

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY (Founded by H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott. AND HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF IT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1908. A Society of an absolutely unsectarian and non-political character, whose work should be amicably prosecuted by the learned of all races, in a spirit of unselfish devotion to the research of truth, and with the purpose of disseminating it impartially, seemed



likely to do much to check materialism and strengthen the waning religious spirit. The simplest expression of the objects of the Society is the following:

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

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

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

No person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor any interference with them permitted, but everyone is expected to show towards his fellow-members the same tolerance in this respect as he claims for himself. THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and love which guide in its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the

more radiant existence. It restores to the world the science of the spirit, teaching man to know the spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eye of intuition.

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

The International Headquarters, offices and managing staff are at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, India. The Headquarters of The American Section of The Theosophical Society are at Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

HOW TO JOIN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

One of the twenty-two National Societies or Sections of The Theosophical Society exists in America, and is composed of lodges in various cities (of which a list is printed in this magazine) and, in addition, a scattered membership residing where there is no lodge. The headquarters fee per year for members of lodges is \$2.00; for unattached members the fee is \$5.00 annually. New members pay *pro rala* for the first year and a diploma fee of 50c upon joining.

Information about Theosophy and the Theosophical Society is easy to obtain. In addition to the secretaries of lodges (whose names and addresses are to be found in the Lodge Directory, printed in the back of this magazine), full information may be obtained from the General Secretary of The American Section, address below. A descriptive booklet, a copy of the By-Laws of the Section, and an application blank for membership are gladly supplied free of all cost to any address in the world.

To enter the Society it is necessary to sign the form provided, which reads, in part, as follows:

I, the undersigned, being in sympathy with the objects of the Theosophical Society and acquainted with its rules, hereby make application for admission as a Fellow thereof.

I understand the objects of the Society to be as follows: 1st — To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color, 2d - To promote the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science. 3d - To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in Man.

My application for Fellowship has never been rejected by this Society nor any of its branches.

Two sponsors, members of the Society, must also endorse the form at the bottom; if no sponsors are obtainable, notify the General Secretary. If the application is for lodge membership, the applicant must be accepted by the lodge and his application sent through the proper officer of such body. If the application is for membership-at-large, the signed and endorsed form should be sent either to a lodge officer to be forwarded to the General Secretary or sent directly to the latter. Information as to the specific amount to be sent to the General Secretary with the application will be supplied; it varies with the month of the year, but never exceeds \$5.50 in the case of a member-at-large (including subscription to The American Theosophist) and \$2.50 in the case of lodge members, except that in the latter case the dues of the local lodge, whatever they may be, must also be met.

For further direction, samples of literature, or information about any special phase of Theosophy,.address the secretary of any lodge or

THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SCCIETY, KROTONA, HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

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THE

AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

Vol. XV

OCTOBER 1913

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The Relation of Guru and Shishya; Public School Methods; etc.				
the standard				

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THIS IS THE ISSUE

With which to begin to put *The American Theosophist* in libraries. Not only because the new volume begins with this number (although that is an important point), but also because it is one of the best of a splendid series of numbers along literary lines, as well as some others. To point out all of them would be to quote the whole table of contents—and then add a eulogy. We haven't space for that; but read Mrs. Besant's words, and Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, and surely you will agree that this number and eleven more should be in





IN BAS RELIEF

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

A SAGACIOUS DOG A NORWEGIAN TRAPPER'S TALE

An old trapper left his hut one day to look after the traps he had some time previously set for possible wolves. A recent snow had covered the ground about a foot, so it was not easy even for an experienced hunter to find the exact spot where the trap was set. While thus walking about and scanning the ground, he suddenly put his right foot into one of these traps. A click —and the two sharp-toothed edges sunk into the man's ankle. The old hunter afterwards told this story:

"For a moment I staggered, then I sank down. The pain was so horrible that I lost consciousness. When at last I revived, I tried to open the trap, but all my attempts were in vain. As ill luck would have it, I had come without my tool-bag and I had nothing with which to loosen the irons. I knew that only quick help could save me from a painful death. I suddenly remembered the story of a hunter who had mysteriously disappeared recently—perhaps eat-

(Continued on page 3, Advertising Section.)

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en by wolves. Was this fate also awaiting My fingers were stiff and cold; at me? every movement the sharp teeth of the instrument sank deeper into my quivering flesh. The pain was almost unbearable.

"Then for the first time I noticed my dog, standing anxiously looking at me. I called softly to him, stroked him and said that I was a prisoner and could not move. It seemed to me that he understood. He sat on his hauches and stared wonderingly at the trap. He sniffed at my foot, saw the

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'I looked steadily into the eyes of my faithful friend and slowly and impressively I explained the situation. 'Look here,' I said, 'I must have my tools. Go and get my bag, or I will die.' I spoke each word distinctly, pointed to the trap, to the tracks in the snow

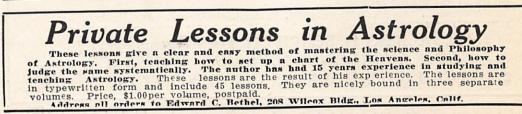
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THEOSOPHY IN INDIA

The official Organ of the Indian Section, T. S. A Magazine of Real Interest to the Public. Contains valuable articles from well-known Indian Theosophists who place before the world the Wisdom of the East in the Light of Theosophy. Send two dollars to The American Theoso-phist, who will remit to

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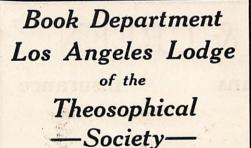
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and in the direction of the hut. The dog sniffed at the trap, bit the iron, and tugged at my leg. Fortunately, I had in my pocket another very small trap; this I gave him and pointed to our tracks. To my joy he quickly grabbed it, and in a moment was off in the direction of my hut and disappeared in the thicket.

"My brain worked incessantly. Had he understood? Would he bring relief or come back without, or maybe not at all? Once more I tried to open the irons with my pocket knife-in vain. Time seemed an eternity. An hour passed. I grew weaker; everything swam before my eyes; then I fainted. When at last I returned to consciousness my dog was lying on my breast, licking my face. Painfully I rose and looked around. There, close by me, lay my tool-bag!

"I was so astonished, so happy and grateful that I nearly fainted again, but I pulled The myself together and got out my tools. rest is soon told. Ten minutes later I was free, put a temporary bandage on my ankle and, with my faithful companion joyfully scampering around, hobbled to my hut and in a couple of weeks was completely re-A. L. stored.'

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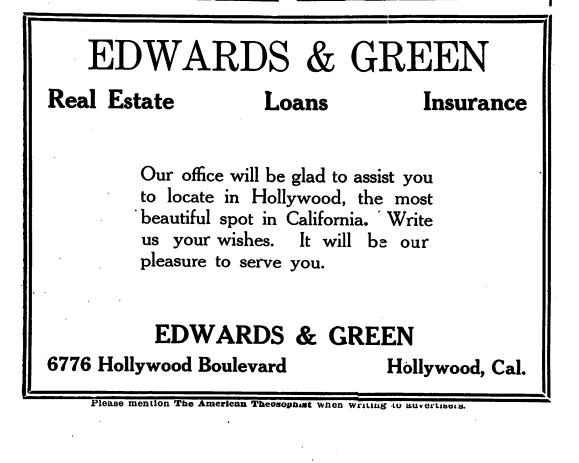
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"Now what are these Cosmopolitan Clubs of students? They are clubs made up twothirds of foreign and one-third of American students. It is a wonderful witness to the cosmopolitan character of our university constituencies that we can have clubs of one

(Continued on page 8, Advertising Section.)



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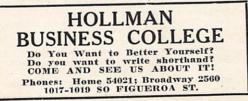
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VII

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST-ADVERTISING SECTION

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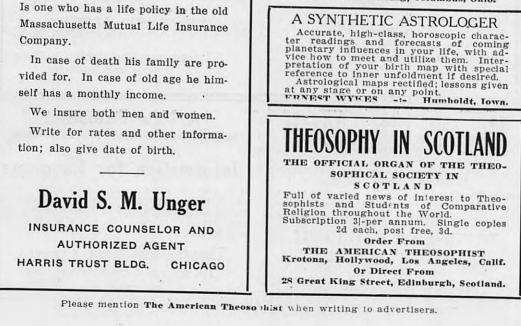
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So said Edwin D. Mead in the Advocate of Peace (March, 1913, Washington, D. C.) and he went on to speak of the many similar clubs in Europe, in Germany, even (Continued on page 11, Advertising Section.)



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IX



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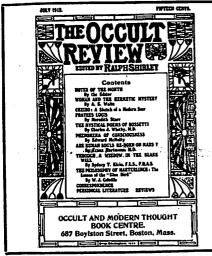
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THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

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XII

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XIII

Theosophist The

MRS. ANNIE BESANT, Editor

The Official Organ of the Theosophical Society

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Theosophical Publishing House ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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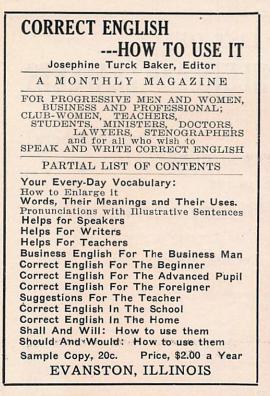
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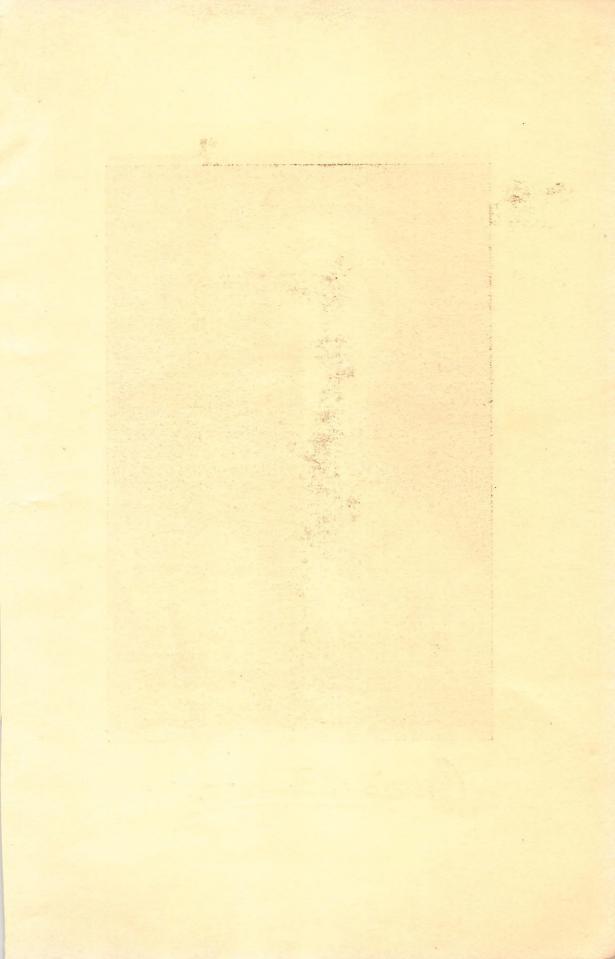
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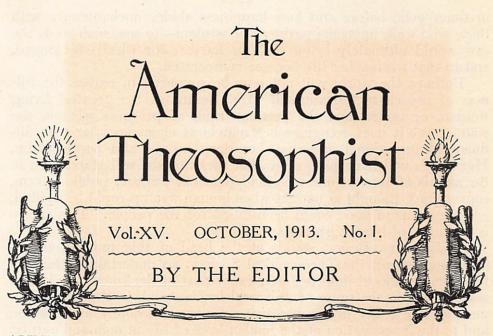


Annie Besant





Annie Besant



ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.



HEOSOPHISTS the world over will observe October first as a day of gladness. Their president, the world's greatest living woman, was born on that day sixty-six years ago.

Mrs. Besant came into this life with a great cry in her soul, a cry for the light of understanding, for the dispersion of ignorance. As she grew she longed that the masses should be raised to higher standards of belief and of living, and as the great world sob sounded more and more cruelly in her tender heart, her resourceful brain and active hands sought to apply remedy after remedy until she had passed through many phases of endeavor, from eager orthodoxy to positive agnosticism. Finally she came to see that the remedy was spiritual rather than temporal, that in the deeper knowledge of the unseen laws of life lies the final solution of all human problems.

Life is continuous and each human incarnation is a link in an unbroken chain of evolving selfhood. Humanity in its suffering ignorance is but the expression of the world soul in stages of immature growth. In the reaches of the future that growth will culminate in perfection, when the glorious achievement of Nature's God will meet with fulfilment.

Meanwhile, to sow the seeds of knowledge, the knowledge of the laws of spirit—how from the cause of right action springs the effect of happy result, how sorrow comes only through ignorant action done in times gone before and how happiness abides unchangingly with those who walk upon the pathway of wisdom—to sow such seeds she saw would ultimately bring the fair harvest for which she longed, and to that sowing her life became consecrated.

Perhaps the world will not now be prepared to realize the fulness of my characterization of Mrs. Besant as the greatest living woman, or understand the peculiar rank of progress wherein she stands; yet it does recognize her matchless eloquence, her wide influence international in scope, her deep insight and her learning. Her deeds will live; judged by that measure she will stand high in the annals of time as one who held personal welfare, public esteem, conventional thought as naught when human wrongs could be righted, when a common good could be fulfilled for the people. This surely is the mark of human greatness.

Today Mrs. Besant stands at the head of that momentous pioneer movement, the Theosophical Society, an undertaking that extends its beneficent influence over every part of the known world and is dedicated to the cause of universal brotherhood, to the encouragement of the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science, and to the investigation of the hidden laws of life in man and nature. Long may she live to guide this movement through the thorny ways that beset its unbroken path.

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KARMA



HE karmic protection afforded those who have instituted no cause in the past that would make death by accident a logical result was brought out in the report of a disastrous accident occurring near Los Angeles some weeks ago. A heavily laden trolley-train crashed into a standing one and

the motorman and a man near him occupying the most dangerous position on the train both escaped unhurt. When the crash came, the car roof over these two seemed to open and the men were both thrown up through the opening and deposited upon a high bank, unhurt save for the nervous shock that naturally ensued. Many of those in seemingly less dangerous positions were killed and very many badly injured. Why was it that these two men whose position was the most perilous escaped without injury while others suffered? The mystery lies in the understanding of karma, a law which the wise trust to the uttermost.

If we all trusted this law with greater confidence, much of the fear of the world would disappear. It is said that the Mohammedan

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feels as safe on the field of battle as on his couch at home, for he believes that the day and hour of his death are set by Allah and nothing can change that fateful decree. That belief has made intrepid warriors of the followers of Allah. Should we not enter the battle of life with the same degree of confidence in the destiny that protects and guides us-a destiny created by our own past thoughts and actions operating in the field of divine law? One who has a deep realization of karma, or the law that insures perfect justice to every one, will accept always with perfect contentment the inevitable conditions of life that confront him and make the best of them, learning from them the lessons they have to teach. Thus only may one create happier conditions and evolutionary growth for this and future incar-I know of nothing that brings the same wholesome and nations. strengthening influence into life as a realization of karma and an understanding of the truth of reincarnation.



METHODS OF INCARNATION



NE of the most useful functions of Theosophy lies in the unprejudiced study of comparative religion and in the unbiased disclosure of the common truths that underlie the world's religions in their entirety. No orthodox student of any one of the religions can possibly have the

breadth of view with regard to these matters that one can have who is unattached and therefore has made no sectarian prejudgments.

While the essence of truth is one, everywhere and in all time, yet through each religion there has ever been given a special presentment of divine truth for a special people in a special time, an aspect obviously designed to produce a particular kind of growth at a particular time in the human world-soul, so to speak. Theosophists residing in the midst of any one of the great world-religions have a very great opportunity to make this clear and to bring to the nearest religion the wider unsectarian knowledge which shows that religion's precise relationship to the Divine Wisdom as a whole. The principles of the non-sectarian world-religion, of which each religion forms only a part, need constant emphasis.

Important in this connection is the truth that at the head of the world-religions as a whole stands the World-Teacher, the Bodhisattva, the Christ, who has come many times among men and each time has left a religious presentment of Divine Truth for the guidance of the successive sub-races in their search after God. In one age he came as Vyasa, in another as Thoth, still another as Zarathushtra, yet another as Orpheus, and then as Buddha, as Krishna, and finally as the Christ.

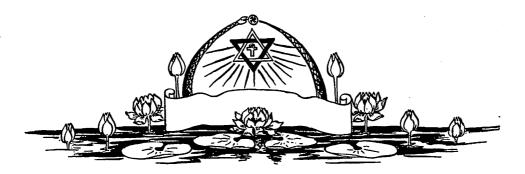
Investigations by clairvoyance into the records of the past have disclosed that whenever He thus came forth to help and teach men, He usually sent before Him some highly spiritual disciple to develop a pure and well-trained body for Him, so that at the moment of His coming He might have for His use a body already grown and perfected as nearly as an immaculately pure disciple might be able to accomplish such an end. So far as it is known, this Great One has almost invariably had a body thus developed for Him. In this there obviously has been a saving of time for His more general duties that would otherwise have been consumed in the stages of babyhood and youth during the growth of the body He needed in the physical world.

So little does it seem to be known that this is the method of the sublime World-Teacher for His incarnations among men, that it is well that some emphasis be placed upon it at this time when another body is being trained by another beloved disciple to be taken by Him in the near future, when He will again come forth to establish a still wider ideal for humanity's guidance. In this case, therefore, the present developing body is not at this time the body of Him who is to come; it is rather that of His chosen disciple and it will so remain until the Great One Himself shall enter the temple prepared for Him, as He did before in the case of the disciple Jesus into whose body He entered at the Baptism and used for the three remaining years of His great mission. In her beautiful treatise on *Esoteric Christianity* Mrs. Besant has written lucidly on this point, from which I excerpt a brief portion:

A mighty "Son of God" was to take flesh upon earth, a supreme Teacher, "full of grace and truth"—One in whom the Divine Wisdom abode in fullest measure, who was verily "the Word" incarnate, Light and Life in outpouring richness, a very Fountain of the Waters of Life. Lord of Compassion and of Wisdom—such was His name—and from His dwelling in the Secret Places He came forth into the world of men.

For Him was needed an earthly tabernacle, a human form, the body of a man, and who so fit to yield his body in glad and willing service to One before whom Angels and men bow down in lowliest reverence, as this Hebrew of the Hebrews, this purest and noblest of "the Perfect," whose spotless body and stainless mind offered the best that humanity could bring? The man Jesus yielded himself a willing sacrifice, "offered himself without spot" to the Lord of Love, who took unto Himself that pure form as tabernacle, and dwelt therein for three years of mortal life.

From this it emerges that the Christ did not really incarnate until the moment of baptism, when He descended and occupied the bodily temple joyfully yielded up to Him by His devoted disciple Jesus, the purest of men. And it is this same method that it is believed will be employed when He shall once more walk side by side with men on earth in the not distant future.



SUPERHUMAN MEN IN HISTORY AND IN RELIGION*

By Annie Besant

INTRODUCTION



ONDON, prolific of surprises, can offer no spectacle so amazing as the Queen's Hall when Mrs. Besant is lecturing there. From the floor to the topmost gallery all the seats seem to be occupied by eager, intelligent listeners. An impression of an animated, well-dressed, highly thoughtful audience forms in one's mind as one settles

down to listen and observe. Murmurs and rustlings and movements, glimpses of sharply defined individualities among the audience and a background of undistinguished masses of people hold the attention. Then a faint and uncertain noise of hand-clapping, which ceases as the whole audience rises and Mrs. Besant makes her way across the platform to the centre, a dignified, impressive figure, robed in white and gold, with silver hair and strong face.

Pausing only to remove her gloves, while the assembly settles down, Mrs. Besant steps on to the brass-railed dais raised slightly above the platform level and begins her lecture. Without notes, without a pause, with no halting, uncertain searching after words to clothe her thoughts, she speaks for more than an hour. It is a steady flow which can be compared with nothing but the movement of a broad, deep river. As a physical feat it is wonderful; as a mental and spiritual achievement it is amazing. One listens with interest that deepens into a positive fascination. Only slight bursts of applause break the

*Copyrighted by the Theosophical Publishing House. This lecture is to be published later, with others, in book form. full-voiced, sweeping stream of the oration and these, at the end of striking passages, are more in the nature of a relief to both audience and speaker than the conventional applause which punctuates the ordinary good speaker's utterance. The applause scarcely serves to break the thread of sympathy or relax the attention which Mrs. Besant claims from her hearers and which they give without a conscious effort.

The lecture is so closely woven and moves on so steadily, step by step, that if one's attention wavers one recovers to find a gap through which a necessary part of the argument has dropped. Literally, the lecture requires almost as much from the audience as from the speaker in the way of concentration and close application of the faculties. Not that the argument is abstruse or involved; it is, indeed, singularly clear and straight-forward. But it is conceived on large lines and describes a great arc, so that one has the sense of having covered spacious fields of thought and moved over wide ranges of human history. The diction is perfect; every sentence may be printed as it is spoken and will need no revising touch.

Mrs. Besant's voice rings as clear and sweet in the last sentence as in the first. There is no sagging or trailing in the sentences. They are delivered with the same extraordinary vigor at the end as at the beginning. Quite naturally the end comes just as one begins to see that the argument is completed. The audience rises again, and Mrs. Besant steps down from the dais and moves from the platform, while the audience breaks and dissolves. Nothing in one's experience of public gatherings matches this for the sheer triumph of personality and the forthgiving of an abundant nature to the spiritual needs of a great mass of people. —From The Christian Commonwealth, June 4, 1913.

LONDON LECTURE AT QUEEN'S HALL, JUNE 1



S we turn back the pages of history, we find civilization after civilization succeeding each other. Students of ancient literature, students of those old books which have come down from a past which seems to us perchance hidden in the night of time, have found records of civilizations mighty and great, apparently permanent and se-

cure, but which have so utterly passed away from ordinary human knowledge that in modern days men disbelieved in their existence and thought the stories in the ancient books were but legends, fables created by national pride in order to glorify their own past, not records of historical facts, not pictures of civilizations that really existed on our earth.

These ancient books, it is true, were corroborated now and again

by what is called occult research. Men and women who had developed in themselves certain powers not yet general in our race have claimed that by the exercise of those powers they could read records of the past existing as pictures in subtler matter than the physical, as men with physical eyes can read the printed page. But in a time like our own, where occultism is only now beginning to make its way among men, an age in which mysticism until lately was regarded, in the high opinion of the Times newspaper, as an exploded superstition, so that it marveled that a man so eminent as the Dean of St. Paul's should think it worth while in the twentieth century to give lectures on such a superstition; in our age, when occultism and mysticism are again beginning to claim the attention of the thoughtful and the earnest, there is more probability as the years roll on that the records of the past, as read by the occultist, will again take their place as subjects of study among men. Until quite lately-nay, I hardly know whether I dare say until-those records have been scoffed at by the foolish, have been ignored by the learned but, as you know, during the last half, and even more, of the nineteenth century, a new light came into the arena of human thought, and antiquarian research, spreading far and wide and digging deeply, began to unveil fragments whose existence could not be denied, fragments of ancient civilizations. Step by step as archeology advanced, step by step as excavation succeeded excavation, it was found that that physical research was confirming the legends of the ancient literature, was verifying many a statement made by occult research-stories of such an one as King Minos of Crete, stories of such an one as Menes of Egypt, stories running back to ancient Babylon.

Those were brought to the light of day not in ways that could be challenged, not in forms that could be denied, but in matter solid enough to knock a man down with, so that one could be sure that it existed, in libraries made of ancient tiles which had long outlived their makers, in fragments of ancient architecture from city after city buried one below the other, and each succeeding city shut off from its predecessors by ruins, by solid earth which intervened between each pair. In these ways, ever being confirmed by new investigations, by these physical methods which appeal to the physical mind of men, the existence of those old civilizations was proved and none now ventures to deny that well-nigh endless past of civilized man.

One thing came out strongly, a surprise to the thinkers of the last century. Quite naturally, the great doctrine of evolution applied to human history resulted in a certain theoretical building up of the past which appealed to the human mind and seemed logical and even necessary. The elder amongst you must remember how we read of the growth of civilization, how we were told of families of savages who joined together into tribes, of tribes who linked themselves together into communities for mutual assistance and defence, of communities building themselves up into nations, and so on, step by step, millennium after millennium, until from barbarism civilization arose, just as in the corresponding domain of religion the ideas of the savage, the animistic ideas of the barbarians, were held to be the origin, the source, of all the religions of the world.

But, however natural that view was, it was found not to square with facts. None had discovered in the excavations of the past those infant civilizations whose remnants might naturally have been looked for, building up step by step in successive excavations. Savages have been found, cave men have been discovered, villages built on piles have been found, but between those and the civilizations there is no steady advance or link which science has discovered. Savages exist today side by side with great civilizations, they existed also in the past, but between them no bridges have been found. On the contrary, it has been seen everywhere, as facts have been accumulated, that what Bunsen has said of Egypt only is true of all the great civilizations of the past. You may remember how he declared of the civilization of Egypt that it had no origin which human wit could find, that it seemed to spring upon the stage of history complete, as Minerva burst from the head of Jove. It was thought at first to be a marvel and a wonder, to be unique in the history of man, but every great civilization shows the same marvelous characteristic, that it appears as a mighty civilization. Even though traces of a child-people can be found under the great rulers and teachers of the past, more and more through the twilight in the dawning of history, great figures stand out, grandiose and mighty, out-topping the contemporary people, the rulers, teachers, and the guides of men; they, the founders of the mighty civilizations; they, the architects of the marvelous buildings; they, the teachers of the child-humanity, the superhuman beings who are the builders of civilizations and of religions in our world.

Plenty of civilizations have been traced through the period of their decay—a significant fact; none has ever been traced through its building up from the savage state into the state of the highly-organized and civilized nation.

As we look at these great civilizations and see how the masses of the people in them were as children intellectually and spiritually, but children ready to be taught, children willing to be guided, loving, not hating their superiors and reverencing, not being jealous of those who knew more than themselves; as we see that unrolled in the story of the past, two great types appear: the ruler and the teacher in these most ancient states, builders of races, builders of sub-races, builders of nations and polities, teachers who give forms for the eternal truths of religion, shaping them in different forms according to the needs of those to whom they gave this ever new presentation of ancient truth.

The ruler, the typical man, is concerned with the building up of the outer civilizations, with the shaping of social polity, with the laying down of laws by which the people must develop, must evolve; he has to do not only with racial types, not only with national policies, but also with the great seismic changes which go side by side with evolution of new races. Take as types of what the Theosophist means when he speaks of a root race, the two great types so familiar to you that we call the fourth and fifth; typical examples of the fourth in the Chinese and Japanese, typical examples of the fifth in the Indian and the European. If you put those two side by side you see at once what I mean by the fundamental differences between races, difference in outer features, difference in nervous system, showing distinctions so deeply wrought into the physical frame that confusion between them is utterly impossible, and a child would distinguish between those I have mentioned, which we call the fourth and fifth of human root races. Smaller differences, but yet clearly marked, until by intermarriages the characteristics have been more or less blended. you find in the subdivisions to which we give the name of sub-races.

The great ruler is connected with the racial type. His task to build out of a previous race the new race which is to succeed it in leading the evolution of humanity, his task to prepare, for the new race he has builded, the continent on which that race shall develop, to which in time it shall be led, in order that its evolution may pro-Without delaying on the interesting geological questions of ceed. the existence of a great physical continent to which the name of Lemuria has been given, or the great Atlantic continent known as Atlantis—only reminding you that these are subjects that are being discussed by scientists and not only by Theosophists-we find that the world as it is today is the world ruled by the later race, by the various sub-races of the fifth, and we see in these distinct types the work of a great builder, the builder of the outer evolution as well as of nations, and of social organisms, and to him the name has ever been given from which "man" is derived, the word Manu-the man, the typical man, the thinker, inasmuch as thought is that which differentiates the human being from his lower brethren of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Side by side with that we find the World-Teacher, as we often call him, the Supreme Teacher, concerned largely with the subdivisions of the great race, concerned with the presenting of eternal truths in a new form fitted for the new sub-race which is gradually emerging out of its predecessors.

One thing comes out strongly and clearly as we try to take a large and rational view of human history: that there is a plan that underlies it, a plan according to which the race is builded not suddenly. not by leaps and bounds, but in a definite order. Just as the architect plans a building and then it rises, stage by stage, according to the plan, so do we find in that great building of humanity stage after stage arising, quality after quality superadded, a definite building, not a sudden creation, and the plan of the building—evolution.

Here, again, I can only point you to a few proofs of that; you can multiply them almost endlessly for yourselves. Take what has gone on within what you acknowledge as history, the gradual peopling of Europe; take the coming into Europe of that great race the descendants of which are called the Latin peoples today—we call them the fourth sub-race, or the Celtic—entering into Greece, spreading over the whole of the south of Europe, traveling northwards then for a while into Scandinavia and across from Scandinavia by Scotland—by Britain, in fact—into Ireland, peopling every land, just as a wave sweeps over a beach, peopling the great continent of Europe with a race in which emotion predominated over intellect and beauty was the expression that was sought and art the heritage of the sub-race.

Think of ancient Greece and ancient Rome, with their splendid architecture and their magnificent sculpture; think of their successors in Italy, of the great schools of Italian painters, remembering that art includes forms of every kind, not only in the outer shaping of wood or stone or brick, but in that subtler shaping of form to thought which we call art in the literary expression, in poetry, in prose, in all the perfection of the literary excellence which is even today the pride of the Latin races. Think of the Frenchman, how the French thinker expresses himself and how the French nation judges the thinker. You will never find a thought accepted by the mass of the French people nor by its judges and critics unless the form is as perfect as the thought is good; failure in thought is almost more pardonable than failure in form, for where thought always seeks to express itself in beauty, literary perfection is a necessary condition of the success of the thought expressed.

Compare that with the Teutonic, the sub-race that followed on the Celtic, where science represents to that race what art was to its forerunner. Realize that in the Teuton it is the mind that is seeking for full expression by knowledge rather than by form. Contrast the expression of the German and the English with the French expression in science and you will find that both in Germany and in England the thought, however strong, is often clumsy in expression, obscure in presentation, but the peoples of both countries look rather to the strength and the virility of the thought than to the perfection of its artistic expression in the form.

Just as you see there a fourth sub-race and a fifth sub-race, so a sixth sub-race is issuing. There the quality to be developed, built

on to the emotions, built on to the mind, is that higher quality, intuition, that is beginning to assert itself even in the philosophy of our time—that intuition which sees rather than reasons, which knows by direct vision rather than by following a chain of logical argument, that which is the power of the spirit rather than the power of the mind or of the emotions. That is the next quality to be builded, to be the characteristic quality of the sixth sub-race of humanity.

Looking thus, you find that religions follow a corresponding order; you find that each sub-race has its own religious note, which is as different as its note in emotional or mental expression. You see how in the first great sub-race that made India its habitation, the idea of mutual duty of every member of the social organism was the key-note of the religion that was given by the great teachers to their people. You see the survival of that organism in forms too rigid, and therefore evil, in what is known as the caste system of India; but while you may see that now it is doing much of harm to the progress of the people, you are bound, if you are rational, also to see that that key-note of the social order will have to return in a higher form, in a higher civilization, and that the sense of mutual duty and mutual obligation is the one binding force by which the nation and the community can live.

And then, if you trace the second sub-race which lived on the borders of the Mediterranean, you see that to which in these modern days we give the name of magic, the use of the human body to influence the subtler worlds by finding out the correspondences between man, who is only the microcosm, with the mighty macrocosm in which he lives and of which he is the reflection in miniature. If you pass on from there to Persia, it is the note of purity which rings out above all others. If from there you go to Greece, beauty is the key-note, as in Rome law is the highest note struck by the civilization. Then you come to the Christian faith, with its cry of selfsacrifice, and the Mussulman repeating the note of the earlier teaching of the Hindu, of God, the One without a second, that the ancient Hindus proclaimed.

If you have eyes to see, you realize that all these are notes that make up the perfect chord of the one eternal religion which is the knowledge of God because man is himself divine; and because the Theosophists, and above all the occultists, see in all human religions but partial expressions of one great series of spiritual truths, therefore to every people they speak through their own religion and not through a religion which is not theirs. The Theosophist would no more think of teaching the Hindu through Christian forms than he would dream of teaching the Christian through Hindu forms; any more than he would try to speak to a French audience in English or to an English audience in French. To every man according to his own tongue; to every man according to his own faith. There is but one religion, with many facets; and the perfection of religion is to see the unity in diversity among them all, and that comes from this great teaching—Brotherhood—always one Teacher for all the world's faiths through thousands and thousands of years.

The idea that such superhuman beings had much to do with the affairs of men is no new idea, no mere Theosophical fad. In Christian antiquity you find the thought put forward that over every nation there presided a great angel. Read the way in which Origen speaks of the angel guardians of nations and of the world. The idea in the East was a little more complicated. So far as I know-but there I may be wrong—I do not think that in Christian antiquity you can find the idea that saints as well as angels shared in the guidance of our mortal world; but in the East, whilst they recognized what here would be called the ministry of angels, speaking of them as the shining ones, so often mistranslated "gods," whilst they recognized their work in many grades as the older Christians recognized the ministry of the nine great orders in the angelic host, they joined side by side with them the men who had attained perfection, those who had passed the great fifth initiation, men who have finished the ordinary human life, who have passed beyond the cycle of births and deaths known as reincarnation, who have reached that point of overcoming of which the Apocalypse speaks when it declares of him that overcometh, he "shall be a pillar in the temple of my God and go forth no more."

Those who have overcome, not for their own gain but for the helping of humanity, those who are liberated spirits, who have bound themselves in the bonds of the flesh by love and not by compulsion, those who are divine men, who have perfected the human cycle of evolution, it is they who share with the angelic host the guidance of evolution in the world in which we are; for this world is not lonely as it rolls through space, nor confined only to the men bound still to the wheel of births and deaths. The spiritual world interpenetrates the physical, as every religion has declared; superhuman beings move amongst us and take their part in the affairs of men. If you care to read a record in written books, take some of the old Hindu books and read how these perfected men visited the courts of kings in order to see that kingdoms were well governed and royal duties were honorably performed. You may read how such a mighty sage and saint, known as superhuman by the powers that he possessed, would visit the court of the king, question the king as to the condition of the people, ask him whether he is seeing that every grade of the people is supplied with all that it needs; whether the craftsman has materials ready to his hand; whether the agriculturist is well supplied with seed for the future harvest; whether the widows of his soldiers. who have died in battle and the orphans left behind are carefully guarded by him; whether he is seeing to the education of his people, and taking care that all the grades of the nation are performing their appointed duties. You may read this in page after page, in story after story.

Although no longer visible, they walk among men still; the work they are striving to do is more difficult today, for it is against the battling wills of men and the resistance of the developing mind. In those days, readily was their guidance accepted and, therefore, they walked openly among the people; but it was necessary for human evolution that the mind should develop with all its power of challenge, with all its demand for proof, with its resistance to authority, with its refusal to obey where it did not understand. Do not be mistaken and think that this is evil; nothing is evil which helps forward the evolution of man. The time came when the child-state had to end for a while and the developing youth of the mind must have its way. So the guardians drew back from sight, but never from labor, and worked unseen and unhampered by the growing conditions of humanity, but with the same heart of love, the same brain of wisdom as in the elder days. It is they who pull down empires and build them up, who bring about equilibrium between nations and do not: allow a single set of national ideals so to triumph over the world that all others shall give way before them. It is they who gradually build up a great empire and give to some sub-race the ruling of the world; it is they who are giving to England today the possibility of the mighty part that she may play in the advancing humanity of the time, of world-empire mightier than any empire of the past, to be based not on the submission of conquered peoples, but on the freewill allegiance of self-governing but united communities. That is. done today, not by direct order from the mouth of the recognized superior, but by the subtler working on the ambitions and the passions and the thoughts of men. The opportunity is given and if rejected passes away to some one else who is able to grasp, is able to ntilize it. It is because of that that many of us feel today that the fate of the future lies in the balance; whether this fifth sub-race of ours will rise to the sense of its responsibility, will know that power means duty and not oppression, and so will make a mightier rule than has ever been known in the stories of the past. But it is these greater ones behind who really pull the strings to which our statesmen and our rulers dance obediently and, in the pulling, educate the people and so help forward the general evolution of the race.

Now suppose for a moment that that Theosophical idea commended itself to you as throwing light on history—which on many points of the rising and falling of empires is obscure and unintelligible if you can take the thought that behind all the powers that rule there

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is a mighty divine will working through human imperfection with the help of superhuman agents, then you can look on all the troubles of the time as evidently working out to a foreseen end; you can see in the unrest and the distress not the breaking up of a civilization, but the instability that belongs to growth and that is to be guided to progress, and you will begin to realize that if outer forms decay it is because the living spirit within them is growing too large for the garments that clothed it in the past and we may feel secure that, as a nation does its duty, new forms will evolve fitted for its greater manifestation and so the building up of the human race will continue as it has continued through so many changes in the past.



LIFE'S TONES

SOME PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF MRS. BESANT

By Julia Domna



OMING to London about the year 1875, I wandered into the celebrated South Place Chapel to hear Mrs. Besant lecture on *Religious Freedom*; It was before she, or I, had heard of Theosophy.

I knew of her splendid social work and her writings on labor questions and I found her a very fluent and eloquent speaker, well up in her subject, but with a hard note in her voice which, combined with her critical and denunciatory sentences, made an unpleasant impression upon me. She was wearing an ugly red dress, which did not improve matters. I should now say it was the Mars element of her nature uppermost at that time, but I admired her glorious fearlessness in attacking difficult subjects and I placed her photograph (the one with the Mary Stuart collar) on my mantelpiece in defiance of the authorities, for I had been told that she was a dangerous woman!

Later on she met H. P. B., while I was being ground to powder in South Africa. "'Great Sifter' is the name of the Heart Doctrine. The wheel of the Good Law moves swiftly on."



URING a visit of Mrs. Besant's to some Theosophical friends of mine in Plymouth, England, where good fortune also made me a guest, I saw her great love of nature on a drive to Dartmoor,

for the beauty of the moor and the glorious expanse of sky and sea

caused her great delight. She had previously lived in a Devonshire village, Charmouth, where I had passed some of my happiest days, and conversation, when we got home, grew intimate, first over a very handsome cat (I think there must be a special Theosophical heaven for intelligent cats, as I know of so many highly evolved animals that are great pets of our members); then I grew bolder and told her that I wished to throw myself into the movement, to work and study, and I offered my services. She grew rather stern and after asking a few questions regarding my past life said, in a rather cold voice, "Go and work in the slums for a few years and come back to me later." I replied that I had already taken up factory girls' clubs and similar work, but she persisted that I go and make my home in the East End of London and teach the women how to live; bring a little beauty into their sordid lives; "get up at four o'clock in the morning and study." She then dismissed me-to seek out, crestfallen, the cat as a refuge in distress and shed some tears over his beautiful coat.

NTER now with me, after a lapse of years, the T. S. Headquarters in Albemarle Street in Lon-don. The lectures were held in the large room with the famous gilded ceiling and that worrying

looking-glass at the end in which the hearers could watch the back of the lecturer. Mrs. Besant knew better than to stand in front of it and so for her famous Yoga lectures all the chairs were turned the other way. The course was closely followed by a brilliant galaxy of men and women, most of them highly intellectual; there were writers and poets, members of the Asiatic Society, Egyptologists, and specialists in Oriental religions. Mr. and Mrs. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and many others were taking The course was an expensive one, but Mrs. Besant, knowing notes. the circumstances of my student life, broke the usual rule by giving me a free course ticket and my gratitude flowed out to her.



OR many years England has been noted for her humane treatment of animals. Let us now look at Annie Besant seated on the platform, surrounded by great men and women from all parts of the

world, representing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Anti-Vivisection, Vegetarianism, and so forth. There were learned doctors and clergymen, food specialists, members of Parliament, writers and artists. Many speeches were made, but it was her voice that rang out above all others most passionately and clearly, pleading for our "little brothers and sisters," pleading that the stain of this century, vivisection, might cease, pleading that we cease killing "not because of our own bodies but because we violate the good Law of Love."

Beautiful banners had been hung around the hall; these were taken down after the meeting by the workers as they went out into the various fields of work with burning hearts and high enthusiasm because of the new light she had thrown upon these questions. Mr. Wicksteed, a great Dante scholar, told me he considered that the future of England depended on how her ministers dealt with the subject of vivisection and evidently Mrs. Besant felt the same. Her voice was strong and pure, and her dress on this occasion a soft creamy silk.



O next into the north of London where a member, a friend of mine, lay dying. She was not rich nor prominent in the Society, but she had been a miracle of sweet patience through a long illness and

she longed to hear Mrs. Besant once again. This was told to our President and out of an intensely busy week, night journeys and a multiplicity of important lectures, she spared the time to motor to the outskirts of the city and sit with the sick woman, cheering her with beautiful sympathy and gracious gifts and leaving with her a memory of peace and beneficence.



NOTHER glimpse is one intimate and private; all I can say is that it was at the famous house in Drayton Gardens, so well known to many Theosophists, and that she was like a loving and most

gracious mother listening to an infant. I did not have to take refuge in any cat that time, for she smiled upon me and gave me some orders; she saw that I had now begun to learn my lessons.



Y no one will that famous historical procession in London ever be forgotten! The countess and the factory-girl, the woman-doctor and the nurse, the shop-girl and the typist, thousands of us, all march-

ing under different banners but all with one aim—the enfranchisement of women. In the centre of the procession walked a goodly number of Theosophists; these were headed by the Co-Masons, with our President at the head dressed in her full regalia. It was a most imposing spectacle.

For hours we trudged on foot through London to Albert Hall. Splendid speakers were there, but again it was *her* cry that rang out above all the others in the cause of freedom for our sex. The newspapers, in reporting it, all united in saying it was the strongest and finest speech of the evening. LIFE'S TONES

If we look back over this life of our beloved President, it seems to stand out in periods; first as Knowledge, then Wisdom, now Love —the love that goes out into the world to "make the crooked straight and the rough places plain." Let us help her to—as she said in one of her lectures, quoting Tennyson:

Ring out a slowly dying cause,

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And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

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Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.



MRS. BESANT IN 1897

THE PRAYER

AN INDIAN STORY

By Sir Edwin Arnold

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY J. B. LINDON

H UGH MILLER, in one of his delightful essays on the Old Red Sandstone series of rocks, has said: "The true geologist will pass his day upon the face of a cliff searching for fossils, and happy indeed is he whose day thus spent results in some rare find." What then should be the gladness of one whose privilege it is to look over the posthumous papers of a poet and find amongst them such a gift to men as the exquisite poem which follows? A fossil, albeit instructive, is of the things which are dead; but *The Prayer* breathes the life everlasting and, as "a thing of beauty, is a joy forever."

In the course of some editorial work, recently entrusted to me by the widow of the late Sir Edwin Arnold, it was my good fortune to find amongst some of his unpublished poems the manuscript of *The Prayer*. An intimate knowledge of all his works, issued and unissued, and the most careful inquiries have not enabled me to trace any publication of this poem and I am inclined to think that it has never, as yet, been given to the world; or, if so, in such ephemeral way that it has spent "its fragrance on the desert air." Therefore, by the kind permission of Lady Arnold, its destiny brings it to the pages of *The American Theosophist*, whose readers will appreciate its grace, its richness, its oriental *motif* and the wide tolerance which pervades its thought.

No comment on such themes is needed here, but I may, perhaps, be permitted to point out the clear and beautiful style of the writing, almost devoid of correction, and the fact that the manuscript is signed and dated. Even had the poem been previously published, the original would have been worthy of reproduction as an example of literary finish. As the poet was totally blind during the last few years of his life and was consequently obliged to dictate the constant flow of his prose and poetic teachings, so perfect a specimen of his writings as that now shown is exceedingly rare.

In its final verse is contained its own simple and sufficient epitaph: "Unseen, still lingered, fell the voice again."

THE PRAYER. AN INDIAN STORY [by Sor Edwin Amold]

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THE AUTHOR

THE PRAYER Jebrail, the Lord of Angels, on a night -Clad in gold plumage of a Homa - bird. Sate on the Tota - Tree, which, tall & white, Spreadsth in Taradiss; & there he heard The brayers of min pass unto Allah's Throne, Myriads By myriads, like the winds long moan. And, as the Wind's wail seems unmarked to go Withat an answering voice to total it CERSE, Jave if the billows clamour to its work, Save it find pity in the sighing trees ; So all unherded, through the spangeral skies The crying of Earth's children seemed to rise

Verchance of pray not well , - perchance ye pro For things which plague by wishing : Jebrail Wide is the Ear of Allah; night and day "All words & thoughts do subser them . The Dead Live in this love ; the living Cannot die Without the movey of my Lord bring kigh " Why fist I no wan answered ? Suddany, Stetwast that wind of wailing down a word Sweeter than lovers Voice was ever heard yst holding Thunders majesty. God spake And Said : YES! DEAREST! FOR THY STRONG LOVE'S SAKE!

Then Fibrail : "Who is this that wins, to right , " Such yea' from Allah to a single plea? I will pass down along the laws of light The happy, hoy, man of mm, to see ! For Angels taste hot any joy in Heaven, So ghorins as the grace of the Forgiven Thus the archarged wonded, golden winged And, tracing back the pathway of the branger Lighted in midst of Indian city, ringed With rid Walls ; & a tiver, broad & fair Threaded its palaces : yet, with from those The Cry wh: Heaven had stooped to answer

(4 Forth from a little sabarb-hut it came Where i on her face before an Idol, Krished A girl of the bazaars, whose wage of shame, Spont upon Cakes & fruit, did feasting yield To a gry famished mother, & frail child, For goy of that good food non glad & wild. But she, her forched a the dust, within brass With dry mouth murmered to that block of Oh uninemed Lord! Let not my daily sin """ "Prevent that to The daily and I pass them to Swarga Take Ksop these I love & take my sal at take Forth from this quilty body sais I works " And me, when all is done for love's dear sake

5 Then musil the archangel: Have I then mistory Mine Earthly Hight ! (an such a she as this Have place before the rightsons. Such eyes look Straight in the face of Hearn & reach its One of a crose? & be steed to die By the great Kiss of ford - Lefor us have ? " But while fibrails radiance , in that room Unseen this bingsond and the Joice again In low majestic music theo the gloom PAM Uttering: "YEA! BRING HER INTO PEACE FROM HERS WAS THE PUREIT PRAVER OF ALL WERE And , in the morning Gunga Bai was dead Edain Amold F107 9.1099

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

TRANSCRIPT OF "THE PRAYER"

Jibraïl, the Lord of Angels, on a night, Clad in gold plumage of a Homa-bird,

Sate on the Toba-tree, which, tall and white, Spreadeth in Paradise; there he heard The prayers of men pass unto Allah's Throne, Myriads and myriads, like the wind's long moan.

And, as the wind's wail seems unmarked to go,

Without an answering voice bidding it cease, Save if the billows clamor to its woe,

Save it find pity in the sighing trees, So all unheeded, through the spangled skies, The crying of Earth's children seemed to rise.

"Perchance they pray not well, perchance they pray For things which plague by wishing," Jibraïl said,

"Wide is the Ear of Allah; night and day All words and thoughts do enter there! the Dead Live in His love; the living cannot die Without the mercy of my Lord being nigh!"

"Why note I no one answered?" Suddenly,

Athwart that wind of wailing drew a word Softer than any music that might be,

Sweeter than lover's voice was ever heard, Yet holding thunder's majesty. God spake, And said: "Yes, dearest! For thy strong love's sake."

Then Jibrail: "Who is this that wins tonight

Such 'yea' from Allah to a single plea? I will pass down along the lanes of light

The happy, holy man of men, to see!

For Angels taste not any joy in Heaven So glorious as the grace of the Forgiven."

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THE PRAYER

Thus the Archangel wended, golden-winged, And, tracing back the pathway of the prayer,

Lighted in midst of Indian city, ringed With red walls; and a river, broad and fair, Threaded its palaces; yet, not from those The cry which Heaven had stooped to answer, rose.

Forth from a little suburb-hut it came

Where, on her face before an Idol, kneeled A girl of the bazaars, whose wage of shame

Spent upon cakes and fruit, did feasting yield To a grey famished mother and frail child, For joy of that good food now glad and wild.

But she, her forehead on the dust, within

With dry mouth murmured to that block of brass, "Oh, nameless Lord! let not my daily sin

Prevent that to Thy daily grace I pass! Keep these I love and them to Swarga take, And me, when all is done, for love's dear sake."

Then mused th' Archangel: "Have I then mistook Mine earthly flight? Can such a she as this

Have place before the righteous? Such eyes look

Straight in the face of Heav'n and reach its bliss, One of a crore? And ask to die

By the great kiss of God-Death's ecstacy?"

But while Jibraïl's radiance in that room,

Unseen, still lingered, fell the Voice again In low majestic music through the gloom,

Uttering: "Yea! Bring her into peace from pain! Her's was the purest prayer of all were said!" And in the morning Gunga-Bai was dead.

B

MOSES AND THE PROPHETS

By Dr. H. N. Stokes, Editor of "The Critic"

Then they reviled him, and said, Thou art his disciple; but we are Moses' disciples.

We know that God spake unto Moses: as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is. John ix: 28, 29.

S the book of revelation finally closed, or is it open for future revision and addition? Is Theosophy a finished body of teaching, or is it, like everything else that is not stone-dead, subject to progressive evolution? Have the Masters of Wisdom forsaken us, or will they continue to guide us as we need it?

Those who look on religion as a revelation have almost invariably assumed that everything has been said; that God spake by His holy prophets and, having spoken, has become mute. The universal tendency to ancestor and hero-worship finds its parallel in the worship of authority. Nothing which is new is respected. We still continue to ask for a sign and to demand the whirlwind and the fire before we will listen to the still small voice.

True, nobody is wholly satisfied with this attitude, for even the most conservative cannot wholly escape the spirit of evolution—they must think now and then. They accept the ancient words, but they read their own interpretation into them; they squeeze them into their own moulds. When they can no longer accept them in a literal sense they find refuge in symbolic interpretation; they blame the older translators and, if need be, they make use of the facility with which modern criticism disposes of unpleasant passages. Hell and the devil were the stock in trade of the old theology. They still are mentioned, even in the Revised Version, but we have succeeded in disposing of them in the most delightful fashion. Yet we still continue to insist that the ancient scripture contains all that is or ever will be needful for salvation, world without end, quite oblivious of the fact that we are constantly reconstructing Jehovah after our own image.

We like the term Ancient Wisdom, but we fear that it may mislead some into the view that Theosophy is a finished volume and that the FINIS was written by H. P. Blavatsky. We fear that some are disposed to add to *The Secret Doctrine* the closing words of the *Book* of *Revelation*: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues which are written in this book." There are even signs that some are disposed to appoint themselves God's agents in carrying out this threat.

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Seeing that man has existed for ages and is likely to keep on for some time longer, provided he can fit himself to the new conditions which evolution is imposing on him, is it likely that he received revelations up to about two thousand years ago, or let us say up to H. P. B.'s time, and that then the source of inspiration suddenly ran dry? Is it not more reasonable to ascribe to the guiding Intelligence the practical common sense which we expect of a parent, who continues to give to the growing child such lessons as he requires from time to time, instead of hurling the whole philosophy of life at his infant head at once in language which he cannot half understand?

We believe that The Secret Doctrine represents one stage in the evolution of Theosophy; that Theosophy is growing and will continue to grow. We think that new revelations are in order at any time when it suits the Masters of Wisdom to give them and when the growing requirements of man demand them. We feel that it is an unwarranted limitation of Their power and wisdom to assume that everything worth while has been given to the founders of the Theosophical Society. We hold that such an assumption is not only contradicted by history but inconsistent with the general conception of evolution as progress onward and upward forever.

John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight," had not one particle more evidence to present than have those who are today setting forth new ideas in Theosophy. Even when Christ came, did not the Pharisees meet him with the remark: "Who is this man who claims to bring a new revelation? Have we not Moses and the prophets? What do we want with a new religion?" In reading the discussions which are going on today we find ourselves constantly reminded of those estimable and respectable conservatives of old who would have none of John the Baptist and of Christ because Moses had not mentioned them by name.

Of course this proves nothing one way or the other with regard to the new conceptions which some Theosophists accept and others reject. We have nothing whatever to say against those who hold off and adopt a waiting attitude or who find *The Secret Doctrine* sufficient for their spiritual needs. We even think that those who would take the trouble to understand *The New Testament* and to obey it might possibly get along without *The Secret Doctrine*, and that *The New Testament* might be spared if we had enough insight to understand the law and the prophets. None of these are to be judged by what Moses or Christ or Blavatsky were, but by what they are in themselves, by their fitness to forward evolution. Today the test of a new doctrine is not what Blavatsky said or did not say, but whether it meets the higher needs of man. It must be considered in relation to progress as a whole, not with regard to him who announces it. If it is of God it will lead upward, and if it leads upward we may be tolerably sure that it is of God, whether backed up by signs and wonders or not. Candy and Sunday School prizes are given to children to make them "good," and miracles and voices from heaven are needed to make the infant man believe; but it is time that we were able to hear the voice of God even when He whispers in our hearts and appeals to our reason. We do not feel cocksure that either Moses or Blavatsky have said the last word and, while we want to have the fullest argument and discussion, we see no reason why any one who understands that Theosophy means progress should indulge in wailing and gnashing of teeth over the degeneracy of the Theosophical Society.

The belief in the coming of a Great Teacher, possibly a reincarnation of Christ, is one which has aroused much antagonism and even bitterness. We are glad of the criticism, but what strikes us—and we are speaking as an outsider, as a looker-on—is the wholly un-Theosophical attitude of some of the critics. The argument is precisely that of the Pharisees. Moses did not mention John the Baptist or Christ; therefore they are pretenders. Blavatsky did not allude to a Coming Teacher; therefore away with the idea and away with those who teach or accept it. "Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us?"

When the Theosophical Society was founded, social and intellectual conditions were very different from those of today. At that time the great need was to combat the materialism which had come from the rapid growth of science. What men needed was to have pounded into them the fact that there is an invisible world and that a constant spiritual evolution is going on, as well as a material one. The task was difficult enough without looking ahead or adding that which would have disparaged it still more in the eyes of sceptics. One thing at a time. Today that battle is largely won, but it is but one step. The battle for Brotherhood is almost at its beginning. The growing complications in our social relations, the enormous power for monopoly and oppression which recent industrial developments have given to the few, the growing spirit of independence and resentment on the part of those who feel themselves oppressed have made the presentation of a new ideal, or perhaps the more forceful presentation of certain old ones, imperative, As Mrs. Besant says, we are confronted with the alternatives of self-sacrifice or revolution.

The situation is wholly unique. We must either drift into intellectual and social anarchy or all of these forces must be whipped into line; they must be united into one harmonious movement for the realization of Theosophical—and that means Christian—ideals. And now a new idea comes to the front—that of a Great Teacher or Leader who shall extract the kernel from all of these different schools; who shall point out, in language which cannot be misunderstood, the simple underlying principles of all and their practical application; who shall possess the force, the genius, the personal magnetism which will make him heard, respected and, if possible, obeyed.

The idea is an alluring one and it is one which has the sanction of past experience. When the world has needed a leader, whether it be in the field of science or of human relations, that leader has usually appeared-whence it matters not, for practical purposes. Remember how Christ came when the world was sick with the corruption of the Roman Empire; how Copernicus came when astronomy had become a hopeless muddle; how Darwin appeared when biology needed a key to its mysterious relationships; how Blavatsky appeared when the belief in immortality was fast vanishing. We do not doubt that it will be so again. The world is ready for the great Synthesizer, the great spiritual Leader. If the Intelligences which have guided the race are still guiding it, as most Theosophists believe, they will send a new Leader at the opportune moment. This is a hope and an ideal which each may have, even if he does not accept the more extreme views. And it is better, we think, to see with the eyes of John the Baptist than to hold with the Pharisees that there is nothing more in store for us than that which Moses and the prophets have given; it is better to try to prepare oneself through faith, hope and love for a Leader who may fail to appear at the appointed time than to spend one's time in carping over the improbability of His appearance.

If the Theosophical Society is the chosen instrument of the Masters, we think that the pros and cons of the progressives and conservatives are part of its training for leadership in the great work. Leaders are not made by the q. e. d. method; the hint is given, but the scholar who would become a leader must work out the details and the proof for himself. The lack of unanimity among Theosophists is no sign that Theosophy is false or that the Society is not in wise hands. It is the method of the debating society applied to the training of world leaders. Not the least valuable part of such training is that it gives to each the opportunity of proving whether he will do this in the spirit of tolerance and of love, or whether he will show by his intolerance, by his losing his temper and by indulging in vituperation, that he belongs on the lowest bench in the Theosophical Conservatism is right, but conservatism is not necessarily school. Phariseeism, and the spirit of the Pharisee is the very worst claim one can present for belonging to that aristocracy of the soul of which the Masters are the leaders.



From "Little Journeys" by permission of Elbert Hubbard.

THE STORY OF HYPATIA

By Annie Besant

[Written in her early free-thought days, before she became a Theosophist.]



HE sun was sinking down behind the great library of Alexandria and burnishing into dazzling brilliancy the wide blue waters of its bay, as a girl, golden-haired and grey-eyed, sat alone in a large and richly-furnished room, gazing through the pillars at the glancing wavelets of the sea. Beautiful she was, with a grave serenity that lent nity beyond her years and the beauty of face and figure

to her dignity beyond her years, and the beauty of face and figure was set off by the pure white of the trailing gold-edged girdle that clapsed her slim, round waist. Her day-dream was broken by the sound of an approaching foot-fall and she rose as the curtain was lifted and an aged but still vigorous man, white-haired, white-bearded, entered the room and gave gentle greeting to his only child.

"Hast thou thought, my daughter, of the matter whereof we spoke this morning?" he said as he came forward.

"Yes, my father," spoke the girl, in a full soft tone that fell on the ear like a caress. "I am ready to do thy will."

A smile of gratified pride and pleasure irradiated the old man's face, softening the somewhat stern lines of brow and chin.

"It is well, Hypatia," he answered. "So shall my strength lean on thy young, fresh power and my pupils shall learn yet more swiftly from the lips of the brightest ornament of my school."

And then Theon, the famous mathematician who had raised to unrivaled position the noble Platonic school of Alexandria, drew his child down beside him on the soft rich cushions whereon she had been awaiting his coming, and they talked long and earnestly of the morrow's work. For on the morrow Hypatia was to take her place as teacher in the great Platonic school and to face the youth of Alexandria for the first time as preceptress. And well was she fitted for the task; for she was versed in all the knowledge of her day and none could teach her aught in geometry or in astronomy or in the science of the time, and so deeply had she drunk of the springs of "divine philosophy" that she seemed to those who had been her instructors to be Platonism itself incarnate, and it was thought no shame to ask her to teach in the mighty school wherein Ammonius and Hierocles had held sway and to which came students from Greece and from imperial Rome itself.

Truly, Hypatia justified the faith of her father and of her tutors,

for we read that "her fame became so great that the votaries of philosophy crowded to Alexandria from all parts;" and so pure was she, so gentle, yet so proud, that no word of blame or censure was ever heard against her in the market-place or in the baths of Alexandria.

Unhappily, it chanced at that time that the patriarchal chair of Alexandria was filled by a bishop named Cyril, a man haughty and bitterly intolerant. He was surrounded by hordes of savage monks and priests who fanned the gloomy fire of his hatred against all noble learning and scientific thought, and as the fame of Hypatia's learning spread abroad and the youth of Alexandria crowded more and more into her lecture-room, and as some who had been attendants at the churches now gathered in the hall where she taught the Platonic philosophy, Cyril determined in his dark mind that this rival should be destroyed and should no longer be allowed to shed abroad the rays of the pure light of knowledge.

First he tried to convert her to his gloomy faith, for greater than the triumph of slaying her would have been the triumph of immuring her bright, keen brain in the dungeon of superstition and of quenching the glory of her intellect under the extinguisher of faith. But the "load of learning" which she "bore lightly as a flower" made it impossible for her to pass through the narrow barbaric gate of his creed, and the keen dialectic exposed the clumsy sophisms of the monks he sent to convert her. Then he determined that she should die, and calling to him Peter the Reader, a sour and brutal fanatic, he bade him take with him a band of the roughest and wildest of the savage monks and slay "this child of the devil," even as she was returning from her daily task of lecturing in the schools.

So Peter went forth and whispered first to one and then to another, and he told how Hypatia was followed by a devil wherever she went and how this devil gave her her beauty and her cunning tongue, and how she was destroying the souls of the simple Alexandrian people by her blasphemies and her false philosophy. Gradually the throng of monks grew larger and larger and Peter deftly led them to a narrow street through which Hypatia must pass. Many of them had in their hands large oyster shells, for a whisper had gone round that the witch's flesh should be scraped off her bones so that none of her incantations should avail to save her.

And now, see, a young monk comes running swiftly, and gasps as he runs—"She is close at hand." In a moment her chariot appears and the fair face is still glowing with the excitement of oratory and the deep eyes are luminous with the glory of the mind. Now a cry and a surge forward of the crowd and Hypatia's chariot is surrounded by fierce faces and tossing arms and in a moment the horses are stopped, and as she rises, startled, from her seat, the wiry arms of Peter drag the girl down brutally. Her dream is broken, and for the reverent faces of her listeners she sees the fierce swarthy faces of Thebaid monks, and as she glances over the howling crowd not a friendly eve meets hers.

"To the Church! to the Church!" cry the torturers, "and let us offer the witch before the high altar of our God!" Peter rushes onward, dragging the half-fainting girl, and the monks surge onward also, with many a curse and prayer. And now the great Church of Alexandria is reached, and up the aisles, on to the very steps of the high altar, from which the crucified Christ looked down on his worshipers, Peter, panting and furious, dragged his unresisting victim. There for an instant Hypatia shook herself free and looking over the tossing sea of arms and faces opened her mouth as though to speak. Her white robe was stained and soiled with that terrible journey, but her face was sweet and serene and strong and her voice rolled out melodiously over the throng of her foes. But scarcely had the tones rung round the Church, when Peter, fearing that her eloquence might turn the mob from his purpose, yelled out:

"She is a witch! a witch! do not listen to her sorceries. I see the devil at her ear, whispering to her. She is a witch!"

And flinging himself on her, he rent her robe from neck to hem, and tore wildly at her clothes till they fell in ribbons at her feet and the tall white girl's form stood naked, dazzling as snow, before the golden altar—and a cry burst from her lips at last, as she stood thus bare before that brutal throng.

And the great dumb Christ looked on.

Then the monks flew at her and beat her, and wrenched out handfuls of her glorious golden hair and tore her flesh with their nails like wild beasts, and those with shells scraped away her flesh till the bones were visible and all her body was one gaping dreadful wound. Then they tore her limb from limb and cried to bring fire to burn the witch to ashes.

And the great dumb Christ looked on.

At last they gathered wood outside the door and flung the pieces of her body on the pile and set a light to it and sang hymns round the witch's funeral fire until nought but ashes were left, and these they scattered to the wind, and went home rejoicing in their evil work.

That night Cyril slept soundly, for his rival would no longer draw away his hearers, and Peter slept deeply, for he had drunk himself stupid after his crime; but many of the monks had troubled dreams and wondered whether indeed their day's work were a righteous one.

In the dark Church there were pools of blood, and remnants of human flesh and tangled golden hair.

And the great dumb Christ looked on.

-From, The Theosophist, October, 1909.



"Future ages will not deny that I did not fear to die, yielded to none of my fellows in constancy, and preferred a spiritual death to a cowardly life."

On February 17, 1600, Giordano Bruno was led to the stake on the Campo de' Fiori, Rome. Two hundred eighty-nine years after, his countrymen erected on the very spot of his burning, a statue, the upper part of which is shown in this illustration.

GIORDANO BRUNO

By Ada Campbell Chappell



OME of the most splendid examples of men and women in the world have been those connected, directly or indirectly, with the Pythagorean school and I think I am correct in saying that this school has never died out, but has been perpetuated in a continuous line which stretches from the time of Pythagoras down to the present day. A few stars in its assemblage shine out

very clearly in the inky darkness of the Middle Ages, perhaps none so bright or so splendid as that of Giordano Bruno.

It is with great pleasure we have read the recent delightful little book* by Coulson Turnbull on this great philosopher, scientist and martyr. Reading it, we begin to realize more fully the beauty and harmony of law and order as taught by Pythagoras and later by Bruno, and we see how both had to pay the penalty of teaching advanced ideas, the penalty of martydom. Both suffered death by fire, if we accept the story of the burning of the school of Crotona in Italy and of Pythagoras perishing with his pupils.

It is interesting to note that Nola, the village in Italy where Bruno first lived, was remarkable for its courteous and studious inhabitants, that it still retained in the sixteenth century some of the philosophy of Pythagoras, and that living there in Bruno's time were many poets, artists and choice spirits of the Renaissance.

We find that at the age of fifteen Bruno entered a Dominican monastery and there for thirteen years studied, among other subjects, Pythagoras, Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists and, being an original thinker and quite fearless, he quickly got into trouble with his superiors.

Was he a strong Sagittarian ruled by Jupiter? Surely, for we are told of his sharp eye and cutting tongue, of his quickly noting the peculiarities and weaknesses of his brother monks (though this was tempered by his strong sense of humor and love of fun). Sagittarius would also give him the passionate desire for traveling which he had and, above all, for teaching, especially science. His passion for "the truth and nothing but the truth" and his innocence and curious trustfulness of his friends, which led him finally to death, is also indicative of the same sign.

His analytical and scientific temperament made it difficult for *See review in this number of *Life and Teachings of Giordano Bruno*, by Coulson Turnbull. him to listen to indifferent poetry on "the seven sins of Marv." or to endure the continual bowing to the pictures of the saints. It also gave him the faculty of reasoning that he possessed, and we soon find him doubting the doctrine of the Trinity. This immediately ranked him as an iconoclast and dangerous! He varied his scientific writings with comedies and a humorous poem called Noah's Ark, in which the animals quarreled with the donkey for preference, was a very clever satire on the Pope and clergy. This, naturally, did not help matters. Later he wrote The Heroic Enthusiasts, in which he described the struggle of the soul on its upward progress toward purification and freedom; the phrase "the soul dipping into mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms" is very suggestive, in view of the recent pronouncements of science and the broad outline of evolution held by most Theosophists. It is along these lines that the study of Bruno's writings will be helpful at the present time, as science and religion are slowly drawing nearer and any facts which can make the union closer will be of the greatest value.

It is interesting to note that Bruno lectured at Oxford and that one of his subjects was *The Pythagorean Symbols*. Was he not bringing back memories of teachings from his great master of a thousand years before? A while ago Rodin, the great French sculptor, said: "I invent nothing, I rediscover. I do not imitate the Greeks, but I put myself into the spiritual state of the men who carved the statues." No one can study Pythagoras and Plotinus without seeing that Bruno was saturated with their ideas; if we follow Rodin's example and live again with Bruno and his great masters, shall we not rediscover for ourselves the beauty of the Great Law which works in all things and which perhaps we have already been taught many times before?

While in England Bruno met Queen Elizabeth, Lord Bacon, and the beautiful Sir Philip Sydney. He much admired the kind and courteous Englishwomen and seems to have spent the happiest days of his life in that country. Two years ago a thousand students from all parts of the world met at Oxford, and in studying Bruno's teachings in the very place that he had given them were struck with the thought of how tremendously advanced this great man was. After a very stirring lecture upon his ideas, his fearlessness and courage in great danger, a fine picture of him was thrown upon the screen and the whole audience clapped and cheered with enthusiasm (including the writer, who was strangely thrilled); following this we were all taken to the great observatory, where a learned astronomer showing us many charts of the heavens further proved how Bruno had anticipated the great scientists of today.

After leaving Oxford he went to Paris, where he gave a series of lectures on philosophy showing the relationship of ideas to things and things to their creative foundation, strongly emphasizing the unity of the universe and the principles of evolution. "Nothing is lost in the universe; the body may dissolve and become transformed, the soul transmigrate and, drawing around itself atom after atom, reconstruct for itself a new body." After leaving Paris, he went to Wittenburg in Germany and there prophesied that the Germans would lead in science. Perhaps he saw some of their weaknesses when he exclaimed: "May Jupiter grant that the Germans may recognize their strength and aim for the highest." Later on he visited Frankfort-on-Main and Zurich, lecturing with boldness and courage. He published three treatises: *The Three-fold Smallest; The Monad, Number and Form;* and *The Immeasurability of the Innumerable Worlds.*

So absorbed was he in his scientific work that he now took a false step and in innocence and trustfulness accepted a friend's invitation to Venice that led him into a trap which eventually brought about his death, for soon after his arrival in Italy he was put in prison and left there for eight years, with intervals of trials in the courts. His splendid statements about infinite worlds in infinite space and of the divinity in all forms and species caused this imprisonment. "All constellations," he said, "are organisms graded in size and form, each again infinitely graded and compounded." "The last substratum is mathematically the point, physically the atom, metaphysically the monad." "That which in the starry worlds is harmony becomes in the individual virtue and in companies of human beings law. That which is light in the spheres becomes intelligence and science in the world of the spirit and in humanity."

He was intensely scientific, caring nothing for dreams or visions or anything vague or indefinite; he held that "God is the Mind expressing nature, so we can in no higher or worthier way worship Him than by searching for the law which keeps, upholds and reconstructs this universe." "We can better become acquainted with natural laws when we go to the very source of nature's elements, and these are the atoms, the monads, and the minute. In perceiving the law of the minute we cognize nature more fully, as the smallest thinkable is a mirror of the universe." Had Bruno read *The Voice* of the Silence? "Behold how like the moon, reflected in the tranquil waves, Alaya is reflected by the small and by the great, is mirrored in the tiniest atoms, yet fails to reach the heart of all."

Take modern science and we read in Sir Joseph Larmor's latest work: "The positive ion acts as though it contained a charge of electric substance, and since the diameter of the atom is much greater than that of the negative electron, the combination may be likened to a solar system; a positive electron which is larger than a negative electron remaining at the centre like a sun, the dimensions of its sphere of action determining the size of the atom, while the negative electrons revolve around the positive centre and within its sphere of attraction."

One would like to parallel the writings of Pythagoras and Bruno with Bergson, Lamor, Thomson, Sir Oliver Lodge and other scientists. I believe they would illuminate one another much for, as Bruno says: "The aim of all research should be to strive and discover from motion and diversity rest and unity, and that is found by means of mental activity which serves the inner and the most deep." "All things have a part of mind substance and all things are ensouled. Soul is found in all things; there is not the smallest corpuscle which does not comprise this soul-light."

It was for these sublime ideas Bruno was put to death. It seems unthinkable! He suffered, we are sure, for we read in one of his poems:

The soul nor yields, nor bends to these rough blows,

But bears, existing this long martyrdom,

And makes a harmony of these sharp pangs.

On re-reading that most fascinating of Ruskin's books-The Ethics of the Dust—I came across the following, which I cannot help quoting apropos of our line of thought: "A pure or holy state of anything is that in which all its parts are helpful and consistent." "The highest and first law of the universe is life; the name for death is separation. Government and co-operation are in all things and cternally the laws of life; and competition the law of death." Then follows that wonderful passage on the beautiful evolution of the dust we tread under our feet. By co-operation it is led upward and becomes "clay, then a sapphire, an opal, a diamond set in the midst of a star of snow." "The elements of the earth must await the appoint- ϵ d time of their repose or their restoration, brought about by external law, but if there be a nobler life in us than in these strangely moving atoms, it must be shown by each of us in his appointed place, not merely in the patience but in the activity of our hope; not merely by our desire but our labor for the time when the dust of the generations of men shall be confirmed for the foundations of the Gates of the City of God. The human clay now trampled and despised cannot be knit into strength and life by accident; by human cruelty it has been afflicted, by human mercy and justice it must be raised, and in the real message of creation you may find peace if you are resolved to do that which your Lord has plainly required-'to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with' Him.'

It is a far cry from the great Pythagoras, 500 B. C., and Bruno, 1500 A. D., to Ruskin, 1900 A. D., but our lives would be deeper, nobler, wider, if we could keep in living touch with the great souls who have done so much for humanity. The life of our President,

OUR BROTHER, THE PRISONER

Mrs. Besant, and Bruno have many parallels. Both used scientific methods to prove their position regarding the religion of the day; both were born teachers and leaders; both have more or less defied orthodoxy and the authorities; both have tried to show the world that God is in all things, that "all obey his first propulsion"; both have been willing to suffer for the Truth; both have proclaimed that "God is in every blade of gress, in every grain of sand, and in every atom that floats in the sunshine."



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By Edwin B. Catlin



HERE, but for the grace of God, go I," said an eminent poet-philosopher on passing one of a chain-gang who was at work on a London street. This reflection of John Bunyan is worthy of more than passing notice. The majority of persons will admit its force, admire its depth of sympathy and acknowledge that it is a true expression of human fortune, remember-

ing that "the grace of God" is latent in every human being and needs only proper development for its complete manifestation. Each day we see some one whose manner, whose gentleness, appeals to us and whom we instinctively, or intuitively, know is better than we are. Similarly, each day we see some one whom we immediately place on a rung lower than that which we occupy, or think we occupy. It requires all kinds of persons to make a world and "one man in his time plays many parts."

William Allan Pinkerton, one of the world's foremost detectives, a man who for more than fifty years has been engaged in the business of catching law-breakers, was recently asked the question: "How do criminals differ from other folks?" His reply, in part, was: "They don't. Criminals are just like other folks. I have reached certain conclusions which do not agree with the theories of some eminent scientists nor altogether harmonize with the teachings of sociological schools. No one can study criminals at close range and believe in and steered for the shore, where they landed and passed the night in restful sleep. Early the next morning they arose feeling much refreshed and, finding themselves provided with new boats, they immediately resumed their journey.

Thus they continued for many days meeting with a great variety of strange adventures but, ever remembering their Father's warning, they always steered clear of those obstacles that seemed to threaten danger. At last they arrived at the confluence of the two great streams forming the positive and negative poles of the River of Life, where they were joined together to form the River of Death.

Little Oba, who was generally in the lead, immediately turned the prow of his boat into the strange river and, seizing his oars, began rowing against the current. "It is great fun!" he called out, and the rest of the children, following his example, at once seized their oars and also began diligently applying themselves to the task of stemming the current of the new stream. Their little arms were indeed weak, but then the current against which they contended was very gentle and they found no great difficulty in overcoming all obstacles during the first few days of their journey upon the great river that was to lead them back to their Father. Little Oba had already detected a difference in the water, for he was always on the lookout for signs that would give assurance that they were on the right course. "The water is growing brighter and clearer each day," he declared.

But there were some who doubted this. Montie and Dan, especially, shook their heads and murmured that a mistake had been made; that the water appeared to be no clearer than when they first entered the stream; besides, the current was growing very swift and difficult to stem. Neverthless, when the next morning came Montie and Dan were bright and cheerful and ready to continue the journey. They applied themselves diligently to their oars and soon led all the rest; even Oba could not keep up with them. But after a while they began to grow tired and to rest upon their oars and, whenever they rested, the current would carry them back, so that in a short time they were once again abreast of Oba and the rest of their comrades.

"Let us all stop and take a long rest," said Montie; "then we will feel stronger and can continue our journey."

But Oba shook his head disapprovingly. "We must not stop," said he, "for if we do the current will carry us back and we shall lose all that we have gained."

The brightness had by this time left the faces of Montie and Dan. They no longer tried to keep abreast of their comrades, but soon fell far in the rear. "We are wasting our effort," said Montie. "This is not the river that Father told us about. He would not have sent us up such a river as this; it is too swift."

For a moment Dan was silent and looked serious; then he burst

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William Allan Pinkerton, one of the world's foremost detectives, a man who for more than fifty years has been engaged in the business of catching law-breakers, was recently asked the question: "How do criminals differ from other folks?" His reply, in part, was: "They don't. Criminals are just like other folks. I have reached certain conclusions which do not agree with the theories of some eminent scientists nor altogether harmonize with the teachings of sociological schools. No one can study criminals at close range and believe in

the existence of a 'criminal class,' regardless of what Lombroso and his disciples may claim. If there were a criminal class, sharply defined as such and differentiated from the rest of the human race by ascertainable characteristics, then it must follow that there would be a non-criminal class comprising the rest of the human race and as sharply distinguished as the supposed criminal class. Humanity is not thus divided into criminals and non-criminals. There is but one classification that can be made-the class of those who have committed crimes and the class of those who have not yet committed crimes. Within certain limits, varying with the individual, every human being is a potential criminal. On the other hand, however, every criminal is potentially an honest man and with the right kind of encouragement from society will remain honest by preference. It is my observation of hundreds of criminals whose reformation has been complete and permanent that makes this conclusion a definite one."

It is this capacity of humanity to turn from evil ways to methods of life which society recognizes as right and proper that really proves the conclusion that crime is an accident to which a moment's carelessness may subject any living person. If these criminals who have reformed had belonged to a different order of humanity from those who have so far been fortunate enough not to have yielded to the impulse of crime, how could they have become members of the order to which we profess to belong?

We speak of prisoners and of those who have been confined in prison as if they were persons apart, with looks different from our looks, expressing qualities different from our qualities. Our careless habit of speaking in this way has led us into the habit of thinking and acting accordingly. With rare exceptions, prisoners and exprisoners are not different from other people except in so far as we have made them different by branding them with shame and by making them carry that brand from prison back into the world, where it may sink deeper into the flesh; the sufferings of prisoners are not endured merely in prison, they are continued sometimes in that larger prison of the world outside that we build with our prejudice and animosity.

It must be remembered that sin is only a violation of immutable law, while crime is a degree of sin which amounts to a violation of man-made law, and the latter frequently decrees that one man shall go to prison—be forever without the pale of respectability as a consequence—while another shall go free, because the first stepped over an arbitrary dead-line. Those who spend part of their lives in prison are only a small fraction of the wrong-doers in the world. They are the convicted offenders against the penal code, usually offenders against property. Behind this class stands a great host of offenders against the penal code; those who, through the use of money or through influence generally related to money, have escaped punishment. Standing behind this host is a still greater one-the offenders whose wrong-doing does not happen to conflict with the penal code. If it were possible for us to scrutinize the faces of this great throng of offenders outside the prison walls of the world, it is possible that we might find among them faces that we would recognize as our own and then we should clearly understand why those whom we call prisoners and ex-prisoners are not essentially different from ourselves. As Theosophists we do not minimize the wrongs that our brothers in prison or out of prison have committed, but we know that men in prison are very much like men outside. About all the difference between many who are in prison and ourselves is the wall that separates All prisoners are not criminals, neither are all criminals prisonus. ers. We are all prisoners in the prison-house of ignorance; this world is the battle-field where we must fight and win or go down to defeat, and where over and over we all in some sense meet defeat. We are all daily overcome in the struggle to think no evil and be kind in action, even under the happiest environment; then why should we condemn any one who has gone down under a great temptation? No man is good enough to judge and condemn another.

According to the teachings of Theosophy, the ways are many, the end is one. With our limited understanding it is difficult for us to comprehend that what we call vice and evil may be steps on the ladder of progress. Some may be doing things we call wrong and bad, but may it not be the working out of the good? Ignorance leads to pain, but it also leads to bliss. There is a great truth underlying the old adage, "The greater the sinner, the greater the saint." The person of medium or average talents can neither be greatly good nor greatly bad; there is not enough of him for more than petty virtues or petty vices. As is pointed out in one of Mrs. Besant's books: "The strength of the desire-nature in a man is the measure of his capacity for progress, the measure of the motor-energy whereby that man can press onwards along the way. The strength of a man's reaction on his environment is the measure of his power to modify it, to change, to conquer it." With this in mind, a number of us have come to the following conclusion concerning what many call the "criminal class":

They have all along been developing characteristics that the majority of us might well envy—will-power, courage, fearlessness of consequences, carelessness of people's opinion, one-pointedness—all those characteristics which, turned in the right direction, will carry them on swiftly. Who of us can tell how near they may be to the Path through these very (what we would call) faults? It seems to us from what we have learned during the past few years from actual contact with these men that some of them, at least, are on the Path, for they have made all the hard turns. For centuries it has been the effort of organized society to kill out the "motor-energy," which should not be destroyed but which should be used to transmute the lower desires into those which mark the higher evolution of man. The road of human evolution is a long one—let us remember to be kind on the way.

Under present conditions many discharged or paroled prisoners are discouraged from making a sustained effort to redeem themselves because of the attitude of the police. Frequently men entirely innocent of wrong-doing are arrested and locked up indefinitely, sometimes taken from their work, because they are ex-prisoners and therefore, according to the police, legitimate prey for the drag-net. Sometimes the police learn that an ex-prisoner is holding a trusted and responsible position, concealing his past, and promptly expose him. They justify themselves on the ground that the ex-prisoner is simply awaiting an opportunity to abscond with whatever large sum he can gain access to. One ex-prisoner molested by the police when he is striving to do right confirms a hundred men in living lives of crime. The police drive many men to crime—unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less surely—many of whom make the effort to escape such a life but are overwhelmed by the might which is not right; in some cases they are not only the victims of police distrust and suspicion, but of persecution and even blackmail. In Japan it is an offense cognized by the courts to interfere with an ex-prisoner or in any manner retard or discourage his efforts at rehabilitation. The Prison Work Bureau aspires to be the forerunner of a similar spirit in this country. Let us see to it that nothing harms the man who continues to do what is right.

Our prisons should be so conducted that a prisoner would think of the penitentiary as a place in which he is to be saved, in which he is to be redeemed and not as a place of punishment, and when released he should be given a chance to earn an honest living at an employment befitting his talents or special line of work if he has a trade. An accountant should not be expected to celebrate his return to the activities of the outside world by digging a sewer, nor should a tradesman be given a dump-cart to drive.

When a prisoner's term expires, the State gives him a cheap suit of clothes and five dollars in money as a new start in life. He is then turned out to drift like a bit of jetsam on the dark tide of life—and yet statistics show that eighty-five per cent of paroled men make good. How in the world do they do it? Truly, the days of miracles are not ended!

It would be beyond the scope of the present paper to relate all that the Prison Bureau has done or proposes to do for our brothers who are temporarily in duress, but one of its objects is to teach them to think right, to teach them that they are not lost, that there is another chance, and still another and another. Even for those in prison whose return to the life of the outer world may never come about, there is still another opportunity. We believe this is a good substitute for the all too common belief that if one misses his chance there is nothing more to hope or strive for. The one offers an incentive to effort, the other makes all striving seem a vain and foolish waste of energy. We try to teach the brother in prison that some one cares, that some one has confidence in him, that some one is waiting to extend a hand of welcome back to the world outside.

To no class of people do we consider that Theosophy should appeal more than to prisoners; it gives them fresh hope, fresh chances of repairing what before has seemed irreparable, and through the teachings of this philosophy many a man has come out from behind prison walls determined to change his life and has done a noble work. in the world, for it has given him a reasonable basis upon which to work. We rarely find prisoners objecting to the theory of reincarnation on the ground of lack of remembrance of past lives. It is not to be wondered at that the belief that they will be reborn in a fresh body, with the memory of the past obliterated and the future a clean sheet for them to write upon, is a great stimulus to those who know that in this life they will be held down, to some extent, by the world's knowledge of their acts and the constant suggestion to crime which such memory engenders. They accept with joy the teaching that they will come back and have a fresh start, their experiences transmuted into faculties. They realize that they must reap the fruit of their own sowing yet, if they learn the lesson and take their evolution into their own hands, there is nothing in heaven or earth that can stop them, for each one is a spark of God and in each one lies latent Godlike powers. Not all souls are ready for this teaching, but to one who grasps it will it prove a light on the darkened pathway and an incentive to true and noble living.

If the Theosophical view that brotherhood is a great fact in nature were more generally accepted and put into practice, the path of the man who wishes to reform would be made easier. People everywhere are beginning to realize this brotherhood and in all our prisons there is an effort to provide better conditions and more humane treatment for the inmates. The best way to teach the truth and the fact of brotherhood is to *live* brotherhood. So let those of us who really believe in it say that our definite work for universal brotherhood shall be this: To help our brother who has been cast into prison—to help his mind, his body, his heart.

[For information regarding the Prison Work Bureau, address Mr. Edwin B. Catlin, Standard Office, Anaconda, Montana.]

THE CRUISE OF LIFE

By Lawrence Broadwell



HE Great Father of the world looked down upon His children with infinite love and compassion. "My children," said He, "I am now going to send you forth upon a long journey. Hitherto you have been a part of Myself, but it is necessary for you to undergo the separate experiences that this journey will give you, in order that you may become great and

wise and strong. I have made for each one of you a little boat, and in these boats I will send you out upon a great stream called the River of Life.

"You will be gone from me many days and will meet with many strange adventures, but you will come back to Me safely in due time if you will but hearken to what I say. When you find yourselves fairly launched upon the bosom of the great river, you should steer your little crafts out into the centre of the stream and allow yourselves to move along gently with the current. Be ever on your guard, so that you can steer clear of any rocks or snags that may threaten to capsize you.

"When night comes on, you must run your boats in to the shore where you will find the water always peaceful and quiet, and where you can easily land. You must then turn your crafts adrift upon the stream, for by this time they will have become unfit for further use, and then lie down upon the shore and sleep for the night.

"In the morning when you awaken you will find new boats awaiting you, the name of each carved upon the one which he is to occupy. You will then continue the journey just as you did the day before, and once more when night comes on you must again go ashore for rest and sleep. Thus you will continue your journey for many, many days.

"As you proceed, you will perceive that the water of the great stream is not so clear and sparkling as when you first set forth upon its broad bosom and that each day it is growing darker and more turbulent. You will pass many small rivers that empty their turgid waters into the main stream, but you must pay no heed to these. You will come to where a large river joins the one upon which you have been traveling and the two together form an immense stream, larger than any that you have ever seen. But this larger river, formed by the confluence of the two, is not the River of Life; it is called the River of Death.

"You must not venture into the treacherous currents of this most dangerous stream, for it will carry you into a desolate swamp where there is sickness and pain and where there are many hideous monsters waiting to devour you. If strangers should at this point appear before you and tell you that the proper course to pursue is to continue with the current of the larger stream, you must not believe them but must turn the prow of your boats in a new direction and begin ascending the strange river which, together with the one upon whose bosom you have been drifting, form the positive and negative poles of the great River of Life.

"Up to this time you will have merely steered your little crafts and drifted with the current, but you must now take up your oars and begin to row. If as you ascend the stream you find that the water is growing clearer and more sparkling, it is a sure sign that you have made no mistake. As you ascend the stream you will find that the current against which you row is growing swifter, but each morning when you awaken from sleep you will feel stronger than the day before and will find that the new boats with which you have been provided for the day's journey are lighter and more easily handled. Do not become discouraged and rest on your oars, for if you do the current will carry you back and you will lose all that you have gained.

"The way may seem long and toilsome and many times in weariness you may be tempted to give up the struggle, but by pressing steadily on you will find that there are no obstacles insurmountable and when you at last arrive at the source of the stream you will find Me there, awaiting you.

"Hearken to My words, therefore, and fear not, for if you follow My directions faithfully you will accomplish your journey with much profit to yourselves and arrive at your final destination in safety."

"We will remember your words, Father, and will do as you say," the children called out, as the Great Loving Father launched the little crafts and sent them with their precious burdens out upon the great River of Life.

At first the children were much awed when they found themselves alone upon the strange river, but the surface of the water was so placid and the current so gentle that they soon became reassured and their confidence in themselves was much strengthened when they realized that each was the individual master of his own craft. All day long they drifted peacefully upon the gently moving current, but when evening came on they remembered their Father's injunction and steered for the shore, where they landed and passed the night in restful sleep. Early the next morning they arose feeling much refreshed and, finding themselves provided with new boats, they immediately resumed their journey.

Thus they continued for many days meeting with a great variety of strange adventures but, ever remembering their Father's warning, they always steered clear of those obstacles that seemed to threaten danger. At last they arrived at the confluence of the two great streams forming the positive and negative poles of the River of Life, where they were joined together to form the River of Death.

Little Oba, who was generally in the lead, immediately turned the prow of his boat into the strange river and, seizing his oars, began rowing against the current. "It is great fun!" he called out, and the rest of the children, following his example, at once seized their oars and also began diligently applying themselves to the task of stemming the current of the new stream. Their little arms were indeed weak, but then the current against which they contended was very gentle and they found no great difficulty in overcoming all obstacles during the first few days of their journey upon the great river that was to lead them back to their Father. Little Oba had already detected a difference in the water, for he was always on the lookout for signs that would give assurance that they were on the right course. "The water is growing brighter and clearer each day," he declared.

But there were some who doubted this. Montie and Dan, especially, shook their heads and murmured that a mistake had been made; that the water appeared to be no clearer than when they first entered the stream; besides, the current was growing very swift and difficult to stem. Neverthless, when the next morning came Montie and Dan were bright and cheerful and ready to continue the journey. They applied themselves diligently to their oars and soon led all the rest; even Oba could not keep up with them. But after a while they began to grow tired and to rest upon their oars and, whenever they rested, the current would carry them back, so that in a short time they were once again abreast of Oba and the rest of their comrades.

"Let us all stop and take a long rest," said Montie; "then we will feel stronger and can continue our journey."

But Oba shook his head disapprovingly. "We must not stop," said he, "for if we do the current will carry us back and we shall lose all that we have gained."

The brightness had by this time left the faces of Montie and Dan. They no longer tried to keep abreast of their comrades, but soon fell far in the rear. "We are wasting our effort," said Montie. "This is not the river that Father told us about. He would not have sent us up such a river as this; it is too swift."

For a moment Dan was silent and looked serious; then he burst

into a laugh. "What will Oba and the rest of them say when they learn of their mistake?"

At this moment a voice was borne to them over the waters, bidding them to come on. It was the voice of Oba, who was almost out of sight.

"Let them go on," said Montie. "When they learn of their mistake they will come back and join us."

"Let us turn our boats and row down the stream for a way to see how it is, just for a change," said Dan. They immediately turned the prows of their boats down the river and for a few minutes rowed vigorously and were delighted to see how easily and swiftly they could move along with the current. Then they began splashing water upon one another, and laughed in great glee. "This is fine," said Montie.

For a long time they allowed themselves to drift, enjoying each moment and each moment finding some new form of diversion. But as the afternoon waned they began to feel uneasy. "We ought to overtake Oba and the rest, so that we can all pass the night together, and then we can tell them how foolish it is to go on," said Dan. Dan was rather surprised at Montie's hasty acceptance of this view and, actuated by a common impulse, they once more began the ascent of the stream.

All the afternoon they applied themselves diligently to their oars in the hope that they might overtake their comrades, but when darkness came on they were compelled to go ashore and spend the night alone. When they arose the next morning their joints were stiff and sore and for the first time they did not feel like beginning their day's toil.

Mechanically they got into their boats and once more began the toilsome ascent of the stream, but they were much surprised and chagrined to learn that their boats were heavier and far more unwieldy and difficult to manage than any that they had ever had before. Long before midday they had grown tired and were once again resting on their oars, while their boats drifted down the stream.

Thus they continued to act for many days. Each morning, with a heavier and more cumbersome boat than the day before, they would resolutely bend to their oars, determined to overtake Oba and the rest of their former comrades, but before long they would grow tired and give up the struggle and during the rest of the day they would drift, losing far more than they had gained. At length they drifted down to the mouth of the stream where it joined on to the great River of Death. Here they paused for a while to consider their situation. Way down deep in their hearts they felt that they had made a great mistake, but they were not sure. Perhaps the river that their Father had told them about was farther down; they determined to try to find it and if they failed they would come back and again.take up the course which they were now about to abandon.

Thus resolved, they at once steered their crafts out into the main current of the stream. They had not gone very far when they perceived that the whole aspect of the river had changed to one of wild turbulence. The swiftly flowing water hissed and foamed up on every side, revealing innumerable treacherous currents, and their faces blanched with fear when they realized that they were being borne forward into a maelstrom of unnamed horrors. Filled with terror, they seized their oars and began plying them with all the vigor and skill that they could command, but despite their utmost efforts they were unable to stem the awful tide that bore them irresistibly down into a swirling vortex, where they were buffeted about by the jagged rocks and their lives almost crushed out. It seemed almost an age before they passed out of this seething maelstrom, but at last they came to where the river ran swiftly in a smooth bed and the jagged rocks were left behind.

Steering toward the shore, they began looking for a place where they might safely disembark, but were struck with renewed horror when they perceived great shaggy monsters peering forth from behind trees and massive boulders, ready and anxious to pounce upon them the moment they ventured upon the shore. Each moment seemed to bring them face to face with some new and unexpected horror until the shadows of night began to fall and, utterly exhausted beyond further endurance, they lashed their boats together, abandoned themselves to the unknown perils that lay before them and sank into a deep sleep.

The sun had already risen when Dan was suddenly awakened by a confused mingling of strange sounds that caused him to spring to his feet and look about. The first thing that impressed itself upon his mind was the strangely altered appearance of the landscape that everywhere greeted his vision. The great river upon whose bosom he and Montie had experienced their adventures of the day before had separated into innumerable channels that spread out over an immense, desolate swamp in which were vast stretches of reeds and intersecting forests. A heavy miasmic odor seemed to fill the air, which was dank and stifling, whilst weird and blood-chilling sounds seemed to issue from both forest and bog. He then for the first time noticed that the boats in which he and Montie had passed the night were no longer moving upon the water but had lodged against an island, where they were firmly held by reeds and interlacing vines.

Calling out softly to awaken Montie, he was startled and the blood almost froze in his veins as a great hairy monster rose up in Montie's boat and with strangely working features began regarding him with malevolent eyes. "Oh, who are you, and what has become of Montie?" Dan wailed out, his heart filled to bursting with a great influx of bitterness that was almost more than he could bear.

For a moment the uncouth-looking creature regarded Dan strangely, then burst into a hideous laugh. "You ask what has become of Montie," he said, "but may I ask what has become of Dan? Last night when I fell asleep my brother Dan was lying by my side and now in the morning when I awaken I find in his place an ugly, hairy monster of flesh and bones."

A pang like that of a knife-thrust seemed for a moment to paralyze Dan; then, gaining a little courage, he ventured to look down at his own body and saw that it was covered with long hair and that he appeared not unlike some of the shaggy, ape-like creatures that he had seen peering at him from behind trees and boulders the day before. Looking over the side of his boat, he for a moment studied the features that he saw reflected in the water; then, as if impelled by a common impulse, they both sprang ashore and for a moment regarded each other with dilating eyes. A series of hysterical laughter arose and was carried away upon the miasmic-laden breeze, followed by blood-curdling cries that caused even the saurians in the adjacent bog to cease their bellowing; then the two hairy monsters separated and, running in opposite directions, quickly disappeared from view in the underbrush of the forest.

Hundred Barris and Ba

Bring all you have and all you are, lay it at the feet of the Master of the Wisdom; He will open the gateway, He will guide you along the Path. But dream not that words are heard in that high atmosphere where the Master lives and breathes; only high thoughts can reach Him, only noble acts can speak the thoughts you have conceived; for voice there is the life that is lived, and only the life that speaks of sacrifice can claim the teaching at His hands.

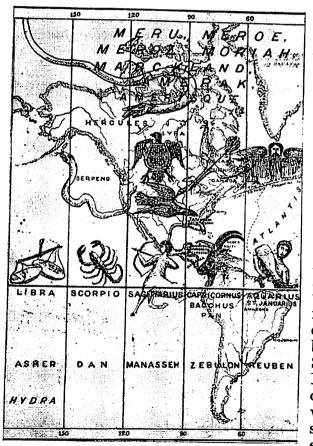
For ever the barrier between the spiritual and the physical does not lie in the spiritual world; it lies in the physical world, the habitation of mortal men; for the life of the spirit which exists in forthgiving is ever striving to pour itself into our mortal world, but we erect barriers, we create obstacles, we hinder the free flow of that beneficent, that glorious life. Only as we build up in ourselves the spiritual vessels that are able to receive it, will the old stream of spiritual life pour forth again abundantly upon our world, not only on individuals who prepare themselves for its reception, but on the great masses of those who follow the religions of the world, on the great masses of all who seek to make their life serviceable to their generation, to the world in which they are. —Annie Besant.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE CELT

THE POPULAR MYTH REGARDING THE NON-EXIST-ENT ANGLO-SAXON RACE—ROMANTIC STORY CON-NECTING ENGLISH ROYALTY WITH KING DAVID— WHO ARE ANGLO-SAXONS?—THE CELT EVER TO THE FRONT.

By Darye Hope

I N applying the celestial map to the map of the earth* (the meridian of Alcyone corresponding with that of the "witness" in the land of Egypt) it is found that the Eagle shadows the United States. With regard to the arrows of Sagittarius held in the talons of the



eagle, the Most High promised that He would till his bow with Ephraim, and here is a well-defined test as to whether this country has been filled, or even approximately rooted as a nation from and by England and, consequently, whether the bare exoteric meaning of the scripture quoted can apply.

That this is so is a firm article of faith with many persons other than those holding to the British-Israelite theory, though with the latter it is a fundamental belief. One of the last articles penned by the late William T. Stead, b e f o r e he left England on that fateful ocean voyage when he went down in the steamship Titanic, had reference to the fact that the

present King of England and Queen Mary are firm believers in the *See complete map on page 572, The Theorophic Messenger, July, 1912. alleged genealogical tree that connects them with King David of Bible history. The Queen, it appeared, was educated into a firm adherence to that idea by her mother, the late Duchess of Teck. But Mr. Stead might have gone much farther, for the late Queen Victoria was an enthusiastic believer in the same thing and also, in a somewhat cynical way, was the late King Edward.

In the year 1899 a short cablegram, which I now have before me, appeared in the American press in which it was set out that Queen Victoria had sent to her favorite grandson, Emperor William of Germany, a genealogical tree purporting to show his lineage back to King David. At that time, too, it was a matter of common knowledge that many people, both in court circles and among the better informed of the English people, that somehow, sometime, Prince David, eldest son of the Duke of York, would ascend the throne of the Empire. The name David is not one of the English royal patronymics, but was given in obedience to the wish of Queen Victoria. As events turned out the then Prince of Wales died. The Düke of York was next in line and in due course succeeded to the throne, to be followed by the present Prince of Wales, erstwhile known as Prince David. If a King David should indeed rule over the scattered empire of Great Britain and rule as Emperor of India, the romance of such a status would doubtless appeal to many people altogether apart from any underlying meaning that such a coronation might indicate. Perhaps it may be unnecessary to say that David is a pure Celtic name.

All the world knows the repeated trouble in which the Emperor of Germany has become involved by reason of his direct claim to rule by "Divine right." But, bearing in mind the belief he holds in common with that of his late grandmother and others of her family, it may be appreciated that his pertinacity in asserting autocratic rule is not without what may appear to him justification. It is apparent that, with all the advantages that hedge royalty about, what appears at first glance as a very far-fetched belief would not be embraced without forceful reasons. What these were it would require a library of books to set forth, for the literature bearing upon the subject was for a time quite profuse. The crux of the matter rests, however, on a certain series of incidents alleged to have actually taken place on this physical plane as narrated, and beginning with the patriarch Jacob. It is worth noting, too, that the chronology of Bishop Usher is adhered to, even though scholarly theology has repudiated it.

A BIBLICAL ROMANCE

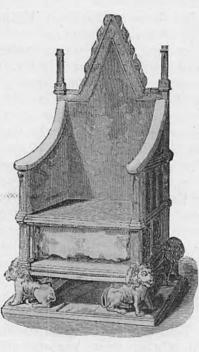
When Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abram (no Brahman —therein appears to lie the key to the origin of the Hebrew race) lay down to sleep on the star-lit planes of Judea that memorable night

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when traveling from Beersheba to Haran in search of a wife, he had a most momentous and far-reaching dream. He saw the angels of God ascending and descending a ladder that reached to heaven, and there Jehovah came to him and made the promise that the land whereon he lay should be assured to him and his descendants. Jacob took the stone that had served as a pillow and set it up for a pillar, poured oil upon it, vowed a vow and called the place Bethel.

The patriarch is had this experiand, when Israel monarchistic in-Israelitish kings (1085-1015 B.C.) 578 B. C.) are been crowned upthat Jacob set up Haran, and that be identical with fitted into the rov-Westminster Abthe English kings the coronation the union of Scotland.

Of course all tion, but a vast collateral evidence tain the claim put it being very character, the con-



averred to have ence 1716 B. C. was moved by clinings, all the from David to Zedekiah (599claimed to have on this very stone on the plain of is today claimed to the stone which is al chair of state in bey upon which have sat during ceremonies since land with Eng-

this is mere assermass of curious is adduced to susforward although, largely Biblical in struction placed

upon such extracts are to the ordinary mind somewhat delusive. The strongest bit of testimony, however, is brought forward from profane history—from the old records of Ireland when that fateful land was enveloped in myth and legend.

In these old dusty records it is learned that about 585 B. C. a most notable man came to Ulster, accompanied by one who was described as the "daughter of a king." The girl was exceedingly beautiful, the old man very wise, and with them were certain companions, the party bringing with them some very curious articles. Among these was the "Lia-Fail," or "Stone of Destiny," an Ark (in certain manuscripts termed "a cauldron"—an equivalent in Theosophical parlance for "seed-vessel").

A certain class of scholarly investigators contend that this old man was none other than the prophet Jeremiah and his fair ward Tea-Tephi, daughter of Zedekiah, the last of the kings of Judah. At the fall of Jerusalem, Zedekiah was put to death and the Jews carried into Babylonish captivity, but Jeremiah was preserved, inasmuch as he had predicted in favor of the conquerors and naturally it might be surmised that he would find favor at their hands. In *Jeremiah* xliii. it may be read how he and Baruch, his secretary, the king's daughters, and numbers of women and children were taken down into Egypt, and that is the last to be learned of the prophet in the Bible narrative. In that same narrative we read a list of the treasures taken from the temple by Nebuzar-adan, the Babylonish commander-inchief of the besieging forces, and in this enumeration all the vessels appear to be accounted for save the Urim and Thummim and the Ark. Josephus also enumerates the articles taken, but he also is dumb regarding the Ark. Why, it is asked, this silence regarding the most precious of the Temple treasures?

Upon being taken to Egypt the Princesses, it is claimed, resided in the Palace of Tephanes, which palace, by the way, was discovered by Dr. Petrie, the archeologist, in 1886. From Egypt the prophet traveled to Ireland and, in order to maintain the seed royal, married Tea-Tephi to Eochaid II., but only after extracting a promise that Baalism be purged from the country. Tephi was crowned Queen on the "Lia-Fail"—Jacob's stone— and it then became the property of the royal house, and to all the rulers of Ireland down to Fergus I. it passed. Fergus took it over to Scotland.

Meantime Eochaid (or, as some have it, Heremon of Tara) had his people accept the new religion brought by the strangers, a college for prophets was established and the name of the capital was changed from that of Lothair Croffinn to Tara, a word which in Hebrew— Taura—means "The Law of Two Tables." Jeremiah is thus credited with having given the first law to Ireland. The Mur-ollamain (Hebrew for College of Ollams, or School of the Prophets) must have done wonderful work, for the College of Armach alone could at one time boast of seven thousand students.

From this Tephi, the "Princess from the East," a direct and unbroken ancestry, it is said, can be traced to Fergus I. and from Fergus I. of Scotland the same line continues to the time of James I. when the "stone" was brought to England at the time of the union and thence on the line continues unbroken down to the present time. It is true that the Georges seem to make a break, but the first king of that name married the granddaughter of King James I., and so the line was preserved intact. So the story runs.

And the sum total of this strange and romantic series of incidents is to bolster up the claim that Great Britain and the United States of America are the two Israelitish tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh —Isaac's sons, otherwise Sac-Suni, from which word is said to be derived the denominative "Saxons." The word "Sacae" is derived

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from the old Scythians, and there are historians who aver that the Ten Tribes were called Sacca-Suna, or sons of Isaac, in various countries in and adjacent to Asia Minor. And today, from longcontinued custom and without any foundation other than that afforded by a co-mingling of astro-cosmological myths with a certain basis of historic fact, the changes are rung upon the Anglo-Saxon race, not only as populating the larger part of the British Empire but as being also distinctive of the varied peoples of this Melting-Pot of America.

But the facts that appear in the background of this wide and, as it has always appeared to the writer, most boastful claim are sufficiently suggestive to make one pause and think over the wondrous working out of the plans of the hierarchies in bringing to pass sundry combinations under the operation of the correlative laws of reincarnation and karma.

SEPARATION VERSUS SYNTHESIS

Theosophical students are fully aware how, under the Divine Kings, the child souls of early times were guided through their emotional nature, their reverence and devotion being easily aroused and used as a means to lead them along the path of co-operation in a thoughtless and almost automatic manner. But the time came when a long step in advance had to be made. Man had to learn to stand alone, and another step within this greater one may be noted in the episode set out in the allegory of the Tower of Babel.

Man, it is said, tried to build a tower reaching up to the heavens, but a curse* was laid upon them by God, so that they all began to speak in different tongues. Mutual interchange in building operations had to cease. The desire of the people was thus defeated, and we may read into the after events what actually took place:

Man, musing on the objects of sense, conceiveth an attachment to these; from attachment ariseth desire; from desire anger cometh forth.

From anger proceedeth delusion; from delusion confused memory; from confused memory the destruction of reason; from destruction of reason he perishes. Bhagavad Gita, 2: 62, 63.

In the time of these pre-historic races it may be that man held the hope that he would reach the goal without a fall—that gently he would be led along the path he had followed up to that time. But humanity was organized as a mass of weak, unthinking, irresponsible units, held together merely by the knowledge and will of the few strong souls—the Divine Kings and Heroes. The destiny of humanity was writ in larger characters. Voluntary co-operation of strong, free units meeting in spontaneous willingness to work and love for the common good—a solidarity gladly embraced as the one

*To pronounce a curse is to declare the karma of the individual or race,

law of cosmic life and deliberately adopted as the common basis for organization and association in all the affairs of life by free-thinking, free-willed men and women—this is what is to be. To outward seeming the same thing as in the prehistoric time adverted to but oh, how different!

And so when the curse fell, their desires riveted in the objects of sense were defeated and discontent and the variations of anger arose. Inevitably delusion followed; for everything that goes awry everyone has his or her own particular explanation, colored by desire and inflamed by passion. In such a carnival of discontent, peoples with incipient reasoning power at best could only disperse, break up into cliques, tribes, aggregations of disjointed fragments of what had been a homogeneous mass of undeveloped but—within limitations coherent humanity.

The breaking up of language into endlessly diverging dialects reflects and symbolizes the advent and early springtide of the analytical, separative mind of man. Now, today, the same mind has mastered some of nature's laws and is using them to break down the barriers of language, to bring people close together by means of steamships, telegraphy and air communication, and seeks to break down the multitudinous and varied kinds of separative barriers which occupied the attention of humanity in building up. French, the language of diplomacy; German, the language of science; Italian, the language of song; Spanish, the language of love; and English, the language of commerce, have each had their trial. From the pressure of competition English has become to a certain extent a necessity and has outstripped other languages, but it presents almost insurmountable difficulties to the members particularly of the Latin races. How, when and where is language to be synthesized and an easy and appropriate medium offered for drawing the bonds of international sympathy closer? Esperanto is a long step in this direction and some of the European nations have taken up the study with avidity, while in some others it is being taught in the public schools. As might be expected, the average Britisher or American, with that egoistic selfsufficiency that is one of his distinguishing features, does not enthuse over this new synthetic language and ventures into the realm of prophecy by averring that English is the coming language-because commerce (the worship of the Golden Calf) is the cult of this present-day world and English is its sacred language.

Esperanto means the "language of hope," and though there are those who object to its use for a variety of reasons—none of which apparently have any very deep or valid foundation—the most common objection, that of its artificiality, seems to be probably the least forceful of any offered. All language is artificial, natural though "sound" may be; and here is, it seems, where the chief objection is aimed—at the lack of that evolutionary development of a national language.

But this objection to a new synthetic language is only in the seeming, not in the fact. The power of language—the mantric value, as a writer has pointed out—lies in its roots, "more or less permanently associated with certain ideas or world-powers, *not* in the ever-shifting inflections and complicated terminals stuck on."* Now the roots of Esperanto are by no means new. They are borrowed, with a view to simplicity and ease, from a number of existent languages. Whatever evocative power they possess in these they do not lose in Esperanto.

But to return to the inquiry into that vague but very popular term "Anglo-Saxon," which some writers apparently delight to apply to the English-speaking peoples as distinguished from the "Latins," though the falsity of the term and also its application have been pointed out many times and never, perhaps, with greater modesty and grace than by M. Jusserand,[‡] erstwhile French ambassador to the United States.

WHO ARE ANGLO-SAXONS?

For the purpose in view it may be well to form some idea of just what is meant by that "barbarous" term, as it was denominated by *The London Spectator* some time ago in an article wherein it sought to give four rules by which the distinguishing characteristics of a nation might be determined. These were: (1) The men who rule it, lead it and represent it; (2) Its religious proclivities; (3) The system of law under which it lives; (4) Its literature; and in all of these respects the term Anglo-Saxon was found to apply *if* (quite a large word of only two letters, this, to indicate an unmistakable proviso) the Scotch, Irish and Welsh, and (may be added) the Bretons, the Flemings, the Basques, and those of Norman descent, who happen merely to have mastered the English tongue and by affiliation and intermarriage have cast their lot with the international agglomeration known as the United States of America, are to be included.

But this is a mere fanfaronade of nonsense. Will the Irish forego their claim as Celts for the dubious honor of being dubbed by a title that, however meaningless, now links them with the hated Saxon? So, too, with the Scotch, Welsh and the varied outlying branches of the Celtic family. Here no artificial tests can be made to apply, for blood of the race is what must tell the story. "In the blood is the life," and an understanding even approximating to the truth regarding the occult properties of the blood of a sub-race (and necessarily of the unit individual) intermingling with that of other sub-

^{*} The Gospel of Life, by F. T. Brooks.

[‡]The Literary History of the English People, by M. Jusserand.

races will lead to the appreciation of the subtle chemistry, or perhaps rather, alchemy of nature in building up a definite race, as that term is ordinarily understood, and not as embracing all of humanity.

Not unfrequently English writers, while enumerating the constituent elements of the English nation, carefully mention the Angles, the Saxons, the Frisians, the Jutes and so on, but in some unaccountable manner forget to make any mention of the Celtic strain. In recent years this omission has been rectified and is plainly marked in *The Literary History of the English People*, for it may be well to remember that the famous *Chanson de Roland* was sung at the Battle of Hastings.

Most of the historians, however, tell the story that the Normans wiped out the old Saxon kingship and with it the language, manners and customs of the Saxon race, and eventually the race itself.[†] Edward the Confessor was the last Anglo-Saxon king who lived and died as such. His successor, Harold, lost his life and crown when William the Norman and his followers came over and destroyed the race. His *Domesday Book* proves this beyond question, and what little he left undone was finished in short order. The Norman looked on the Saxon as an inferior race and made the Saxon a slave race, and in the course of a short time the race ceased to exist.

During the reign of this Norman conqueror an official survey was made of England, a record of which gave the names of the landholders, the extent of their holdings, character of the soil and so forth, and this record clearly indicates that William had almost wiped out the old Saxon race in his time. The kingdom of Alfred the Great went down before the Norman (Celtic) French kingdom of William the Conqueror.

In an address delivered several years ago by Dr. John Rhys, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, he took cognizance of this popular mode of speaking of the "Anglo-Saxon" race in the following words:

English is the language of the Engle, not of the Saxon. Then when you come to the question of race, one finds on inquiry in almost every group of educated people in England that the Saxon is mostly conspicuous by his absence. One man is, for instance, Anglian, another of Celtic descent— Welsh or Cornish, Irish or Scotch—and another is of Norse or Norman origin, not to mention a sprinkling of Huguenot families and a sprinkling of Dutch, both Nether and High. What then is become of the Saxon? On the whole, one is left to conclude that he must be an excellent laborer, a good judge of beer, and a most useful member of society under the superintendence of the Engle and the Celt. Yet some people talk eternally of the Anglo-Saxon race as excellent colonizers and civilizers of the world, when it would be far more fitting to call them Anglo-Celtic!

tSee Lingard and Green's Histories.

(To be continued)



By Knight Ivanhoe



NE afternoon the Round Table was holding a public meeting and there were present several who had never attended a Round Table meeting before. The Knight was talking to the little audience, telling them of the power which lay in their thoughts. He told them how helpful thoughts are, that they are just as important as helpful actions, and that each one should think every day of some person in trouble, needing help, and should send strong, loving thoughts to him. But no one realized how soon the opportunity would come for them to make use of what the Knight told them.

There was present at this meeting a Companion who had not been able to attend very many of the Round Table meetings. He drank in every word that the Knight said; his eyes scarcely left the speaker's face, and so interested was he in the Knight's little talk that he spoke of it afterwards, saying that he hoped to be able to come more often and to learn more about these wonderful things. But that night when he went home, this Companion was taken sick; in the morning he was worse. Soon the doctors came, but they shook their heads solemnly, as doctors sometimes do, and said little.

As soon as the Knight and the other Companions heard of his illness they set to work sending him helpful thoughts. At their meetings they combined to send him thoughts of strength and peace and calmness. Each day the Knight and the other Companions poured out love and strength upon him until they had the sick Companion surrounded by pink and green thought-forms (for you know each thought has its characteristic color, and pink and green are the colors which correspond to love and sympathy).

But the Companion grew steadily worse, until he lay at the very door of death. The doctors did not expect that he would live, and they marveled that he bore the strain so well and that he was so calm and peaceful through it all. The Companion himself told the Knight afterward that while he lay wavering between life and death, too weak to move unaided, his mind was at perfect peace, for there seemed to be an unseen influence present which whispered to him that all was well.

The Knight and the other Companions have not yet told him why it was that he felt so calm and peaceful through the crisis of his trial, for he is not yet well. Perhaps he will never know, but at least the Round Table has done its work.

And that is the way we are helped, we who belong to the Order of the Round Table. Not only do we help each other, but the Great Ones who are behind us in all our work give us Their blessing whenever we do something in Their Name. And when a boy or a girl comes into our Order he comes under the more direct notice of these Great Ones, for the Round Table is dear to Them and They never fail Their children in time of need.

MANY TIMES A KNIGHT



E all love to hear stories about the noble and the brave, and my hero—or perhaps I should say heroine—has lived on earth many times and each time performed some deed of heroism. We know her well in the *Lives* of Alcyone as Heracles, but better still do we know her as Mrs. Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society and Protector of the Round Table.

Knights of the Round Table need not be attired in armor in order to be true knights, and our great leader, though a woman, has defended the weak and oppressed and fought for the truth with greater courage than many a strong soldier. But though this is quite true, it may well be that the lives just mentioned were a preparation for this present wonderful one, and in those long past days she was indeed a knight.

When first we read about her, over 22,000 years ago, she was a young man, the friend of a prince. By the doing of a brave, knightly

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act, Heracles saved the life of Mars, the king of the country and father of his friend; later, when born in India, while still a young man he was a great captain and again we see that Mars was the king. In another life Heracles had a sister, Ulysses, who was a wayward girl and committed a crime. He bravely took upon himself the blame for the wicked deed in order to shield the sister. Fortunately, Ulysses confessed before harm came to Heracles, but we can see how courageous and self-sacrificing our president was even so many thousands of years ago.

Is it any wonder that so many love her dearly in this life and stand ready to sacrifice their own lives for her sake? Nor can we wonder that he who was King Mars remembered the one who served him royally again and again in days gone by and chose her as his trusted servant to guide his society. As our president she is still his knight, incomparable in her loyalty and devotion to her king.

We are giving you a picture of your Protector taken when she was a young lady. Would it not be a good plan for members of Round Tables to keep this picture and the frontispiece of this magazine, which shows her as she looks now, where they can frequently see them?

Here are some words of Mrs. Besant to put with the pictures, words which she has made true in her own life:



This is the thought I would leave with you. Learn compassion, learn tenderness, learn good thoughts of others rather than evil; learn to be tender with the weak; learn tobe reverent to the great. If you can develop those qualities in you, if you can develop in yourselves the spirit of the Christ, then the coming Christ may be able to number you among His disciples.



LITTLE ANNIE WOOD

By Alma Kunz



DEAR little baby girl was born in London just sixty-six years ago this month. Of course in that great city baby girls (and dear ones, too) are born every year and every day; but seldom does one come from the heaven world who becomes as good and as great as this little Annie Wood who, when she grew up, became Mrs. Besant and the much loved President of the Theosophical Society.

The small Annie was a lively child, a little romp, who loved to run about, play games and climb trees. Behind the house where she lived was a garden filled with splendid trees and one of these was her playhouse, with bed-room, sitting-room, study and larder all complete. She had not far to go to keep her larder filled, for the fruit trees were close at hand. In this tree playhouse Annie loved to sit, swinging with the wind and gaily reciting poetry. No doubt the birds came and peeped in surprise at this strange being in their realm, and she would perhaps peep back at them and tell them not to be afraid, for she loved every living thing and was kind to all creatures. Even the flowers were living beings to her and the fairies real friends.

And how much she loved her darling mother! She would follow her from room to room, keeping close enough to touch the dear hand or dress. Once when her mother teasingly said she would surely be obliged to tie her to her apron-string, Annie was delighted and cried "Oh, Mamma darling, do let it be a knot!"

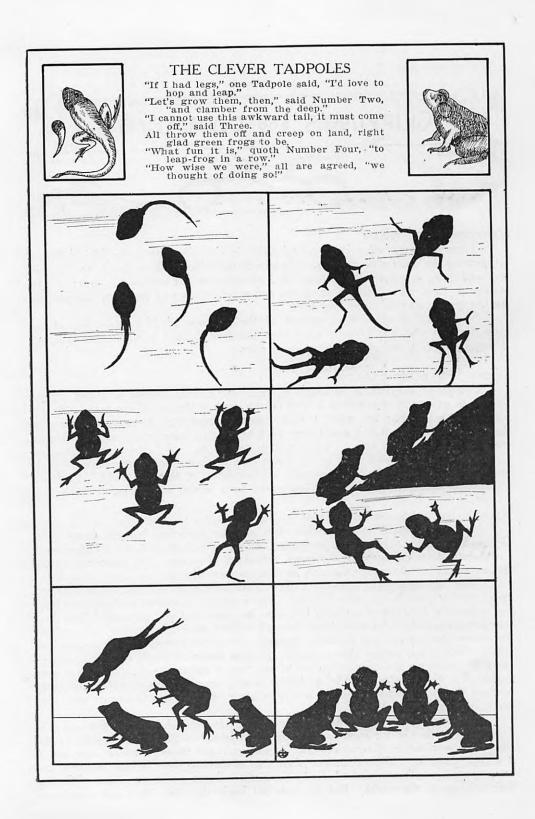
When she was four years old she thought herself quite a grown up person and hopped joyfully up and down on her little cot, exclaiming "Papa! Mamma! I am four years old!" And then her brother felt that, as she was four, she was old enough to use a knife at table.

When she was a wee girlie her father passed out of her sight to live in the astral world, of which you have heard something. But though the little daughter no longer saw him, her mother did, for he came one night to tell her how lonely he was without any of his dear ones and that he wanted to take the baby brother Alf with him. And so, later, the baby boy, who had missed his father so much, went to live with him in the bright astral world where we go at night when we fall asleep and of which we sometimes remember things and call them "dreams!"

We have been told something of the manner in which this little girl was taught her lessons and I am sure we should all enjoy learning in that same way. What fun to learn the hard names in the geography by painting maps or setting them up as puzzles; to learn to spell by playing games with words, or going for long happy walks and then writing interesting letters about them; to do all this not in a hot room crowded with other children, but in the cool, pleasant sitting-room of a dear friend who was also the teacher and in company with a few companions who were constant playfellows. And when the lessons for the day were learned, what fun to run out and play, to ride a dear little pony, or to go on long walks or picnics.

In this way our little Annie Wood spent her days pleasantly and wisely and when she grew up she became a great and brave woman, giving her whole life to the helping of others and becoming herself so dearly beloved that thousands of men and women—and children, too—daily pray for her continued health and strength. And on October first loving thoughts and messages will flow to her from all over this great world from those who love her so greatly. Do you, too, children, add your loving thought to the great wave flowing out to the wonderful woman who was once a little child like yourself.







MARTYRDOM OF HYPATIA

There is a great oil painting on exhibition in city after city in the United States, representing the murder of Hypatia. Thousands upon thousands of people see the picture and learn to admire the woman who, according to the explanation, was: "The teacher of truth, one of the purest women and ablest scholars of her time, and possibly the last great teacher of true Christ life."

So we find a growing recognition of the greatness of Hypatia—while at the same time she who was Hypatia (and later Giordano Bruno) is now again quite undeservedly belittled and attacked from many sides.

EVIDENCE OF REINCARNATION

Professor Calderone, in an article in the *Filosofia della Scienza* of Rome, reports the rebirth into the same family of a child lost by death at the age of five years. Shortly after the little one died, its "spirit" is said to have communicated through a medium with the mother, telling her that it would come back to her on Christmas day of the follow ng year. Later it came to tell: "There will be two of us." Fourteen months later, on Christmas day, twins were born in the family, one of them showing the same physical, and manifesting later the same mental, characteristics of the lost child. Professor Calderone's statements are confirmed and signed by a number of persons.

SCIENCE, MYSTICISM AND OCCULTISM

How many people know the differences and the similarities between these? Dr. George W. Jacoby, a New York neurologist, whose book Suggestion and Psychotherapy has recently been published by Scribners, apparently does not. He makes use of the following excellent illustration, but note his final sentence (the part we have italicized).

"Not long ago, while sitting in a New York subway local train, we were passed by an express going in the same direction. For a moment it seemed as though the local had come to a stop, then it appeared to reverse its course and go backward. This illustration was complete, yet I knew I was laboring under a sense of deception and that both trains were going in one and the same direction. So in this present time of progress and enlightenment it may appear often as though the large masses of people were being carried along by ignorance and superstition, while true mental culture stands still or even goes backward. Yet this also would be an illusion, a sense deception, for scientific truth creeps forward slowly but always steadily, and its ultimate conquest over mysticism and other occult enemies is assured."

Science is said to be classified common sense. Its methods are inductive and it is distinctly a product of the mind and 's ordinarily confined to the results obtained by the mind when working on material objects. Mysticism is not always common sense and it is seldom classified. Mystics are not often able to describe their feelings and they are not interested in collecting and tabulating experiences of others with the object of forcing their opinions on the world. But this does not imply that their ideas and experiences are untrue; they feel and use the intuition in preference to reasoning and describing their results logically. In Theosophical terms, they live largely in the emotional world instead of the physical or mental. Occultism is no enemy of science. An occultist is a scientist par excellence, is indeed, a three times scientist, for he is one who knows the physical, emotional and mental worlds as the physicist knows the one world we see about us.

We therefore beg to offer our author a substitute statement for his: "Scientific truth creeps forward slowly, but always steadily, and its ultimate harmonious union with mysticism and occultism is assured."

THE SPHINX HOAX

In our April number we mentioned that "if the public press had stated the case accurately," a temple had been discovered in the Sphinx. Now there has recently appeared the following in an Egyptian newspaper:

"The American press lately announced that Professor Reisner, the Harvard Egyptologist, had communicated to the authorities of the Harvard Semitic Museum and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the results of his investigations of the Sphinx. Elaborate details of a number of remarkable discoveries were published and apparently emanated from the Harvard and Boston Museums. But it appears that all these stories were the fictions of American journalists, for Professor Reisner, writing to us from Kerma in the Sudan, states that the story of the excavations at the Sphinx is absurd and from beginning to end is a fabrication, the origin of which he is not able to ascertain at such a distance. He adds: 'I have never excavated at or in the Sphinx. I have never intended, nor do I now intend, to do so.' "

This incident will only add to the increasing lack of confidence on the part of the reading public in the things that appear in the public press. Obviously the press, or at least some of its writers, believe that it pays sometimes to be false. When will this powerful public servant understand that not only will it pay in dollars and cents to be accurate and true, but in other ways that cannot be reckoned in terms of money?

TRANSMUTE FORM INTO SOUND

At last an instrument has been devised on which a physical form-not color, be it noted, but form-can record its own correlative sound, harmony or discord of sounds.

Musical scientists and scientific musicians, and a large number of persons of intervening grades, will be interested in this instrument, the optophone, described by Dr. Charles Maclean in a recent number of the *I. M. S. Zeitschrift*. It receives impressions of light and shade and reproduces them as sound. For the present the optophone may seem no more than a scientific toy, but at any rate the union of form and sound has been effected; the rest is now dependent upon further development of the machine.

TRANSMUTE SOUND INTO FORM

The Saturday Evening Post of July 5 showed, by a full page reproduction from a drawing of the French futurist, Francois Souaie, how that artist expressed in form the mixed sounds he heard at Herald Square, in New York City.

In dark background lines may be found the clang of trolley-gongs, the rumble of the elevated trains, the chugging of waiting motors, the grinding of taxicab brakes, the shouts of van drivers, the voices of newsboys, the gong of a passing ambulance. Closer scrutiny reveals the fainter sounds in fainter curves: the shrill whistles of traffic police, the hum of human voices, the shuffling feet of pedestrians, the monotonous "honk" of bulb horns; above them all, in broken streams of black, sharp and penetrating, the note: of the "klaxon."

This artist does the work of the optophone-reversed.

DEVICE FOR SECURING SILENCE

Hiram Percy Maxim, of Hartford, Connecticut, inventor of the noiseless gun, is said to have patents pending for a device that "will shed silence like a lamp sheds light."

Read the enumeration of the different noises at Herald Square in the preceding clipping; think of the business offices where typewriter and sundry sounds change healthy people into nervous wrecks; of hospitals, down-town hotels, your own little corner in your quiet (?) home; and you will realize what a blessing such a "silencer" would be.

SELF-DESTRUCTION AS SACRIFICE

There are always some in the world who are willing to die for their beliefs and the question whether they are fools, fanatics, martyrs or heroes largely depends on one's personal point of view.

Recently, at Sekit in Japan, ten Buddhist monks set fire to the San Rio temple, marched in procession into the flames and, kneeling at the altar, let themselves burn to death. They did so, says *The St. Louis Star*, "after a period of meditation over the decadence of the ancient religious tradition of Japan and of barriers which the government is putting up between the people and the faith of their fathers."

Being asked for an explanation, we would say that probably these men, seeing the beauty of the ancient faith, desired its revival. In meditation they built a strong thought form which would attract those who thought in the same way, and then, wishing to call attention to their cause by more material means, they brought it to the notice of their country at large, of the whole world, in fact, by this act of sacrifice.

A similar deed, perhaps not after sober meditation, but no doubt after much concentrated thought, was that of Miss Emily Wilding Davison, the suffragette martyr of London, who threw herself before the king's race-horse when it was speeding along the track. She accomplished her purpose for, by her death, once more the world's attention was called to the suffragette movement.

A few interesting points about the results of martyrdom can be found in the first volume of C. W. Leadbeater's *The Hidden Side of Things*.

A WORLD INSIDE OUR EARTH

The Chicago Tribune has published a fantastic article from Marshall B. Gardner of Aurora, in which the author outlines the well-reasoned-out hypothesis that there may exist another race within our earth, another world full of life expressed in many forms. According to this theory the earth consists not of a solid mass, but of a crust about eight hundred miles thick. In the hollow part within we find, he says, from the centre out, first a material nucleus, or sun, of about six hundred miles in diameter; around that an envelope of atmosphere which, in its turn, is surrounded by a vacuum; then follows another atmosphere touching the inner surface of the earth's crust. Upon this surface it is that he supposes the existence of life in highly evolved forms.

Then, too, he states that in the crust there is an opening at each pole. Concerning this he writes: "The most obvious objection to my theory is that polar exploration has demonstrated that the old idea of the solid polar caps is correct. . . Why did not Peary and other explorers find these openings? The reason is simple. Explorers arrive at the outer edge of the great polar opening, but that opening is so large that the downward curvature of its edge is not perceptible and its diameter so great that its other side is not visible to them."

A book of two hundred odd pages was published five years or more ago along the same lines. Among other things it stated that the opening at the south pole is much larger than at the north. The aurora borealis was ascribed to light coming from the polar openings. The continual bad weather and clouds which prevent good observations of the sun and stars was given as the reason why the conditions have not been discovered. Many

CLIPPINGS AND COMMENTS

competent explorers, navigators and geographers have spent years in the arctic regions without reporting anything of the sort; astronomers do not report any marked flattening at the poles of the earth's shadow when cast on the moon, and even such negative evidence must count severely against the hypothesis. It is well worth while comparing such descriptions and explanations as these with those of A. P. Sinnett in The Constitution of the Earth.

THE SOURCE OF MUSIC

Our earth music-even the highest-is but a faint and partial expression of that in other spheres. The composer can give to the world only that which he can catch and hold from the planes of higher consciousness. Apropos of this comes an interesting little story from the composer William Bachaus, in Musical America. He heard a wonderful concerto in a dream, but it has so far baffled all his efforts at reproduction during waking consciousness. Strains of it linger in his subconscious mind and he still hopes to be able to express it through physical instruments.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE COWS?

We spoke a previous time of artificial milk. Now we hear that a Belgian chemist has produced artificial meat from malt grains closely resembling in taste and appearance real flesh, but having a greater food value.

And from England comes the news that a number of new articles of wearing apparel-including shoes, gloves, and even garments that look like fur-have come on the market, the making of which in no case involves the taking of animal life.

"What will become of the cows, etc., if everybody be-We have been asked: comes a vegetarian 'from head to foot'?" The answer is simple: They will soon disappear. Nature does not waste its energies on the production of species that are of no Besides, in the case of cows, the reproduction of the species is altogether under use. the control of man. If all the human inhabitants of our globe should decide to give up killing this very day—cows and the like would soon be reduced to a few carefully kept as rare specimens of their kind in the "Zoo." They'll die out as quickly as the genuine Simon pure passenger pigeons did. Only a few years ago there were millions of these; now, five thousand dollars is offered for one single couple-and not claimed.

ALCOHOL POISONING WITHOUT ALCOHOL

In Liverpool physicians have found every sign of alcoholic poisoning in a-teetotaler! The symptoms in this case are said to be produced by the excessive drinking of beef tea and other meat extracts, which seems clear proof that meat has a similar effect on the system as alcohol.

Of course some will say that it was the excessive use of meat which caused the poisoning; but would you give your child "just a little bit" of alcohol? Maybe, for the same reason, then, it might be better not to give it that little bit of meat.

CARUSO'S VIBRANT SKELETON

We all know that a glass can be shattered if its dominant note is sounded; it is always mentioned as one of the most "appealing" examples of the power of vibration; but the theory becomes "appalling" when we think of the possibility of shattering a living man's skeleton just by the production of a particular note. Yet that is what—according to a full-page syndicate article of the Star Company—Dr. George Lloyd of London says may happen to Caruso.

Hypothetically, such a thing might really be true, for vibration is the law and synthesis of everything in the universe.



Theosophical books seem to advocate the nebular theory of the origin of the solar system, but most astronomers now adopt in place of it the planetesimal theory, which accounts better for the wide divergence of the orbits of the planetoids from the plane of the system and for the retrograde movement of some lately discovered satellites, which on the old theory is inexplicable. How would you explain this? C. W.

I know that modern astronomers no longer agree in holding the nebular hypothesis. I have read also of the newer theory which is called planetesimal; but I think that the statement given in a recent astronomical work comes nearest to the truth—that "No theory of the evolution of the planets is now definitely accepted by the body of astronomers." I would suggest that even if the majority of astronomers were agreed in accepting the planetesimal theory, it would not, after all, mean much more than it did when a few years ago all were agreed in accepting the nebular hypothesis. Quite naturally, scientific people cannot yet be certain about matters like this, and all that can be said of any given theory is that it explains the facts known at the time of its formation; but at any moment new facts may be discovered which will necessitate its modification.

You see, we acquired our knowledge in the matter by clairvoyant observation and you cannot expect people, as matters stand at the present day, to attach any importance to results that are gained in that way. I never myself even tell outsiders anything about matters of this sort unless I am directly asked, and then I say: "Yes, we have a good deal of information about such things. You can find it in our books, but the acceptance of it is not in any way necessary for membership in the Theosophical Society and we do not attach any special importance to it. What I should recommend you to do is to study the broad principles of Theosophy; if you accept those and really convince yourself that they are true, you may perhaps be interested in studying these other matters later on."

If any student prefers the planetesimal hypothesis, we shall not quarrel with him on that score and I should certainly not think of endeavoring to convince him that he is wrong and that we are right. I may, however, just point out that we have our own way of accounting for these facts which are at the moment supposed to tell against the nebular hypothesis. The planetoids have never been supposed, so far as I am aware, to have been developed directly by the ring process. The theory was that there was originally a planet occupying that orbit which had been so developed, but that, owing to circumstances of which we know nothing, that planet was torn to pieces by an explosion and it is to the modification of the original motion of the planet by that explosion that the irregularity of the orbits of the fragments is due. That hypothesis appears to account for the observed facts as well as any other theory.

With regard to the theories as to the relative irregularity of the orbits and to the question of retrograde motion, it might be suggested that astronomers are only declaring what they think ought to have taken place and that they really know nothing of the actual conditions which existed when the solar system was being formed. Any number of hypotheses might be suggested to account for these variations; the retrograde satellites, for example, might be extraneous bodies which had passed too near the planet and were cap-

tured by it! Or, the new theory of the approach of some other sun from the depths of space might, it seems to me, account for any amount of curious irregularities, according to the angle at which it approached and the number and nature of its attendant bodies.

But the one great fact in our theory of which astronomy does not, and in the nature of things cannot, take account is that we hold the entire system to be the expression of a mighty life which can mould it all at will and introduce into it at any time any variations which He who controls it thinks desirable. We have no notion for what reason He may have introduced irregularities (or allowed them to be introduced) into the orbits of certain planets or why it may have been necessary to His scheme that certain satellites should move in what we choose to call a retrograde direction. Myself, I am so permeated by the belief that He who doeth all things, doeth all things *well*, that I have no curiosity to know why He chose to produce these occasional variations. I am quite sure that it must be for some good purpose and that the forces at His command are amply sufficient to produce this or any other result that He wishes, without breaking any of the great universal laws of gravitation or inertia of matter.

From what I have myself seen in the course of various investigations, I am certain that in broad outline the Solar Deity made His system along the lines described in our books, but I am by no means so certain as to the working out of all the details, for into those I have not enquired—nor, indeed, am I at all sure that any powers at present at our command would enable us to investigate the formation of, say, the satellites of Uranus or Neptune or all those planets which lie outside the orbit of the latter. Neither do I expect any one else to accept the result of my investigations in this matter; it seems to me that on such a thing as this each man who is interested in it should make up his own mind from the evidence which lies before him; nor is it, to my mind, a matter of the slightest importance which way he finally decides.

You see, I have been brought up for thirty years now along the lines of occultism and consequently I cannot but adopt the occultist's view of all these things. It has long ago been drilled into us that there are certain broad *facts* in Nature and that no opinion held by anybody, no matter how clever or scientific he may be, makes the slightest difference to these facts. You cannot imagine how utterly irrelevant it seems to me to be told that this person believes this or that and that another person believes something quite different. My instinct is always to say: "It matters nothing what anybody believes; what are the facts of the case?" Where those facts are within the reach of investigation, if we are interested, we proceed to investigate; if they are beyond the reach of investigation, we may then speculate about them if we care to do so, but they are usually so far off as to have little practical influence upon our progress.

I myself am so constituted that I do not generally trouble to have an opinion about the detail of matters which are far away from our practical progress; either I know a thing or I suspend my judgment about it; it does not seem worth while to have a quantity of "beliefs" on subjects which I do not feel to be of paramount importance. But I do not in the least blame people of another type who always need to have a detailed theory about everything in heaven and earth, whether it is really possible to know anything about the matter or not; and when I meet people of that kind, I answer their questions by gently saying: "I do not know anything about this matter. I have no information, but I am inclined to think so and so. If, however, you think otherwise, by all means continue to think so; I hold no brief for my opinion and have not the slightest desire to force it upon anybody else."

I hope you will not think this unsympathetic, but that is really and literally exactly how I feel and that is the extent of my knowledge with regard to the particular points which your quest on raises. It seems to me that an enquirer would be wiser to take interest in Theosophy as a whole and in the way in which it deals with the problems of ordinary life than in any unimportant details. I imagine that a Christian, for example, would rebel against a condemnation of Christianity based on the fact that its sacred scriptures pronounced the world to have been made in six days, or stated that the sun was once made to stand still in the sky, or the shadow to go backwards upon a sun-dial; he would quite reasonably say that such criticisms were directed to tiny details which were of no importance to the great scheme of his religion. Why, then, should men take exception to a tiny detail in Theosophy with which they do not agree, instead of trying to understand the system as a whole?

How does the law of karma work? To state it more definitely, how does it punish sin and reward virtue? For instance: If a man lives a selfish life, what bearing will it have on his next life? Likewise, what would be the karma of an unselfish life?

The working of the law of karma would require too much space to discuss, as it practically covers the whole subject of karma. It might be said, however, that in part it works quite automatically, since the matter of our worlds in process of evolving, has been trained for ages to act according to certain laws. But there is also a very large part of karma which is adjusted by conscious, intelligent beings of various stages in evolution, some below the human and others far above. The lowest of these are merely executors of the decrees and plans of the higher karmic authorities.

We can hardly speak of karma as punishing sin and rewarding virtue. That is certainly not the meaning to be applied to these expressions that would ordinarily be understood in cases of human law. The law of karma is impersonal and has no human feeling. The karmic authorities, even, are carrying out the divine plan in an impersonal way, yet there is great wisdom manifested in their adjustments. Karma is always arranged to bring about the greatest possibilities for evolution according to the divine plan.

If a man lives a selfish life, the automatic karma which he himself brings about is that he becomes more selfish. Selfish habits are intensified and new ones formed. The action of the man is toward selfishness, but the reactions which karma brings back to him are such that they give him pain and suffering and destroy the power of his selfish habits. While men may be perfectly ignorant that certain suffering which they have to bear is the direct result of selfish action in past lives, yet the ego finally learns the lesson that it is better to be unselfish. The evil that men do should be ascribed to their ignorance of the law.

The karma of an unselfish life, say one of service to fellowbeings, is always greater opportunity to serve in the evolution of beings. We might say that the Logos wishes His children to evolve, and therefore all human efforts directed in line with evolution are encouraged by the karmic authorities. Now increased opportunity to serve may come in many ways. Often it comes through wealth and favorable surroundings. These are to be regarded as means for service and not as rewards. Unselfish action is perhaps one of the swiftest ways to reach the goal of human evolution. Sec. K. & R. Legion.

It is stated in recent Theosophical literature that the physical is invisible from the astral world just as the astral is normally invisible from the physical. That being so, how is one to explain the quite ordinary experience of a person who has been out in the astral world, when he returns to his room and sees his physical body lying upon the bed? Obviously it cannot be the astral body that he sees, since it is in that very vehicle that he is traveling.

I think that in answer to this question it will be sufficient to quote a few lines from The Inner Life, Vol. 1, page 360:

"When a man withdraws his astral body from the physical, there is an inrush of all three varieties of astral matter, because man's physical body is composed of solids, liquids and gaseous constituents. Of course there is ether in the physical body as well, so there must also be astral matter of the higher sub-planes to correspond to that. The temporary astral counterpart formed during the absence of the real astral body is thus an

QUESTIONS

exact copy of it so far as arrangement is concerned, but it has no real connection with the physical body and so could never be used as a vehicle. It is constructed of any astral matter of the required kind that happens to be handy; it is merely a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, and when the true astral body returns it pushes out this other astral matter without the slightest opposition." And again on page 398 of the same volume:

"When during sleep the astral body is drawn from the physical, this arrangement still persists, and then anyone looking at the astral body with clairvoyant vision would still see, just as before, a form resembling the physical body surrounded by an aura. That form would now be composed of astral matter, but still the great difference between it and its surrounding mist would be quite sufficient to make it clearly distinguishable, even though it is itself only a form of denser mist." C. W. L.

What, exactly, is the Spirit of the Earth? I find contradictory statements about him. Is he the same as the Planetary Logos, and may we regard the earth as his physical body, or only as a centre in it? I. M.

You can find contradictory statements about the "Spirit of the Earth", because the title has been used in different senses. In our later literature we reserve it for a certain gigantic entity to whom the earth is a physical body, who in his last incarnation used the moon as a physical body and in his next incarnation will use the physical planet of the fifth chain as his physical body. This entity, though gigantic, is by no means highly evolved and may be thought of rather as a huge elemental—a sort of colossal, but not very highly developed nature-spirit—though of course not belonging to any of the orders of nature-spirits or devas of which we ordinarily write. We do not know much about him and we have nothing to do with him in our evolution. I suppose that we must seem to him merely the insignificant parasites dwelling invisibly upon his skin or, more probably, he is entirely unconscious of us as we are of him, and he is not to be thought of as an entity of any importance in connection with us. He is perhaps responsible for the weather; or, rather, I mean that what we call weather is probably induced by changes taking place in the physical part of his aura. The whole astral plane of the world is his astral body and its mental plane is his mental body.

It will be seen at once that there must be no confounding of an entity like this with a "Planetary Logos." Indeed, it is better to avoid this latter name altogether, and in the most recent books we have spoken of the mighty seven as "Ministers of the Solar Deity." The word "planetary" seems to suggest that each of the seven is specially connected with some planet, which does not appear to be the case; for, as you know, there are ten schemes in our solar system, not seven, and we find people belonging to each of the great seven spirits in every set of chains of which we know anything. I believe the name "planetary" was given under a misapprehension and that the planets intended were that queer assortment of which astrologers speak—an assortment which includes the sun and moon, but ignores Uranus, Vulcan and Neptune. Nevertheless, I believe the name "Spirit of the Earth" has sometimes been used for one of the great ministers.

I think it has also been employed for the great head of the occult hierarchy—the real "King of the Earth." In this case also one may see how far from suitable the title is and what confusion is certain to occur from its use. As I have said, in all the recent books you will find its use restricted to the great elemental; but in Madame Blavatsky's writings and, generally speaking, in earlier Theosophical books, this meaning is by no means so definite. Students should always remember that in those earlier days the Theosophical terminology was in process of construction and that at first it was very uncertain—the same name being often made to include quite different things, and in other cases the same thing receiving at different times various appellations.

From what I have said above you will see that it would not be wise to speak of any physical globe as the physical body of a "Planetary Logos," nor even as a centre in such a body. C. W. L.



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

THEOSOPHY AND THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, by Annie Besant. Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. 1913. pp. 112. Price, 65 cents; postage, 4 cents.

This volume contains four lectures delivered by Mrs. Besant at the thirty-seventh annual convention of the Theosophical Society held at Adyar in December, 1912. They deal respectively with Theosophy, or Paravidya; The Open Road to the Masters; The Root of all Religions; and The Theosophical Society: Its Meaning, Purpose and Functions.

In a most masterly manner Mrs. Besant sets forth the principles of Theosophy, which underlie the religions as well as the philosophies of the world. She says: "Theosophy in its primary meaning, Divine Wisdom, is the Paravidya, the Supreme Science."

Harmonizing religions, philosophy and science, she leads them all, through Theosophy, to the open road to the Masters. She shows that all religions point to that same road; that service is the first step toward it; that we need not leave the busy daily life to attain Nirvana; that God is within us; and that attainment is within reach of all. She explains that the Theosophical Society has no forms nor dogmas, and tells us of the unique and wonderful position in which it stands toward society, mankind and the Masters.

It is a book that should be read not only by Theosophists but by all those who watch the Theosophical movement with interest. E. D.

GIORDANO BRUNO, by Coulson Turnbull. Publishers: The Gnostic Press, San Diego, Calif. 1913. pp. 100. Price, \$1.00.

The contents of this volume are referred to in the article on *Giordano Bruno* in this number of our magazine.

The book though small contains much valuable material, packed as it is with the essence of Bruno's teachings. One clearly sees from it how advanced were his ideas and how nearly they approximate to the great scientists of today. It is a book which all should buy, and which is the more enjoyable on account of the fact that all the sentences taken from Bruno's writings are clear and definite, and unencumbered with medieval phraseology. A. C. C.

WORKS OF MABEL COLLINS. In connection with recent press notices concerning this extraordinary author of mystic works, it is well, as this time, to recall what she has given to the world.

Because she did not carry her name in full on the title-page, many admirers of Light on the Path do not know her as the instrument through which this wonderfully profound book was given forth.

Her Idyll of the White Lotus and The Blossom and the Fruit, as well as being splendid stories, are filled with deepest occult truths. One Life, One Law and Pleasure and Pain should be read and pondered over by all people who call themselves humane.

BOOK REVIEWS

When the Sun Moves Northward and The Story of the Year are deeply interesting to all trying to live the higher life. Then there are Green Leaves, Fragments of Thought and Life, Love's Chaplet, A Cry from Afar, Illusions, The Awakening, the Scroll of Disembodied Man and Through the Gates of Gold, forming by themselves a little gem library of mystic literature. Her Transparent Jewel, a study of Patanjali's Yoga aphorisms, is her most recent work.

By many, Mabel Collins' books are accounted among their most precious possessions. The attention of T. S. members is especially called to three communications concerning her, in the September *Messenger*, pages 50, 64, and supplement.

CHRIST AND BUDDHA, by C. Jinarajadasa. Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras; India. 1913. pp. 145. Publishers of American edition: The Rajput Press, Chicago. pp. 91. Prices: paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents; leather, 75 cents.

This is a second edition of that unusual collection of stories (originally written for the children's department of *The Theosophic Messenger*) which won the heart of every reader by their charm and beauty of diction.

The booklet is most fittingly dedicated to "Little Flower" for, as one reads the nine separate stories, a subtle sense of some rare fragrance seems to pervade the mental atmosphere. They bring a lesson not alone for the little children to whom they are addressed, but for all "children of a larger growth" as well. May many more editions of this charming little book be published. *A. H. T.*

THE OPEN SECRET, by Charles J. Whitby, M. D. Publishers: William Rider and Son, Limited, Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 1912. pp. 124. Price, \$1.00. There are many people in the world whose mental "make-up" prevents them from

being attracted to Theosophy, but give them books with similar ideas in another phraseology, and they are eager to listen. Such a book is this volume of essays.

After reasoning on philosophy and criticizing Spencer's and Huxley's theories, the author shows that materialism and agnosticism are slowly passing away. Scientists have come to a veil which is beginning to be lifted, and the words of Plotinus—who said that the growth of intellect must follow the path first of the material plane, then of the psychical, then the spiritual—are coming true. In other words, the unseen is becoming the seen and many hypotheses formulated are becoming proven facts.

The problems of space and of time are thoughtfully dealt with and suggest parts of *The Secret Doctrine*. The problem of force also deserves special mention as treated in the chapter on *The Psychology of Nature*, a splendid essay on nature and its glories.

The excellent chapter on *Solidarity* shows us how near the author is getting to the Theosophical teachings as regards races, the Masters, and the future of humanity. We hope to have further essays from this twentieth-century neo-platonic scientist. A. C. C.

THE OTHER SIDE, by Horace Annesley Vachell. Publishers: Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York. pp. 382. Price, \$1.20.

Although not a new publication, we review this book because in it much Theosophical teaching is given in a manner pleasing and profitable to hand to those friends whom we would like to interest, but who would not be likely to read a Theosophical text-book.

Several chapters tell in a vivid way what happened to the disembodied hero of the story on "the other side," in that mystic region beyond the veil. In fact, we never have read a more natural and fascinating description of individual experiences. We are hardly surprised to find the hero coming back to physical life, allowed to re-enter his body because of his intense desire to help the spiritual unfoldment of his child.

The story brings out how in his physical consciousness the father does not know

why he came back. He thinks it was in order to compose a masterpiece that all the world would admire. While disappointed in this, he beautifully accomplishes his real though apparently lesser task.

Scattered through the book are many lines of purely Theosophical thought spoken by one of the characters, Tignerol, of whom we read that "he once met Mme. Blavatsky." Though seemingly a book with a purpose, the author has produced a novel of no little literary value. V. E.

GEOMANCY, by Franz Hartmann. Publishers: William Rider & Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 1913. pp. 220. Price, \$1.00.

Geomancy is "the art of divining by punctuation" and has been worked out in this book "according to Cornelius Agrippa and others." It is apparently a play-work of Franz Hartmann, whose name on the title-page misleads one in the expectation of something worthy and of real value for the student of the occult. Yet, it is good to have an outline of the subject given by one of such deep knowledge as this author. Part of the book deals with the astrological side of its main theme, and here we find a description of the signs of the zodiac which surpasses that in most books on astrology. S. U.

THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS, by the Bhikkhu Silacara. Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. 1913. Price, 25 cents. Paper cover. The first chapter in this booklet is the story of the enlightenment of Gautama, the Buddha. Each of the other chapters is devoted to one of the Four Supreme Verities enunciated by the Buddha at the close of His great night of effort under the Bodhi tree. Those truths were: that there is ill; the explanation of the source of that ill; the proclamation that there is a ceasing of that ill; and, as a means thereto, the truth of the Path.

The booklet in hand is a clear, simple presentation of these truths. A. H. T.

THE RELATION OF GURU AND SHISHYA, by V. K. Deshikacharri. Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. 1913. pp. 15. Price, 20 cents. Paper cover.

This pamphlet contains some interesting comments on the way in which teachings are given by a Guru to his disciples. It also deals with the nature of the disciple, and his relationship and necessary attitude toward his Guru. A. H. T.

PUBLIC SCHOOL METHODS, in five volumes. Publishers: School Methods Company, Chicago and New York. 1913. Enlire number of pages, 1,865. Price, \$19.75 per set, including a Course of Study.

This age of pedagogical specialization and departmental supervision puts an herculean task upon the elementary school-teacher in that she is forced to become a specialist not in one or two, but a dozen or two lines of study and action.

This publication is an attempt to lighten her load, and succeeds admirably in doing so by furnishing a carefully selected, fairly comprehensive study of the most up-to-date teaching methods, courses, material and devices of the best normal and training-schools in the country. If you hold the slightest thought that the grade teacher's task is an easy one, just read through this list of subjects treated: discipline, moral training and school management; reading, language (including story-telling, dramatization, games, plays and songs) and grammar; number work, arithmetic and elementary algebra; nature study, spelling and penmanship; construction work and domestic science; drawing and music; hygiene, physiology and psychology.

Every chapter has been compiled by teacher or supervisor among the foremost of

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that special department and all have been reviewed and criticised before publication by a number of eminent educators in the country; it is consequently, *in toto*, the production of a notable group of education specialists.

The work of each subject is arranged by grades covering the entire field of the elementary school and is helpful, practical, and suggestive in intention. Each volume carries a fine frontispiece portrait of some world-famous educator. There are many illustrations introduced throughout the text. An analytical outline of each chapter and an index with abundant cross-references make quickly available every part. The binding, type and format are excellent, all that could be desired.

The price will no doubt militate against its becoming, as we wish it might, the personal possession of the rank and file of grade teachers throughout the land. How can school officials overcome this? Do place it so that every teacher may have access to it. The added professional efficiency to be thus obtained would soon offset and overtop the expense of many sets.

THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY in Two Books. Purchased from Jacob F. Gates, Mgr. Fourth Street Branch of Holmes Book Company, Los Angeles.

The Krotona Institute of Theosophy has recently been enriched by the presentation, through kindness of Mr. Alfred O. Brandt, of these very valuable books.

They were printed in England in 1656 and 1660, respectively, and are the first translation into the English language from the original Greek and Latin. The translation is the work of William Stanley, an eminent scholar of the seventeenth century. They deal with the lives and teachings of the philosophers of the different ancient sects, and include twenty-one reproductions from rare woodcuts.

This gift, added to the several Taylor's translations of Pythagorean and Platonic philosophers donated by Mr. Frederick Spenceley, puts Krotona Library in possession of a nucleus of intrinsically valuable volumes, a special attraction to students of ancient lore.

Mr. Gates is disposing of a number of other rare books on occult and other sciences, and anyone interested would do well to communicate with him. Address 327 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

VOICES FROM THE OPEN DOOR, Publishers: The Open Door Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio. 1912. pp. 400. Price, \$1.00.

This volume is a compilation of narrations and experiences on the emotional (or astral) plane, many of them related by those who, in their earth life, were orthodox ministers. In bringing a certain testimony from the broader life beyond the gateway that we call death, the book will doubtless be of service to persons whose interest is centred on the after-death conditions described by those who have left the physical body. *A. T.*

MAGAZINES

LE CONGRES DE STOCKHOLM (The Congress of Stockholm) is the title of an attractive illustrated album that came out as a special number of *Le Théosophe*. It can be had separately for two francs from the publishers of that magazine, 81 rue Dareau, Paris. In a series of short articles and extracts from lectures, it gives a very lively report of all the happenings during congress, and many snap shots help those who were not present to get a very good idea of it all.

In THE THEOSOPHIST for July, the most valuable article is the one by Mrs. Besant on Intuition, especially dealing with Bergson's philosophy. She brings out how his ideas regarding human consciousness are very similar to Theosophical views, how what he has written throws much light on the problems of today, and how his philosophy is of enormous importance to religion. Discrimination, by Janet B. McGovern, in both the June and July numbers clearly marks out the danger points of many occult students in their lack of practical scientific training and of a wholesome and optimistic humor in self-absorption, and in more leaning on the Masters than manifesting Their spirit by giving compassion and tolerance to our fellow men. Johan van Manen's helpful Occult Experiences, with their illuminating explanations by Mr. Leadbeater, are finished in this issue. i

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The June number was full of such fine articles that it is difficult not to speak of them all. That on *Motion* is one of the most absorbing. *Apocryphal Wisdom* is one of those articles that will help to reconcile the churches to our movement, bringing out as it does the elevated and mystic teachings in the *Book* of *Wisdom* and *Ecclesiasticus*. C. Jinarajadasa contributed a very valuable article on *Orthodox* and *Occuli Chemistry*; and *The Bases of Theosophy*, by James Cousins, helps to make this number deeply interesting, worthy to be carefully studied.

In THE WORD for June we found an interesting article on *Clairvoyance* by Mr. Herrmann, who thinks that beings exist who are as sensitive to heat-waves as to lightwaves. In the course of his statements he quotes Pythagoras, and one cannot help remarking that Pythagoras seems to be quoted in nearly all the magazines of the month, an item which may prove significant to some. Le Plongeon continues in this number *The Origin of the Egyptians*, in which he proves beyond a doubt the existence and destruction of Plato's Atlantis.

MODERN ASTROLOGY had a June number especially interesting to T. S. members in that it gave an article on Mrs. Besant's horoscope. Yet, since authorities disagree about the exact degree of the ascendant, we may not attach too much importance to the predictions, much as we should like to, for, on the whole, 1914 is said to be very auspicious for her.

We agree with Mr. McAdam in Some Thoughts on the Planets, where he says: "It is obvious that, to those who know how to read it, the horoscope is a far more complex thing than most people have ever dreamed." It is usually the beginners, those who do not know, who speak with certainty about the conclusions made from a horoscope—a rather dangerous state to be in.

We congratulate the editor on the tremendous growth of his work. Besides the thousands of beginners whom he has started on the road, and who in another life may arrive at greater wisdom, he has educated a large number of students to a deep insight into the nature and value of celestial influences.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS, the magazine that "speaks for those that cannot speak for themselves," is now in its forty-sixth volume and goes each month on its errand ot mercy in such attractive form that young and old take it up with pleasure. In the August number we find many pleas for "the cat left during vacation"; a very good picture shows the uselessness and cruelty of "docking" a horse's tail. Very good also is *The Horse's Point of View in Summer*, and the story of the squirrel taught to shut the lid of the box where it stored nuts. We cannot think of a more helpful factor in developing love for all that lives than this magazine, filled as it is with common sense humane suggestions. It is published at 45 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.; subscription price, one dollar a year.

THE OPEN COURT for July contains a most fascinating article on Rabindranath Tagore, the great Indian "poet for all time," who seems to have taken the whole literary world of London by storm. Even missionaries and orthodox people wish to do himhonor. We reviewed his Gitanjali in the July American Theosophist.



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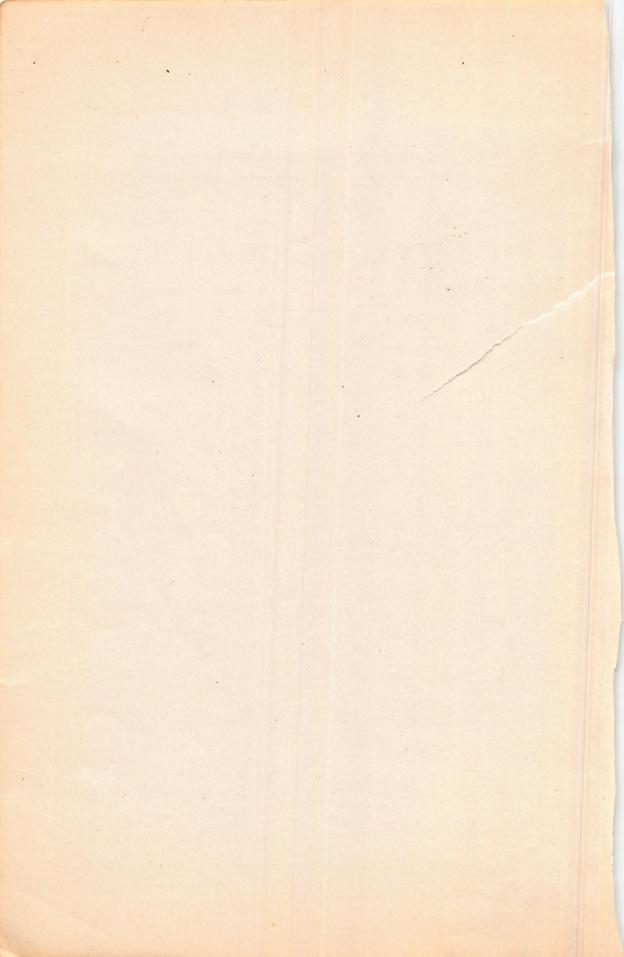
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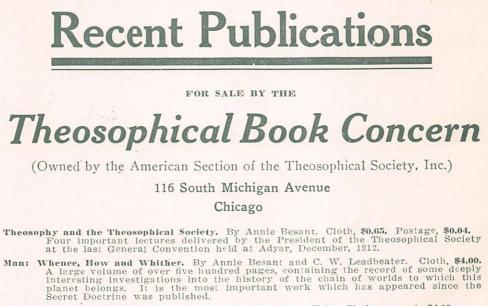
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