflicting foul atrocities upon his body.

Between this extreme and that of the sybarite, who expends his entire intellectual and material fortune in pampering and glorifying his fleshly temple, lies the happy temperate mean that makes for health, power and efficiency; the truth is that the body was not intended to be either crucified or glorified; it is an animal which must be thoroughly trained. With the same gentle, thoughtful, sympathetic treatment you give your horse who serves you, you are to train and provide for the animal body you inhabit. You would not persistently mistreat the faithful horse by goading it to the point of physical exhaustion; after a long day in the field you would not feed it on hay alone, you would give it oats and nourishing grain.

I have visited many Theosophical societies over the world and I can say truly that there is altogether too much sickness among Theosophists. Especially is this true of vegetarians. The vegetarians will stoutly defend their diet, but a little cross-examination will disclose that they suffer from either indigestion, constipation, biliousness, sleeplessness, nerve exhaustion, poverty of the blood, cold, heart lesion or some kindred ailment. Even if they do not complain of any disorder, they are probably about fifty per cent efficient in their activities; and this is true of the carnivora as well as the vegetarian. Not one man in a thousand has one hundred per cent of bodily efficiency. If for a moment we glimpsed what full radiant health meant, we would realize how sodden and feeble we are even when we think we are well and full of vitality.

We must admit that there are some evidences of increased physiological stability among civilized peoples. The average length of life has vastly increased during the last century. The average longevity

in the United States at present is 44 years. In 1785 records kept in New England showed the average life to be 35 years; in 1855 the average was 40 years. The increase in Europe is still more striking. In Switzerland, in the sixteenth century the average was only 21 years; 25 years in the seventeenth century; 33.6 in the nineteenth. The average life all over Europe in the sixteenth century was 18 years; now it is 40. The more progressive and civilized the nation, the more startling the increase. China and India, with their crowded millions, have not shown this increase—due to their failure to achieve the highest civilization. The average of these nations is not far from 25 years, while two hundred years ago it was 20.

But this increase in length of life among civilized nations can be attributed to less internal war and strife, enforced observance of hygienic and sanitation laws, pure food, shortened hours of labor, scientific discoveries in causes and cures of disease, and especially in the lowering of infant mortality and in minimizing the dangers of childbirth through care and cleanliness.

And these discoveries will continue unabated and our children's children will have fairly reached a ripe maturity at threescore and ten. Flourens, the famous physiologist and anatomist, points out that man is the only mammal who does not live five times as long as his growing period. He puts man's growing period at 30 years; therefore his normal span should be 150 years. But shall we, who live in this bright age, wait until our next incarnation to reap the fruits of scientific industry and investigation along these lines of progress? Can we not now, by a little discernment, ascertain the real cause of our self-destruction?

What is the matter with us, that we begin to decay as soon as we stop growing?

The truth is free and here it is: *Food destroys us!*

The alimentary canal is the most outraged of all human highways. There are over 5000 men and women living in the United States today who are more than 100 years old. Statistics, carefully gathered from the life course of these people, will reveal that they did not greatly abuse the alimentary canal. Many of them violated the other laws of health and sanitation, but it appears that the men who eat rightly can disregard almost every other canon of physiological propriety. Many centenarians have smoked and drunk intoxicating liquors freely, but against the sun-bright aura of a rightly fed body even these destructive agents could not prevail.

It seems strange that so vital and obvious a thing as this should have remained so long hidden from the intelligence of man; and indeed clear-headed men have, from time to time, suggested its bearing

on life. Sydney Smith wrote: "The longer I live, the more I am convinced that half the unhappiness of mankind arises from little stoppages—from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum or an agitated pylorus. Old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese; and hard, sueted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body produce corresponding sensations of the mind and a great scene of wretchedness is often sketched out by a morsel of indigestible and misguided food."

In the last century the great Russian scientist, Metchnikoff, after a long and ardent search for the secret of longevity, reached the conclusion that the early physical decay of the bodies of men and women was due to auto-intoxication brought about by bacteria born and bred in the alimentary canal—especially in the large intestine, where decayed and fermented matter is wont to lie. He suggested the use of some natural food which is antiseptic and which would destroy these bacteria. He commends for this purpose the free use of buttermilk and sour milk, in which is found the lactic germ. This little germ is a powerful and aggressive foe to all other bacteria inimical to the human body; there is no doubt that this discovery is a valuable one, and that the free use of lactic germ products will greatly decrease the fermentation and growth of poisonous bacteria in the intestines. But, after all, why should we take such corrective measures to overcome evil and menacing conditions when, by the scientific preparation and combination of foods, we may prevent the presence of poisonous bacteria in the human body? Prevention is better than cure, for no intestinal antiseptic, artificial or natural, can wholly overcome the evil effects of stuffing, or prevent ultimate disorder from wrong and improper eating. All diseases originate in wrong feeding; even hereditary tendencies are brought from latency to expression through lowered vitality and auto-intoxication brought on through wrong diet.

Before stating the conclusions that follow, let it be said that unless foods, especially starches, are thoroughly insalivated before reaching the stomach, no permanent good can flow from the perusal and consideration of any dietetic suggestion; secondly, it does not matter how scientifically you prepare and combine your food, if you eat in excess of what the body actually requires, evil results will follow; thirdly, it is immaterial how much energy, heat and tissue-building value is represented by a given food, if your system cannot extract it, it is waste, a clog in the machine and a detriment to the physical efficiency.

There are three cardinal principles to be followed:

1. Eat each day an amount of digestible food necessary to meet and repair the waste of daily activities—no more, no less.
2. Give the body a proper proportion of starches, fruits, vege-

tables and proteins; all are necessary, and the proportion depends upon the kind of tissue destroyed.

3. Combine at the same meal only friendly foods that aid and assist each other in digestive changes.

By careful study and intelligent application of these rules one may maintain health, vigor and bodily efficiency.

Taking Rule 1 for our first consideration: "*Eat each day an amount of digestible food necessary to meet and repair the waste of daily activities.*" I recently attended a dinner function with a friend who is a physician of eminent ability. The dinner was a *table d'hôte* affair, with ten courses in all—two kinds of fish and two kinds of meat. The doctor ate heartily of all the courses and then, noticing my rejection of six of the courses, at the end of the meal asked me how long I had been fasting. I assured him that I had taken more than enough of heat units to last me through an entire day. Being a reflective man, he looked thoughtful for a moment and then said: "Let us analyze the matter and see." After an analysis he reported that I had eaten enough for a normally active man working twelve hours a day, and that he had consumed enough proteid food to last two men working in a harvest field fourteen hours and enough of carbohydrates, fats and oils for two professional men working eight hours at brain labor.

I then asked, "What are you going to do with it?" He laughed and answered, "Oh, the system will take care of it." I said, "Can it do so before much harm results from decay and fermentation?" He replied that he had enough surplus nerve force and vital energy to accomplish it. Ah, there it is! A man who has plenty of nervous energy can partially overcome this remarkable abuse; but what of the man who expends most of his energy in his work?

Few realize how much vitality is used in the digestion, assimilation and excretion of food. A normal man, eating as nature intended, would expend perhaps ten per cent of his forces thus, but most of us require forty per cent. The result is that we have but little available energy for our work; and we experience nerve exhaustion, sleeplessness, nervous dyspepsia and kindred ailments. A man who has nothing to do but pamper his appetite might theoretically eat anything, in any amount, because he is willing to spend all his nerve substance in this form of pleasure; but the man who is spending his life in hard mental and physical labor, with occasional excursions in excesses that drain the vitality, he must *beware!*

A friend of mine is distressingly thin. I watched him eat when I knew less than I do now and I wondered, from the quantity consumed, why he did not get fat. In response to an inquiry, he re-

plied: "It makes me thin carrying it around." He thought the remark a pleasantry; so did I, then. Now I know that he told the entire truth. I met a friend who is fleshy. I asked, "Why don't you eat less?" He replied: "I increase in weight on half rations; by eating too much, I burn up my surplus energy in elimination instead of depositing it in fat." He, also, spoke the truth; yet if he had tried one-quarter rations, he would probably have struck his average need and have returned to normal weight.

Men differ greatly in respect to the use made of the food that is eaten. As a well-known physician has expressed it: "In the case of the spare man, the subject burns instantly and mercilessly every stick of fuel delivered at its door, whether or not he needs the resulting hot fire roaring within; while the fat man, miser-like, hoards the rest in vast piles, filling the house from cellar to garret."

Rule 2. *"Give the body a proper proportion of starches, fruits, vegetables and proteins; all are necessary, and the proportion depends upon the kind of tissue destroyed."*

Starchy foods are such as:

Irish potatoes	Spaghetti
Sweet potatoes	Macaroni
Hubbard squash	Dried beans
Bread—all kinds	Dried peas
All cereals	Bananas
Rice	Dried corn

Non-starchy vegetables are, in part:

Spinach	Beets
Asparagus	Summer squash
Onions	Green peas
Cabbage	String beans
Cauliflower	Corn on cob
Brussels sprouts	Lettuce
Carrots	Celery
Parsnips	Watercress
Vegetable oyster	Artichoke

Acid vegetables are: Tomato and rhubarb.

Proteid foods are: Meat, game, fish, milk, cheese, nuts, eggs.

Fruits are classified as:

Hyperacids, such as:	Lemon, lime, grapefruit
Acids, such as:	Apple, orange, cherry
Sub-acids, such as:	Grapes, pears, peaches, plums, prunes
Non-acids, such as:	Bananas, raisins, dates, figs

Vegetarians are the greatest sinners against the above rule. Most of them, actuated by high and altruistic principles, argue that abstinence is right and that the Lord will take care of the man who lives to his highest ideals. The ethic of their position is good; but the corollary is indefensible. The Lord gave us a part of Himself to think with, so that we might understand His laws. The intelligence aspect in man is a part of God's consciousness, given us that we might pierce through life's illusions and unveil the mystery of His holy laws. In a sense, God does not care what your motive is; He expects obedience to law and, when that is exacted and given, all power and plenitude are ours.

Some vegetarians, discarding the most essential ingredients from their diet, disregarding the simplest rules, stuffing themselves with starch alone until they are sodden and dispirited with fermenting products, break down in body and mind and call it "Karma" or resignedly submit to the conclusion that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." We may subsist on the doubtful comfort of this martyred consciousness for a time, but it is extravagant; and the world, because of our ignorance and resulting debility, is obliged to find someone else to do the work we were delegated to perform.

No one can subsist in good health without a sufficient supply of protein material; it is by far the most important element, because it is the tissue builder. Every cell that makes up the structure of the body has at its base a protein element. Many starch foods, substantially all of the fruits and vegetables, are almost devoid of proteid material. Beans, peas and oatmeal are notable exceptions, being rich in protein, and are, therefore, especially valuable foods. It is estimated that an average man at moderately active labor, like that of a carpenter or mason, requires each day one-fifth of a pound of available protein and sufficient of other food to make the food value of the whole diet 3400 calories; while a man at sedentary employment would be well nourished with one-sixth of available protein and enough fats and carbohydrates in addition to yield 2700 calories of energy.

While the paramount importance of proteid foods should be realized, it is of equal importance to remember that any excess of the amount necessary to sustain the nitrogenous balance imposes a serious hardship on the organism. In the forceful language of Professor Curtis: "The combustion of proteid within the organism yields a solid ash which must be raked down by the liver and thrown out by the kidneys. When this task gets to be over-laborious the laborers are likely to go on a strike. The grate is not then properly raked; clinkers form, and slowly the smothered fire grows dull and dies."

The foregoing estimate of proteid food required is based on the extensive and brilliant research and findings of Russel Chittenden, Professor of Physiological Chemistry at Yale. The standard pro-

posed is far below the common practice of mankind. A day's ration of proteid for a man of moderate activity may be found in any of the following:

9 eggs	10 lbs. bananas
1-2 lb. American cheese	15 lbs. prunes
2-3 lb. almonds	33 lbs. apples
2-5 lb. pine nuts	1 1-3 lb. wheat bread
1 1-2 lb. peanuts	1 2-3 lb. rice
1-2 lb. dried peas	3-5 lb. dried beans

The demands of course increase and decrease with changing activities. Each person should learn by experience what kinds of food yield him nourishment with the least discomfort and should avoid those which do not agree with him, no matter what theoretical value they may possess. Many, however, who find certain foods indigestible will, when the system is adjusted to a proper diet, find the same food wholesome and digestible. As said by Professor Atwater: "It should always be remembered that the ideal diet is that combination of foods which, while imposing the least burden on the body, supplies it with exactly sufficient material to meet its wants; and any disregard of such a standard must prevent the best development of our powers.

It is naturally impracticable in a short article of this kind to go into detail on this important subject, but anyone may, by seeking good works on nutrition and food values from the library, supplement the principles here laid down. These suggestions, therefore, are the concentrated essentials and should be elaborated by study and experiment.

Rule 3. *"Combine at the same meal only friendly foods that aid and assist each other in digestive changes."* This rule is of great importance but will not be so readily assimilated; nor will you get any real assistance from the scientific writers of the day, for apparently its supreme importance has not been realized.

Experience convinces me that, theoretically at least, the greatest freedom from digestive disturbances, putrefaction and fermentation is attained when very few articles are eaten at the same meal.

1. Never eat two starches at the same meal; they work against each other. Do not eat starch foods at more than one meal a day.
2. Never eat acid or hyperacid fruits with starch.
3. Do not eat two kinds of strong protein foods at the same meal.
4. Never eat two kinds of acid fruit at the same meal.
5. Eat as many non-starchy vegetables at a meal as desired; they may be eaten freely.

6. Nuts are strong food and are easily digested when combined with vegetables, cooked or uncooked. Never use nuts as an after-thought.

7. Dr. Tindall, a noted physician of Denver, says that "thick pea and bean soups, as well as mushes soaked with milk and sugar, are dangerous foods, as they are never properly insalivated."

8. Recent experiments have demonstrated that drinking water slowly at meals is an aid to insalivation and gastric action; but the washing-down process is of course deplorable.

9. Raisins, figs and dates are valuable foods and may be eaten in any combination; they should be used to satisfy the craving for sugar and candy.

10. Milk and sugar make bad companions.

11. Milk has a dubious reputation and for adults is often undesirable. If taken, it should be sipped with a spoon and taken practically alone or with bread. Sour milk, buttermilk, curds and cottage cheese are the proper milk foods for adults.

12. Millions of peasants in Europe enjoy fine health on a diet of bread, cheese and fruit. It is an ideal combination, yielding the carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts and fats in excellent proportions.

People of sedentary habits, however, should partake freely of cooked vegetables; they are valuable aids to pure blood and proper elimination. A raw food diet is, in my opinion, unscientific and wasteful. Excellent health and a high degree of efficiency can be maintained on a non-meat diet; but there must be careful planning and shrewd observation. Those who cling to fish, sea-food and fowl, believing that they have a substitute for meat, are deceiving themselves. They are meagre substitutes.

Salt pork has a caloric value, per pound, of	3555.
Halibut steak	475.
Oysters	225.
Crabs	200.
Chicken	305.
Lobster	145.

To concisely summarize our message, we may say:

1. There is no higher spiritual duty and obligation than that of maintaining bodily health and efficiency. Sickness is primarily the karma of ignorance and not of any specific wrong committed in the

past. The body should not be pampered or abused, but treated with tender and intelligent concern.

2. Practically all disease arises from the abuse of the alimentary canal; good health, a clear brain and superior achievement in life are attained when our bodies are given suitable pabulum.

3. Man should live 150 years in good health. We begin to decay and ossify before we have matured, because of poisonous conditions engendered by vicious eating. Food properly and intelligently taken makes for comfort, health and power; haphazard eating results in fermentation, auto-intoxication and a vast brood of destructive bacteria.

4. Meat is not essential to perfect health, but a non-meat diet is accompanied by unusual danger unless the subject is observing, intelligent and vigilant. Every cell must be replaced by proteid foods.

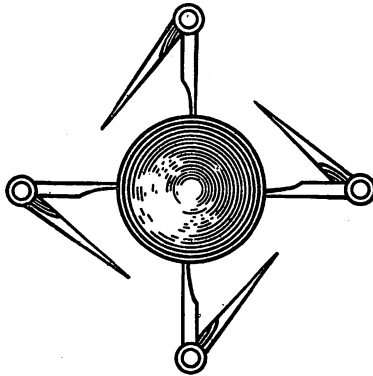
5. A person of average activity requires from 3 to 4 ounces of proteid food each day; no more, no less.

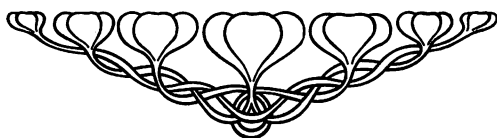
6. Fruit and vegetables should be eaten in abundance.

7. Bread may be as much the staff of death as of life; starch excesses are fraught with grave dangers. Starch foods should not be eaten at a meal where acid fruit or another starch is taken. Essentially, starch food should be eaten but once a day and with moderation.

8. When we eat more than we need we must exhaust in elimination nervous energy which might well be better employed. To eat when tired is to invite greater fatigue. To eat when ill is to violate a law which all other animals observe.

9. The grace and serene guidance of Nature rests upon all who obey her laws.





THE LIGHTED LAMP

By L. E. Girard

The golden strings of the Lyre
Give seven emerald notes;
A sevenfold rose fire
Above the Clarion floats.

The sweet soft tones of the Flute,
Of purest violet light,
Billow with grace to suit
The Angel of Melody's flight.

From The Color Choral in The King of the Metal Islands.



MY MARBLE colonnade in the South Country lies between the City of Day and the Sea of Dreams. It has before it on the sea side a garden of smiling flowers and singing birds, all enclosed by a creeper-covered trellis of enlaced wistaria. Through this trellis, the day long, there comes a wind from up the cooling sea, the Sea of Dreams, which beats in steady pulsing waves upon the shore not far beneath. I think that at night the wind drops away; but I do not know, for I slip through a certain Silver Gate in the trellis and watch the Sea of Dreams play in endless coruscations upon sands made multicolored by the moon that never sets, but ever hangs a frosty silvern veil over the Metal Islands, so that they glisten and gleam in the sapphire sea. Along the sea there is a high road leading to wondrously colored caves, deep mysterious groves, sweet meadows and fields, and one great greenwood which stretches back and envelops the City of Day.

At first I knew nothing of all this. When I grew old enough to read, I found a strange rhyme carved upon the Silver Gate, of which the letters old and strange were covered by the wistaria. Often I had puzzled what might lie beyond the trellis, through which faint sounds beat upon my ear and through which even a strange refreshing perfume, softened by the wistaria, passed my nostrils. Still more often did I wonder at the verse upon the gate when I had cleared away the clinging growth of the ages and found this graven on the panels:

*I lead to a Lea where burns the Lighted Lamp called Love
Which, from a scented Sacrificial Oil,
Gives a pure white Light of Life and Heart of Rose.
Unlock the Gate within thine Heart; boldly shove
The Boat from off the Iris Sands, and toil
With might into the East that rose and golden glows.*

*Out into the Sapphire Sea beneath the Mellow Moon
Lie Seven Metal Islands, coral laid;
On each a never-ceasing Lambent Torrent flows.
Pursue the Fiery Serpent; chant the Ancient Rune;
On the Green-Gold Metal Island unafraid
Feed the crystal Lamp; then liveth Heart of Rose.*

But on a day not quickly to be forgotten there came into my marble colonnade a Man who could read the meaning of the rhyme and who also had a key that unlocked the Silver Gate. He gave me this key, and so presently there followed the strange adventure of the Lighted Lamp.

But only presently, for at first I durst not even try the key in the Gate, but sat many times listening to the murmurous sounds from the other side of the trellis as they flowed in and out, confused with the rise and fall of the bubbling fountain in the garden and mixed with soft sounds of rustling trees and sleepy birds. But once it came about that in the City of Day I heard of a lad who had gone away, who had—as they say there—died. And one who had been his mother, hearing that I lived very near to the Sea of Dreams, came to ask me to look out over the beach and to call his name, to see whether perchance he who had called her mother might not have wandered there and, enchanted, had forgotten to return. So, when falling evening found me in the garden of my colonnade, I did boldly unlock the Silver Gate and stepped out past the marble trellis.

Many times have I come upon the multicolored sea; but never shall I forget the fearful witchery of that night's first vision. At first I could not see well, for the very air was visible and luminous. But presently my new-born gaze came to distinguish all the since-become familiar scenes. And then I knew the meaning of the faint sounds and perfumes that had come to me there in the trellised garden; and the old verse was partly clear.

The lawn sloped easily away toward the sea. The pearl-grey grass was long, and where the light breeze made waves upon it there swam a grey-green phosphorescent glow. Toward the sea the lawn suddenly broke and a fair golden beach ran out. But it was not only golden sand, for it pulsed and shimmered in iris-colored lights and the breaking surf poured over it in endless coruscations, so that the

water seemed as if it were not water but light; and, too, the great breakers as they shattered into foam gave off a myriad elfin stars and fairy lights. Far out on the placid bosom of the sea were seven strange islands that seemed veiled by the moon in a silvery mist. To right and left stretched the beach. Just before my Gate, on a little knoll, stood a great grey Oak. To see better, I walked up to this—walked, I must say, but seemed more to glide; yet I did walk, for the grey-green phosphorescence of the grass flowed about my feet.

The great grey Witching Oak had huge knarled roots and knotted limbs, upon which grew and hung the moss of untold ages. An old stone bench was placed before the Oak, facing the sea, and it, like the Silver Gate, bore a curious rhymed legend:

*Melted amethyst her hair,
But how shall I tell of her eyes?
On her softly rounded cheeks the fullest color flies.
A mouth that banisheth care;
A dimpled chin so fair,
And yet I can only stare
Into those well-like eyes.*

*And now she has gone away afar
And the wind forever sighs,
And the sea that moans on the lea in fitful anguish faintly cries.
Over the islands far,
Across the sea-swept bar,
There hangs a twin-bright star—
But brighter were her eyes.*

And it came over me that some other adventurer along the Sea of Dreams in times ago had met with some strange event and left, to record it, only this nameless verse. And when I looked up from my musing I saw indeed a wondrous double star in the studded sky.

But I had come to find the lad, so I looked down the beach where groups of people wandered. I sent out a sharp cry of his name; immediately he came running, as if he had been close at hand. I gave him the message from the one he had called mother. And he laughed and said, "She is here." He called and, truly enough, she came too. But when she saw me she said: "Ah, good friend, I know now that my son is happier here than in the dusty streets of the City of Day, and glad I am that it is so. But I do not know when I am there that I see him here, for I am strangely dull and drowsy in the City. But if you can remember, try to recall it all to me." So I promised and they went happily away. (Even when I was next in the City of Day I met this same woman and told her of meeting her

son and spoke of seeing her with him. But she seemed to have no key to the Silver Gate in *her* garden, for she had forgotten and looked at me as one mad; albeit I noticed that she drank in eagerly my words concerning the happiness of her son. . . . But the adventure . . .)

Having now fulfilled my promise, I turned once more to the mystery of the ancient verses I had read and betook myself, the better to read and think over these new ones, to the old seat under the Witching Oak. What could it all mean? The Metal Islands . . . The Serpent of Fire . . . The Crystal Lamp . . . Heart of Rose.

But the problem was not and is not to be solved by meditation alone; so I arose and went my way of service, laboring long for common needs and helping many times and divers ways in the happy land along the Sea of Dreams. And long after, quite unsuspecting, I happened upon that which solved the riddle of the two verses.

It came that, upon a time, I slipped through the Silver Gate out upon the Iris Beach and found an old man who seemed to be searching for something near the Witching Oak, where the boat in which he had come was drawn upon the beach. I offered him my help and he said:

"I come from the Palace of the King of the Metal Islands to find on this beach for his Queen an agate of great rarity, to build this into a device I am making for her, a rare device, for the chief pivot of which I must have an agate of seven striations, which men will call 'The World's Desire.'"

Then I knew not in full what he meant (nor did it matter), but I joined him in his search, wandering hither and thither as he bade me; lifting endless stones under which he peered; rushing into the water to lift out of the starry flood innumerable stones and pebbles which, drying, became dull; many times wondering whether it was not all effort wasted for a mad old man, yet following ever an inner voice which prompted me to persevere. At last we lighted upon the thing he sought. So we turned to the boat in which he had come from the Islands, and I noted now for the first time that this boat "Eldoran" was a strange craft. For prow, it had a marvelous figure of a woman looking ever forward for something just over the horizon. I did not see her eyes then, for the boat was pointed toward the sea, but later I saw that she followed ever with her gaze a Gleam that hung all but in heaven, ever visible over the Sea of Dreams, and to some even in the City of Day.

We pushed the vessel through the surf. The old man climbed into the steersman's seat. I took the oars and toiled silently at them for a pace, with head bent to my labor. But presently I grew weary, weary of my dull and senseless task; I thought how happy I might be playing in the groves along the seashore. Even as this sullen discontent flowed through my idle mind it was followed by the sense of a

presence, so that I looked up—to find the old man changing. This in itself on the Sea of Dreams I well knew to be nothing marvelous. I turned to the front of the vessel to see if the Lady too was changing. As she leaned over the blue sea she seemed alive and yet did not move. Great creatures of beauty and mirth leaped playfully from the foam before the boat, and I thought she seemed to lose herself in their joy; and yet she did not speak. I ventured to address her, yet she neither moved nor answered. So I turned back where sat in the tiller seat not the old man, but an ancient Youth, such an One as I had never seen before. At first I could not look at him, for his eyes blinded me as might the sun. But presently I could bear his gaze and I saw that he smiled wonderfully, so that I seemed to see pure joy, purer than the happiness of the creatures running before our prow. He said then:

“Go forward, mine own, into the East if thou would’st find the secret of the strange verses; feed the lamp with the agate. Here am I with you; there too shall I be.”

His eyes blazed with the great fire again, and I must needs drop mine. When I looked again the old man had returned.

So I toiled into the rose and golden East. The leaping creatures of the sea fled before the prow and the silent Lady looked ever into the future toward the Gleam and poured out a mute, a radiant and a serene content. I steered to the nearest of the islands, presently ran upon the beach, disembarked and pulled the boat out of the waves. Now I could and did look up into the eyes of the Lady and then knew it was she of whom someone had written beneath the Witching Oak:

*Melted amethyst her hair,
But how shall I tell of her eyes?*

For they were like bottomless wells in which can be perceived nothing but a limpid purity without embodiment. And it was this that gave the figure the semblance of life, though she gazed ever forward and spoke no word nor seemed to see me. So I turned to see unto what sort of land I had come, while the old man wandered off, I know not where, leaving behind him the agate.

Red was the island. Red coral reefs ran out in starlike points, and the sand and rocks which rose therefrom were glorious warm ruby red, yet metallic, like aurichalcum. Glittering pale rose streams flowed into the sea, and all was suffused with a pellucid glow from the most remarkable of all the wondrous sights there—a flaming torrent which poured without a sound into a great scintillating crimson basin. Without a sound, I say, for, despite the great height from which it fell, it made no murmur and it was strange to stand thus at the edge of the pool into which the crimson torrent fell and hear no sound. Soon I saw that in this great basin there was a serpent that

swam ever round and round. Out of my mind came the lines:

*Out in the Sapphire Sea beneath the Mellow Moon
Lie Seven Metal Islands, coral laid;
On each a never-ceasing Lambent Torrent flows.
Pursue the Fiery Serpent; chant the Ancient Rune;
On the Green-Gold Metal Island unafraid
Feed the Crystal Lamp; then liveth Heart of Rose.*

Here was the Fiery Serpent, but what was the Ancient Rune? I had not time to guess, for the creature swam off into one of the rosy streams that flowed out into the sapphire sea, swam off at lightning speed and left a gleaming wake. So I fled to my boat, pushed it through the surf and followed after.

The great dragon swam from island to island, and I followed ever. Each was a different color and a different shape, and each I thought more beautiful than the last. But what good is it to try to tell of them? When in the pool of the Golden Yellow Island the Serpent looked like a veritable flame and his scales gave off flashing cold light, I thought, "What can be more wonderful?" Yet in the pool of the Blue Steely Island, under its silent azure Torrent, the Serpent gleamed like a sword in the metallic ripples, and I thought "Surely this is the most wonderful."

We came at last to the seventh, the Green-Gold Island, which lay under the mellow moon at the centre of the great arc that the islands formed. When I ran the boat ashore here, lo! the Lady spoke in a measured voice. She said:

"This is the Ancient Rune that must be said; hark:"

*To others I give what I cherish most;
The jewels of the chaplet rare,
All but the chain that makes them fair,
I pawn for the sake of the hungry host.*

*Her I renounce for the sake of Him
Who serves the hungry human host;
Sweet gilded Fame, the bitter boast,
I leave within the chalice rim.*

Even as she spoke I learned the words, and then snatched up the agate and quickly followed the wake of the Fiery Serpent to the gleaming Green-Gold lake. Beside the pool there was a translucent emerald hill, and up this led a winding ivory stair. This I climbed and, having climbed, did note that on the top stood a Crystal Lamp, but empty now and cold. The Serpent in the pool below wove in

and out of the water, and his wake was this chain of letters:

What dost thou offer?

Then came from my lips the words of the Ancient Rune, whereat the great creature stopped for a moment, and then began again:

Wilt thou feed the Lamp?

And it came into my mind to put into the Crystal Lamp the agate, for I had nought else to offer. And, when I did, it melted and was an invisible but scented oil. The great beast ceased again for a time, then spun in fine gold flames upon the green water:

Wilt thou dare light the Lamp?

And it came into my heart to thrust my hand into the flaming torrent. I did and lo! the cascade played harmlessly upon me and, striking my palm, it dashed across to the Lamp, which burst into flame; not a flame which only burned with a pure white light, but (and this was a wonder truly) as it sprung into being all the silence of the seven Lambent Torrents dropped away like a shattered crystal, and there burst forth the sound of their falling—music and melody that ever can be heard by him who has harkened in the silence of the soundless places, a triumphant choral of unconquered might.

Then the Fiery Serpent sank into the pool and, as I leaned over and saw him sink, there welled up out of the unfathomable depths a great and wondrous Flower of Light, that flowed up to the surface in a constant flaming flood, unfolded from the centre and formed a magic Heart of Rose in which was all the beauty and the glory and the mystery of my deepest dreams.

"This, then," I cried, "is the mystery of the verse!"

Well content did I presently descend the winding stair and go back to the beach and the boat. Now the Lady was standing on the sand. We put the boat called "Eldoran" back to sea and slowly I rowed through the majestic chorus of the singing Lambent Torrents, back to the Witching Oak. There I stepped into the surf and pushed the boat back upon the sea; it floated away steadily once more into the East, whence it had come, bearing off into the moon-made haze her of the wonderful eyes.

I sat for a while on the old bench under the Oak and read with new understanding the rhyme there engraven. Then I wandered slowly back to my Silver Gate, cast a last look over the sea, listened to the now dying, faint and far-off music of the torrents, and then closed the gate behind me for a time.

* * * * *

I have not since gone back to the Metal Islands, though some day I hope I may. But the sight of Heart of Rose has made me changed, for even in the City of Day I can see in the eyes of nearly every

man and woman, and easily in the eyes of every child I meet, a miniature of the pool; and out of it wells a brilliant little picture of the flaming flower. But the Lady I have never seen again, and the boat named "Eldoran" comes no more to beach by the Witching Oak. But as she knew the Ancient Rune, I know that she too must once have seen and so never can forget the flaming flower. And I know that sometime the long day will be done and I will come to look once more and forever, with her and with many another, into the placid pool, to live forever there, to feed forever the Lighted Lamp, and hear forever the victor chorus of the Lambent Torrents.



SONNETS ON THE BHAGAVAD GITA

By Hubert Whitehead

Arjuna said:

XII:1-8

"Some men, devoted, worship only Thee,
Some worship naught but the unmanifested;
In deep devotion both are full invested,
Which are more learned in Yoga? That tell me."
"I count them, either one, My devotee,"
The Lord replied. "Whose mind in Me is rested,
With faith supreme endowed, these men are free,
Are best in Yoga. Yet more hardly tested
Are they who worship the Unmanifest;
The path is hard for these. Subduing senses,
Regarding all as equal, all as best,
Their way is hard, but great their recompenses.
Place mind in Me, let Reason in Me enter,
In Me you will abide, My life your centre.

"If mind's unfirm, by practice firmness seek;
Inconstant in your practice, strive to serve;
If then through feebleness you fall or swerve,
Take refuge then in union when you're weak.
Who beareth no ill will to bold or meek,
Compassionate, forgiving, every nerve
Harmonious, content however bleak
The world—these devotees My love deserve.
From whom the world shrinks not, who shrinketh not,
Who, wanting nothing, silent, firm in mind,
Renouncing all, relinquishing each jot,
Devoted unto Me and to mankind,
Partaking of My wisdom, without fear—
These devotees of Mine are ever dear.

XII:9-20

"This body, oh Arjuna, is the Field, XIII:1-11
 And that which knoweth it, that is the Knower;
 The wisdom of the Field and of the Sower—
 This is the wisdom that all bliss will yield.
 The universe, the Reason, Self revealed,
 The qualities, the mind—the higher, lower—
 The objects sensed, the body which doth shield—
 This is the Field; your Self the reaper, mower.
 Humility, forgiveness, rectitude,
 Dispassion unto objects of the senses,
 Without attachments, strong in fortitude,
 Devoted, without pay or recompenses,
 Constant in Love whate'er the circumstance—
 This Wisdom is; all else is ignorance.

"The object of this wisdom you shall know; XIII:12-18
 Beginningless, Eternal, I'll declare,
 He dwelleth in the world, yes, everywhere,
 Is unattached and yet in all aglow;
 Immovable, but through Him all things flow;
 Within all beings, knowing naught of care;
 At hand, yet far away; all speed, yet slow;
 Though unperceived, is still to all aware;
 Free from all qualities, yet He enjoys;
 Divided not, He joins, He separates;
 Supporting all, 'tis He alone destroys;
 Devouring all, alone He generates.
 That is the Light of lights in all doth gleam,
 Beyond all darkness, Wisdom all supreme.

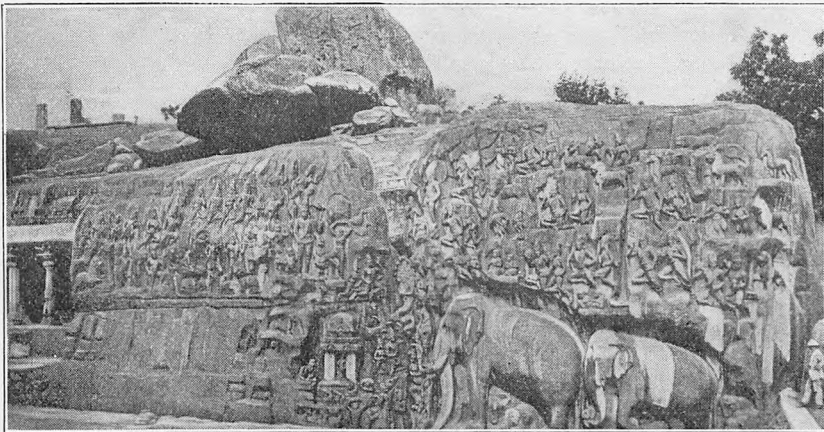
"Beginningless is Spirit, Matter too XIII:19-34
 Was ever. Qualities are Matter-born.
 Spirit in birth, by earth-born causes torn,
 Is still the supreme SELF which naught can rue.
 By meditation seek out that is true;
 Within all beings see the Lord, unshorn
 Of any attribute, supreme; like dew
 Throughout the air, unseen within the dawn.
 'Tis living Matter which alone performs;
 The SELF is actionless, He seeth all;
 Though seated in the body and all forms,
 He worketh not; He sees, He knoweth all.
 As ether—though in all—is not affected,
 As sun illumines, He is in all reflected.

"Within My womb, etern, I place the seed XIV:1-10
 From which all beings generate and flow;
 From out whatever womb, where'er they grow,
 From Me they come and I their future read.
 Three qualities within all Matter breed:
 Sweet, rhythmic Harmony, pure as the snow;
 Then Motion, passionate, aflame with need;
 Inertia is last, deluded, slow.
 Through Harmony the soul is led to bliss,

But motion binds to action and to strife;
 Inertia shrouds Wisdom, leads to this—
 Attachment unto sloth and loss of life.
 First Harmony prevails, then Motion reigns,
 Sometimes Inertia the kingdom gains.

“When Wisdom-light streams forth from all the gates, XIV:11-20
 When health and luminosity prevail,
 When calmness stands, whatever may assail—
 Then Harmony is king and peace elates.
 When restlessness is rife, and naught abates
 The energy that beats like threshing-flail,
 When greed and vain desire defy the fates—
 All these from Motion spring, as waves from gale.
 The fruit of all good action’s Harmony,
 But Motion’s fruit is ever endless pain;
 And vain delusion—grim unwisdom’s plea—
 Is all the fruit Inertia can gain.
 The Seer seeth shackles in all three
 And, crossing o’er them, cometh unto Me.”

Arjuna pondered, and then spoke again: XIV:21-27
 “What are the marks of him who crosses o’er
 The qualities that bind him to this shore?
 How does he act who conquest here does gain?”
 “He hateth not delusion, fears no stain,
 As neutral sitteth he while passions roar;
 He self-reliant is in pleasure, pain,
 Immovable he stands ’neath tempest sore;
 In honor and disgrace, in praise or blame,
 Unloved or loved, he’s always sweet and pure;
 To friend or bitter foe he is the same,
 And every test he quietly will endure.
 Who serveth Me, he goes to the Eternal,
 He knoweth bliss, supreme, unending, vernal.



Carvings of “Arjuna’s Penance” at Mahabalipuram

THE ELUSIVE KRISHNA

By Thornton Clive

This deluded world knoweth Me not, the unborn, the imperishable.

The Bhagavad Gita, 7:25.

Lofty beyond all thought, unperishing, Thou treasure-house supreme; all immanent . . . nor source, nor midst nor end.

Ibid, 11:18, 19.

As the omnipresent ether is not affected, by reason of its subtlety, so seated everywhere in the body the SELF is not affected.

Ibid, 13:32.

Without and within all beings; immovable and also movable; by reason of His subtlety imperceptible; at hand and far away is THAT.

Ibid, 13:15.

Man, Know Thyself—*Delphic Logion.*

By Means of His Own Self as Type—*Bhagavad Gita.*

As in a Mirror, so in Oneself—*Kathopanishad.*



THOUGH mayhap there are those who may contend to the contrary, it is expressing no exaggerated idea in averring that *The Bhagavad Gita* is not only a world-scripture but the scripture of the world-religion yet to be. It is the preeminent gift of India—the heart-mother of the world—and her glorious past to the moulding of the still more glorious future of mankind.

In these rapidly moving days of mental transition, when the world unrest is prompting to new lines of thought in every department of life, one of the very first books that the man or woman laboring under this stimulus seeks to study is *The Lord's Song*. But why is it that in a matter of days—or weeks at most—an unduly large number of these lay the book aside as being in great measure incomprehensible? True, there is a proportion who refuse to think for themselves; they demand that their mental pabulum be supplied in predigested, tabloid form. Others again there are who are unable to adjust their minds to new modes of thought or to view life from the philosophical standpoint of the East. The remainder of these disappointed ones, however, are, it would appear, earnest seekers after Truth and ardently desire to glean some crumbs of the Wisdom they inwardly feel and

know to be hidden in the immortal verses. Why is it that these fail to find what they seek?

Sweeping aside certain subsidiary reasons, it does seem as if they—in common with many older and more persistent students—have failed in the very first instance to establish a common vantage ground, wherefrom they may listen to the lofty teaching of Krishna and translate it to their inner consciousness in terms of western thought. Oil and water will not mingle, nor will the Lord's teaching be readily assimilable by one who holds strenuously to the anthropomorphic ideas of the West. But, while the historic Krishna may be historic and personal enough, in His superior form He is subtle to the point of elusiveness—"though He be not far from every one of us."

It may be that to some of those beginning the study of *The Bhagavad Gita* one or two mental pegs may prove useful, upon which they can hang certain fundamental conceptions and from them broaden out into the deeper stream of hidden meaning. That such "pegs" are merely suggestive of course is understood for, though these have afforded light to the writer, it does not follow that the same must infallibly be the case with others, since each mind works in its own groove.

In the famous Tenth Discourse of the *Gita*, called the "Ocean of Love," is described to him who is the "beloved" what in the East is generally accepted as a "vision of the Universal Form"; and yet, embraced as all worlds are, all of Humanity is in this Mighty Form and each individual is floating in an "ocean of death" (*The Bhagavad Gita*, 12:7), to be lifted up when their minds are "fixed on Me."

How can this be rendered into such language as to be reasonably plain and comprehensive to the ordinary mind? By attempting to know ourselves and realizing that the Supreme is appearing to us, in whatsoever form, under the guise of Law.

"Knowing Me to be the imperishable principle in all things" is the repeated enunciation of Krishna; and may it not be that the western synonym for God (Love) is the "imperishable principle," that one law governs the universe and that the cosmic Light-Life-Love are the unmanifest made manifest to us?

Can we think of the universe as eternal and yet ever changing; that apparent and historical creations¹ are but the awakenings at the

¹The doctrine of emanations apparently was suppressed as far as possible by the early Fathers, despite the fact that it is alluded to in many places in the *Bible*. The very general belief, not only among the Gnostics, the Manicheans, Persians, and in the philosophies of India, was that the Supreme was surrounded by Emanations of Divinity—Angels and Archangels, Æons, etc. In *Deut.* 33:2 the word translated "fiery law" really means "emanations"; and a very suggestive interpretation of the first three words in the *Bible*—"In the beginning"—may be gained by reference to the words of Origen, Clemens Alexandrinus, Maimonides and others, on the authority of the *Targum* of Jerusalem—the greatest authority among the Jews. The Hebrew word, translated faultily, is *brasil*, which means "wisdom," or "the principle," and not as it appears in the opening words of *Genesis*. Commenting upon this, Beausabre says: "The Jews, instead of translating *brasil* by the words 'in the beginning,' translated it 'the active and immediate principle of all things, God, made,' etc., which, accord-

dawn of new cycles; that the birth and death of worlds are but points in their evolution and involution—an eternal ebb and flow in the tides of the universe; that the planetary systems issue from central foci, in time to disintegrate and form other combinations; and that the central foci are resolved into their original element, to reappear in new forms and states?

Can we not think of this “imperishable principle” which is so eternally active and all-pervading throughout all nature and which is termed an “Ocean of Love,” containing within itself vitality, force, intelligence, consciousness, and every known attribute and emotion in such subtle combination and correlation as to produce a perfect whole which surrounds and includes all things, its contents passing through them as the water of the terrestrial ocean flows through a sponge? If we can form such a conception, then let us think of every living organism as capable of reproducing its kind, having “the seed within itself,” in and through the agency of this sea of vital, physical and spiritual force. If we can think of this perfect whole—this all-embracing Ocean of Love as the sum of all elements, attributes and emotions in equilibrium, then it may be realized that a surplus of any one principle would impair the perfection of the whole. Just as we know that a complex chemical group is destroyed by the slightest deviation in the value of any one of its elements; just as we know that analysis will reveal the presence of offensive odors in the most delightful perfumes, that exquisite tints contain heavy colors, and that dissonances and discords exist in soul-inspiring harmonies, so do we know that material substances have an absorptive power and are capable of every degree of interference in the passage of a subtle fluid. This is illustrated in the phenomena of light, heat and electricity. All this being conceded, can we not imagine a “fragment” of this “Ocean of Love,” this “imperishable principle,” being filled with entities in limitless diversity which are capable of absorbing its elements in illimitable and multifarious combinations?

But the question may be interposed: If the material body disintegrates, what becomes of the “imperishable principle” incorporated

ing to the *Targum* of Jerusalem, means “by wisdom God made,” etc. St. Augustine, writing on the same matter, says: “And if by *brasil* we understand the ‘active principle’ of the Creator instead of ‘beginning,’ in such a case we will clearly perceive that Moses never meant to say that heaven and earth were the first works of God. He only said that God created heaven and earth ‘through the principle’ who is His Son.” The “principle” is Wisdom, or the first Emanation which, like Minerva (Goddess of Wisdom), emanated from the head of Jove.

“While explaining some of the ‘heresies’ of his day, Justin Martyr shows the identity of all the world religions at their starting-points. The first ‘beginning’ opens invariably with the ‘unknown’ and ‘passive’ Deity, from which emanates a certain active power, or virtue, the Mystery that is sometimes called Wisdom, sometimes the Son, very often God, Angel, Lord, and Logos. . . . Philo depicts this Wisdom as male and female. But though its first manifestation had a beginning—for it proceeded from *Oulom* (Aion, Time), the highest of the *Æons* when emitted from the Father—it had remained with the Father *before all creations*, for it is part of Him.

The Secret Doctrine, vol. ii:514.

in it? Does it return to the general ocean, and would it be burdened with the individuality of the entity which it had left? A salt disappears in water, but its characteristics remain in the fluid, in due time and under favorable conditions to reappear. The inquiry might also be met by the premise that the "imperishable principle" never rests *in* the body but, "more subtle than the ether," is ever flowing *through* it and that the individuality, as distinguished from the personality, is a persistent grouping of elements in the current of this Ocean of Love which, under like conditions, again manifests.

Can it be, then, that this "Ocean of Love" is the equivalent of the "Me" so constantly insisted upon by Krishna—the "imperishable principle" in which we live and move and have our being; that is "without beginning of days or end of years"; that is "without variableness or shadow of turning," being unconditioned; that is "omnipotent," because the source of all force and energy; "omniscient," in that it envelops, penetrates and pervades all things; the "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, which is, which was and which is to come"; the "All,"² being the aggregate and sum of all attributes in harmonious combination?

Great AUM! Immune! Immutable!

Eternal!

Beyond all transient life—in Silence—All!

Thou dwellest in the Infinite and art

The Infinite in all; unnamed, unknown.

We know Thou art, but, knowing,

Know Thee not;

We feel Thy Life, but cannot sense the source;

We worship Thee—Supreme, Eternal Love!

May we not get a clearer view of the Supreme by thus realizing that a current of Deity is flowing through all things, creating, preserving and changing them in an infinite series of self-manifestations, from the Prakritic side of Deity each individuality reincarnating in a material body, drawn from the "treasure-house" by itself for its own use, but imperfect and perverting into such inharmonious combinations this "imperishable principle" which it reflects in such distorted images? Then, too, may we believe that this body will in time evolve to such a degree of purity and lucidity as to receive and reflect the Divine impress correctly? And, further, may we not believe that thus man will finally escape the bondage of corporeal existence? A writer has pointed out in this regard that the optician, after years of patient labor, has from the crude instrument of early times evolved a lens that will transmit the image of an object without "achromatism" or "spherical aberration." May it not be, then, that man's material body

² I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

Revelation 1:8.

will be evolved in Nature's great workshop to a condition wherein he will realize his oneness with Deity and by which he will have transmuted the lower faculties to spiritual affinities, thus being emancipated from *Tanha*—the thirst for earthly experience—and the necessity for reincarnation? Then he would be a conscious part of the perfect whole. "The dewdrop slips into the shining sea"—the "Ocean of Love"—by means of that "imperishable principle" that has lifted him from the "ocean of death."³

From what has been said it is obvious that the God of *The Bhagavad Gita*, whether worshiped in daily life⁴ or sensed through contemplation⁵ is no God of isolation standing afar off, but is emphatically an all-pervading, all-supporting, all-transcending Presence, of whom all power is.⁶

Arjuna, the beloved, beginning to sense that Presence mercilessly breaking down those things his mind still clings to, is bewildered and does not know which way to turn.

Nought know I anywhere, no shelter find.⁷
Mercy, O God! Refuge of all the worlds!

The cry goes up in fear and awe; but at last there bursts from him this exulting and glorious verse of salutation:

Hail, hail to Thee! a thousand times all hail!
Hail unto Thee! again, again, all hail!
Prostrate in front of Thee, prostrate behind,
Prostrate on every side to Thee, O All!
In power boundless, measureless in strength,
Thou holdest all; then Thou Thyself art All.

We in turn may be bewildered for, from the standpoint of our concrete, separative mind, we can make no sudden leaps. But we do get some hints in Discourse 6:29, 31 of the *Gita*, where all that may be told is told as to what a perfect Yogi knows and does. Immediately following comes a sloka, an innocent-appearing, cryptic one, apt to be passed with an easy comprehension of its meaning in that it forms a sort of plain anti-climax to some sublime idea. But here we may get the clue by following which we may thread the maze of time-and-space bewilderment⁸ and reach the exact point of view we desire. Taking this sloka (6:32) in exact translation, apart from the liberal

³ I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in ONE; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me. *St. John*, 17:23.

⁴ *The Bhagavad Gita*, 10:11; 6:31; 9:27; 18:46.

⁵ *Ibid*, 6:28-30.

⁶ *Ibid*, 10:41.

⁷ Literal translation: "I have lost the sense of direction."

⁸ *Second Discourse*, 2:52, "Mind-delusion," or glamour.

and poetic one of the Besant version, we find as follows:

He is deemed a Yogi of the perfect type
Who sees the *same One* everywhere,
Whether there by joy or sorrow,⁹
By analogy with his own self.

Here the means suggested for investigation are plainly set forth. It is by taking our own self, such as it is, as a type—for of course the “self” here can only refer to the organic, vital self that is known to the ordinary man; it cannot mean the universal SELF, the very object of search, as yet unknown to us, since analogy is precisely the guide from the known to the unknown. Therefore we are advised to seek the Yogi’s cosmic point of view by means of the analogy of the ordinary self which, from excess of familiarity, we too often fail to think about.

Thou art thyself, O little man, the mirror of the One beyond. If thou but look with steadfast gaze into the mirror, thou may’st at last behold in it the perfect image of the hidden¹⁰ One thou seekest—thy Self, the image of That SELF, thy life the image of that Life, the patent law of all thy measurable limbs and parts, the faithful replica of that One hidden cosmic Law by which are governed all the kingdoms of this living Universe in which thy separated being lives, a tiny cell within that cosmic body.

Argasanga.

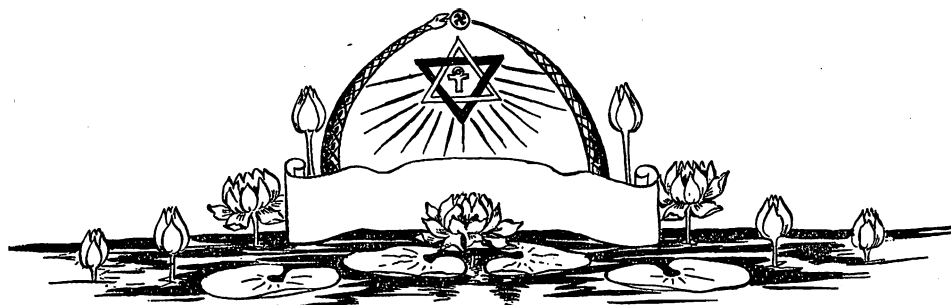
Now what is the self of man to the ordinary individual? Almost entirely the body—with a nature of emotional impulse confused with it and a thought-weaving mind entangled and also more or less identified with it. This entanglement and confusion suffices to mar the body and, save in a few exceptional cases, not enough to bring emotion and thought into harmony with the organic law of the physical vehicle. It is a transition stage. The rhythm of healthy instinctual animal existence is thrown into confusion; the subtle correlation of spiritual life is evolved to the point of harmonious coordination in a very few. The redemption of the body by the soul is yet in the far future for the large majority of the race.

A marvelously complex instrument has been built up by the constructive powers of the universe and placed at the mercy of a selfish and only partially formed emotion and mind, to work upon it, sense through it and thus, by slow degrees, evolve. A divine tool, which we abuse and ruin in a variety of ways until after endless experiences we learn to reverence in it the cosmic organizing Power which has made it, the Power which, through it, makes us; until in the end we, holders of the secret of the Password, have learned to use it as of that “imperishable principle,” *in* that “imperishable principle,” *for* that “imperishable principle.”

⁹ Or (by implication) any other apparently contrasted aspects of existence. *The Bhagavad Gita*, Brooks’ translation.

¹⁰ *Genesis* 1:27; *Colossians* 3:10.

(To be continued)



WORLD-TEACHERS OF THE ARYAN RACE

VYASA; HERMES; ZARATHUSTRA;
 ORPHEUS; GAUTAMA BUDDHA;
 SHRI KRISHNA; JESUS, THE CHRIST.*

(Continued from page 727)

Then He came to our fifth sub-race, the great teacher to give a new religion and to shape the spiritual growth of the Teutonic peoples. He came, and for three brief years of perfect life He carried on His ministry among the Jewish people, but it was pathetically said, "He came to His own and His own received Him not," and though it was said He spake as never man had spoken, only for three years could they tolerate the Lord of Love amongst them. And after they had slain Him, the records of His Church declared that only some poor hundred and twenty gathered together as disciples. A strange record for the coming of a World-Teacher; but history has vindicated the power of the teaching, for if His own generation rejected Him, hundreds of generations since have done Him homage.—*Annie Besant.*

JESUS, THE CHRIST

By Adelia H. Taffinder



CROSS the glamor of centuries, amid the wonderful radiance which the worship of millions has shed on the Figure of Jesus, the Christ, His name is taking on, today, a mightier power. Men are beginning to realize that Christianity is not a church, is not a book, is not an organization, but it is the recognition of a living Christ and the development of the Christ-life in man. When the Indian worships Shri Krishna, he is worshipping One in whom the Christ was

*This series of sketches will be concluded in the September magazine with a symposium on *The Coming Christ.*

incarnate; when the Buddhist raises up his heart to the coming Buddha, he is worshipping the Christ. Did He not say: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice and there shall be one fold and one shepherd"? When He spake these words, ere Christianity as a separate faith was born, whom could He have spoken of save those who followed the other great religions of the world? We learn that when one rises so high in the spiritual life as the Christ has risen, then, like the sun in heaven, He can pour down His light, His life, His love into all the vessels of human lives that are open to Him on earth.

He was called "first-born among many brethren," but there would be no brotherhood were He divided from us by a vast gulf that separates God and man. Therefore because God became man in Him, He is also becoming man in us. The wondrous story of the Christ is repeated in the life of every man growing to divinity; in the words of St. Paul, the Christ is born in him and in him grows to the full stature of the measure of the fullness of Christ. He who seeks that oneness with God must cast aside every fetter, as did the blessed Nazarene, and rise into the liberty of the realized Sonship.

The Gospel-drama tells the old, old story of the only Way—the narrow ancient Path. Strait is that gate, and only he can pass through it who has thrown aside all that the world counts of value; he only can tread that path when, like Jesus, the knowledge and love of God has become the one absolute aim of life. The heart full of earth has no room for the birth of the Christ-child, the hands that cling to earth cannot be raised to heaven. The heart must be fixed on the one Truth; the life must be pure as the mountain air. He in whom the Christ is born, the new Initiate, is ever spoken of all the world over as the "little child." He may have wealth; it is no longer his—it belongs to the Great Lodge into which he is entering. He may have mental ability; it is no longer his—he must use it only for the service of that to which he has now given himself. When this utter renunciation occurs, the kings and wise men of the earth bring their treasures and pour them out at the feet of the helpless Babe, for where one wants nothing for the personal self, everything falls into his hands to be offered in service to the world.

He who would seek the Christ-life must pass through the life-stages which Jesus did; he must see his beloved flee, be betrayed, denied, rejected. "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." The first of those four great events in the Christ story, which are related in the Gospels and which mark the stages on the Path of Initiation, is the birth of the Christ; the second, the baptism; the third, the transfiguration; the fourth, the passion. After this there remains the resurrection, the ascension, which is the initiation of the Master. In the hidden life which intervenes between the crucifixion and the resur-

rection the last weaknesses of humanity have to be cast aside. No longer can he desire life in any world, for he *is* life and all outer desire passes away. From him also disappears that sense of being in any way "I"; he is all, and all forms are equally his own. That it is to have become a Christ; to know the identity of nature which makes yours the weakness of the weakest as well as the strength of the strongest.

All the great religions of the world have claimed to have a hidden side, to be custodians of "Mysteries," and Christianity does not stand outside the circle. There were Mysteries in ancient Egypt, in ancient Persia, in ancient India, in all the countries of that hoary past. The Greeks had their Orphic Mysteries and in them was a certain grade marked with the name *Christos*. These Mysteries are the reflexion on our earth of the great initiations that belong to the Great Hierarchy. Many statements of the Christ to His apostles, and of the earlier teachers, prove beyond the possibility of challenge the existence of hidden, or esoteric, teaching, the loss of which in some parts of the Church explains very largely the crude statements that are made concerning God and His relation to the human soul. Christ said to His apostles: "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but unto them that are without all those things are done in parables."

According to the traditions of the Church Fathers, the Lord Jesus Christ remained on earth after His resurrection for eleven years, teaching His apostles the secret and holy truths that those that were "without" could not comprehend. According to the *Acts*, He only remained for forty days, but during these forty days He instructed them as to the things of the kingdom of God, and those instructions remained unrecorded. St. Paul tells his converts of the Church of Corinth: "I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ." Again: "We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom . . . and we speak wisdom amongst them that are perfect"—a word well recognized, technically meaning those who have been initiated into the Mysteries and therefore the perfected within the Church.

In order to preserve due order, Christian converts were led successively through different stages: at first they were hearers; then catechumens; and then, receiving baptism, they became full members of the Church. Within the Church itself were also grades: first came the general members; from these were the "few chosen" out of the many who were "called"; and beyond these were still "the chosen of the chosen," with "perfect knowledge."

Thus we have a glimpse of the esoteric side of Christianity which was lost, for the most part, in the flood of ignorance which swept

over Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire, and the crude interpretation, the teaching for the multitude, replaced the spiritual truths known to the few. Some fragments survived in the custody of the Greek and Latin Churches, and symbols and ceremonies still testify to their original presence.

The World-Teacher, when He comes, ever gives to the new religion its Mysteries in and by which the truth shall be kept alive. Self-sacrifice and the value of individualism were particularly emphasized in the religion which the Lord Jesus Christ gave to the world. The older nations at that time had regarded the family as the unit, not the individual. Christianity struck the key-note of individualism, and it was in order that it might be fully and thoroughly developed that some of the earlier doctrines, such as reincarnation, were, in Christendom, for a time submerged. It was necessary to build up the individual; the idea of one life gave to the individual an activity that he would not gain if he thought many lives stretched before him and behind him, and the need of exertion built up that idea of individuality necessary for further progress.

The sublime teachings and the example of the life of the Founder of Christianity sounded the note of self-sacrifice which has trained and stimulated throughout the Christian ages the desire to emulate Him. Let us glance backward nearly two thousand years ago for then, as now, a solemn period of the world's destiny was approaching. It was the beginning of a new sub-race, and a vague expectancy hung over the nations. In the excess of its evil, all humanity had a presentiment of a coming Savior. The temples spoke of Him in mysterious language; astrologers calculated His coming; the prophets were expecting a spiritual king, a Messiah who would be understood by the poor and lowly. In other ages and among other nations, there had appeared the Sons of God, but since Moses none had arisen in Israel. The ten tribes, so long lost, were to be reckoned in the fold of the Good Shepherd. Heaven and earth might be destroyed, but not Israel. At His coming the patriarchs and all the just would rise, to share in the joys of the new possession of their land. Such were the hopes and expectations expressed in Talmudic writings and also in the apocalyptic class of literature. The two earliest of these—*The Book of Enoch* and the *Sibylline Oracles* are equally emphatic on this point. The seventeenth psalm bursts into this strain: "Blessed are they who shall live in those days, in the reunion of the tribes which God brings about"; and "the King who reigns is of the house of David." Like Moses, He works deliverance, and all the marvels connected with Moses were to be intensified in the Messiah.

At last, one wintry night while the shepherds watched the flocks destined for sacrificial service, came the announcement by the Angel

of the Lord, appearing in a mantle of light and ushering into waiting Israel the great joy of good tidings that the long promised Savior, the Messiah, was born in the city of David and of his lineage. He would be recognized by the humbleness of the circumstances surrounding His nativity. Familiar to every reader is the Gospel narrative of that sacred nativity, but not every one has read the occult record of that divine drama so illuminatingly presented by Mrs. Annie Besant in *Esoteric Christianity*. We learn there that this holy Jewish child was born in Palestine 105 B. C., during the consulate of Publius Rutilius Rufus and Gnæus Mallius Maximus. He was the son of Joseph and Mary, who were affiliated with the Essènes. This Order constituted the final remnant of those brotherhoods of prophets organized by Samuel. The name came from the Syrian word *asaya*, physician; in Greek, *therapeut*.

In early childhood Jesus was dedicated to a religious and ascetic life. St. Luke describes him at the age of twelve years as "increasing in strength, grace and wisdom," and confounding the doctors of the law in arguments with them. At nineteen he was sent to an Essene monastery near Mount Serbal, where he was instructed in the secret teachings, and was later initiated in Egypt as a disciple of that one sublime Lodge from which every great religion has its Founder. Mrs. Besant, in *Esoteric Christianity*, describes him thus:

So superhumanly pure and so full of devotion was he, that in his gracious manhood he stood out preeminently from the severe and somewhat fanatical ascetics among whom he had been trained, shedding on the stern Jews around him the fragrance of a gentle and tender wisdom, as a rose-tree strangely planted in a desert would shed its sweetness on the barrenness around. The fair and stately grace of his white purity was round him as a radiant moonlit halo and his words, though few, were ever sweet and loving, winning even the most harsh to a temporary gentleness and the most rigid to a passing softness. Thus he lived through nine and twenty years of mortal life, growing from grace to grace. This superhuman purity and devotion fitted the man Jesus, the disciple, to become the temple of a loftier Power, of a mighty indwelling Presence.

The baptism of Jesus, as embodied in the Gospels, indicates the event when the Spirit was seen "descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him," and the voice proclaimed Him as the beloved Son. After this manifestation of the Holy Spirit, Jesus the disciple became Jesus the Christ. For three brief years He "went about doing good," until the storm of hatred gathered around Him and the body was slain that enshrined the glorious Christ. His instruction commenced during His physical life among His disciples, was carried on after He had left the body and formed the basis of the "Mysteries of Jesus," giving the inner life to ecclesiastical Christianity. Jesus became the Head of the Church and Christianity has been His special charge.



THE HIGHER TRAINING OF THE CHILD

By Agnes Boss Thomas

HUMAN progress is largely measured by the reflected condition portrayed in the child. For the child mirrors the largeness or the smallness, the developed or the undeveloped evolutionary status of every age, race, country and civilization. So true is this that it is easy to follow past ignorance and neglect relative to the adult physical body as reborn in the offspring, as well as note the finer and more highly evolved physical bodies of the children of today—which fact is heralded by science as “the creating of a new type” and by the occultist as “the coming in of the new sub-race of our Aryan family.”

Emotionally the child again reflects the adult. We have a frenzied condition of marriage, divorce, sex; this fact finds its counterpart in the child by such a state of affairs in the schools of our country that sex hygiene is thought imperative by some educationalists. Mentally, the child reproduces the adult unrest by expressing a lack of satisfaction with everything in general. And spiritually, who can say that the child does not echo and reecho the adult cry for spiritual understanding and enlightenment?

Now why, in the face of our rapid modern progress, this seemingly complicated and congested condition? First: The universal dissatisfaction of dogmatic orthodoxy and superstition which produces limitation. Second: The revelation of the newer, broader modern thought that has fired the age. To what result? That an overwhelming amount of reading matter has flooded the country and that the adult need, met through this avenue, has had the effect of overfeeding the so-called grown-up mind.

What is the effect of this human quickening upon the child—upon the training of the child? The adult recognizes that the training of the child has not been in keeping with this larger outlook; so,

springing up within our educational system, we see advocated first this method and then that method, almost as many methods and as many systems as there are schools in a community. The result of this is that the child gets a smattering of this and of that, to finally expand into the same dissatisfied and restless consciousness as the adult and, like the grown-up, join in the constant demand for more.

How has that *more* been met in the training of the child? How has the adult sought to hold the demanding and rapidly evolving youth of today? By offering exactly what the adult demands and caters to—the prize, or reward. For, practically, the adult says: “If I’m good and proper and respectable, I’ll win a high place in heaven.” And, as a result of this attitude, the Sunday-schools say to the child: “If you come every Sunday, we’ll give you a prize. If you bring in new members, we’ll give you another prize. If you can raise the membership of this organization to a certain number of boys, we’ll establish a ‘Boy Scouts’ and have a summer encampment. We’ll even have a smoker and a bowling alley and a club for the comfort of your fathers, so that they will come too!” All of which is perfectly natural and, from one standpoint, quite plausible, because it expresses a certain notch in evolution; it shows us exactly where we are and how much of the great and grand teachings of this newer thought we have been able to bring into practical application.

But a ripper day heralds a new light in the consciousness of human progress. It is the light that always follows upon the assimilation of great ideas. It is the salvation of the adult and the divine heritage of the child, for the higher training of the child is dependent on the spiritualizing (in its broadest and most sweeping sense) of the adult portion of the human family.

What is, then, the higher training of the child? A training so lofty in its contemplation that we, the adults, all become as little children. It lies in teaching the child from within and not from without. It lies in the unfoldment of his own divinity; in the realization that he is divine; in the absolute acknowledgment within his own being of his innate capacity, of his grand and far-reaching possibilities.

The child, once awakened to this sublime truth, will not be sustained by the reward system but by the simple, honorable, more idealistic acknowledgment of his worth. When the great Olympic games were in their glory, the honor of winning those games was thought sufficient; in modern times, when sport buys its champions with bags of money, we have the inevitable result which now pervades the ring. This same condition is prevalent in child training. Because the teachers have confessed their own inability to teach the ego of the child and have confined themselves to the training of the personality, they resort to the reward system to sustain and elicit

the interest of the child; whereas the adults must first realize their own divinity, making it so vital and potent a thing that that which they teach will be so full of life that they can meet the child on his own natural plane, the plane of idealism. Then the splendid adjuncts, such as Boy Scouts, summer encampments, moving pictures and so on, will not be needed as a method of holding the child but as a means of expressing his vital life—for we need all means of expression.

Even environment does not make the child; it only gives it opportunity, the sunshine that it needs at a tender age. And we, as adults—fathers, mothers, all who bend over the cradle of the babe—how do we know that that ego encased in an infant body is not a ripened soul? Was not the carpenter's son but the perfected spirit of countless ages of unfolding from within outwards? And the saints and lesser great ones whom we immortalize? Verily, the solution of child training is the solution of adult training and *vice versa*, for the adult is but a grown-up child who, though he may be older in physical body, is still young in soul.

Mind plays upon mind and awakens mind. Heart and emotions, playing upon the astral body, awaken love and sensations. Spirit plays upon spirit and awakens the divine. The child is fresh and clean from the heaven-world, is receptive to heavenly teaching, and the adult must ray out upon the child's divinity if he would awaken the innate. Then, the kingdom of heaven having been obtained, all things else will be added—mind, emotions, and the knowledge of right action—which will follow as the shadow follows the substance. For, after all, the personality is but the shadow or reflection of the individuality, the real man.

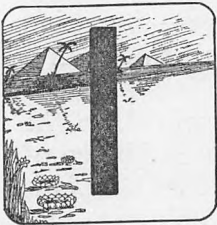
So, while not belittling the value of the mental and moral training as now given the child, we must none the less put it in a secondary position, making first and primary the appeal to that which is divine. To accomplish this, the teacher must rise above the plane that he has been occupying and inhabit that house not built with hands but eternal in the heavens, for that lofty height—though lofty it may be—is not above his child pupil. Only then the teacher, as spirit, can teach the child, as spirit. The adult must teach that which he has in common with the child, that which we have in common with each other, that which lies in the golden cup of the newer and larger thought—that the divinity of all is One.



THE HIDDEN SIDE

By Hilda Powell

[Partial Report of a Lecture delivered at Harrogate, England]



IF WE look in a broad way at humanity and consider the evolution of its ideas, we shall find that some realization of the unseen and hidden side of things was prevalent at an early stage of human development, disappeared for a period and then reappeared at a later stage in a different way. It is this later stage with which we purpose to deal now, a stage to which many are reaching today. In this stage it is realized that the immediate causes are only the last links of a chain, and that there is something back of the outward happenings that gives them their *raison d'être*. Once again is humanity beginning to regard all things as having purpose and design behind them, and to see that there is no single event but has a deeper significance than is apparent. At this stage man looks for the cause, not content with only the explanation of the mechanism of the happening. The spiral of evolution is once again bringing humanity to the level where it is becoming conscious of an unseen world and is wishful to come into touch with it. As this sense of the invisible, of the mystery and majesty of life deepens, it results in the uprising of the sense of beauty and artistic appreciation, and its coming is heralded by a bursting forth into verse and song, music and painting and sculpture from those who realize these things in their own consciousness.

Last century, towards its close, brought forth many great thinkers, but its religious life waned as its science waxed and the materialism of the age deepened as it exulted with pride over its scientific achievements. But we need beauty and poetry in life as well as knowledge and the mechanical assets of civilization; we are very grateful for the comforts and conveniences of life, but we do not want to be lost amongst them or vulgarized by them, forgetting the great unseen world surrounding us on every side. The capacity to see this inner side of things is as yet only developed in the few, but we can all evolve the mental perception and the spiritual vision which shall enable us to see deeper into that great universal life of which we form a part.

There are two distinct types of clairvoyance: (a) the clairvoyance which means the extension of faculty in many directions; (b) that which gives an increased perception and the power to see new relations and meanings in things. One is the possession of the psychic; the other of the mystic and occultist. One is more concerned with the form side of nature and means extended powers of vision or of sensitiveness to superphysical impressions; the other deals with "life," or the spiritual aspect of things. Both are valuable and have their place in human evolution, and the Theosophical student perceives how they have to do respectively with the evolution of the vehicles and the unfoldment of the powers of the self. Not all of us in our present incarnation have the power to develop the first type, but almost everyone can do something towards developing the second type—the vision of the spirit—which enables the beholder to look upon all things in a new way, to see life from an inner standpoint.

A great deal of information relative to the unseen world, to the powers and forces latent in man and nature, and to the guidance of humanity has been given to us during the last thirty years. This is valuable as showing a larger and deeper view of the universe, and leading us to be more consciously in touch with all the worlds to which we are related. If there be a divine government of the world and if the evolution of the human race is being guided by superior intelligences, then one way in which such guidance is accomplished is by the impression of receptive minds with ideas which need translating and carrying out in our lower world. For the reception and translation of *such* ideas we should all seek to be mediums. I think we can have too much self-conceit, and not be sufficiently willing to step aside and let our natures be used as the instruments for great ideas. We are too active, often, and not sufficiently receptive. To come more in touch with the inner worlds, to be receptive to the ideas and influences that are making for progress is a real need of the human race.

Valuable, also, is it for us to study the investigations already made by those occultists who have already opened their own inner faculties and are consciously moving and acting in the unseen world. Perhaps the most interesting teaching is that relative to the constitution of man's subtler bodies. An examination of the auras of persons at different stages of development, and of the thoughts that are being continually circulated by human beings, soon convinces us that our unseen influence on each other is quite as important and far more extensive in its effects than in its outward action. The meaning of the colors and forms into which thought and feeling translate themselves shows us clearly that to be healthy and beautiful men and women we must have unselfish, noble, clean and lovely thoughts and desires.

The aura of a child is more fluidic and plastic than that of an adult. It has less rigidity, and is much more easily influenced and affected

by outside forces. The mental and moral surroundings, no less than the physical, are of great importance to the child, because it very readily takes its tone and color from its environment, and its aura very easily reflects the thoughts and emotions of the persons among whom it lives. Often children are blamed for irritability, nervousness, temper, which are directly traceable to the mental and emotional vibrations of the grown-ups who have been peppering the unseen world in the vicinity of the child with undesirable thought creations, and these have been absorbed by the child and work out in displays of temper or irritability. Children are wonderful reflectors as well as imitators, and our own meannesses and greatnesses, our own ideals and attitudes are unseen influences continually playing upon the little ones who are near and are exercising a moulding effect upon their auras.

As believers in reincarnation, we hold that each child brings into the world with it from its past incarnations the seeds of various qualities, good and bad, which it has exercised in other lives. At first these tendencies are only germs, and not active or apparent; they become fructified and bear fruit as they are called into play in response to the external influences supplied by the environment. The external influences are the thoughts and desires which people the invisible world near them; these form materials by which the sensitive aura of the child is so readily affected.



The influence of thought is also potent in connection with places and buildings. The devotional and reverential feelings induced in us when we enter cathedrals or temples is largely due to the previous thought emanations of countless worshipers, who have charged the atmosphere of these buildings with a special kind of thought.

Whatever department of life is examined, we find that a knowledge of the hidden side of things and the understanding of the super-physical forces is an enormous advantage; it is, in fact, the next step that must be taken in the growth and expansion of knowledge in the world. All things have their unseen sides, and it will help us greatly to live our life well and in a balanced way in this world if we can see life more as a whole and less from our limited standpoint. One great value of the study of the unseen world is that it puts into truer perspective our ordinary actions and makes us reconsider our lives and the way we are ordering them. We can no longer be full of the crudity and dogmatism of self-conceit when we have glimpsed, even only mentally, the great unseen world which exists within and behind this outer world of sense and seeming; we realize the objects of realities which have their true abode in the world invisible. Poets and mystics have sometimes figured this outer world to us as the play of shadows and tell us we are all living in shadow-land, but that there exists beyond the true world—where live the souls of men and women—the real beings who cast the shadows.


AN ECHO FROM TAUROMENION HILL

[Editor's Note:—In the July number we gave our readers the information that Taormina is one of the force-centres of the world which was magnetized centuries ago by Apollonius of Tyana. We present this month, as frontispiece, a view of the present ruins of the Greek Theatre there. Will you listen also to an echo of the wisdom of Pythagoras that he spoke from that hill in the long ago? The words are Mrs. Besant's and are quoted from *Theosophy*.]

"Government exists only for the good of the governed."



"Listen, my children, to what the State should be to the good citizen. It is more than father or mother, it is more than husband or wife, it is more than child or friend. The State is the father and mother of all, is the wife of the husband, and the husband of the wife. The family is good, and good is the joy of the man in wife and in son. But greater is the State, which is the Protector of all, without which the home would be ravaged and destroyed. Dear to the good man is the honor of the woman who bore him, dear the honor of the wife whose children cling to his knees; but dearer should be the honor of the State that keeps safe the wife and the child. It is the State from which comes all that makes your life prosperous, and gives you beauty and safety. Within the State are built up the arts, which make the difference between the barbarian and the man. If the brave man dies gladly for the hearthstone, far more gladly should he die for the State."



"Government exists only for the good of the governed." So said Pythagoras, preaching on the hill at Tauromenion, and the phrase has echoed down the centuries and has become the watchword of those who are seeking the betterment of social conditions. Only when the good of the governed is sought and secured does the State deserve the eloquent description with which the great Greek Teacher closed one of his lectures to the Greek colony of Naxos, whose citizens were gathered round him on the hills. Pythagoras has become the Master K. H., well known in connection with the Theosophical Society, and he speaks out the Theosophical ideal of the State—the father-mother of its citizens, the Protector of all.



A LETTER FROM TAORMINA

(See Frontispiece)

Taormina is set like a beautiful gem among the Sicilian hills (Sicily has been called the "smile of God"), a white village framed in the blue of sea and sky. Below the village are the ruins of the Greek theatre, its fair proportions reminding us of that heroic race to whom beauty of form was a religion. Probably Taormina is little changed since those old Greek days; the inhabitants are mainly fisher folk, who sit on the rocks in the sun dipping their lines lazily into the water or sailing the sea in tiny boats with lateen sails.

We have just been high up opposite these arches and columns to see the sunrise at five o'clock, casting its rosy light on Etna—a wonderful spectacle—with this vast and splendid ruin, the Greek theatre, in the foreground. The sun rose out of the Ionian sea, over at the toe of Italy, the very tip which we plainly see across the Strait of Messina, back of Taormina. In front of us is the glorious volcano, one thousand feet high and still covered with snow, although it is now April.

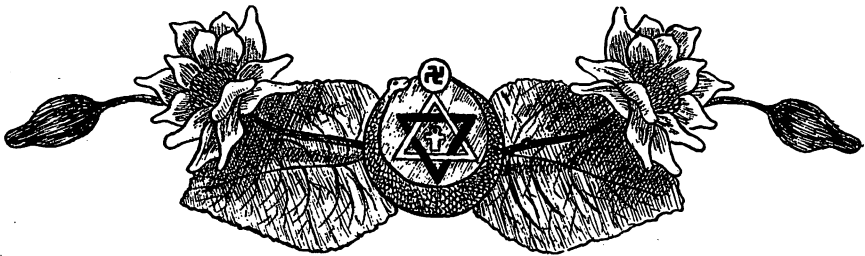
The beautifully-formed hills outlined against the sky reflect every shadow of cloud or sun-change, like an image of the mind whose own passions are quelled but which mirrors the emotions of others in its calm depths. Lower down, the hill slopes are covered with the grey-green olive trees, their lustrous, lancet-shaped leaves shining all silvery in the sun, and their twisted, ancient stems framing wondrous nature pictures. Occasionally an umbrella pine will break the line of olive trees, and the white, flat-roofed houses, with their tiny windows, are guarded and sentineled by slender cypresses.

Among the hills browse goats—Taormina's own animal, it would

seem—herded by shepherds clad in shaggy trousers and cloak. I wish you could hear the goatherd play on his pipe—Sicilian only—it gives a thrill of pastoral enthusiasm, and one feels that Pan cannot be far away.

Never was there any spot equal to Taormina, I am sure, for beauty and antiquity. Even the shops in the one little twisting street have, many of them, most beautiful arched doorways exquisitely carved and well preserved, evidently once portals to palaces many hundred years ago—and the pictures everywhere, women and girls, the graceful water jars on their heads, going to the beautiful old wells for water, perhaps in front of a grand old arch. The Greek part of the temple ruin dates several hundred years B. C. and is of marble; the brick part of later Roman work is not so fine, but it is the most beautiful ruin I ever saw, with the sea far below and Etna in the front of it, thirty miles away.

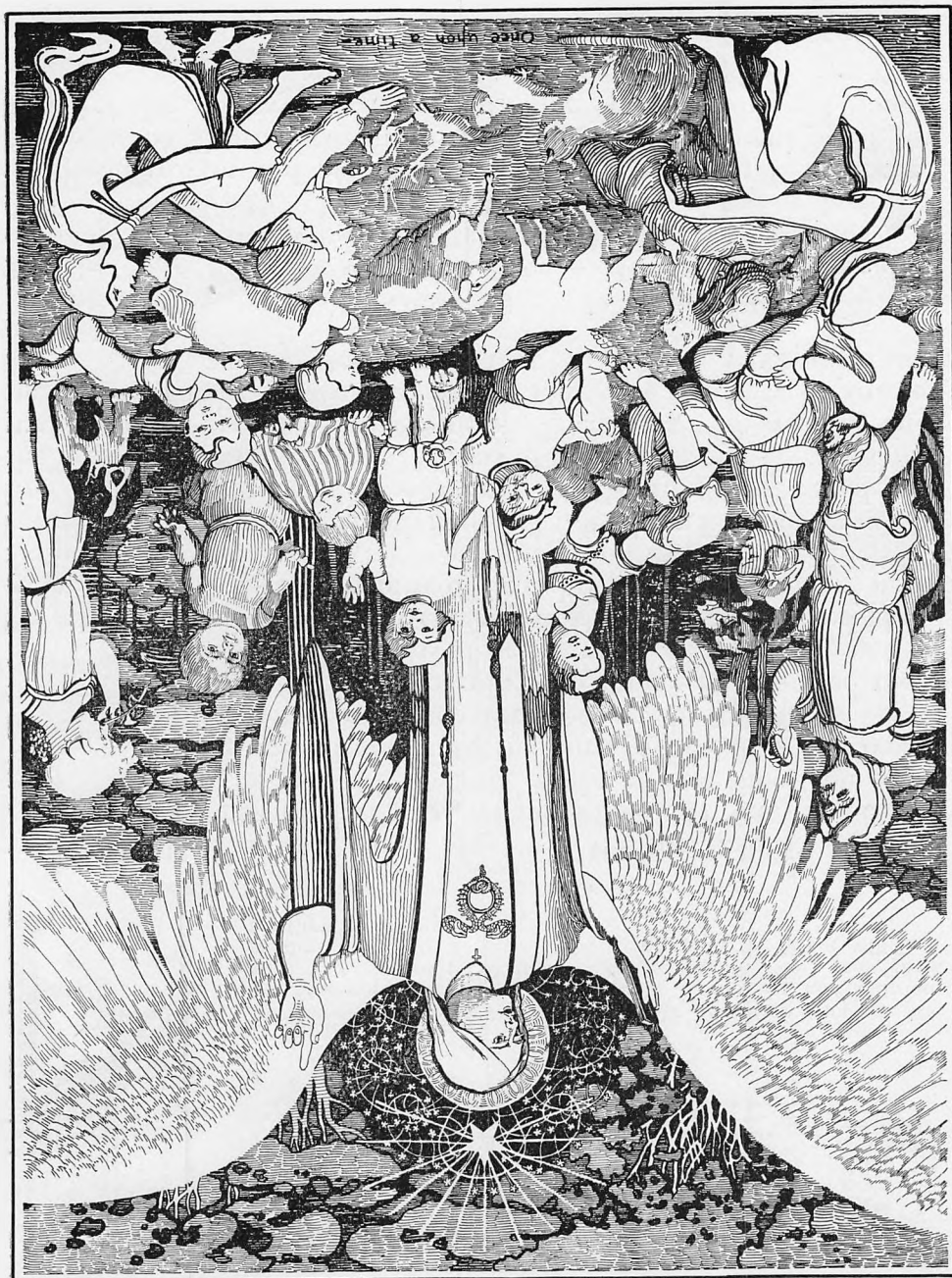
As the day wanes, the sea grows deeper blue, the wine-dark shadows of the Odyssey. At sunset all the world takes on hues of amethyst and lemon, and rose-pink and tenderest blue; faintly a star appears, and then another, till the whole sky is jeweled with them; the air is fragrant with the scent of blossoms and rosemary, and round the honeycombed rocks the tideless waves murmur their ceaseless song. Such loveliness is awe-inspiring—one feels the presence of God.



*"I cannot tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles away,
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless there be a need that I should pray.*

*"Perhaps just then my friend has fiercer fight,
A more appalling weakness, some lost sense of right;
And so, in case he needs my prayer, I pray.*

*"Friend, do the same for me! If I intrude,
Unasked, upon you on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer as interlude;
Be very sure I need it, therefore pray."*



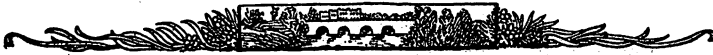
The Round Table and The Lotus Circle



CHIVALRY, in its day, was the one bright light in a world of darkness and ignorance. It was the one institution which kept the world of that time from sinking even deeper into the mire of brutality and disbelief which had been brought on by the Dark Ages. When the Roman rule in Britain was dissolved there were left hundreds of petty rulers, each striving against the other—a condition which naturally blighted the morals and ideals of the country. From this mire of brutality and intrigue there arose the pure lily-bloom of chivalry—an institution which pledged its followers to lives of purity, gentleness and fidelity and to the service of God and man. One quality which marked the knights of chivalry as distinct from the unprincipled barons of the time is our Round Table quality for this month—steadfastness. Their lives were steadfast and one-pointed in the service of God and king. It was only because of these steadfast and devoted knights that the light of Truth and Faith was not extinguished.

Let us apply that to ourselves today. Is it not just as necessary that the great King we serve should have His knights in this day, who will devote themselves steadfastly to the guarding of His light of Truth and Faith? We in this Round Table of the modern day are the guardians and preservers, in our own small circle of life, of that light of Truth. Because, as knights and companions of the Round Table, we have learned some things which are not yet known

to others, then, because of that added knowledge, we incur an added responsibility and we must be sure that that responsibility towards others is never overlooked. There are many about us who will heed us not, but we are unworthy of our places at the Round Table if we cannot fulfil our trust with the prime virtue of chivalry—steadfastness.



THE MISSION OF THE ROUND TABLE



THE ROUND TABLE is an Order for young people over the age of thirteen and is modeled after the famous Round Table of King Arthur. As in those days knights and companions banded themselves together to serve their king, so in this day of even greater stress our modern knights and companions unite in the service of their King, one far greater than even King Arthur. This modern Order is a training-school in which the members learn to face the problems of life in a chivalrous manner, learn the many ways in which life teaches its lessons and the attitude one should bear towards all which surrounds him.

It is intended that this Order shall be to the young people what the Theosophical Society is to older ones: an organization in which all are welcome irrespective of individual belief, but an organization which has something to teach to all who will listen. It is not to all young people that the Round Table will appeal, just as it is not to all grown persons that the Theosophical Society appeals. But it happens that at this particular time there are many old souls in young bodies about us, and many of these have long ago pledged their service to the King. It is particularly for those who are already coming to recognize the *Real in life* that the Round Table is established to provide an expression for that tiny spark of true wisdom which lies enshrined within us all. This is the ideal of the Order and it is to be carried out by means of the stories and legends of knight-hood. Who of us have not been thrilled by the stories of Arthur, Launcelot or Ivanhoe?

The management of the Round Table in America is passing into new hands and many new ventures are being planned. Let all who are interested and who wish further information write to: Senior Knight of the Round Table, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.



KING ARTHUR AND THE IMP

By Norris W. Rakestraw



ONE bright summer day King Arthur was riding alone through the wood near Camelot. It was a joyous morning and all nature seemed to call out to him to throw care to the winds. As he rode along, breathing deeply of the fresh air, he suddenly heard a tiny voice bidding him halt. He stopped and looked around but saw no one. Then the tiny voice spoke again, this time from the ground at his feet: "If thou art King Arthur, I defy thee and challenge thee to mortal combat. Dismount and wrestle with me."

King Arthur looked down and, as he saw his bold adversary, laughed long and heartily, for there at his feet stood a tiny creature scarcely a foot tall. It was half human and half imp; its large head, with short bristling hair and red beady eyes, was set upon a little round body and spindling legs; its feet and hands were long and claw-like and, strangest of all, it had a long sharp tail.

"And would'st *thou* wrestle with me?" asked the king. "Wherefore should I stoop to joust with you? There would be naught of honor in such a combat." And, overcome by the absurdity of the idea, he burst again into an uproar of laughter.

"Thou should'st not despise me because I am small and ugly," retorted the imp, angrily. "I am stronger than thou wist and seven times seven are the goodly men who have fallen before my power. My name is Habit, and every time my challenge is refused my power grows apace." And with this he disappeared in three winks.

King Arthur rode on, much amused, and when he returned to the court at Camelot he told of the adventure to Kay and Gawain and

Bedivere, and they all laughed right merrily at the presumption of the tiny imp.

The next day, when Arthur rode through the wood, he was stopped at the same place by the imp, who again challenged the king to wrestle with him. The king laughed heartily, as before, and told the imp to be off about his business; but, as he turned to go, Arthur noticed that he was half again as tall as on the day before and that his hands were yet longer and more claw-like. And the knights of the Round Table laughed when the king told of the bold imp's challenge.

On the following day also King Arthur was stopped by the imp in the wood, who again challenged him to wrestle. Once more the king laughed heartily but, as he turned to go, he noticed that he was half again as tall as on the day before and that his hands were yet longer and more claw-like. And the knights of the Round Table laughed when the king told of the bold imp's challenge. And each day when King Arthur rode through the wood he was stopped by the imp, who challenged him to wrestle. Each day the king laughed and was much interested in watching how the imp grew. He watched how his head came to his horse's knee, then to his stirrup, then to his saddle.

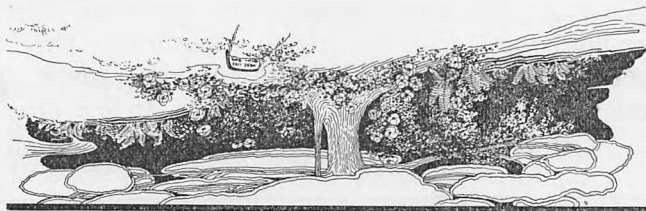


At last one day when the king rode through the wood he was stopped by the imp, who by now was taller than his horse. His eyes gleamed wickedly and he spoke fiercely:

"King Arthur, many a time hast thou despised me, but now I am grown till I am stronger than thee. Thou can'st not now refuse to wrestle with me." And with that he seized the bridle of the horse and with a mighty wrench brought it to its knees, so that King Arthur rolled upon the ground. He jumped up quickly and the imp sprang upon him. His long claw-like hands wrapped around the king's throat and his long spindling legs about the king's body, so that the king was forced to exert all his strength to avoid being choked to

death. They struggled from early morn till the sun was high in the heavens, and first one and then the other had the advantage. But the longer they struggled the smaller the imp grew, so that, after the first fierce onset, the king almost imperceptibly gained the advantage. Finally the imp had so shrunk in size that King Arthur was able to hold him without trouble, and was about to cut off his head with his dagger when Merlin, the enchanter, appeared.

"Slay not the imp," quoth Merlin, "but yield him unto me." This Arthur did and Merlin sprinkled the imp's face with a lotion from a vial which he produced, whereupon the imp fell into a deep sleep. He then placed him in an iron chest, locked securely with three brazen locks, and buried this beneath the beachwood tree near by. And there sprang up from beneath the beachwood a rose-tree which was the wonder of the land, for it bloomed perpetually and each time a blossom was plucked another grew in its place, larger and sweeter than the former.



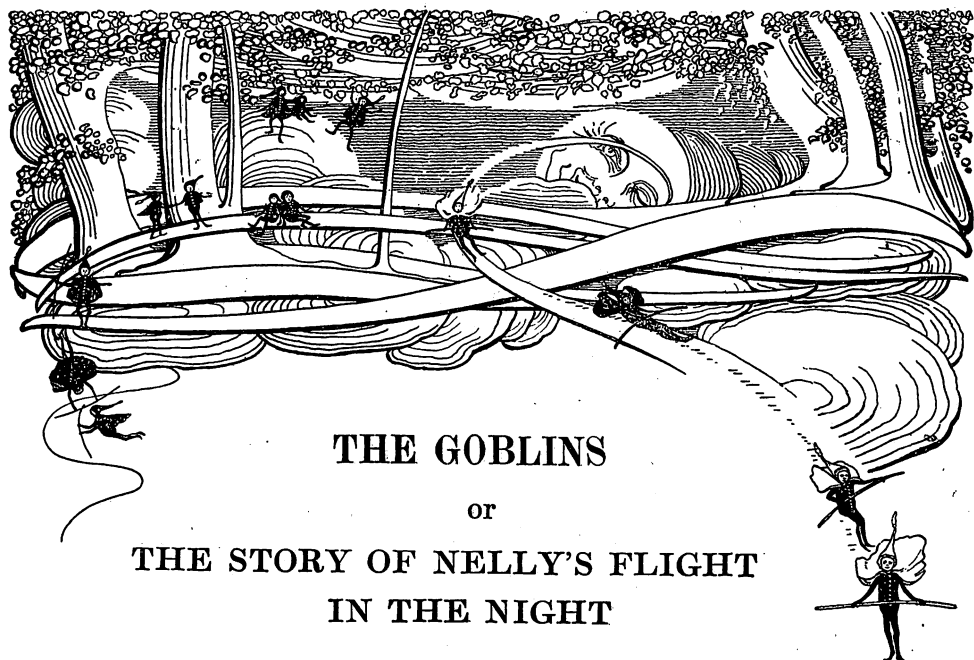
WANTED:

Strong and stalwart knights, to
serve in King Arthur's
Round Table.



IN THE days of King Arthur there were no newspapers or magazines in which "want-ads" like the above could appear; nor was it even necessary to advertize when knights were needed for valiant service for, it must be said, that in those days brave and noble souls came forth and offered themselves for knightly service much more willingly than today.

The life of our modern Round Table depends upon its knights, for companions can do little excepting under capable leaders. Let anyone over twenty-one years of age who feels an interest in this work apply for admission as a knight of the Order and, when he has found three companions or associates, he may then found a Table. And meantime let all who wish to become companions or associates apply for admission that we may find for them suitable and efficient knights. Young people over the age of fifteen years may become companions, those between thirteen and fifteen associates.



THE GOBLINS

or

THE STORY OF NELLY'S FLIGHT IN THE NIGHT

By Charlotte Frietsch

NELLY was lying awake in her bed, staring at the opening in the curtain through which she could see a moonbeam struggling to get in. She had just said good night to her dear mamma and was thinking hard of the story she had been listening to only a few minutes ago. Her mamma always told her some beautiful story every Saturday night—that is, provided she had tried very hard to be a good little girl.

Nelly loved to listen to these stories, for often she lived through them again in her dreams and now she was so used to it that she always longed for her Dreamland as soon as night came. She was happy when bedtime came, for she knew that as soon as her eyelids were closed by the Sandman some sweet little fairy would come, knock at her window and beckon to her to come out into the land of the fairies. But her eyes would not close tonight, no matter how hard she tried. She was wondering why on earth the Sandman did not come, so that she could hurry to Dreamland and see her funny little friends again.

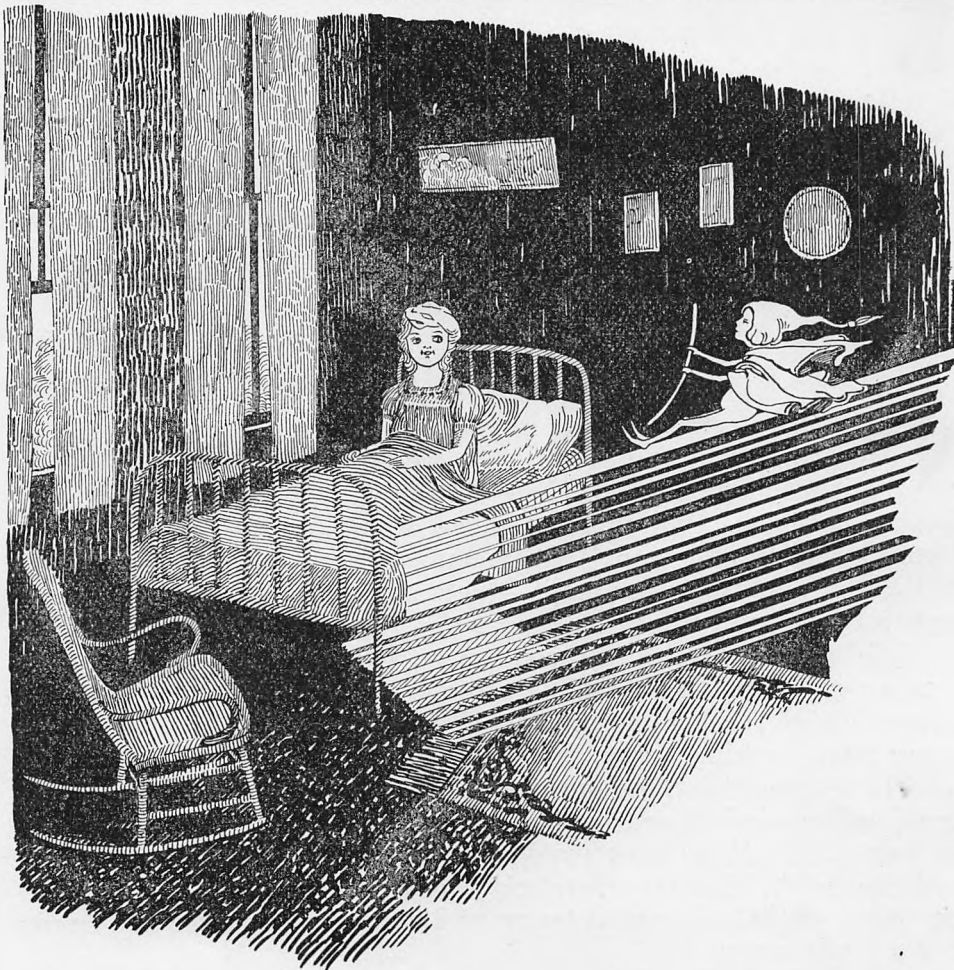
"I wonder," she whispered, "if I have done something very naughty today."

She let the events of the day troop past once more, as her mamma had taught her to do every evening before falling asleep, but she could find nothing which was so naughty as to shut her out from her beloved Dreamland.

In the meantime the moonbeam grew larger and larger. It looked

like a bright band of silver stretched across the room over to Nelly's little bed, and it sparkled and glittered on the coverlet. As she watched it she wondered if the band of silver was the road to the moon. She wondered how it looked up there on that beautiful moon and if that was the home of the fairies with whom she played in her dreams.

In the midst of her wonderings the moonbeam began to rock like a wave. She saw something light and shiny gliding down the ray of



moonlight. On and on it came, nearer and nearer to her bed. Nelly sat up to have a better look at it. Why, to be sure it was one of the little red goblins she had so often seen in Dreamland.

"Hello, Nelly, are you there?" he asked, as he jumped onto her bed.

"Is it really you?" cried Nelly in great delight.

"Yes," the little red goblin went on. "Old father Redcap told

me to come down and get you, for we are all going out on an excursion to a new land where you have never been before and where a human cannot enter alone."

"Oh, how jolly!" laughed Nelly. "But what do you think mamma will say when she finds I've gone out?"

"Never mind about that," said the little red fellow, "I'll just run up and press some of this juice on her eyes," and he pointed to a bright flower he held in his hand.

"Oh, don't," said Nelly, "you might hurt her dear eyes."

"Never fear," answered the little goblin, hopping about on one foot. "You ought to know by now," he added, "that we little sprites never hurt anybody."

"Yes, you have always been so sweet to me," Nelly replied as she patted him on the little foot which he was constantly kicking in the air.

"We are *always* nice to good children and love to show them the wonders of our country," said he.

"But what makes you put the juice on my mamma's eyes?" Nelly suddenly asked, as the sprite made for the door.

"You see," he replied, grinning brightly, "when I pass this flower over your mamma's eyes she can see where you are all the while, and then she will not be a bit anxious."

"Oh, how nice; will you take her along then?" and Nelly clapped her hands in great glee.

"No, no, not tonight," cried the goblin from some unseen place, for he had suddenly vanished from Nelly's sight. "Tonight is the children's night, not the grown-ups'," she heard him faintly whisper, though she could not see him.

What on earth became of him? The only thing she could see was the moonbeam peeping brightly through the window. It had stretched itself out towards the tapestries over the door where the goblin disappeared. Nelly wondered if he would come back. How long he stayed! How disappointed she would be if he did not return! But he had promised to take her out on this excursion, so surely he would come back. Never had a fairy broken his promise to her yet, so surely he must come. The moonbeam seemed to smile at her, as if it meant to say: "The little sprites keep their promises much better than most humans."

She watched the tapestry at the door—it moved! "Ah, there you come at last," she cried out, as the goblin glided down the moonbeam onto the bed again. "Did you find mamma?"

"Of course I did, and now she is on her way to Dreamland, where she will see her little girl running about with her fairy playmates," said the goblin. "Come along now, we must be off," he added.

"But, my dear goblin, how am I ever to climb up that moonbeam?"

It looks jolly, but really I think I could never do it," said Nelly, with wavering courage.

"Now you just look here," said the goblin, "stop thinking you can't do it and just think you *can*, and then along you go. Now think hard while I hold your hand."

He took hold of Nelly's hand and whisked her out of bed before you could have said "Jack Robinson."

"But I must dress; I've only got my nightie on." She hadn't thought of it before.

"Oh, never mind," said Redcap. "You know you have to be a flower. I'm going to give you a blue dress and blue cap. Now—one, two, three—jump!"

And Nelly jumped; jumped straight onto the moonbeam, out of her bed, out of her nightie and all!

How nice and light she felt, and what a pretty blue dress she had on! Something tinkled above her head. It was the funniest, sweetest little blue cap, but it wouldn't come off; it just bobbed up and down as she slipped along.

"Now here we go," shouted the goblin, and up they glided along the moonbeam faster than a motor-car. They flew above all the houses and Nelly could look right through the roofs and see how some folks were asleep and some were not. She caught glimpses of little children who couldn't sleep at all for all the pain and misery; but the goblin never made a stop.

"Oh, we must go and help those poor little children," Nelly begged, for never before had she seen things like this in Dreamland.

"Yes, yes," said the goblin, "all in good time; we are going there, but we must look for the helpers first."

"Who are the helpers?" asked Nelly, for she didn't understand.

"Oh, you shall see, you shall see, only wait," he replied, as they glided on farther and farther away from all the houses until finally they lost sight of them altogether. The moonbeam grew larger and larger. At last the road seemed to come to an end and Nelly could just see some sort of trees growing out of the water.

Farther on there was an immense rock, and little redcoats moving about. "Oh, look, look! Is that Goblinland?" she cried out.

"Yes, it is," said the redcap, "and those are the little people waiting for you."

"What are those little blue things skipping about?" asked Nelly excitedly.

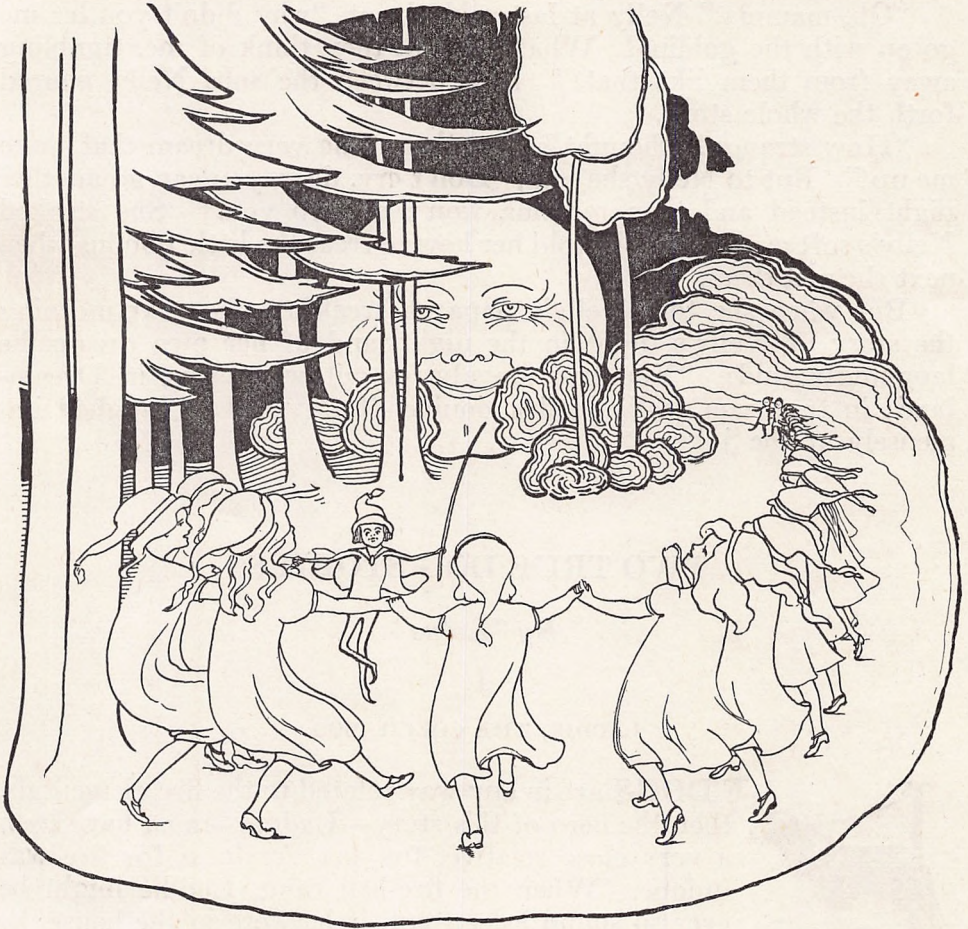
"Well, well, don't you know? Whv, to be sure, they are little girls like yourself. We are having a party and are going to take you all around our place, down into the rocks and caves, and after that we are going down to your world to visit the poor little children."

"Oh, how nice! I'll have such a lot to tell mamma," cried Nelly.

They came nearer and nearer to Goblinland and Nelly could see how all skipped about, as busy as bees. Some peeped out of deep holes in the rocks, while others were running about on the lookout for the new arrivals. They sparkled like small flames and made the whole place shine with light. Nelly could hear the soft murmur of their voices.

"What are they saying?" she asked.

"They are singing a welcome-song to you," answered the goblin.



"We always do that when the children come to us; we are always glad to see them."

Nelly began to wonder where her mamma was and how nice it would be if she were along. But what was that floating over there? Wasn't that her mamma coming slowly towards her? Nelly made a jump to meet her and in so doing let go of the goblin's hand.

"Goblin! goblin!" she cried out, "hold me! hold me!" for she was tumbling, head over heels, down, down, down the moonbeam as fast

as ever she could, and—after falling for what seemed to Nelly a long time—she suddenly struck her bed and tumbled out onto the floor.

"My dear child," said a soft voice, "whatever are you doing on the floor like that?" It was Nelly's mamma.

Poor Nelly was ready to burst into tears but said nothing, while her mamma went on: "Mamma had such a curious dream about her little girl that she had to come up and see if everything was all right up here."

"Oh, mamma," Nelly at last sobbed out, "why didn't you let me go on with the goblins? Whatever will they think of me, tumbling away from them like that?" And between the sobs Nelly poured forth the whole story.

"How strange!" thought her mother; "the very dream that woke me up!" But to Nelly she said, "Don't cry, dear, you can go another night instead and then mamma won't disturb you." She stroked Nelly's soft curls while she told her how to treat the little goblins when next she met them.

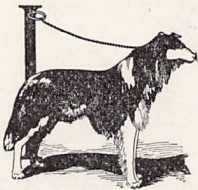
But when she told Nelly's papa at breakfast the next morning the story of Nelly's flight in the night, and of her own dream, he laughingly said: "You two are always out wandering in Dream-land; in fact, you really lead a double life." And he laughed immensely at the joke.

TWO TRUE DOG STORIES

By "Lotus"

I

LADDIE, THE COLLIE DOG



IF DOGS are in any way related to the fire elementals, then the hero of this story—Laddie—must have been a very close relative, for his fondness for fire was unique. When the fire-bell rang, Laddie might be ever so sound asleep but, if he were in the house, he would hear the clang and be frantic until he was let out; then away he would go, finding the location of the fire without delay or difficulty. And there he would stand, just as close to the fire as the firemen would allow him to get, and bark and bark in a "voice" that showed actual glee.

To strike a match, with Laddie near, meant to have him rush at you and snatch the burning brand from your hand, extinguishing the flame in his mouth. The curious part of it all was that he never

seemed to suffer from burns afterwards. On the Fourth of July Laddie was in his glory, for the firecracker and fuses and other fireworks kept him busy all day, so that when night came he was an exhausted dog, having had—what I am sure he would have termed—a “fine day.”

But perhaps his greatest fun lay in a bonfire. When the flames were high he had to content himself with simply leaping around and barking joyously, but when they began to die down he would leap through them again and again, and we often wondered how he could escape without singeing his beautiful coat. When the flames had died down, Laddie would not rest until he had scattered every glowing brand; he played with them much as a cat does with catnip, save that he could not roll in the glowing ashes!

II

WHITEY, A REAL HERO



WHITEY'S name was bestowed upon him by an admiring master because of the snowy whiteness of his soft silky skin. From his rather saucy bulldog nose to the tip of his tail he was pure white, and Norris, his master, took great care that his pet was kept clean and shining. When Whitey was a puppy he caused Norris a great deal of trouble because of his disobedience. No amount of rewards or punishments would induce Whitey to come when he was called. We know that one of the characteristics of the dog family is its love to obey the master's voice, but Whitey paid absolutely no heed to either shouts or whistles.

Norris was a surveyor and, when he went off with his party, Whitey always went along and all the “boys” loved the saucy dog. In one of these surveying parties was a young fellow who was a great lover of dogs and he could not understand why Whitey, otherwise so good, should retain his bad habit of disobedience. One day when Kunz, the young man in question, was fondling Whitey and observing him closely—as was his way with dogs—he suddenly discovered that Whitey could not hear.

Further experiments proved that poor little Whitey had not been disobedient at all but that he was stone deaf, having been so from birth! So thereafter the dear little fellow was no more punished for not coming when called but, instead, his master would throw stones in his direction. Whether he felt the vibrations of the earth or saw the dirt fly up, we could not tell; at any rate, he would look quickly around, see his beloved master, and come running up as promptly and lovingly as any other dog would have done.

Whitey's affliction was finally the cause of the loyal little fellow's

death. It was his habit to sleep on the floor, close to Norris' bed. The surveying party was stationed in a small town and Norris slept on the top floor of what was once a store building. The lower floor was used for the office and the upper room was Norris' bed-room. Leading up from the office to the bed-room was a stairway, and another stairway led down the outside of the building. One night Norris was awakened by Whitey, whom he found sitting on his bed, whining into his face and scratching at his clothing.

"What's the matter with you, Whitey?" said his master, sleepily. "Get down, you crazy dog, and let me sleep." And he tried to push the dog off the bed.

But Whitey, so far from getting down, redoubled his cries and scratchings. His master, angry at having his slumbers disturbed, rose up to thrust Whitey out of doors. But when he became fully awakened, he discovered that the room was filled with smoke. In a moment he was out of bed and, with Whitey at his heels, had rushed to the head of the inner stairway, hoping to get down to carry out some of the valuable surveyor's instruments in the office below. But it was up this stairway that the smoke was rushing and Norris, now half dazed and strangled with the fumes, staggered back and out of the door and down the outer stairway, to fall half suffocated on the ground.

The others of the party, who slept in buildings near by, were awakened by the crackling of the flames. They found Norris sitting in a half unconscious state, but of Whitey there was no trace. It was thought that the little fellow, seeing his master rush towards the stairway, had—doglike—rushed on before him and perished in the flames and, later, when in the wrecked building a few tiny bones were found, Norris and the others of the party buried them, with wet eyes, as one buries a real hero.

A BIRD MASQUE

By Frances C. Adney



LGRAY skies and icy winds made the children long for spring.

"Let's play it is spring and that the birds have come," suggested Alice. "What bird will you be, Fred?"

"Oh, I'll be a robin."

"Very well. Ask Aunt Zoe to lend you something for a red vest; and when you come back you should act just like a robin. What will you be, Nora?"

"A canary."

"Canaries don't come in the spring," John laughed out rudely.

"It is her favorite bird and it's *here* in the spring; let her play it," said Alice. "What bird will you be, Jenny?"

"Oh, a wren, I suppose."

"And Vesta?"

"I choose to be a dove," replied Vesta.

"John, what will you be?"

"A kingfisher," answered John, with a movement of his shoulders which looked a bit like the natural swagger of that feathered creature.

"Very well. But remember," said Alice, with twinkling eyes, "everyone must act as his bird would, or else pay a forfeit."

John's air was a little crestfallen, but he did not alter his choice.

"What will you be, Joe?"

"Just a red-headed woodpecker," laughed the jolly Joe. "I don't have to make up for that part!"

"I will take the part of the magpie," said Alice, "because they can talk and, if needful, scold and make other birdies mind."

"All ready!"

"Oh, here comes the robin, beautifully made up and chirping naturally; but, Fred! Fred!—walking? Doesn't the robin hop?"

"Forfeit!" all the children cried, and Fred put up his dearest flinty.



Nora, garbed in pale yellow, perched on a big chair and could not be persuaded to leave it. In a clear, sweet little voice she sang:



For most birds a cage is cruelty,
Since they from wind and sun and tree
Are taken to captivity.

But I within these bars was born;
Away from here I'd be forlorn,
My little cage I'd mourn and mourn.

The little folks clapped their hands.

"Your turn, Jenny."

But Jenny was already and fro with quick, jerky and fro with quick, jerky
wise tilt of her head.



building a nest, flitting to motions and a saucy, side-

Vesta sat quite still, making sometimes the mournful note of her chosen bird.

"John!" called Alice.

That urchin led the way to the bath-room and, before Alice could stop him, he had plunged, head first, clothes and all, into the bath-tub filled with water. His





head got a severe bump and his eyes, nose and mouth were full of water. Dripping and sobbing, he was taken away to his mother.

The children, recovering from their fright, went back to find red-headed Joe gaily creeping up and down the banisters, pecking at the wood, first on this side, then on that.

"Shouldn't Alice pay a
"She didn't jump about and
bath-tub, but drooped and
character for a magpie."

"Quite true," laughed
side Joe's flinty. "But we'll
too near bedtime."



forfeit?" he asked jovially.
scold after John went into the
seemed sad—quite out of

Alice, laying her bracelet be-
not redeem them now—it's

"Where do the birds go when they die, Alice?" suddenly asked Nora, who always grew pensive as the dark drew down.

"How I've wanted to know!" Alice exclaimed. "But older people either put me off or said bluntly that they did not know. I wished and wished, and tried to think it out for myself; but a dream explained it all."

"Oh! tell us!" chorused the children.

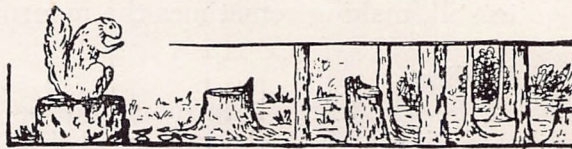
"A luminous creature, a little like an angel but without wings, stood beside me. 'No need to fret about the birds,' he said. 'You know how, when winter comes, they form great bands for flight into the southland? There is for them, after death, a group-soul, which you may think of as somewhat like a migratory band. After a little while, they are ready to take physical life again amid your trees and brooks and flowers.'

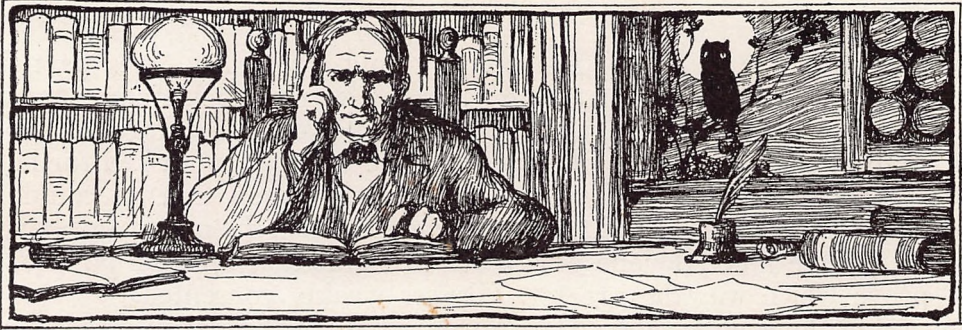


"Now and again there is a specially wonderful birdie—either unusually intelligent or more loving than his kind; such an one breaks away from the group-soul, ascends and becomes a nature-spirit. Some of our most beautiful fairies have been birds—it is their natural line of evolution.

"So never fret about the birds,' he added, gently. 'Whatever way they turn, the end is good—and the process is good.'"

The children went happily to bed that night; and some of them the next morning said they had seen both birds and fairies in their sleep.





THE MAGICIAN

Adapted from "Rents in the Veil of Time"

By Betelgeuse



ABOUT nine thousand years ago, when Alcyone was the son of the priest Proteus, he received what to us seems a very strange education. Would it not be odd if we learned our arithmetic by reciting verses? But that is exactly what Alcyone did. Not only mathematics were learned in that way but he recited endless verses on history, law and even medicine! Besides this, his father taught him certain sentences which, if properly pronounced, would give him power over invisible creatures, such as fairies, and Alcyone, who always did well what he undertook, was able to succeed in this also.

In some ways Alcyone was a very queer little boy; one day he was discovered in the act of tearing off one of his finger-nails. "But, Alcyone," he was asked, "why do you do this?" "Just to see if I can bear it," replied he. And, though this was not a very wise thing to do, the strong will which enabled him to do it stood him in good stead later, as you shall hear.

When Alcyone was grown up, a man named Aries, who had the reputation of being a great magician, came from the north. The local king was very fond of magical performances and so he made much of Aries. One day, during one of these performances, something unexpected happened and the king, Castor, was killed. Then Mars, the overlord, sent his own son, Ulysses, to rule in Castor's place.

But Ulysses was just as fond of magic as Castor had been and gave Aries even more power than he had had before and so, as there was a temple built for the magician and much money went to him, the other priests were made to suffer, Proteus among them.

It happened that Aries, who was not really a wicked man, fell in with evil companions and one of these persuaded him to use his magi-

cal wiles to win Mizar, Alcyone's young brother. Aries partially succeeded in this but, naturally, Alcyone's mother, Mercury, had no wish to see a son of hers in the magician's power, so she urged Alcyone to fight for his brother. He went before Ulysses and asked for help, but the poor king was so far under Aries' spell that he could no longer distinguish right from wrong and when the magician requested that he and Alcyone give a public exhibition of their powers, to prove which was the greater, Ulysses weakly consented.

On the eventful day Aries appeared at court arrayed in gorgeous robes, with all the trappings of a magician, while the young Alcyone was robed simply in white, with no tripod or paraphernalia of any sort.

Aries performed some wonderful feats of magic which made the people admire him greatly, though at the same time most of them were very much frightened. As a climax, he called Mizar from his brother's side and made him swear allegiance to himself. Mizar, under the magician's spell, did as he was ordered and Aries quite naturally was very triumphant and endeavored to add to his glory by casting his evil spell over Alcyone as well. He called to him to come also and, though the terrible power which the magician had made Alcyone dizzy for a moment, he fought the feeling off and then his mother's dear face suddenly appeared before him.

He bowed deeply before the king and then strode over to Aries and boldly faced him. Aries exerted all his will to gain control over



him; he chanted magical sentences in order to weave his spell. Alcyone stood quietly before him using all *his* will, which you remember was

very strong, even as a child, and then he suddenly felt that Aries' power was weakening and, raising his arm, he pointed straight at the magician, saying: "May the power thou hast misused depart from thee!" and, as he said this, Aries fell to the ground unconscious.

Alcyone, turning to the king, cried: "O King, awake; rise; shake off this evil influence; defy the demons who have seized thee! Come forth from darkness into light!"

With a great start the king sprang to his feet, came down the steps until he faced Alcyone, and cried out: "What is this that you have done to me? What change has come over me?"

Alcyone answered: "I have done nothing, O King; but the power of the Deity has manifested itself and thou hast been freed from the prison in which this man had immured thee."

Ulysses replied, speaking to his courtiers: "Verily this which he says is true, for I feel as though I had escaped from some dark dungeon and I know that, whereas before I was bound, now I am free."

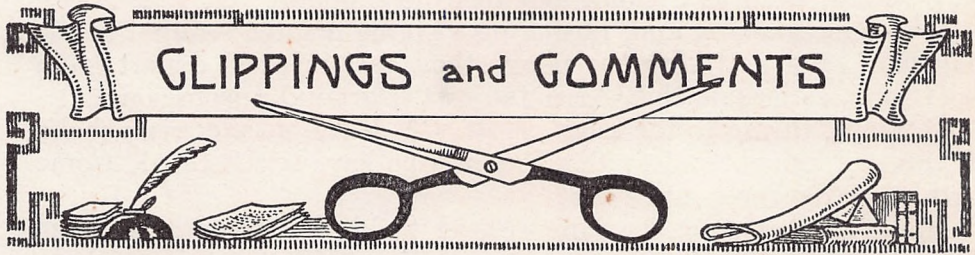
Turning to Alcyone, he continued: "You, who have done this great thing for me—I transfer to you by this act all the revenues of him whose wiles you have conquered and I ask you to instruct me further in a magic so powerful as to defeat so easily the greatest magician I have known."

"There is no magic here, O King," replied Alcyone, "but that of a strong will, a pure heart and a sense of right; yet I thank thee for thy gift and, if it be thy will, I will gladly help thee to undo the wrong that has been done. But first let me call my brother."

This he could do most easily for, with Aries' power removed, Mizar could not understand how he could have been for one moment disloyal to his brother whom he loved so fondly.

As time went on, Alcyone became more and more a power for great good in the community, and the king gratefully bestowed high honors upon him.

A beetle came to the water brook
And told a bad black tale,
And the brook took a tiny ripple
To make a little pail,
Into which the tale was placed and then,
Filling it with pebbles,
She sank the tale of the beetle black,
Saying, "Down with rebels!"
For in the water under the stones
The tales can't grow at all,
But, coming up through the cold black earth,
Brown cattails grow. That's all.



PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE ATOM

One of the most recent triumphs of science is the actual photography of the atoms by means of the X-ray. The wave-length of ordinary light is some four thousand times the size of the chemical atom, so by this means it is impossible to obtain an image. But the wave-length of the X-ray is slightly smaller than the atom and by using this, instead of ordinary light, pictures have been obtained showing the individual atoms as small indistinct specks. This is the first direct visible evidence which science has found for the atomic theory, the kinetic theory being also supported by the behavior of the observed atoms under rising temperatures. This is the nearest science has approached to the actual observation of the chemical atoms shown in *Occult Chemistry* by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater..

Another interesting fact in connection with this is that by means of these photographs the structure of crystals is shown to be regular and homogeneous, being built up of the separate atoms as one might fit together many small cubes to form one large block.

STIGMATA

When one reads the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Theresa of Spain or that of Catherine Anne Emmerick of Germany, he becomes accustomed to think of the stigmata impressed on the bodies of such devotees. It is, however, "another story" to observe in *The London News* that a twelve-year-old schoolgirl experienced that phenomena in January. She lives in a village near Brussels, and attestations of the truth come from the village curé, the schoolmaster and dozens of other witnesses. The child was in school when she felt the stigmata appear on her arm; looking at the spot, she saw a red mark which gradually became clearer until a branch of mistletoe was sketched there. Since then the weird red marks spell out strange things and the girl answers questions far beyond her understanding. Physicians are much puzzled over this strange case.

ENFORCED TOLERANCE

It is encouraging to note the spirit of tolerance towards other religions which is slowly creeping into the different divisions of the church. To be sure, this is not always a spontaneous movement from within but often forced from without. *The Christian Register* of some time ago contains this: "It is now seen that there is tremendous vitality in the religions that have stood the tests of experience for from one to three thousand years. Judaism, Confucianism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism and Mohammedanism are not weakening, but strengthening. Christianity is now reaping its greatest rewards in the diffusion of science and the practice of the healing art. Missionaries as healers, teachers and students of other religions are coming into more cordial relations with the followers of the great religious leaders of the eastern world; but the benefits they confer are such as may be assimilated by