
THE
T AMERICAN
THEOSOPHIST



Official Organ of THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY in America

Founders' Day Number

IN THIS ISSUE

The Fall of Ideals

H. P. BLAVATSKY

On Being Good for Nothing

CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH

The King's Choir

(Olcott Foundation Short Story)

MARIAN PEARCE



The Buddha on War

NOVEMBER ★ 1941

Under the Auspices of THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ADYAR

MAITRI

(Written for a Buddhist Magazine)

We know that the word Maitri signifies friendship or affection. From that word is derived the name of the next Buddha of humanity, Him whom we call Maitreya Buddha in anticipation of His future office. This word Maitri comes from very old traditions of Indian life.

Among the Gods of the Hindu pantheon, in the very old days of the Rig Veda, and before the Hindu Aryans came across the Himalayas to India, Mitra is a prominent God of Hindu worship. He is usually associated with another God, Varuna, so that the hymns, except one, are to Mitra-Varuna jointly. This same God, the "Friend," was worshipped among the Zoroastrians, who also were Aryans like the Hindus.

More strange still is that the God who is the Friend gave rise to a powerful religious movement in the Roman Empire known as Mithraism. Mithra was the invincible fighter on the side of Righteousness, whose aid was invoked by the Roman soldiers. The cult of Mithra was a form of Freemasonry, and ruins of Mithra-temples are found wherever there were Roman legions, from the north of England to Mesopotamia.

The word Maitri signifies today far more tenderness and compassion, than what we usually term friendship or affection. But love of friend, devotion to high ideals, the worship of God, or self-sacrifice in every form where the individual gives himself freely to some person or cause, are all fundamentally various realizations by men of this wonderful principle of Maitri.

If only today instead of having temples to many Teachers and many Gods, we could have throughout the world a new kind of temple to Mitra, the "Friend," perhaps mankind would realize that they are fundamentally brothers, and so find new ways of wisdom to unite the world which at the moment seems to be shattered into pieces.

If in addition to whatever we are, Buddhists, Hindus or Christians, each of us were to be supremely Mitra, the *Friend*, to all that lives, could we not transform the world today, and usher in that Parliament of Man which is the goal of all our dreams?

—C. JINARAJADASA

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA

Vol. XXIX

NOVEMBER, 1941

No. 11

The Fall of Ideals

H. P. BLAVATSKY

IN a world of illusion in which the law of evolution operates, nothing could be more natural than that the ideals of MAN—as a unit of the total, or mankind—should be for ever shifting. A part of the Nature around him, that Protean, ever changing Nature, every particle of which is incessantly transformed, while the harmonious body remains as a whole ever the same, like these particles man is continually changing, physically, intellectually, morally, spiritually. At one time he is at the topmost point of the circle of development; at another at the lowest. And, as he thus alternately rises and sinks, and his moral nature responsively expands or contracts, so will his moral code at one time embody the noblest altruistic and aspirational ideals, while at the other, the ruling conscience will be but the reflection of selfishness, brutality and faithlessness. But this, however, is so only on the external, illusionary plane. In their internal, or rather, essential constitution, both Nature and man are at one, as their essence is identical. All grows and develops and strives toward perfection on the former planes of externality or, as well said by a philosopher, is—"ever becoming;" but on the ultimate plane of the spiritual essence all is, and remains therefore immutable. It is toward this eternal Esse that everything, as every being, is gravitating, gradually, almost imperceptibly, but as surely as the Universe of stars and worlds moves towards a mysterious point known to, yet still unnamed by, astronomy and called by the Occultists the *central Spiritual Sun*.

Hitherto, it was remarked in almost every historical age that a wide interval, almost a chasm, lay between practical and ideal perfection. Yet, as from time to time certain great characters appeared on earth who taught man-

kind to look beyond the veil of illusion, man learnt that the gulf was not an impassable one; that it is the province of mankind through its higher and more spiritual races to fill the great gap more and more with every coming cycle; for every man, as a unit, has it in his power to add his mite toward filling it. Yes; there are still men, who, notwithstanding the present chaotic condition of the moral world, and the sorry *debris* of the best human ideals, still persist in believing and teaching that the now *ideal* human perfection is no dream, but a law of divine nature; and that, had Mankind to wait even millions of years, still it must some day reach it and rebecome a *race of Gods*.

Meanwhile, the periodical rise and fall of human character on the external planes takes place now, as it did before, and the ordinary average perception of man is too weak to see that both processes occur each time on a higher plane than the preceding. But as such changes are not always the work of centuries, for often extreme changes are wrought by swift acting forces—*e.g.*, by wars, speculations, epidemics, the devastation of famines or religious fanaticism—therefore do the blind masses imagine that man ever was, is and will be the same. To the eyes of us, moles, mankind is like our globe—seemingly stationary. And yet, both move in space and time with an equal velocity, around themselves and—*onward*.

Moreover, at whatever end of this evolution, from the birth of his consciousness, in fact, man was, and still is, the vehicle of a dual spirit in him—good and evil. Like the twin sisters of Victor Hugo's grand, posthumous poem *Satan*—the progeny issued respectively from Light and Darkness—the angel "Liberty" and the angel "Isis-Lilith" have chosen man as

their dwelling on earth, and these are at eternal strife in him.

The Churches tell the world that "Man is born in sin," and John (First Epistle, III, 8) adds that "he that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning." Those who still believe in the rib and apple fable and in the rebellious Angel, Satan, believe as a matter of course, in a personal Devil—as a contrast in a dualistic religion—to a personal God. We, Theosophists of the eastern school, believe in neither. Yet we go, perhaps, further still than the Biblical dead letter. For we say that while as *extra-cosmic* Entities there is neither God nor devil, that both exist nevertheless. And we add that both dwell on earth in man, being in truth *the very man himself*, who is as a physical being the devil, the true vehicle of evil, and as a spiritual entity—God, or *good*. Hence to say to mankind: "Thou hast the devil," is to utter as metaphysical a truth as when saying to all its men: "Know ye not that God dwelleth in you?" Both statements are true. But we are at the turning point of the great social cycle, and it is the former fact which has the upper hand at present. Yet as—to paraphrase a Pauline text—"there be devils many . . . yet there is but one Satan," so while we have a great variety of devils constituting collectively mankind, of such grandiose Satanic characters as are painted by Milton, Byron and recently by Victor Hugo, there are few, if any. Hence, owing to such mediocrity, are the human ideals falling, to remain unreplaced; a prose-life as spiritually dead as the London November fog, and as alive with brutal materialism and vices, the seven capital sins forming but a portion of these, as that fog is with deadly microbes. Now we rarely find aspirations toward the eternal ideal in the human heart, but instead of it every thought tending toward the one central idea of our century, the great "I," *self* being for each the one mighty centre around which the whole universe is made to revolve and turn.

When the Emperor Julian—called the *Apostate* because, believing in the grand ideals of his forefathers, the Initiates, he would not accept the human anthropomorphic form thereof—saw for the last time his beloved Gods appear to him, he wept. Alas! they were no longer the bright spiritual beings he had worshipped, but only the decrepit, pale and worn out shades of the Gods he had so loved. Perchance they were the prophetic vision of the departing ideals of his age, as also of our own cycle. These "Gods" are now regarded by the Church as

demons and called so; while he who has preserved a poetical, lingering love for them, is forthwith branded as an antichrist and a modern Satan.

Well, Satan is an elastic term, and no one has yet ever given even an approximately logical definition of the symbolical meaning of the name. The first to anthropomorphize it was John Milton; he is his true putative intellectual father, as it is widely conceded that the *theological* Satan of the Fall is the "Mind-born Son" of the blind poet. Bereft of his theological and dogmatic attributes Satan is simply an *adversary*; not necessarily an "arch-fiend" or a "persecutor of men," but possibly also a foe of evil. He may thus become a Savior of the oppressed, a champion of the weak and poor, crushed by the minor devils (men), the demons of avarice, selfishness and hypocrisy. Michelet calls him the "Great Disinherited" and takes him to his heart. The giant Satan of poetical concept is, in reality, but the compound of all the dissatisfied and noble intellectuality of the age. But Victor Hugo was the first to intuitively grasp the occult truth. Satan, in his poem of that name, is a truly grandiose Entity, with enough of the human in him to bring him within the grasp of average intellects. To realize the Satans of Milton and of Byron is like trying to grasp a handful of the morning mist; there is nothing *human* in them. Milton's Satan wars with angels, who are a sort of flying puppet, without spontaneity, pulled into the stage of being and of action by the invisible string of theological predestination; Hugo's Lucifer fights a fearful battle with his own terrible passions and again becomes an Archangel of Light, after the most awful agonies ever conceived by mortal mind and recorded by human pen.

All other Satanic ideals pale before his splendor. The Mephisto of Goethe is a true devil of theology; the Ahriman of Byron's *Manfred*—a too supernatural character, and even *Manfred* has little akin to the human element, great as was the genius of their Creator. All these images pale before Hugo's SATAN, who loves as strongly as he hates. *Manfred* and Cain are the incarnate *Protests* of downtrodden, wronged and persecuted individuality against the "World" and "Society"—those giant fiends and savage monsters of collective injustice. *Manfred* is the type of an indomitable will, proud, yielding to no influence, earthly or divine, valuing his full absolute freedom of action above any personal feeling or social consideration, higher than nature and all in it. But, with *Manfred* as with Cain, the Self, the

"I," is ever foremost; and there is not a spark of the all-redeeming love in them, no more than of fear. Manfred will not submit even to the universal Spirit of Evil; alone, face to face with the dark opponent of Ahura Mazda—Universal Light—Ahri-man and his countless hosts of darkness, he still holds his own. These types arouse in one intense wonder, awe-struck amazement by their all-defiant daring, but arouse no human feeling: they are *too supernatural ideals*. Byron never thought of vivifying his Arch-angel with that undying spark of love which forms—nay, must form—the essence of the "First-Born" out of the homogeneous essence of eternal Harmony and Light, and is the element of forgiving reconciliation, even in its (according to our philosophy) last terrestrial offspring—Humanity. Discord is the concomitant of differentiation, and Satan, being an evolution, must in that sense be an adversary, a contrast, being a type of chaotic matter. The loving essence cannot be extinguished but only perverted. Without this saving redemptive power, embodied in Satan, he simply appears the nonsensical failure of omnipotent and omniscient imbecility which the opponents of theological Christianity sneeringly and very justly make him: with it he becomes a thinkable Entity, the *Asuras* of the Puranic myths, the first *breaths* of Brahma, who, after fighting the Gods and defeating them, are finally themselves defeated and then hurled on to the earth, where they incarnate in Humanity. Thus Satanic Humanity becomes comprehensible. After moving around his cycle of obstacles he may, with accumulated experiences, after all the throes of Humanity, emerge again into the light—as eastern philosophy teaches.

If Hugo had lived to complete his poem, possibly with strengthened insight, he would have blended his Satanic concept with that of the Aryan races, which makes all minor powers, good or evil, born at the beginning and dying at the close of each "Divine Age." As human nature is ever the same, and sociological, spiritual and intellectual evolution is a question of step by step, it is quite possible that instead of catching one-half of the Satanic ideal as Hugo did, the next great poet may get it wholly; thus voicing for his generation the eternal idea of Cosmic equilibrium so nobly emphasized in Aryan mythology. The first half of that ideal approaches sufficiently to the human ideal to make the moral tortures of Hugo's Satan entirely comprehensible to the eastern Theosophist. What is the chief torment of this great Cosmic Anarchist? It is the

moral agony caused by such a duality of nature—the tearing asunder of the Spirit of Evil and Opposition from the undying element of primeval love in the Arch-angel. That spark of divine love for light and harmony, that no HATE can wholly smother, causes him a torture far more unbearable than his Fall and exile for protest and rebellion. This bright, heavenly spark, shining from Satan in the black darkness of his kingdom of moral night, makes him visible to the intuitive reader. It made Victor Hugo see him sobbing in superhuman despair, each mighty sob shaking the earth from pole to pole; sobs first of baffled rage that he cannot extirpate love for divine Goodness (God) from his nature; then changing into a wail of despair at being cut off from the divine love he so much yearns for. All this is intensely human. This abyss of despair is Satan's salvation. In his *Fall*, a feather drops from his white and once immaculate wing, is lighted up by a ray of divine radiance and forthwith transformed into a bright Being, the Angel of LIBERTY. Thus, she is Satan's daughter, the child jointly of God and the fallen Arch-angel, the progeny of Good and evil, of Light and darkness, and God acknowledges this common and "sublime paternity" that unites them. It is Satan's daughter who saves him. At the acme of despair at feeling himself hated by LIGHT, Satan hears the divine words: "No; I hate thee not." Saith the Voice: "An angel is between us, and her deeds go to thy credit. Man, bound by thee, by her is now delivered."

O Satan, tu peux dire à présent: je vivrai!

Viens; l'Ange Liberté, c'est ta fille et la mienne;

Cette paternité sublime nous unit! . . .

The whole conception is an efflorescence of metaphysical ideality. This white lotus of thought springs now, as in former ages, from the rottenness of the world of matter, generating *Protest* and LIBERTY. It is springing in our very midst and under our very eyes, from the mire of modern civilization, the fecund bed of contrasting virtues. In this foul soil sprouted the germs which ultimately developed into all-denying protestators, Atheists, Nihilists, and Anarchists, men of the Terror. Bad, violent, criminal some of them may be, yet no one of them could stand as the copy of Satan; but taking this heart-broken, hopeless, embittered portion of humanity in their collectivity, they are just Satan himself; for he is the ideal synthesis of all discordant forces and each separate human vice or passion is but an atom of his

(Concluded on Page 263)

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

Published monthly by
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
IN AMERICA

National President.....SIDNEY A. COOK
National Secretary.....ANN WERTH
Publication Office, Olcott, Wheaton, Illinois
Editorial Office, Olcott, Wheaton, Illinois
Subscription Price.....\$1.00 a Year
Foreign Subscriptions\$1.25

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Wheaton, Illinois, under the Act of March 8, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 412, Act of February 28, 1925, authorized December 13, 1927.

Second class mail is not forwarded. Therefore changes of address should be sent promptly to *The American Theosophist*, Wheaton, Illinois.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The Founding Was For Today

In this year of 1941 the founding in 1875 seems an event far removed. We think back—few can remember—sixty-six years and admire the courage of the founders for offering a philosophy so profound to a world so uncomprehending. We honor them for their devotion, recognizing that without it their courage alone would not have seen them through the trials and the disdain of a period when the need for a deeper philosophy was matched only by its unreadiness to receive it. Depths of human darkness always portend the need for light, and it is therefore under conditions of difficulty that the light must always struggle to be seen and truth to be heard.

Such are the conditions today and we can conceive that the Inner Founders, Whose instruments Colonel Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky so courageously and devotedly became, knew only too well that the individual narrow mental darkness of their day would be succeeded by the limited group vision of our own.

Lack of vision is today's world-darkness. The world of individuals, well intentioned and loving, still needs the knowledge of the Great Plan and its unity to give direction to their good intentions and inclusiveness to their loving. In every field of thought and activity the battle is between a narrower and a broader doctrine. In politics, social economics, industrial relations,

in this nation and in others and between nations the great need is for a philosophy and a vision which sees all men and all the world as a wholeness whose ills can be cured not by doctoring this, that or, the other symptom or serving this, that or the other interest. The social unrest, the economic ills, the labor problems, the international differences, are all but symptoms of the world's need of a more inclusive brotherhood and the knowledge of the unity that declares service to be true only when it intentionally serves the interest of others.

It is not given to all to be Founders, but to all who know their message comes the opportunity to shed the light in the dark places of narrow vision. The courage to persevere in the face of the world's effort to satisfy self-interest, the devotion to ideals to which groups and nations are unresponsive, these qualities of the Founders are needed no less in our time of darkness than in theirs. Like them we must carry the torch of truth though few follow the light. That it shall be upheld for men to see is our work; for men to see is theirs. Let us see that the light is bright; that it is held aloft for the world to see and to follow if they will. And let us be sure that the light is that of the fundamental knowledge needed then and needed still, and until all the world shall know.

One Life

The oneness of all nature receives further recognition in an article that appeared recently in the journal of *The Men of the Trees* (England). The writer calls attention to the effects of our modern waste disposal systems that carry all refuse to the sea and return nothing to the soil. Dealing essentially with the scientific construction of compost beds, the article clearly sets forth the need of our productive earth for its natural food of vegetable decay and even its due portion of animal refuse. Our modern mass living causes a concentration of such waste and totally artificial disposal, none of which ever again naturally reaches the soil. Chemical fertilization and regeneration is ineffective for nature's intimate physiological processes that involve the earth worms and many minor life forms are essential to productive soil and healthy growth. These living processes chemical treatments destroy and for life at work there is no substitute.

An article, "The Dynamics of Future Farming," in the October number of *Tomorrow* deals with the same subject, recognizing nature's oneness whose balance man destroys and for which the law of the one life claims retribution.

The Buddha on War

(Contributed by Ralph T. Gardner)

FROM time immemorial, men of good will have debated the question whether or not violence ought to be met with violence or with meek surrender to evil-doers. Probably no more comprehensive or lucid statement on this issue has ever been made than that given by the Lord Buddha nearly two thousand five hundred years ago.

A certain general by the name of Simha, having heard the Blessed One repeatedly praised by men of distinction, sought the company of the great sage that he might settle some of his own deep ponderings.

"I am a general, O blessed One," said Simha, "and am appointed by the king to enforce his laws and to wage his wars. Does the Tathagata (i.e. "The Perfect One") who teaches kindness without end and compassion with all sufferers, permit the punishment of the criminal? And further, does the Tathagata declare that it is wrong to go to war for the protection of our homes, our wives, our children, and our property? Does the Tathagata teach the doctrine of a complete self-surrender, so that I should suffer the evil-doer to do what he pleases and yield submissively to him who threatens to take by violence what is my own? Does the Tathagata maintain that all strife, including such warfare as is waged for a righteous cause, should be forbidden?"

The Buddha replied: "He who deserves punishment must be punished, and he who is worthy of favor must be favored. Yet at the same time the Tathagata teaches to do no injury to any living being but to be full of love and kindness. These injunctions are not contradictory, for whosoever must be punished for the crimes which he has committed suffers his injury not through the ill-will of the judge but on account of his evil-doing. His own acts have brought upon him the injury that the executor of the law inflicts. When a magistrate punishes, let him not harbor hatred in his breast; yet a murderer, when put to death, should consider that this is the fruit of his own act. As soon as he will understand that the punishment will purify his soul, he will no longer lament his fate but rejoice at it."

And the Blessed One continued: "The Tathagata teaches that all warfare in which man tries to slay his brother is lamentable, but he does not teach that those who go to war in

a righteous cause after having exhausted all means to preserve the peace are blameworthy. He must be blamed who is the cause of war.

"The Tathagata teaches a complete surrender of self, but he does not teach a surrender of anything to those powers that are evil, be they men or gods or the elements of nature. Struggle must be, for all life is a struggle of some kind. But he that struggles should look to it lest he struggle in the interest of self against truth and righteousness.

"He who struggles in the interest of self, so that he himself may be great or powerful or rich or famous, will have no reward, but he who struggles for righteousness and truth, will have great reward, for even his defeat will be a victory.

"Self is not a fit vessel to receive any great success; self is small and brittle and its contents will soon be spilt for the benefit, and perhaps also for the curse, of others.

"Truth, however, is large enough to receive the yearnings and aspirations of all selves and when the selves break like soap-bubbles, their contents will be preserved and in the truth they will lead a life everlasting.

"He who goeth to battle, O Simha, even though it be in a righteous cause, must be prepared to be slain by his enemies, for that is the destiny of warriors; and should his fate overtake him he has no reason for complaint.

"But he who is victorious should remember the instability of earthly things. His success may be great, but be it ever so great the wheel of fortune may turn again and bring him down into the dust.

"However, if he moderates himself and, extinguishing all hatred in his heart, lifts his down-trodden adversary up and says to him, 'Come now and make peace and let us be brothers,' he will gain a victory that is not a transient success, for its fruits will remain forever.

"Great is the successful general, O Simha, but he who has conquered self is the greater victor.

"The doctrine of the conquest of self, O Simha, is not taught to destroy the souls of men, but to preserve them. He who has conquered self is more fit to live, to be successful, and to gain victories than he who is the slave of self.

"He whose mind is free from the illusion of self, will stand and not fall in the battle of life.

"He whose intentions are righteousness and justice, will meet with no failure, but be successful in his enterprises and his success will endure.

"He who harbors in his heart love of truth will live and not die, for he has drunk the water of immortality.

"Struggle then, O general, courageously; and fight thy battles vigorously, but be a soldier of truth and the Tathagata will bless thee."

When the Blessed One had spoken thus, Simha, the general said: "Glorious Lord, glor-

ious Lord! Thou has revealed the truth. Great is the doctrine of the Blessed One. Thou, indeed, art the Buddha, the Tathagata, the Holy One. Thou art the teacher of mankind. Thou showest us the road of salvation, for this indeed is true deliverance. He who follows thee will not miss the light to enlighten his path. He will find blessedness and peace. I take my refuge, Lord, in the Blessed One, and in his doctrine, and in his brotherhood. May the Blessed One receive me from this day forth while my life lasts as a disciple who has taken refuge in him."

—From "*The Gospel of Buddha*"
compiled by Paul Carus

From the Master K. H. (1883)

IF you would be a Theosophist, you must not do as those around you do who call on a God of Truth and Love and serve the dark Powers of Might, Greed and Luck. We look in the midst of your Christian civilization and see the same sad signs of old: the realities of your daily lives are diametrically opposed to your religious ideal, but you feel it not; the thought that the very laws that govern your being, whether in the domain of politics or social economy, clash painfully with the origins of your religion do not seem to trouble you in the least . . .

Under the dominion and sway of exoteric creeds, the grotesque and tortured shadows of Theosophical realities, there must ever be the same oppression of the weak and the poor and the same typhonic struggle of the wealthy and the mighty among themselves . . . *It is esoteric philosophy alone*, the spiritual and psychic blending of man with Nature, that, by revealing fundamental truths, can bring that much desired mediate state between the two extremes of human Egotism and divine Altruism, and finally lead to the alleviation of human suffering.

Theosophy must not represent merely a collection of moral verities, a bundle of metaphysical Ethics epitomized in theoretical dissertations. Theosophy must be made practical, and has, therefore, to be disencumbered of useless discussion . . . It has to find objective expression in an all-embracing code of life thoroughly impregnated with its spirit—the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity and love. Its followers have to set the example of a firmly outlined and as firmly applied morality before they get the right to point out, even in a spirit of kindness, the absence of a like ethic Unity and singleness of purpose in other associations and

individuals. As said before—no Theosophist should blame a brother within or outside of the association, throw slur upon his actions or denounce him lest he should himself lose the right of being considered a Theosophist. Ever turn away your gaze from the imperfections of your neighbor and centre rather your attention upon your own shortcomings in order to correct them and become wiser . . . Show not the disparity between claim and action in another man but, whether he be brother or neighbor, rather help him in his arduous walk in life . . .

The problem of true Theosophy and its great mission is the working out of clear, unequivocal conceptions of ethic ideas and duties which would satisfy most and best the altruistic and right feeling in us; and the modelling of these conceptions for their application into such forms of daily life where they may be applied with most equitableness . . . Such is the common work in view for all who are willing to act on these principles. It is a laborious task and will require strenuous and persevering exertion, but it must lead you insensibly to progress and leave no room for any selfish aspirations outside the limits traced. Do not indulge in unbrotherly comparisons between the task accomplished by yourself and the work left undone by your neighbor or brother, in the field of Theosophy, *as none is held to weed out a larger plot of ground than his strength and capacity will permit him.*

. . . *The degree of success or failure are the landmarks we shall have to follow, as they will constitute the barriers placed with your own hands between yourselves and those whom you have asked to be your teachers. The nearer your approach to the goal contemplated, the shorter the distance between the student and the Master.*

On Being Good for Nothing

CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH

ANYONE can be good for something, but only the truly great can be good for nothing.

A convicted criminal can be good, as the guards measure goodness, to gain time off from his sentence, or to escape solitary confinement.

Quite small children can be good for hours at a time to gain a goodie or to avoid a spanking.

Ordinary people can be good most of their lives to earn a living, and not to lose their reputation with the neighbors; to gain heaven or to avoid hell.

Even animals can be good to gain bones and pats on the head, or to dodge the dog-whip.

To be good for something isn't truly to be good at all, but simply to be expedient.

Often, to be good for something is definitely bad.

To be good for gain is greed, and greed is bad.

To be good for fame is vanity, and vanity is bad.

To be good through fear is cowardice, and cowardice is bad.

To be good to please another is weakness, and weakness is bad.

Truly to be good, one must be good for goodness sake—because one *is* good and, even with all the devils in hell tempting one, could not act otherwise.

In other words, one must be good as God is good.

« » « »

If it is conceded, as generally it is, that God *is* good and that God is all; then, in addition to the usual syllogistic conclusion that all must be good, there is another equally inevitable conclusion—that God must be good *for nothing*, since He has nothing to gain through goodness or to lose through non-goodness.

To grant this all-goodness in God does not necessarily imply that all human-beings, though they are indubitably parts of that all which is God, partake of His quality of absolute and unconditioned goodness.

God, who is all, has nothing to gain or lose, but this is not equally true of individuals who see themselves as independent units rather than as an interdependent unity.

The spark of consciousness, the part of the whole, which sees itself as apart from the

whole, as a self-contained and self-seeking unit rather than as an inseparable part of the pattern of divinity, logically may strive to increase its apparent power and importance at the expense of other like units.

By so doing, it does not because it cannot disturb the sum of the whole. All remains *all*, regardless of the distribution or redistribution of its components.

Thus, the evil that men do to others (and to themselves in consequence) through vanity and greed is evil to themselves, between themselves, but it is not evil to God, who plays no part in it.

All the futile efforts of men to steal the power and the glory of God from each other leave that power and that glory untouched, since men never possessed any part of it.

They *are* part of it, and they may become intelligently aware of that fact, but they can never *own* part of it.

To enter into and enjoy the power and the glory of God, man must do exactly that—enter *into* it, ceasing to regard it as something to be gained and possessed by the selfish separated self.

He must cease all his efforts to be good for personal gain or glory, and he must learn to be good for nothing, in the very sense in which God is good.

Only when he has done that will he or can he realize the meaning of goodness, which is the Peace of God.

« » « »

While man believes in the illusions of personal gain or glory, he can never know peace, for that belief compels him to create conditions in which peace is impossible.

Striving to increase his own gain or glory by robbing others of theirs and adding it to his own, he compels all who believe in the same illusions to defend their imaginary possessions against his rapacity.

Thus he establishes a condition of war as the norm of human relations.

War on the battlefield, war on a world wide scale, is simply a logical development of the individual belief in the illusions of personal power and glory.

When man has learned that power is not the ability to bully another, but potential useful work; when he has learned that glory is not the grudging flattery of sycophants, but the

accomplished fact of useful achievement, then he will seek power not in or for himself but in and for All; he will seek glory not in and for himself but in and for God.

Even so, he will not because he could not *add* anything to the power and glory of God, but he may use the power and enjoy the glory by entering into them, and this he may do simply by ceasing to cut himself off from them, as he does when he acts in accordance with his separative illusions of personal power and glory.

There can be no permanent peace in the world, and there can be no real and enduring happiness in the hearts of men until this lesson has been learned, for, until it is put into practice, which is the end of learning, the whole record of human life on earth will be merely a series of painful experimental verifications of the fact that personal gain, personal power, and personal glory are illusions.

Grasping for them is grasping at shadows formed by ourselves standing with our backs to the sunlight of God. We shall see only the shadows till we turn to face the source of the light, but there will be no shadows when we have indentified ourselves with the reality of that Source.

« » »

From the moment a man begins to disbelieve in the illusion of personal gain, he begins to find peace, because he ceases to act from personal motives.

He cannot cease to act, for action is life and life is action and he is alive, but he can cease to act selfishly and begin to act unselfishly.

When he does that, he ceases to excite the enmity of others because he is no longer in competition with them.

Because he strives not *with* but *for* them, they need not strive with him.

Because he no longer demands anything for himself, men can deny him nothing.

Because he claims nothing, none can rob him.

Because he is harmless, he remains unharmed.

Because he is not proud, he cannot be humbled; yet he is not humble, for that is humble the other face of pride.

He will not ask to lead men, but they will follow him, for they will see for themselves that the way in which he walks is a good way.

Men who still believe in personal glory may praise him, but he does not so believe and will give the glory to God.

Thus he cannot again be tempted to pride and to its inevitable fall inherent in the envy and spite of those who seek power and glory for themselves.

He cannot fall, because he does not seek to rise.

The lowest or the highest station in life is, to him, an equal opportunity to serve.

When his time of serving is done, he will step down from a work-bench or a throne with equal equanimity.

He strives only and always to do his best in the common service of man, striving not for himself, not for place and power, not for personal gain or glory, but because the divine life flows through him and must have its divine way.

Because he is no longer choked with the lust for personal power, the power of God may flow through him as an open channel.

Because he no longer seeks glory for himself, the glory of God may shine through him.

He is good no more for gain but because it is good to be good, with the goodness of God, wherein alone is Peace.

Very great indeed is the peace and the power and the glory of such a man, for it is not his alone, but the peace and the power and the glory of God.

« » »

This is the Way in which men walk whether they know or believe it or not. If they do not know it, it is because they have not understood what has been happening and is still happening to them, or because they will not believe the facts of their own experience.

Never yet have men sought gain and power for themselves without arousing equal opposition in others.

Never have they imposed their will upon others without creating hatred equal to the imposition.

The illusion of power is purchased with loneliness.

The illusion of wealth is purchased with the envy, hatred and malice of other men.

The illusion of fame is purchased at the same price.

It is too dear a price to pay for illusions, yet men continue to pay it.

Man speaks of himself with pride as *homo sapiens*, the wise man, but *is* it wise to repeat the same mistakes a thousand and ten thousand times?—The outcome is always the same, always clear and evident to all who have eyes to see.

Man lacks wisdom because the will to personal power corrupts even his search for it, inciting him to use what little wisdom he may find to claim superiority over those who have less or other wisdom.

The little brainful he has drawn from the well of infinite wisdom becomes, to him, a

personal possession to be defended against all who would question or increase it.

Thus the infinite wisdom common to all with minds to comprehend it, is cut into creeds and sects and cults, becoming a cause of conflicts, and adding to the disunity which is man's cause of sorrow, instead of bringing him ever closer to unity with the wisdom and the power and the glory of God.

As men fight each other for fragments of the infinite indivisible goodness of God, so they fight each other over fragments of His truth which, torn from the living source, already have ceased to live.

The very words of the Lord of Love are used as shibboleths to exclude others who pronounce or define them differently, and Religion, which should bind men in the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God, binds them

instead in narrow bands of sectaries, hating each other for loving God under other names and with other words than theirs.

True Religion, surely, is simply the love of God expressed—as only it could be expressed—in service to mankind.

There is, there could be no religion higher than this, and anything lower is simply a step towards the higher, since men *do* learn from experience, however dull and reluctant they may be to learn the opposite of their desires.

While man must be bribed to be good, he can know nothing of the nature of true goodness, but when he has learned to be good for nothing—that divine wisdom which is folly to the fool—then shall his goodness be perfect, with the perfection of his Heavenly Father *which is his own*, if he would but believe it and act accordingly.



The Nature of Study

SIDNEY A. COOK

REACTIONS to study courses reflect the differences in students and in teachers.

A particular study course brings enthusiastic reports of evenings of deeply instructive interest, good attendance and of eager looking forward to classes week by week. The same course brings comment of dryness and disinterest. What makes the difference? The study sheets, the references, the division into subjects, the suggestions for class work, are identical; yet one finds it tremendously good, the other finds nothing.

Clearly, the difference is not in the course, but in the students and the teacher. The one group proves that the good, the value, the interest, is there to be drawn from the course; the other merely fails to find it. These facts lead us to a consideration of the nature of study. Evidently study is not just reading; clearly, it is not just listening, for both groups read and listen.

The key to the difference is *work*, and work is giving of one's own energies, an expenditure of effort to achieve results. The difference in the effect of the course and the reaction of the group, therefore, is attributable to the difference in honest effort by teachers and by students, probably both, for students and teachers must

be mutually sustaining; both must work, both must give of themselves, of their effort.

Study is not merely reading. Study is delving; it is search; it is comparison; it is an effort not merely to understand, but to understand more; for to read and to understand, even to reflect and to understand do not constitute study. To study is to read, reflect, understand and *discover*; to discover something new through one's own thought deeply into, and probably beyond that lying immediately behind the words read. There are no results to be found equal to those spread before the Theosophical student who works.

A study course, a lesson, is but a jumping off point. Each student must make his own flight through his own thinking. He must search and discover through effort of his own—research and discovery. If he does this, he and his class leader and all the students will find any Theosophical course interesting, instructive and uplifting. If he fails to do this, no course, however beautifully constructed and presented, will to him be a success. Any class to which each student brings one single new thought discovered in himself through honest effort at the lesson will be thrillingly alive.

Biography of a Lodge

Part XX

ANN WERTH

HAD John acted on his first impulse, he would have used the next meeting to upbraid the members for the condition he found in the lodge upon his return to active participation. Fortunately his better judgment and his innate kindness prevented him from pursuing that course of action.

Thoughtful consideration of the problem made him realize that he really did not know who was at fault, nor did he know what was wrong, and that therefore his first task was to become acquainted with the nature and cause of the problem.

His first step was to invite Mrs. Winters to have dinner with him so that they might discuss the work done in his absence. He did not reproach her for her mistakes, but praised her for so selflessly assuming the burden of lodge leadership. He was grateful to her for relieving him of that added responsibility and was generous in his expression of appreciation.

Mrs. Winters expanded under the warmth of his praise. She had been so severely criticized by some of the members that she had expected to be criticized by John also. Finding him grateful instead of critical encouraged her to relate some of the difficult experiences of the preceding weeks. Through her story John gained some understanding of at least a part of the lodge problem and he realized that it was only a part. Feeling the importance of her task, May had expected all the other members to be equally concerned. When their concern had not taken the same emphasis as her own, she had become insistent. This attitude eventually led to a feeling that the members were uncooperative and that no one but herself had the welfare of the lodge at heart.

By the time they parted John had shown May that her anxiety had denied to others certain opportunities to take part in the work, and that, except in extreme emergencies, it is much better to have all the members contributing what they can, than to have the gift of perfection from one or two. May realized that her part in solving the present problem would be to overcome her feeling of resentment, and this she pledged herself to do.

Encouraged by the success of his first effort, John visited each of the three members who refused to attend meetings. From these he received quite a different picture of events leading to the present crisis. No one knew what the real cause of the trouble was, but all felt that the lodge was unbrotherly and they wanted no part in it.

John listened to their complaints with sympathy and patience. Each one was right from his own point of view and John's task was to help them to appreciate another point of view. He reminded them that before Dora's illness there had been no question about the brotherliness of the group. They had worked in harmony before and could do so again, if each one would forget past errors and unite in formulating plans for the future. Somewhat skeptically the three agreed to attend the next meeting.

John went to Jane Sims next and with her he was frankly apologetic. He told her that he knew his action in turning the management of the lodge over to Mrs. Winters was unwise, and that it was the fundamental cause of the present misunderstanding. It embarrassed Jane to have him assume full responsibility, for she knew that she and every other member who had been critical of May Winters instead of being understanding, had been guilty of creating the present schism. John had been unwise, but others of them had been unkind.

When the next meeting was called to order, every member was present. After the usual brief period of meditation, John spoke. His conversations with the various members had filled him with increased appreciation of the problems each had to overcome and the knowledge that each had done his best. So he spoke appreciatively of the work they had done in his absence. He did not ignore or deny the problem which had developed, but he placed it before them in such a way that it became a challenge. It was, he said, the first real test of strength the new Sparta Lodge had faced, and this meeting with everyone in attendance was proof that the test had been met successfully.

(To be continued)

The King's Choir

MARIAN PEARCE

(Olcott Foundation Short Story, 1941)

AT the top of the hill, Peter turned for the last time, and, shading his eyes from the rising sun, looked again at the only home he had ever known.

His Mother was still standing at the open door of the little white house, and waved a blue cloth in answer to his final salute.

The sight of her renewed the struggle within him. He wanted to run back, and once again feel her loving nearness. Sudden tears blinded his sight. How good and understanding she had always been! When he had thought to tell her his secret, she had known all the time.

"You see, Mother," he had explained. "I've tried to be a good shepherd lad, but all the time I sing and play my harp. I want to hear other men's music. I dream of singing in a choir, Mother, before the great and mighty King."

There had been no sign of sorrow or grief on her face when she had answered him. "My son," (how often had that beautiful, vibrant voice of hers thrilled him?) "I will not stand in your way, for God wishes you to continue what you have worked in other lives to attain. It is the Law and is in His scheme of things for you. Go in peace. Keep your feet on the Path, and God will guide you."

So he had trained his younger brother to take his place with the sheep, and now he had said good-bye to them, and the little blue-eyed sister who loved him so much.

He could still hear his Mother's parting words of wisdom, as he brushed away his tears, and turning, went down the hill.

"Always think before you speak, my son, and guard your actions well. Remember: as you sow, so will you reap. Look for the good in all men, for their souls have the same Divine spark as your own, as you very well know.

Yes, that was it, he must not only build good karma for himself, but he must show others how they can do the same.

He met few people that first day, for it was a long way from the big city, and folks seldom went far from home. But he did not miss them, for he had always been used to solitude. Birds and animals, and all growing things had been his own particular friends and confidants.

As the sun was sinking in a ball of fire, with long tongues of radiant clouds stabbing its fiery orb, Peter noticed a farm off to his left,

and hoping for a night's lodging, he hurried quickly toward it.

A lean dog ran out barking dismally, showing its fangs in savage hunger.

"Good dog," said Peter kindly, displaying a confidence he did not quite feel. A large man, whose dirty smock was torn and ill-fitting, and whose beard and hair seemed to plaster his face and head with filth and disorder, came to the door and glared at him with enmity.

"I was looking for a night's lodging," began Peter wishing he had not stopped.

"Any money?" Even the voice was unpleasant and rasping, and Peter who was so sensitive to sound, edged farther away.

"A little . . ."

"Let's see it," and the big man came slowly towards him, showing his yellow teeth as an evil smile twisted up his whiskers.

But with a sudden swift movement, Peter slipped away from the grabbing hands and fled.

"After him, dog. Kill him!" snarled the man, giving the beast a kick.

Now Peter had not spent all his days in the hills without developing great swiftness and strength of body and endurance. But as he ran, he heard the panting dog gradually getting nearer and nearer. He remembered his teeth and hunger.

His Mother had always taught him, when in danger or difficulty, to remain still inside; then the wise Divine One within him, would tell him just what to do. He must do that now. It would not be easy, running so swiftly, and his breath coming so fast and short.

Then he saw a big smooth rock to his right, and on sudden impulse leaped toward it, and with a last mighty effort, landed half way up. A little scramble and he was on the top, with the dog glaring up at him excitedly from the ground.

But for a few moments he had forgotten him. He sat cross-legged, with closed eyes, seeking guidance from within. Then he received his answer. He opened up his one possession, a stout sack that was strapped to his back.

"You poor fellow, you are going to have my supper. You should feel very honored, for my Mother prepared it for me. Also I myself am very hungry, but not perhaps so hungry as you are!"

Not stopping to think of fear, he slipped down the rock before the savage dog, and quickly poured the food in front of him. Then whistling cheerfully, he went on his way, not stopping to look behind in case the dog—who was madly gobbling up the food—should start the chase again.

It was getting dark now, and Peter broke into a steady trot, guiding himself by the stars, as he had always been taught to do.

Then almost before he knew it, he saw a group of white houses, all gleaming in the moonlight, with long rows of fruit and olive trees stretching out behind and going over the top of the hill. As he approached closer, he heard a strong voice coming from a shed. He entered the yard and looked in at the door.

The energetic, lusty voice belonged to a little, short man, who was sitting on a stool, milking a cow.

"Good-evening . . ." began Peter politely.

The voice stopped suddenly, and the little fellow almost tipped over the milk can. He stared at the boy fascinated.

"I suppose you are an angel just dropped from the sky. You had me frightened, but I did not spill any milk, did I?" He smiled, his funny, long upper lip giving humour to his face. He got to his feet, giving the cow a little push.

"Oh no, I'm not an angel," and Peter laughed. "I just wondered if you could give me a night's lodging, and perhaps supper. I am very hungry."

The man touched him gently. "So, you are no angel, and in the moonlight there, I could have sworn you were, with that shining, yellow hair, and so much dignity for a lad." Still a little puzzled, he turned towards the house, his easy-going smile, returning to his face. "Come in, come in. What we have is yours."

"I will pay you," began Peter.

"No, no lad. Put your money away. We are glad to welcome such a guest."

Rich honey, milk and cakes were placed before him. But even with his great hunger, he found it difficult to eat, for there was much gay laughter and chatter going on in the large, cheerful room.

"It is for my daughter," explained the host. "She is betrothed tonight, and a few friends are coming in."

Before the great fire, his wife stood, busy catching the fat from a pig that was turning in the heat.

Peter was amazed at the sight. "I have heard

of people eating dead animals, but never saw it before!"

"To think of that!" The woman was equally amazed. "A strange home you must have come from."

But the remark was forgotten the next moment, as neighbors gayly entered the room, and the pretty daughter suddenly appeared and welcomed them.

Then they ate much meat, and drank a great deal of wine, and all were gay and happy.

But Peter sat by the fire and watched them, and could not be persuaded to eat any more, for he only wished to repay them for what he had already received.

Then a happy thought came to the boy, and he unstrapped the lute from his back. "If you would like some music, I will sing for you," he called from his seat near the fire.

They welcomed the idea happily, and the boy, an inward smile on his face, drew his long, thin fingers softly across the strings. One by one they stopped eating, and a hush fell over the big room as the clear, beautiful voice rose and fell, seeming to lift the roof from the low ceiling, and soar to unknown heights. In some mystical way, goodness crept into all their hearts, and their desires were purified.

As he finished, his host stood before him. "Now I know you are an angel, for no mortal could sing like that."

But Peter laughed merrily. "You honor me, sir, but I'm just a man like you, who gets hungry and must sleep," he added, for the heat from the fire, and the unaccustomed noise suddenly made him feel tired.

But they would not let him go to bed, and it was some time before the party finally broke up, and they all filed out into the night. A tall, fine man who was the elder of the village came and spoke to him.

"You are going to the big city?" he asked kindly.

"Yes, sir. I go on my way tomorrow," answered Peter, admiring the fine physique of the man before him.

"And what might your plans be, my boy?"

"I go to sing in the King's choir." The voice was quiet and confident.

"The King's choir!" The man fell back in amazement, hardly able to believe such audacity. Then he remembered the boy's beautiful voice, and his face relaxed, and he smiled. "You have marvelous confidence, but you might succeed.

In fact," he added laughing, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you do!"

"I intend to, sir."

"Well, well." He stroked his long, thin beard thoughtfully. "Perhaps I can help you, lad, though it's not going to be easy, mind. It's going to be mighty difficult even to get into the Palace at all. Now listen carefully. Tomorrow you must follow the sun from noon to sunset. Then you will come to a long, low house, right in the centre of many fig and olive trees. My brother John lives there, and the next day he will go to market in the big city. Tell him that Arran, his brother, commands him to let you ride to the city with him, and that you are to lodge at the house of one called Simon. Simon is very wise; he will tell you how to reach the King.

"Thank you, sir. I can never thank you enough." Peter stood before him, his calm, beautiful face glowing with happiness.

"Don't try, lad, but get you to bed, and may God be with you."

Then his good host took him out to a barn, and gave him a bed of clean, sweet hay, and being young and healthy, he soon slept.

The sun was rising over the hills as he left the barn, and shook the hay from his hair and tunic.

A strange noise, between a moan and a whine, suddenly reached his ears. He stopped and looked around, and there, behind a tree was the hungry dog who had eaten his supper the evening before.

"So you followed me here, did you?" And Peter was not altogether pleased at first, for who could trust a dog who had snarled so fiercely at him as he had? But as he looked into the pleading brown eyes, where despair and hope seemed to be fighting for supremacy, he remembered how his Mother had told him always to love animals, so that they might pass to their next pathway by way of love and not by hatred.

He stooped down and put his hand on the dog's head, and a heavy tail flopped awkwardly, just as if it were strange exercise.

Then Peter laughed joyously, and ran towards a well near the house. He felt very dirty as he pulled off his tunic, and he was not used to dirt at any time. Hunting through his sack, he found a piece of home-made soap, and soon had the water drawn.

Then his eyes fell on the dog beside him, and he paused. "You will have to be washed, young fellow, if you go with me." And the soap, he would have to use that, even though it was as

valuable as his supper had been. Then an awful thought struck him: suppose he could not get any more, and he had to go into the King's presence unclean! He grew hot and cold at the very idea. He must be very careful, and use sparingly.

But the dog's coat was thick and heavy, and very dirty, and Peter used more and more of the soap, until just a small piece remained.

Yet in some strange way, the scrubbing seemed to change the dog's entire being; his hopelessness dropped from him, and was replaced by a new spirit and confidence.

Peter examined him with great satisfaction, and the soap for the moment was forgotten. "You are really quite beautiful," he exclaimed joyfully. "I will call you Jordan, after our well at home, and because you have been re-born with water, and perhaps a little love, too," he added, looking deeply into the dog's eyes.

Then, as he scrubbed himself rapidly with the remaining piece of soap, he noticed a pile of bones and garbage left over from the evening's feast. It was a good breakfast for Jordan, but he picked himself some dates and figs by the wayside.

It was just as the elder of the village had said; for at sundown he found the low white house, and his brother, John preparing for market the next day.

He welcomed the boy with joy, and not only fed him, but Jordan also. They shared the barn for the night, a common love drawing them closely together.

Dawn found them driving slowly to town on a home-made wagon drawn by two mules. Peter had helped his host load up with figs and olives, and now sat beside him, full of glee and interest, which increased as they neared the gates of the city.

In dreams and books, Peter had visualized it all a number of times, but never had he imagined so many people in one place, all so different and interesting. He felt very small and almost lonely, as he clung to the long fur of Jordan, who sat between his knees in no way disturbed by the crowds and noise all around.

But John was anxious to find Simon, so that he could be free to hurry to the market and bazaars.

Simon was an astrologer, and lived in a little book and scribe shop on a small, quiet street not far from the Palace, and as far as knowledge went, was a very great man indeed, as Peter was later to find out.

Somehow he did not seem at all surprised to see the boy, and made him feel that he was not

only expected, but wanted as well. But it was not until they were sitting down at the evening meal together, that he questioned him.

"And now, lad, tell me a little of your ambitions. You have come a long way, so must needs have a big object."

Peter looked at the tall, stately man, with his long, white beard that shone like silk, and his dark, brilliant eyes. Then awe and admiration swept through him. "I hope I will be that wise when I'm old," he thought, as he answered him slowly and carefully. "Yes, sir, I have. I want to sing in the King's choir."

The old man flashed him a quick look from his strange, penetrating eyes. Then he smiled. "That is a very worthy object. It will be difficult, but not impossible. But it may take time."

Later, Peter was to find out that that was his seeming weakness: he did not value time, and when intensely occupied, would frequently let days go by without realizing it.

But Peter was young and impatient, and without realizing it, had a business-like ability that desired action. "What, sir, do you think would be the best way of approach? Could I go to the Temple openly, and ask a hearing?"

Simon laughed a little in his surprise. "Youth is bold these days. It is not so easy as all that," he began.

"But you are the King's astrologer. ."

"I was, my lad. For years I went to the Palace every night. But after the old King's death, a stranger was made court astrologer to the young King, though I hear in name only, for he knows not a planet from a meteor."

"But the King himself," the boy's voice was low and reverent. "He must know all things. ."

Simon looked at him keenly for a long moment. "The Palace is so vast, lad, a city in itself. But the King will call me when he is ready. Meanwhile, I see you have been taught the True Way, and in spite of your youth, are approaching the Path."

"Yes, sir. My Mother was the daughter of a Magus. She has taught me all I know, my Father having passed on a few years ago."

"You are well favored in sight of the Masters, that I see. Tomorrow we will talk more on these things. Your room is prepared for you in the attic. Feed your dog, and go, get your rest."

And so the days passed, and as the winter approached, Simon left more and more of his business in Peter's capable hands. He practised singing daily, but he was beginning to get discouraged over gaining admission to the Palace,

for he found it was more strongly guarded than he had ever thought possible.

One day Simon told him he would have to take a very long journey, and wished to leave him with the business.

"Do you think you can carry on lad, until I return?"

"Yes, Simon. I will be faithful, even unto the smallest detail."

"And you will be well rewarded, and will soon have the desire of your heart."

"Shall I really, sir?" and hope once more flamed in the boy's heart.

But Simon did not take time to answer questions. He continued, as if interested only in the business. "But you are young, and the world takes advantage of youth, so Anito, the chemist, will stay with you until I return."

"I am glad," answered Peter. "He teaches me many things that are interesting."

"But see that he puts out his fires at night, and does not destroy the house."

Peter now had a little more free time, for Anito sometimes took charge and helped him in the shop. So, in spite of the winter weather, he renewed his efforts to enter the Temple.

One snowy evening, he was wandering near the gates, when he saw a boy shivering under the knees of a giant figure which was part of a group of statuary in the park. He was almost naked, and sobbing feverishly, when Jordan stopped to lick his face.

Peter looked at him for a moment, pulling his own coat closer around him as the wind whistled through the trees.

"Is it because you are cold and hungry that you cry so much?" he asked at length.

The boy's lovely face was marred by misery and tears, and his voice was hoarse and broken. "Yes, I'm cold and hungry, but I cry because it is the eve of the festivals, and I want to sing in the King's choir."

"You want to sing in the King's choir?" echoed Peter, his heart beating fast with sudden excitement.

The boy coughed, and his small body trembled violently.

Scarcely knowing what he did, Peter slipped off his own warm coat, and wrapped it around the shivering figure.

"But I can't sing anymore," he moaned. "They cast me out. Said I made mischief amongst the boys. I was better than any of

them, and it was right I should have the most praise."

"Oh please, help me to get into the choir," said Peter, clasping his hands tightly together, while tears ran down his cheeks.

The boy looked at him dully. "Why should I help you? I have nothing myself. No home; no voice. You possibly can't sing a note. Why should I do all this for you? I never saw you before."

"I know," answered Peter gently. "Yet we are all brothers—the same life is in both of us. You are not fortunate, but you are reaping what you have sown, are you not?"

"Maybe so, but that's my business," muttered the boy sullenly.

"But it is my business too. You are unhappy and ill. It is your karma; but by letting me help you, and you help me, you can lift that karma. Please help me," he pleaded. "Take me in and let me sing."

The boy's sobs ceased, and slowly he got to his feet. "I guess I'm selfish, but I'm very miserable." Then: "Come on."

As they entered a small door in a high wall, the wind and snow ceased, and the sudden light of the moon showed Peter a beautiful garden,

at the far end of which was a stately Temple, dazzlingly bright with many lights.

The boy took his hand, and they entered a room filled with choir boys.

"You are soloist tonight," he said brokenly, slipping a white robe on him, "for you are taking my place. Forget yourself, and sing only to the King."

Though the Temple was crowded to overflowing, Peter saw only the King near the Holy of Holies. He sang to him as he had planned for so long, as he had so many times before sung to his God in the silence of the hills at home, and people wept for joy at the beauty and magnificence of his voice.

Later he was led before the King by the Music Master.

"What would you have, my son?" asked the King in a voice vibrant with beauty.

Peter knelt before him. "Oh King, I would sing in your choir, if I could be worthy."

"It shall be as you wish, and your family shall be blessed."

"And Simon the astrologer? . . ." began Peter.

"And Simon shall visit me daily," smiled the King, "and the boy, whose place you have taken so beautifully, shall be my incense bearer."

"Oh thank you, thank you, my King." And Peter hurried away to the choir room.

THE FALL OF IDEALS

(Continued from Page 251)

totality. In the very depths of the heart of this HUMAN Satanic totality burns the divine spark, all negations notwithstanding. It is called Love for HUMANITY, an ardent aspiration for a universal reign of Justice—hence a latent desire for light, harmony and goodness. Where do we find such a divine spark among the proud and the wealthy? In respectable society and the correct, orthodox, so-called religious portion of the public, one finds but a predominating feeling of selfishness and a desire for wealth at the expense of the weak and the destitute, hence, as a parallel, indifference to injustice and evil. Before Satan, the incarnate PROTEST, repents and reunites with his fellow men in the common Brotherhood, all cause for protest must have disappeared from earth. And that can come to pass only when Greed, Bias and Prejudice shall have disappeared before the elements of Altruism and Justice to all. Freedom, or Liberty, is but

a vain word now all over the civilized globe; Freedom is but a cunning synonym for oppression of the people in the name of the people, and it exists for castes, never for units. To bring about the reign of Freedom as contemplated by Hugo's Satan, the "Angel of Liberty" has to be born simultaneously and by common love and consent of the "higher" wealthy caste, and the "lower" classes—the poor; in other words, to become the progeny of "God" and "Satan," thereby reconciling the two.

But this is a Utopia—for the present. It cannot take place before the castes of the modern *Levites* and their theology—the Dead-Sea fruit of Spirituality—shall have disappeared; and the priests of the Future have declared before the whole world in the words of *their* "God":

*Et j'efface la nuit sinistre, et rien n'en reste,
Satan est mort, renais O LUCIFER CELESTE!*

Appointments with the Master

MYRLE KOHLAAS

WHERE *two or three are gathered together in My Name, there will I be also.*" Those words were given long ago as a promise of an appointment made for all who would meet in its spirit. It is a promise, age old and ageless, renewed each time a soul is awakened to look above.

As we are admitted to The Theosophical Society we may pledge ourselves to keep all appointments with the Masters who stand behind the Society. The moment we become Theosophists our appointments are made, if we will, for every minute of every day henceforth—and so it is that all we do, all we think and all we feel can be done as if in the presence of the Master.

If Theosophists would come to fully realize this one fact—that nothing can be hidden, nothing withheld from Their view—how much more rapidly would we become prepared to tread the Path which will lead us to the Feet of the Great Ones. We can keep that appointment every time we come in contact with another individual, because the very coming together of two or more persons can be in the spirit "In Their Name."

We keep that appointment every time we think of Them. In a true sense we keep that appointment whenever we are conscious of any fine emotion towards any person, and whenever we motivate our physical vehicle into action for great and true purpose we are likewise in Their presence. This is so because the consciousness of the Masters is such that They can feel our thoughts, emotions and actions which are in the likeness of Their own beneficence.

Have you ever thought of our Lodge meetings as appointments with the Master? Have you ever looked forward to and prepared for them as such? If we knew that we were to have the privilege of Their physical presence at lodge some night, how would we go about our preparation? Would we have other, more pressing things to do? Would we bring our petty jealousies, our grievances and half-hearted efforts for Them to see? It is not difficult to imagine that our rooms, beautifully prepared, would be full to overflowing and that a more enthusiastic and happily working group could not be found. Every one of us would put our "best foot forward" if we were certain that the Master would see it. Be honest, what would you bring here for Him to see?

Now think of The Theosophical Society as being what it truly is—the Masters' work shop in the outer world—and the lodge as being the factory of thought-forms for the Main Shop. When we come to Lodge we come to work for the Masters and in Their Name. There is never a lodge meeting opened in brotherly spirit and purpose but we have unseen visitors, and if these Special Guests are not the Masters Themselves, they are the agents and representatives of the Great White Lodge and they are among us for the express purpose of aiding us in our work, to bring us the Blessing of the Great Ones, and to take back to Them the report of our effort and the sincerity with which we have come to lodge.

Knowing these things, we should keep these appointments with clean thoughts, clean emotions, clean bodies and the fragrance of clean living in order that we may be worthy channels for the out-pouring energy of the Great White Brotherhood—that we may become an influence for good, a generator of tolerant thought and action in our community. We should acquire the fitting materials from which we may create thought-forms that will help to clarify the atmosphere, not only for our members but for the entire vicinity. We should seek an understanding of the various religions that we may help to unify them, explaining their differences and pointing out the One Religion which is the Eternal Foundation upon which all are builded.

And having kept these appointments, we should find that we have grown in understanding and in love, that we have learned a little better that every man is our brother. We will then conduct ourselves more and more as brothers should when we are contacting others to serve them or to receive service at their hands.

The next time you come to Lodge, try to feel that you have been especially invited to meet the Master there; picture it in your mind as a fact and try to imagine the consciousness He would bring, and as you make ready to join the group, prepare yourself as you would were you to meet the Master, physically, face to face. If you will carry this thought through you cannot but meet your brother as a brother. The Master's Love and Abiding Peace will surround and keep you and you will have taken another step towards the time and place of another and more wonderful appointment when you will meet Him in the Temple of Initiation.

Campaign for War Relief

EUGENE J. WIX

AT the Annual Convention held last July, a resolution was adopted authorizing a campaign during the coming year for the purpose of extending to all members an opportunity of contributing to a fund to be used for the relief of suffering in the war-torn countries of the world. Approximately \$1,000 was voluntarily subscribed for this purpose in a very few minutes at the close of one of the Convention sessions. The members clearly felt that here was a splendid and special way to put into practice the first object of the Society—that of brotherhood.

I am sure that members throughout the Section feel the same way and are glad of the opportunity of rendering some assistance to the victims of cruelty, injustice and aggression. We here in America are most fortunate. While the people in many other lands are subjected to daily and nightly air raids, we live in peace, and security. While millions go hungry, we have more than enough to eat. While others are wrongfully deprived of their lifetime savings, we live in the midst of prosperity. While many suffer unspeakable cruelties and injustice, we are privileged to live under the protection of a beneficent government. It is so easy under these circumstances to forget the suffering of others. It is so easy to become indifferent, giving no thought to the fact that while we are living in ease and relative luxury, our brothers in other parts of the world are in dire need. We must not overlook the fact that the privileges and opportunities we enjoy as American citizens place upon us corresponding responsibilities.

It is time that the people of America asked themselves the searching question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" If they search deep enough they will find the answer to be "Yes." We are our brother's keepers. This is implied in the very fact of brotherhood. We who belong to a Society whose first object is that of brotherhood, have assumed an even greater responsibility in this respect than the rest of our fellow citizens. We cannot rightly be the representatives of brotherhood unless we actually practice it. I believe the Society and its members are today being tested to determine whether or not they really believe in its first object. Let us not delude ourselves into thinking that we can continue to be the representatives of brotherhood in the world if we fail to meet the chal-

lenge that now confronts us. It is a challenge confronting each and every member. The actual amount each gives is relatively unimportant. The important thing is that we give as much as we can and that we each carry our share of the burden in proportion to our abilities.

The resolution authorizing this effort did not specify any definite amount to be raised. It seems to me, however, that it would be advisable if we set ourselves a goal. This will make it easier to conduct the campaign. It will enable lodge and federation officers to have some definite goal toward which to work. I suggest, therefore, that we set the sum of \$20,000.00 as the amount to be raised. This sum, I believe, we can easily achieve. During the year 1937-38 we raised over \$26,000.00 in the Burn the Bonds Campaign, and I am sure nobody suffered because of it. On the contrary, I feel that all of us benefited therefrom. After all, we do know that the law of sacrifice is the law of life, and that the law works if we actually put it to the test.

It would require an average of \$6.36 per member in order to raise the \$20,000.00. There may be some who cannot afford this amount, but, undoubtedly there are many who can give much more. In order to make up for those who though willing, may be unable to contribute their full quota, it is suggested that all who can possibly do so contribute \$10.00. If each member contributes according to his or her ability, we will have no difficulty in raising \$20,000.00. The money is urgently needed to buy food, clothing and other necessities of life for people living in the war torn countries of the world.

Let us not fail to do our part in alleviating this suffering and supplying this need. You all responded most generously when called upon to subscribe to the Burn the Bonds Campaign. The need now is far greater, infinitely more pressing and I know, therefore, that your response will be even more generous than it was in the Burn the Bonds Campaign.

I suggest that each Lodge President call a special meeting for the purpose of considering this matter. Let each member come to that meeting with the definite realization of the need of his brothers in other lands. Do not be afraid to get the facts about the suffering, cruelty and injustice in these countries, however horrible and unpleasant they may be. Face

these facts sympathetically, courageously, talk them over frankly and fully in a spirit of brotherhood and cooperation, and then let each member give according to his or her ability. Federation Presidents are urged to call these matters to the attention of the lodge officers and present the matter at Federation meetings, and last but not most important of all, let each member appoint himself to membership on the campaign committee to raise these funds.

It is a long time since an appeal has been

made, but judging from the manner in which you have always responded to worthy appeals in the past your response to this will be a most generous one. These are special times. A war is on in the world and there is suffering for brotherhood to alleviate and The Theosophical Society must be among the foremost in brotherly response.

You may make your contribution to this fund through your Lodge President or directly to Headquarters, Wheaton, Illinois.



The Theosophical Research Association in America

By-Laws

1. NAME. The Association shall be known as the Theosophical Research Association in America, and shall be attached to The Theosophical Society in America, to which it shall annually make a brief report of its activities.

2. OBJECTS. I. To correlate Theosophical science and philosophy with the science and philosophy of the modern academic world in every suitable branch of learning.

II. To carry on objective research in every department of occult science, so far as may be found practicable.

III. To publish such findings as may be deemed suitable, and to help distribute the publications of its sister-society, the Theosophical Research Centre in London.

3. MEMBERSHIP Members of The Theosophical Society, Adyar, who are interested in furthering the above Objects shall be eligible to Membership in the Association.

Active Members shall be those engaging in research work and sharing the results of their research with fellow members.

Sustaining Members shall be those unable to participate in active work but desirous of contributing financially to the work of the Association.

Applications for Membership shall be made to the Secretary-Treasurer on a suitable form.

4. OFFICERS. The Officers shall consist of a President and a Secretary-Treasurer, to be

elected annually from the Active Membership by a two-thirds majority of both Active and Sustaining Members.

5. ELECTIONS. The first Election will take place by mail, two months from the publication of these By-Laws, from nominations sent to the Secretary-Treasurer by those who have applied for Membership within that time.

Thereafter, Elections shall take place once a year at a Convention at some suitable time and place, or, in the absence of such a Convention, shall take place by mail, the candidates being selected from a list of nominees presented by the Nominating Committee. The Nominating Committee shall consist of seven active members appointed by the incumbent president. Nominations received from the Membership at large will also be placed on the Ballot.

6. DUES. Dues and contributions shall be on a voluntary basis. The Secretary-Treasurer shall submit a report once a year prior to the election of officers, showing receipts and disbursements. This report shall also be incorporated into the annual report made to The Theosophical Society in America.

FRITZ KUNZ,

President *pro tem.*

ALEXANDER HORNE,

Sec'y-Treas. *pro tem.*

Letters to R.

VI.

DEAR R.:

Knowing something about Group Souls should teach us something about the way in which we can help those younger brothers of ours, especially the animals. If we think about it for a little while, we realize that when a life goes back to the group soul, it takes along with it all the experiences it has had, either good experiences or evil experiences. Because there is nothing definite to keep that life apart in any way from the rest of the life in the group, those experiences become spread all through the consciousness in that group, whatever it is. Every spark of life in the whole group is a little changed by them. Then, after that, all the sparks that re-embody out of the group will have, as part of their consciousness, a sort of natural knowledge of those experiences gathered by that other body.

We humans call that natural knowledge "instinct." It is the inner knowledge of the group soul. If you will think about it you will remember how often you have seen instinct at work among the animals. Birds know instinctively how to build nests. Wild animals instinctively fear Man, because their group soul knowledge remembers that Man is more often cruel than he is kind. Can you think of other instincts animals have?

By being kind and helpful to the younger brothers, by teaching them love instead of cruelty, friendship instead of hatred, we can improve their consciousness. We can make their group souls grow faster and more beautifully. We can bring our brothers closer to us in the only way brothers should ever live together—in the way of Love and Harmony. Then, when they re-embody they will be our friends, and

the world will be a step nearer to the hoped-for day when all living beings will be at peace with one another.

But that day cannot come until everybody knows that the body is not the real being; until they know that it is the *Life* that is real, and that there is only one life. Then they will not fight with one another, because, would it not be very foolish for someone to fight with *himself*? It is only the bodies that are separate things.

This, of course, is very hard to understand, but we can know it for a fact, and try to make some use of it in our lives long before we find out all its hidden meanings. We can learn to remember that bodies, forms, wherever we find them, small or great, beautiful or ugly, awake or asleep, are just garments for the Life to wear for a little while. We can remember that it is the life itself that acts and grows. If we can always remember that, it will help us so very much to understand one another and to live more peacefully together.

It is only because we are so busy thinking about the sensations we receive through the physical body, and the feelings we have about those sensations, that we forget, or fail to learn about, our real life. Theosophists need not make that mistake as often as other people, because they know about that real life, and can learn to tell the difference between what it wants and what their bodies want. Learning to tell that difference helps us to overcome the feeling of separateness, and to build up the sense of brotherhood and Unity that must one day come to exist between all beings.

—WILMA VERMILYEA

What after all is the Object of Education

To train the body in health, vigor and grace, so that it may express the emotions in beauty and the mind with accuracy and strength.

To train the emotions to love all that is noble and beautiful; to sympathize with the joys and sorrows of others; to inspire to service ever widening in its area, until we love our elders

as our parents, our equals as our brothers and sisters, our younger as our children, and seek to serve them all; to find joy in sacrifice for all who are worthy of it, and compassion for the outcast and the criminal.

—ANNIE BESANT

Theosophy in the Field

Besant Lodge (Cleveland) began the month of October with an Annie Besant birthday party attended by members and the many friends of the lodge. Mr. Norman Pearson gave an interesting public lecture on "The Mysteries of Time and Space" on October 12, and on October 20 and 21 Dr. Alvin Boyd Kuhn gave a series of lectures.

Besant Lodge (Hollywood): "September started our Theosophical season with enthusiasm. In October we continued our new type of programs, as they are bringing out the talents of our members and helping to make our lodge stronger. On October 7 Mrs. Gladys Goudey talked on "The Divinity of Man." On October 14 Besant Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday with a party under the direction of Mr. John Stienstra assisted by Miss Dorothy McBrayer and Mr. Sidney Taylor. At the last meeting of the month a panel discussion was held on "Plan of National Board for Reconstruction."

Buffalo Lodge opened the season in September with a tea in the lodge room, and the high light of the month was a visit by Mr. Rogers. The Round Table put on a program in the lodge, Mrs. Claude Bair, Knight in Charge, giving a short talk on King Arthur and the purpose of the Round Table, and the members of the Round Table telling about their work what they were doing, about their star system of attendance and work, and their picnic. There were many new members in the lodge who had never heard of this work, and they were delighted with the children and their eagerness. They have had an average attendance at their meetings of twenty-two this fall.

Casper Lodge enjoyed the following lectures by Mr. James S. Perkins recently: "Tomorrow's World and Today," "Hidden Truth of Brotherhood," and "Beauty—A Yoga of Life."

Chela Lodge (Los Angeles) members did not take a vacation from lodge activities during the summer months, but continued uninterruptedly their work. During September lectures were given by Mrs. Henrietta Horton Kapp, Mrs. Beulah E. Donath and Mr. Henry B. Donath. On September 28 members and friends of the lodge enjoyed the gracious hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. William Odenthal at a garden party and buffet supper.

Cincinnati Lodge writes: "Our monthly lodge schedule is as follows: The first and second meetings we study *The Art of Friendship Course*; the third we are working out an outline of the whole system of Theosophy with reference to related literature, and the last meeting is devoted to T.O.S. work. If there is a fifth meeting it is devoted to the history of the Society."

Colorado Lodge (Denver): "A new cycle of fulfillment has begun for Colorado Lodge. A winter's work, based on the impetus of the three splendid lectures given by Mr. James S. Perkins, has begun. Two classes for the public have been formed: Mrs. Homer Ferrin of Miami, Florida teaching a fine class in the Secret Doctrine and Mrs. A. W. Ruder, of Wheaton, Illinois, leading a class in the elementary principles of life based on *The Ancient Wisdom* and our other classics.

"The year has already seen the reinstatement of three former members of the lodge who found they are happier in a lodge than 'free' outside it."

Detroit Lodge. "We have had a fine series of lectures from Mr. Rogers, who is always welcomed heartily by Detroit audiences, and several lectures from Dr. Alvin Boyd Kuhn, who also has many admirers in this city. This has certainly given us a wonderful start for our fall class season. The Tri-State Federation, too, was a great success, so that so far this year we feel very much encouraged with our work."

Herakles Lodge (Chicago) writes: "Mrs. Martha Pellan, our President, conducted a summer class for anyone interested in Theosophy. The meetings were held once a week from June 18 through September 10. Twenty-three persons were contacted and there was an average attendance of 8 regular students.

"At our first lodge meeting on September 19 we enjoyed accounts of Convention and Summer School. On October 3 Mrs. Melba Kennedy began a most interesting series of talks on 'Reincarnation: What, Why, and How.' This will be followed by a series on 'Man's Invisible Bodies' by Miss Alice Dupee."

Honolulu Lodge writes: "We had a very fine dinner last Sunday evening at Lau Yee Chai's. Every one of our members attended, making a total of nineteen, including Mr. and Mrs. Knudsen. On Sunday evening the restaur-

ant is very quiet with just a beautiful floor show of hula girls and Hawaiian music. Perhaps that doesn't sound so quiet, but here it is excellent entertainment as the public won't accept anything but the best and the best is very dignified. We had a delightful evening talking in groups and not wanting to go home. The setting and grounds were lovely as it was a full moon night with the weather just perfect."

Joliet Lodge. "The inner meaning of the Lord's Prayer was given by Mrs. Amelia Brooks Chase at our open meeting in September, which was a continuation of the open meetings held once a week during the summer months. A beginners' class is being held at the home of Mrs. Earle Muhlig every Monday afternoon."

Long Beach Lodge reports: "We had a very successful lodge dinner on October 2. Bishop Charles Hampton was our dinner guest and gave a very interesting talk later at the lodge meeting for the public on 'Adventures of the Astral Plane.'"

Miami Lodge's knitting project is well under way with 64 durable sweaters completed and another twenty-five dollar order of the same red wool ready for knitting. On Friday July 11 thirty-five of the sweaters pinned on a clothesline draped around the lodge room formed a cheerful background for the "Going-to-Olcott" party for Miss Marjorie Hurd.

The project will benefit from a Luncheon-Card Party on September 11 when the Florida Power and Light Company of Coral Gables will furnish a vegetarian meal and a place for meeting in order to advertise their electrical equipment.

The Secret Doctrine Class has begun a systematic step-by-step study of Kryashakti (Thought Power), with *The Secret Doctrine* as the source material.

Milwaukee Lodge has begun its fall program with the study of "The Art of Friendship" Course. Mr. Dudley Brooks is conducting a class in the elements of Theosophy, and the H. P. B. training class meets once each week.

Minneapolis Lodge recently enjoyed two public lectures by Mr. James S. Perkins on "Tomorrow's World and Today" and "Theosophy—A Joyous Vision." Mr. Perkins approached present day problems with a fresh outlook and a vital enthusiasm and transmitted to his audience a splendid vision of the world to be.

Pittsburgh Lodge opened the fall season with an "Olcott night" conducted by Mrs.

Saidee Waddell, who recently spent two months at Olcott helping in the bookkeeping department and with Convention registrations. Pictures of the people at Olcott and of their activities and surroundings added interest to the meeting and helped to make our members more "Olcott minded."

Western New York Federation

On September 29, 1941, the Western New York Federation held its fall meeting at Rochester, New York with Genesee Lodge acting as host. Various problems were discussed and plans for future work made. Mrs. Shaw of Syracuse read several bits of inspiring verse, and Mrs. Madeline White talked briefly on "The Importance of Art to Happiness," following the talk with an exhibition of several of her paintings. The meeting was enjoyed by all present.

The Michigan Federation

The Theosophical Society in Detroit was host to the Michigan, Ohio, and New York Federations over the week-end of October 4-5. Ninety-two attended the dinner on Saturday evening, which was served in the lodge rooms under the able direction of Mrs. Alexandria Potter with a committee of efficient workers. After dinner, the evening was given over to fun with "Bob" Murphy serving as Toast Master. Much credit is due the lodge president, Mr. Edwin Lord, who planned such an interesting program.

The Conference convened at 10:30 Sunday morning. Mrs. Golda Stretch, President of the Michigan Federation, gave the opening address on "World Peace and Reconstruction," and sounded the key-note of the day, Mrs. Sallie Weis, President of the Ohio Federation, serving as a very gracious chairman. Excellent talks were given by Mrs. Myrtle Cromwell of Cincinnati, on "The Economic Basis of Peace," Miss Marie Mequillet on "The Federation of Nations," and by Mr. Edwin Lord on "The Spiritual Basis of Peace."

The same subjects were participated in by all the members at the "Round Table" discussion in the afternoon, under the leadership of the Michigan Federation. Later Dr. Alvin Boyd Kuhn, representing the Western New York Federation, gave a most interesting lecture on "Theosophy in the World Situation," which closed the Conference.

The one hundred and thirty-one people in attendance (including Miss Lola Fauser from Headquarters) gained much inspiration to be taken back into their lodges and into their lives.

Theosophical News and Notes

The National Secretaryship

Mr. Rogers in writing and another verbally have called my attention to the possibility of misunderstanding of the statement in our October number that Miss Snodgrass as National Secretary had retrieved the dignity of that office. That statement, of course, had no reference to and was no reflection upon those who through many years had served the Society as National Secretary and who as Headquarters hostesses and office executives had upheld and augmented the reputation for graciousness and efficiency which their predecessors in succession had brought to the office. To these Theosophy and its service were vital and they maintained their membership and their service after relinquishing official status. We have known them well for their continuing work. But the fine service of such as these, built up over the years, can be quickly undone by one whose Theosophical interest proves to be so less vital that relinquishment of office is followed by resignation from membership. Such we perhaps forget and therefore perhaps also fail to remember the need and to recognize its fulfillment.

—S. A. C.

Support Conventions

Our lodges have planned and are starting their new season's work, but it cannot be well and truly planned without thought of the wholeness and oneness of our organization, the Society and our work. This unity is something for constant remembrance, but there are times for special thought and the International Convention at Adyar in December is such an occasion.

We have heard of "Shadow" Conventions in past years, when our members met in their lodges to gain something of inspiration and strength, as Shadow Conventions or reflections of the great Convention. This year we are asked to hold similar gatherings, but they are to be "Support Conventions," not merely to accept or to reflect or to be a shadow of the great Adyar gathering, but to contribute to and strengthen the International Convention itself.

The President says that however small, these Support Conventions, meeting in the spirit of contribution and unity, would immeasurably strengthen the power of the International Convention at Adyar and further its message to the whole world. It would be wonderful if every lodge could resolve itself into a Support Convention, at least for a day or two at Christmas

time to sound the note which will be sounded at Adyar. We shall have such a gathering at Headquarters. Shall we not have one in every lodge—a truly *Support* Convention through which America may collectively send to Adyar, and Adyar may feel and know of our dedication and unity with them—our support? It is not the size of the meetings that matters, but the fact that through unity they may be a support of Adyar at Convention time and a channel for Adyar's blessing.

Adyar Art Fund

The beautiful Lincoln statue which the noted young sculptor, Richmond Barthe, was commissioned to execute in bronze is nearing completion after a great deal of study of several subjects by our special committee.

This magnificent piece of work, which through the increasing fame of the sculptor must presently have far greater value than its cost, will soon be delivered and when the cessation of war again makes shipment safe it will be sent to Adyar as America's gift, representative of her ideals and her culture.

With all the splendid vision of the future of this piece and the work of this committee and this famous sculptor, we yet have to think of the immediate practical problem of ways and means, and would appreciate further contributions from our members in order that we may make further payments to the sculptor. Would you not like to have some part in this Adyar-American project?

The Presidential Ballot

A letter from the Recording Secretary at Adyar announces that the voting in the recent balloting by which Dr. Arundale was elected for a second term of seven years commencing June 21, 1941, was as follows:

For	29,712
Against	168

We understand that additional ballots, delayed due to the effects of the war upon the mails, are still coming in to swell this overwhelming evidence of support for the President.

Housekeeper Wanted

One of our Pacific Coast members, a widower with two small children, is in need of a vegetarian housekeeper—preferably a Theosophist who can take charge of the home. Write to Headquarters for particulars concerning this opportunity.

The Vice-Presidential Tour

There are three ways of looking at the work of a Theosophical lecturer—from the point of view of the lecturer himself, from the point of view of the members served, and from the Headquarters viewpoint, which is somewhere in between the other two. The Headquarters vantage point is an interesting one. Take the tour of the Vice-President, for instance—Mr. Perkins has left behind him a bright trail of appreciation so that one gets the impression of the flight of a comet. Those who know Mr. Perkins know how steady a star he really is, but nevertheless the simile applies to his tour, and is accurate from an impressionistic standpoint!

The comments of lodge officers and members have a peculiar shining quality that reflect the inspiration and enthusiasm with which Mr. Perkins' work has been received, and Mr. Perkins in his turn writes glowing letters in appreciation of the members. He thinks Theosophists are fine people! Well, we knew it all the time.

Besant School

The Besant School has been saved for the time being through America's wonderfully generous Adyar Day contribution, from which the Executive Committee assigned a sum for the temporary support of the School.

The School was not only started in memory of Dr. Besant; it was started at her request, for she wanted for the children of Adyar the best educational ideals in practice, and she left with our leaders, and therefore with ourselves as individual members, the responsibility. With little or nothing to start on, Dr. Arundale carried out Dr. Besant's wishes and fostered the School in its opening years. It has grown and proven its worth and its place, but for lack of funds has struggled hard to continue. Now Rukmini Devi has assumed direct responsibility for keeping the School open. The Adyar Day fund helps a bit, but the help must be continuous.

Would you like to carry your share of the responsibility Dr. Besant left with us and in her name and her memory send some contribution for the Besant School fund? Send checks in care of The Theosophical Society, Olcott, Wheaton, Illinois.

Absentee Delegates

It is not too late to register as an Absentee Delegate by sending your name and address and the Convention Delegate fee of Rs.2 (65 cents at present exchange) to the Convention secretary. If sent to Headquarters (Olcott) we

will send on the names and the money by air-mail in time to reach Adyar before Convention. Act promptly.

Founders' Day

November 17 is Founders' Day. Attention was called to this day of remembrance in our last number, but some lodges may perhaps be glad for this additional reminder. Program suggestions will be found on pages D-13 and D-18 of the *Lodge Handbook*, and special collections taken on this occasion are customarily sent to Olcott.

Multum in Parvo

This would be a good description of *The New Citizen*—"much in little"—for it is a little journal that is rich in its interpretation of the dramatic and changing American scene.

It was started several years ago when Dr. Arundale, our International President, was in America. He suggested the need for a more spiritual and non-partisan conception of the ideals of American citizenship. *The New Citizen* was born to help give utterance to those ideals and it is now a lusty youth: we were almost going to add a hyphen and the word "prodigy" because so many well-known Theosophists are contributors to its interesting columns.

It is a stimulating, mentally provocative publication which is slightly disappointing because it reaches one's desk only quarterly instead of monthly. Otherwise, many regard it as very satisfactory because (besides its many other virtues) it synthesizes the past, interprets the present, and sometimes daringly anticipates the future!

Here are a few of the titles in recent issues: "United America, Total Action," "The Great Seal of the United States," "Standing Back of the President," "Women in American Democracy," "The Immortals Speak Again," "Pan-American Goals," "Towards a Nobler Citizenship," "To Produce a New World," "America's Disgrace," "The Supreme Art," and "The Duty of the United States."

Are you intrigued? You should be if you read *The New Citizen*. And a year's subscription is only twenty cents: no, that is not a misprint. It seems even less when you see the figures this way: 20c. Two dimes, mailed to The Better Citizenship Association, 1218 Public Square Building, Cleveland, Ohio will bring you this refreshing little magazine for a whole year. If you are *very* conservative, send 6c in stamps to cover handling and postage and you will be sent the last issue as a specimen.

—H. H.

Miss Lizzie E. Holt

Seattle Lodge lost one of its oldest members in the passing on September 5 of Miss Lizzie E. Holt, who was 90 years of age. Miss Holt had been a faithful and sincere Theosophist and had aided immeasurably in the building up of the very fine Seattle Lodge library. A member of the Society since 1912, she became a charter member of the Seattle Lodge of the Inner Light at its formation in 1928.

Financial Report (The Order of The Round Table)

Year Ending December 31, 1940.

INCOME	
Balance	\$ 11.15
Dues	144.70
Donations	10.66
Adyar Fund	15.00
Sales	.25
Total	\$180.76

DISBURSEMENTS	
Paper, Stencils, Ink, etc.	\$10.76
Postage, express	17.58
Printing	41.68
International Dues	10.40
Material for robes to sell	10.00
Miscellaneous	2.41
Besant School Fund	5.00
	<u>97.83</u>
Balance	\$82.93
—ELSIE STAGGS	

To Those Who Mourn Club

Shipments of booklets from September 16 to October 15:

California	145
Colorado	10
Illinois	450
Kansas	1
Louisiana	5
Maryland	25
Mississippi	20
New Jersey	400
New York	300
Texas	37
Total	1393

New Members for September

Applications for membership were received during the month of September from the following lodges: Besant (Boston), (two), Covington (four), Fellowship (Chicago), Georgia (Atlanta), Grand Rapids, Hartford, New Orleans, St. Paul, and one National Member from Hugo, Colorado.

Form of Bequest

Those desiring that the Society shall benefit under the terms of their Will, will find the following clause suitable to express their wishes:

"I give, devise, and bequeath to The Theosophical Society in America, a corporation with its principal place of business in the City of Wheaton, State of Illinois, the sum of..... dollars (\$.....) (or the following described property):

The above is not a form of Will, but a clause to be included in such a document.

Cash contributions made within the taxable year to The Theosophical Society in America not exceeding (including other deductible "contributions") 15% of the taxpayer's net income are allowable as deductions in computing net income under the Federal Revenue Acts and Regulations.

Endowments may be made to the Society with the provision that an annuity be paid to the patron for life.

Statistics

September 16 to October 15 1941

American Theosophical Fund

Previously reported	\$150.18	
To October 15	106.00	\$256.18

Building Fund

Previously reported	3.87	
To October 15	110.00	113.87

War Relief Fund

Previously reported	523.07	
To October 15	167.00	690.07

Adyar Art Project Fund

Previously reported	68.00	
To October 15	1.75	69.75

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. Adolph J. Michel, Atlanta Lodge, a daughter, Nancy, September 23.

Died

Mrs. Rebecca J. Boardman, St. Petersburg Lodge, September 27.
Mr. A. Eugene Deaderick, formerly of Cleveland and Cincinnati Lodges, October 8.
Miss Lizzie E. Holt, Seattle Lodge of the Inner Light, Sept. 5.
Dr. Aaron P. Kottler, National Member, October 8.

Christmas Suggestions . . .

A NEW CHRISTMAS CARD

"O Hidden Life!"

O Hidden Life! Vibrant in every atom;
O Hidden Light! Shining in every creature;
O Hidden Love! Embracing all in One-ness,
May each who feels himself as one with Thee
Know he is therefore one with every other.

This beautiful mantram complete with musical score. Attractive folder of heavy white artcraft with cover design of lotus flower in blue matching deckle edge border. Complete with envelope. Per dozen.....75c

"IDEAL HEAD" Photograph.....25c

Black and White or Sepia—Unmounted.

Available in a new size— $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$ —for the first time.

THEOSOPHICAL EMBLEMS—Pins or Lapel Buttons..75c

Our beautiful Emblem at a nominal price.

Gold-filled, enameled. $\frac{7}{16}$ in. diameter.

INCENSE.....50c and \$1.00

Adyar Sticks. Fragrant, pure Incense imported from India.
Half ounce.....50c; ounce.....\$1.00.

H.P.B. Cubes. Delightful Sandalwood. Said to be made from a formula which
H. P. Blavatsky used. Box.....50c

IS AND IS-TO-BE

by C. Jinarajadasa

This gracious little book dedicated "To Plato and Plotinus in testimony that one of their Band still moves among men," brings to the Theosophist and seeker after truth a memory and a vision—a memory of an old dream, and a vision of the world as it is to be. Written by C. Jinarajadasa, the Artist Theosophist, *Is and Is-to-Be* has been brought out in an attractive blue cloth edition with gold lettering.

.....35c

The Theosophical Press

Olcott

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

TWO NEW REPRINTS

FROM ADYAR

THE CHAKRAS . . .

C. W. Leadbeater

Students of Theosophy are already familiar with this valuable reference book, explaining the nature of man and the force-centers in language the layman can understand. Lovers of fine books will welcome this second edition brought out by Adyar in a smaller format bound in a light blue buckram cloth. The illustrations, which form so integral a part of THE CHAKRAS, have not been reduced in size.

(To Members \$2.40)

\$3.00

THOUGHT FORMS . . .

Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater

Written to "serve as a striking moral lesson to every reader, making him realize the nature and power of his thoughts, acting as a stimulus to the noble, a curb on the base," THOUGHT FORMS has also served as a stepping-stone for science into the future. Typical of the fineness of publication, Adyar has brought out a new reprint in a smaller size, without reducing the illustrations which make this book of especial interest to the student. Beautifully bound in clear green with gold lettering.

(To Members \$2.00)

\$3.00

The Theosophical Press

WHEATON

Olcott

ILLINOIS