

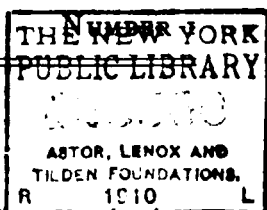
# The American Theosophist

VOL. II

APRIL, 1909

## SLEEP, TRANCE AND DEATH

By F. MILTON WILLIS



Sleep is the withdrawal of the individual, clothed in his superphysical bodies, from his physical body. The time during which he is away from his physical body, he spends in the astral world, the first of the globes of finer matter concentric with and interpenetrating the Earth. There remains a connection or *rappori* between him and his body, which for want of a better designation is called a "magnetic tie," so that when the body is disturbed or when its vitality has been replenished by rest, he is drawn back to it. The process of returning to the body may be exceedingly rapid, for, at the time of its being disturbed, its owner may be wandering amid the astral counterparts of physical things on the opposite side of the Earth. This wide separation from the body, it is said, usually precedes those awakenings that are accompanied by cardiac excitement, the momentum of the returning owner and the rapid re-establishment of the links between the astral body and the etheric double of the physical body causing a disturbance which is reflected into the nervous system.

The dissociation of the man from his body is ordinarily induced by fatigue of the body, though in the case of some people it may be quite readily accomplished by concentration of the mind, as, for example, when a person lies down in the daytime when the body is full of vitality, with the deliberate intention of going to sleep, and presently does so. There are, besides, certain methods of concentration by which, after long practice, certain people are enabled to leave their bodies consciously at will and bring back to the brain when they return, a perfect memory of their astral experiences.

In the case of fainting, or of sleep induced by anesthetics, or of trance, the owner is more completely dissociated from his body. In those cases a considerable portion of the etheric double is driven out of it and enwraps the astral form, and thereupon the physical body may be severely injured without calling back the owner and without painning him, due to the lack of connection—now that the etheric double is practically withdrawn—between the physical body and the body of sensation, the astral. The magnetic tie remains, and when, by stimulation of the body, which causes the gradual return of the etheric matter, the body is revitalized sufficiently, the man may return to his fleshly tenement.

In the case of death, the individual, wrapped in the etheric double as his outermost garment, withdraws from his dense body, floats above it and becomes absorbed in contemplation of the panorama of his past life, which passes before him, complete to the minutest detail; then the mag-

netic tie breaks, "the silver cord is loosed"; and the man, clothed still in his etheric double, sinks into unconsciousness. In this state he remains usually for upwards of thirty-six hours, it is said, whereupon he escapes from the etheric double and, garbed outwardly in his astral body, awakes to the wonderful, interesting, radiant life of the astral world, free from pain, incapable of fatigue and relieved from the necessity of food or sleep; free from bodily pain, yet not free from ennui, due to a former engrossing interest in affairs of a very worldly sort which cannot now be satisfied, nor from the pangs of remorse for ill-deeds done in the body of earth. A place of purgation, this first of the inner states of existence, prior to the glorious awakening, in the course of time, in the celestial world of bliss, where the civilized man remains, speaking broadly, for a period, it is said, about thirty times as long as his Earth-life has been, whereupon he returns into incarnation for another term in the great school which this outer world is.

---

## THE PERSONS WE MEET

DONALD LOWRIE

Observation of other persons is profitable because it helps us to adjust our lives more readily to karmic law, and at the same time enables us to form better judgments of those observed. Each person we observe makes an immediate impression on us, though this impression is not always sustained by later developments. These first impressions, or intuitions, are highly reliable, however, and should always be heeded, and should enter into our line of conduct toward others. The fact that a person makes a favorable or unfavorable impression on sight indicates a karmic tie; while those whom we meet without being conscious of either predilection or antipathy, have not, as a rule, come into more than casual physical relation to us during the incarnate periods of the past. Nevertheless, no matter how slight or distant the appulsion, each one of the myriad human beings we meet during a life-time exerts some influence on our destiny.

Karma, individual and collective, determines nativity, and at the present stage of the world's evolution, nativity, to a great extent, determines the persons we meet during life. The Eskimo knows only his fellows and his dogs; the bedouin knows only his nomadic tribesmen and his "fire-shod" steed; the headsman of inland Africa knows nothing of our occidental civilization—transplace him suddenly on Broadway and he would imagine he had been wafted to another planet. Thanks to the promise of still better facilities for transportation, however, the world is becoming smaller, and the time is drawing near when the Hottentot and Iclander will hobnob over five o'clock tea. This annihilation of earth-distances is the sure harbinger of mundane universalism; and the bringing together of alien

peoples is bound to result in their becoming familiar with each other; familiarity breeds understanding, and understanding is evolution's lubricant.

In the meantime we are living our individual life spans, most of us confined to small localities and a limited number of friends and acquaintances, and while we may chafe under these limitations, and prime our egotism with the idea that we could accomplish more with wider opportunities, we are ever confronted with the iconoclastic fact that the best place from which to serve is the place we occupy. No doubt some of us have better opportunities for dispelling gloom and disseminating heart-shine, than others, but this does not alter the fact that we all may contribute toward a universal bond of good fellowship, no matter where we may be or how situated. As a matter of fact we are limited only by our capabilities; and opportunities for service gravitate to those who can shoulder them. A street car conductor can radiate more cheer than the motorman or track-walker, but the possibilities hinging on the relationship between the passengers and the motorman, or track-walker, are appalling. The conductor, perhaps after long, wearisome hours on his feet, may succeed in meeting rebuff and insult with a smile, giving good-will in return; but the motorman may be called on at any time to make a much greater sacrifice than this, for he may have to give his life in order to save those who have entrusted theirs to him, for a nickel.

No place is too lowly, or unimportant, or obscure to prevent us from serving our fellows. Any person who has lived at all knows that the only abiding reason for life is that it enables us to serve others understandingly. It may be one's mother, wife or children, or it may be hundreds,—thousands,—millions of strangers,—it makes no difference,—service toward the happiness of someone other than self is the only genuine joy to be found in earth life.

Of course we should serve those whom karma has brought into close relationship more assiduously than those whom we approach incidentally, though we should always strive to make each stranger we meet leave us with a sense of having found a soul friend. No matter how taciturn or self-centered we may be, continued determination and effort to bring happiness to others will result in our reaching that stage where we will be centers of good cheer without conscious effort.

The ties we form in childhood and youth are generally the most lasting; we always recall childhood friends with a thrill of pleasure, no matter how old we may be, or how many unforeseen and relentless mutations have transpired to make our life's winter an inclement one. These childhood ties, extending over an entire life time, are important, and worthy of an analysis too far reaching to be embraced in the present article.

Aside from and above our physical relation to others there is a subtle but much more potent and eternal relationship—that of mind—and soul. Science is gradually giving ground before the encroachments of the intan-

gible; so much so in recent years that psychology has taken its place in the ranks of scientific studies. That masses of people are affected by the unexpressed thoughts of other masses, and that individuals are likewise affected by the thoughts of other individuals is no longer disputed by anyone who has been fair enough to give the subject unbiased investigation. The fact that mind has unlimited control over matter—even the crippled manifestation of it which manifests by means of our physical organisms—is tacitly acknowledged every day by millions of people. When a great personage is sick the physicians modify their bulletins of unfavorable symptoms, because, without admitting it to themselves, they realize that the depression of the masses will be occultly conveyed to the patient and exert a powerful influence in determining the struggle which is taking place between the individual mind body and the physical body. The word “struggle” is used advisedly, as will be shown later.

Death is the final and indisputable proof of mind over matter. The matter composing a human body desires to remain in that form of manifestation, but being utterly dominated by higher forces—the mind and atmic bodies—it succumbs. Your overcoat might just as sensibly be expected to make you remain in the house because it likes the closet, as to believe that the physical body has any control over mind. The difficulty in grasping this truth lies in the fact that most persons believe death is proof of matter's predominance, because mind (as they think) could not hold the body particles together—could not keep them in the relationship to each other which is required for continuation of what we call life. Each electron entering into the composition of our physical body is endowed with individual consciousness, and it is the composite electron consciousness which, for some reason beyond our ken, succeeds in obsessing us with the idea or belief that their continued existence as a human body is much to be desired, and that their dissolution is a dire calamity. We find this evidenced in the plant and “brute” creation as well as in the human. The insect will fight against overwhelming forces to remain in its physical covering,—and the latent life of a seed will burst out and push up into physical manifestation, even through a tortuous pavement crack—as did Picciola.

All life is divine and has cogent reason for being, but the fact that it is bound to succumb to a higher life—or death—proves its comparatively low place in cosmic evolution. Life being necessary it follows that every contact with life, no matter in what form, affords an opportunity for accelerating individual growth. At the same time it is not essential that we should come into actual physical contact with others in order to be of service to them. Tolstoi probably does not know more than a thousand of his fellow pilgrims in the flesh, but the real Tolstoi, the higher manas, the super-sentient intelligence, knows millions of beings, and millions know him. Shakespeare, as a physical man, has been “dead and turned to clay” these four centuries, but who doesn't know Shakespeare?—and



who doesn't feel that Shakespeare was the incarnation of an old soul—a soul well on the path, with countless experiences behind. H. P. B. as a human entity is no more, but who dares to say that she is “dead?” Rather she is Alive! Life itself is death; while death is birth.

Most of us must confine our efforts and aspirations to every-day life and its problems, however, and just as the lowest and innermost brick serves to give its support to the edifice, so does each life serve to cement the bonds of brotherhood, if rightly lived. Now and again a star like Shakespeare, or H. P. Blavatsky flashes upon humanity and awakens nobler emotions in the human breast; but we are mediocre, and fixed in our little orbits, and cannot hope to get into the larger field of service until we have conquered self, and learned to make every person we meet happier and wiser.

---

## THE PATH OF SERVICE

By IRVING S. COOPER

No more radiant ideal has stirred man to action, no sweeter flower has shed its fragrance within his heart, than that of unselfish service to humanity. Who has not dreamed in reverie of what he would do for the world if only duties did not bind or if he had sufficient wealth? With what glowing colors are inspiring pictures painted by the deft touch of our imagination; what resplendent, but wholly impossible plans created by interweaving dreams! Fancy free, we remodel the world, ourselves the modest hero of every exploit. Fair cities of marble gleaming white amid shadowing trees and scented verdure, broad avenues, parks, hospitals, schools, poverty unknown, wholesome work for all;—so speed our thoughts in reverie, vague and impracticable truly, yet giving an inexpressible delight. And then the awakening! How our beautiful fancies are shattered by the hard realities of the world!

This immature idealizing indicates an imperishable tendency within each human heart to give its powers in service, to surrender all its treasures for the helping of the world. This impulse, with the young soul, is confined to idle dreaming, but as life follows life, as sorrow and joy, failure and success bring their inevitable growth, it strengthens into action. Finally a life is reached, the product of a thousand resolves, in which all worldly goals offer no attraction, and each act, each desire, each thought is instinctively offered in service to humanity. Such is the ideal man. How may we attain *this* goal?

By learning how to evoke opportunity. We look so continually for great opportunities of service—which never come—that we fail to notice many lesser ones that lie on every side. He who wishes to tread the Path of Service leading to great opportunities must first master the lesser. Strength comes by lifting light dumb-bells many times, not by one huge effort which rends untrained muscle and ligament.

The value of theosophy in our daily life lies in its ability to point out these hitherto unnoticed opportunities, to show how we may serve without social recognition, without talents, without money. Every one, *if he so desires*, can do valiant service, can bestow gifts upon the world far more precious than gold or silver.

We are continually giving. Every thought we think, every feeling that stirs us, every word we speak is a gift to the world for good or ill. Service is the giving of our best to the world.

In the first place we do not think alone. We are like knots in a fisherman's net, linked together with every other mind by subtle threads of thought, weaving and interweaving in a flashing maze of color. Whenever we think we send thought currents out into space in ever widening circles. The minds touched by these thought-waves are stimulated to corresponding thoughts. In addition, each precise thought creates a suitable form to express its energy. These forms dart with the rapidity of a rifle bullet to the person thought about seeking to impress on the mind of that person the very thought that gave them birth.

The same thing is true of our desires, our passions, our feelings. They also clothe themselves in forms built of matter of the invisible worlds and go forth from their creator instinct with vibrant life. When our thoughts or desires relate chiefly to ourselves the forms created linger around us, thus forming a sort of mental atmosphere composed of our habitual thoughts. This atmosphere has its potent effect upon people coming in contact with us, influencing them to think as we do.

Do we aspire to serve? What type of thoughts then are we accustomed to think? Do we indulge in petty likes and dislikes? do we criticize and mentally make ungracious comments about the dress, mannerisms and habits of those around us? do we dwell upon the failings and not the virtues of our acquaintances? do we create hateful and spiteful thoughts? do we give free rein to passional thoughts? do we feel anger, impatience, or disgust over the mistakes of others? If so, then we are not serving, but dragging down. A thought is a powerful force, a tangible reality within the unseen world. An evil thought there is as much an act as a blow is an act here. How can we pollute the air about us with impure thoughts and feelings and then prate about service? He who treads the Path of Service must struggle desperately to be pure, controlled, patient, sympathetic, cheerful. A gloomy person darkens the life of all about him. A pessimist is a self-made shadow in the sunlight of God.

You say that you have nothing to give. Cannot you give love, deep, pure, unselfish love to all about you, no matter who they may be? What magic a loving word effects in an hour of trouble. You may not be able to speak it orally. But you can think it, and your thought like a beneficent angel will wing itself to the weary heart and give it rest. Watch for the tired and worn faces on the street-cars and train, and serve freely with the potent alchemy of thought. The Masters from their high places

thus serve humanity by placing noble thoughts and mighty ideals within receptive minds. Distance cannot hamper this service. Though mountains and seas may lie between you and the one you serve, your speeding thoughts will find him without fail.

We may serve with speech. Do you enjoy gossip and pass on, with many adjurations as to secrecy, some tale about another which you had listened to with bated breath? do you love talk for its own sake? are you ever harsh with another? do you love to embellish simple facts with a little more color than truth permits? If so, then you are not serving. Our words uplift or depress. Watch them carefully, steadfastly, unceasingly. Let three questions, like sleepless sentinels guard the portals of speech. Before speaking ask yourself, Is it true? Is it necessary? Is it kind? Your speech will then be golden, each word a deed of service.

Throw your whole heart into this service. Give your precious gifts of controlled thoughts, pure emotions and disciplined speech from pure joy in giving. Do not make a task of it. Each day will grow more radiant and beautiful as we thus consciously strive to co-operate with the good law. We are meant to be happy, not miserable; to be deeply joyous, not to go about with sober, long-drawn face, as if the entire weight of the universe rested upon our shoulders. Sadness and depression are born of ignorance. Remove the ignorance by study of the Ancient Wisdom and sorrow vanishes like mist before the morning sun.

Let our faces brighten with glad rejoicing, for we *are* children of the divine. Our innermost self is bliss unspeakable, power immeasurable, wisdom beyond wildest dreaming. Yet immersed in the darkness of matter we must expand and grow *within bodies*, to the statue which we have ever had in the formless worlds of spirit, thereby becoming masters of matter. For even while dwelling and working in these garments of matter we call bodies, we are always present in those supernal worlds of spirit; we have never left the bosom of the Father. By turning within in intense yearning and attention we forget these outer forms and merge into the splendor of the self, who is our very life, our very consciousness, that changeless center whose existence we never doubt. That self is linked with all other selves by an all-pervading life of which all selves are but expressions. The recognition of that unity in the world of spirit is reflected here in service to our brothers. By service the self is realized; by service the goal is seen, by service the path is found. The Great Ones have risen to their lofty height by glad giving of every act, every feeling, every thought to the service of humanity, asking nought in return; shall not we in our little way reflect the glory of Their giving? To work then, this very minute. Greet the first one you meet with a smile, help the tired mother, meet the lonely father at the door, send a caressing thought to the forgotten daughter or the wayward son, be patient with the servant, do not slam the door in the face of the weary brother who is striving to keep from starving by trudging from door to door, send a thought of

loving up-liftment to the woman who saunters past with haggard face. Remember that we are all divine within, radiant, beautiful, though darkened now without by ignorance and many mistakes. Even the lowest wretch groveling in the gutter will one day, after many lives, come forth as a Teacher, to whom all hearts will bow in homage and adoration. The lotus bares its spotless petals to the sun after rising through turbid water and slime. So pour forth blessings and love to all, never judge or criticize for the sake of tearing to pieces, be silent if you cannot speak good of another, sympathize with all suffering and sorrow, shrink not from those who sin but strive to lift them upward, and you will find, in some hour of supreme service when the lower self is completely forgotten, that the radiant face of a Master of Service will be seen, the Teacher who will lead you to knowledge of the self.

---

### APPROACH OF DEATH SHOWS THE REAL IN LIFE

With his usual keen insight into the realities of life Tolstoy points out the fact that anything which calls the attention away from the material activities which surround us and thus frees us from the false impression that physical life is all important, enables us to distinguish between the real and the unreal:

"Nothing," he says, "is so true as the fact that the idea about the approach of death divides our acts into degrees of their real importance for our life. He who is condemned to immediate death will not bother about increasing or saving his fortune, nor about establishing a good name for himself, nor about the triumph of his nation over others, nor about the discovery of a new planet, and so forth, but a moment before his execution he will try to console the afflicted, will lift an old man when he falls, will dress a wound, will mend a toy for a child."

---

### AGREEMENT OF THEOSOPHISTS AND SCIENTISTS

Theosophy teaches that the Self is eternally existent, undying and uncreated; that there is no death, but only change; that consciousness expresses itself in various ways but never has beginning or ending; that it simply always is; that the form may change but the consciousness cannot perish.

As time goes by science gets closer and closer to this view of life. In fact what is known as the progressive wing of the scientific army is now standing squarely on this platform. In an article in the *New York World* Sir Oliver Lodge, of the Birmingham university, sets forth his position on this vital question in the following able manner:

Without change there could be no activity, and the universe would be stagnant; but without death it is not so clear that its progress would be obstructed; unless death be only a sort of change. But is it not a sort of change? Consider some examples:

When a piece of coal is burnt and brought to an apparent end, the particles of long-fossilized wood are not destroyed; they enter into the atmosphere as gaseous constituents, and the long-locked-up solar energy is released from its potential form and appears once more as light and heat. The burning of the coal is a kind of resurrection; and yet it is a kind of death, too, and to the superficial eye nothing is left but ashes.

Consider next the destruction of a tree or of an animal. Here again the particles remain as many as before, it is only their arrangement that is altered; the matter is conserved, but has lost its shape; the energy is constant in quantity, but has changed its form.

What has disappeared? The thing that has disappeared is the life—the life which appeared to be in the tree or the animal, the life which had composed or constructed it by aid of sunshine and atmosphere and was manifested by it. Its incarnate form has now gone—no more will that life be displayed amidst its old surroundings; it has disappeared from our ken; apparently it has disappeared from the planet. Has it gone out of existence altogether?

If it were really generated *de novo*, created out of nothing, at the birth of the animal or of the tree, we should be entitled to assume that at death it may have returned to the nonentity whence it came. But why nonentity? What do we know of nonentity? Is it a reasonable or conceivable idea? Things when they vanish are only hidden. And so conversely: it is readily intelligible that some existence, some bodily presentation, can be evoked out of a hidden or imperceptible or latent or potential existence, and be made actual and perceptible and what we call real.

Instances of that sort are constantly occurring. It occurs when a composer produces a piece of music, it occurs when an artisan constructs a piece of furniture, it occurs when a spider spins a web, and when the atmosphere deposits dew. But what example can we think of where existence is created out of nonentity, when nothing turns into something? We can think of plenty of examples of change, or organization, of something apparently complex and highly developed arising out of a germ apparently simple; but there must always be at least a seed, or nothing will arise; nothing can come out of nothing; something must always have its origin in something. \* \* \*

Never in physical science do we surmise for a moment that something suddenly springs into being from previous non-existence. All that we perceive can be accounted for by changes of aggregation, by assemblage and dispersion. Of material aggregations we can trace the history, as we can trace the history of continents and islands, of suns and planets and stars; we can say, or try to say, whence they arose and what they will



become; but never do we state that they will vanish into nothingness, nor do we ever conjecture that they arose from nothing.

I want to make the distinct assertion that no really existing thing perishes, but only changes its form. So, then, what about life? Can that be a nonentity which has built up particles of carbon and oxygen into the form of an oak or an eagle or a man? Is it something which is really nothing; and soon shall it be manifestly the nothing that an ignorant and purblind creature may suppose it to be?

Not so; nor is it so with intellect and consciousness and will, nor with memory and love and adoration, nor all the manifold activities which at present strangely interact with matter and appeal to our bodily senses and terrestrial knowledge; they are not nothing, nor shall they even vanish into nothingness or cease to be. They did not arise with us; they never did spring into being; they are as eternal as the Godhead itself; and in the Eternal Being they shall endure forever.

## PSYCHIC MANIFESTATIONS IN DAILY AFFAIRS

### *Vision That Signified Nothing.*

People often attach too much importance to some little psychic experience and give themselves unnecessary discomfort and alarm. There is a widespread but foolish belief that any sort of psychic manifestation signifies that a death has occurred in the family, or soon will occur. As a matter of fact it may foreshadow the good as well as the undesirable; or it may mean nothing of any consequence at all, as in the following case reported in the *Census of Hallucinations*:

"My younger brother was in Australia and had not written to his family for some four or five months, from which my mother had concluded he must be dead. I was sitting with her and my sister in our dining-room one morning, about eleven o'clock, engaged with my sister in writing a German exercise. Being at a loss for the right declension I looked up, repeating the declension, when I saw my brother standing on the lawn in front of the window, apparently looking at us. I jumped up, saying to my mother, 'Don't be frightened, mother, but there is T. come back all right.' (My mother had heart disease and I feared the sudden shock.) 'Where?' said my mother and sister, 'I don't see him.' 'He is there,' I answered, 'for I saw him; he is gone to the front door,' and we all ran to the door. My father, who was in the library, heard the commotion and opened the door to ask the cause. I had by this time opened the front door and not seeing my brother I thought he was hiding for fun among the shrubs, so I called out, 'Come, T., come in, do not play the fool or you will kill mother.' No one answered, and then my mother exclaimed, 'Oh, you did not see him really, he is dead, I know he is dead.' I was mystified, but it did not seem to me the right solution of the mystery.

I could not think he was dead, he looked so honestly alive. To tell the truth, I believed for some time that he was in the garden. However, he was not, nor was he dead. About a year afterwards he returned home and when recounting his troubles, he told us that he had been very ill, and while he was delirious he had constantly requested his comrades to lay him under the great cedar-tree on his father's lawn, and turning to my father he went on 'Yes, father, and do you know I seemed to see the dear old place as I do now.' 'When was that?' said my father. He gave the date and my mother, who had written it down, looked and said, 'Why, that was the very time when your sister declared she saw you on the lawn.' 'Yes,' said my father, 'and your mother at once killed you,' and there was a good laugh at her expense."

Many people who are too much inclined to draw dismal and troublesome conclusions from any sort of psychic phenomenon that may fall within their experience, can draw a wholesome moral from the story of this young man whose great anxiety to return to his old home during his serious illness enabled him to do it. His eagerness to see the old place actually brought him there as soon as sleep released him from the physical body. Probably the sister was more sensitive than the other members of the family and could see what was invisible to them. If people understood the fact that one does not need to die in order to be absent from the physical body there would be no cause for distress over such an incident.

\* \* \*

#### *Carried The News Of His Own Death.*

A different sort of case is reported in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research. Two military officers, much attached to each other, were separated when one was sent to South Africa to take part in the Boer war. The one who remained behind had the remarkable experience, early one morning, which he relates as follows:

"Standing by my bed, between me and the chest of drawers, I saw a figure, which, in spite of the unwonted dress—unwonted, at least, to me—and of a full black beard, I at once recognized as that of my old brother officer. He had on the usual khaki coat, worn by the officers in active service in eastern climates, a brown leather strap, which might have been the strap of his field service glass crossed his breast. A brown leather girdle, with sword attached on the left side, and revolver-case on the right, passed round his waist. On his head he wore the ordinary white pith helmet of service. I noticed all these particulars in the moment that I started from sleep, and sat up in bed looking at him. His face was pale, but his bright black eyes shone as keenly as when, a year and a half before, they had looked upon me as he stood with one foot on the hansom, bidding me adieu. Fully impressed for the brief moment that we were stationed together in Ireland, or somewhere, and thinking I was

in my barrack-room, I said, 'Hello! P., am I late for parade?' P. looked at me steadily and replied, 'I am shot.' 'Shot!' I exclaimed. 'Good God! how and where?' 'Through the lungs,' replied P. and as he spoke his hand moved slowly up the breast, till the fingers rested over the right lung. 'What were you doing?' I asked. 'The General sent me forward,' he answered, and the right hand left the breast to move slowly to the front pointing over my head to the window, and at the same moment the figure melted away. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not dreaming, and sprang out of bed. It was then ten minutes past four o'clock in the morning by the clock on my mantel piece."

The officer looked eagerly for news from the war that day but could get none. He talked to a friend about his experience and continued to look for news. On the following day the war bulletins placed his friend among the killed in the battle of Lang's Neck. It will be noticed that the apparition was dressed as the officer would be dressed at the moment of his death and not as he was attired at the time when his brother officer last saw him.

\* \* \*

### *Clairvoyance Under Hypnotism.*

The French appear to have a strong attraction toward psychic experiments through hypnotism. Prof. Charles Richet has done much along this line, as has Dr. Dufay. The latter reports to the Society for Psychical Research a case in which a young woman, after being hypnotised by him, indicated the place in which an assassin had hidden his weapon. Dr. Dufay says:

"The following day I was sent for very early, on account of a suicide which had just taken place. A prisoner, accused of assassination had strangled himself with his neck-handkerchief, one end of which he had fastened to the foot of his bed, which was fixed to the floor. Laid prone on the flags of the cell, he had had the courage to push himself backwards with his hands, until the slipknot in the handkerchief drew up and caused strangulation. The body was already cold when I arrived, at the same time as the procurator and the examining magistrate. The procurator, to whom the magistrate had related the somnambulic scene of the preceding day, expressed a desire to see Marie, and I proposed to him to take advantage of what had just taken place to question the girl as to the criminal who had thus executed justice on himself. The magistrates eagerly accepted my proposition. I cut a piece of the handkerchief and wrapped it up in several sheets of paper, which I then tied firmly. Arrived at the women's quarters,—they had just left the dormitory—we begged the sister to lend us her room: I signed to Marie to follow us without saying a word to her, and put her to sleep by merely placing my hand on her forehead. Then I drew the packet from my pocket and put it between her hands. The poor girl started on her seat

and flung the packet from her in horror, angrily crying out that she would not touch that. Now it is well known that suicides in prisons are kept secret as long as possible; in the building nothing had as yet transpired as to the tragedy which had taken place; even the sister herself was ignorant of it. 'What do you think this paper contains?' I asked when calm had been partially restored. 'It is something that has been used to kill a man.' 'A knife, perhaps, or a pistol?' 'No, no, a string. I see. I see. It is a neck-handkerchief; he has hanged himself.' 'Can you tell me where this took place?' 'Why, here, you know very well. It is a prisoner.' 'And why was he in prison?' 'For having assassinated a man for having asked to get up in his cart.' 'How did he kill him?' 'By striking blows with his *gouet*.' This is the name used in Loir et Cher for a sort of hatchet with a short handle, a broad, long blade turned over at the end like a parrot's beak. It is very much used in this country, especially by coopers and woodmen. In fact it was a *gouet* that I had suggested in my medico-legal report as being the instrument probably used by the murderer. So far Marie's replies had brought us nothing that we did not know before. At this moment the examining magistrate drew me apart, and whispered in my ear that the *gouet* had not been found. 'What has been done with this *gouet*?' I asked. 'What has been done? wait; it was thrown into a pool. I can see it quite well at the bottom of the water.' And she described the place where the pool was situated with sufficient exactness to permit a search which was made the same day with a superintendent of police and resulted in the discovery of the instrument of the crime."

\* \* \*

### *An Unpleasant Event Foretold.*

Another case from the French—a case of clairvoyant prediction of the future—is sufficiently startling in its tragic exactitude to give those who seek to know what lies ahead a feeling of hesitation and to raise a doubt about the wisdom of trying to lift the curtain that conceals future events from us. Dr. Liebeault, a physician of some fame as a hypnotist tells this story:

"M. S. de Ch. came to consult me on January 8, for a slight nervous ailment. He was much preoccupied by a law-suit, and by the incident which I proceed to recount: On the 26th December, 1879, while walking in Paris, he saw 'Mme. Lenormand, Necromancer,' written on a door. Urged by thoughtless curiosity he entered the house and was shown into a rather dark room. Mme. Lenormand came to him and placed him at a table. She went out and returned, and then looking at the palm of one of his hands said, 'You will lose your father in a year from this day. You will soon be a soldier (he was then nineteen years old) but not for long. You will marry young, have two children, and die at twenty-six.' M. de Ch. confided this astounding prophecy to some of his friends but

did not take it seriously. However, as his father died after a short illness on December 27th, 1880 precisely a year from the interview, he became less incredulous and when he became a soldier for seven months only, married, had two children, and was approaching his 26th birthday, he became thoroughly alarmed and thought he had only a few days to live. This was why he came to consult me, hoping I might enable him to avoid his fate; for, as the first four events had taken place he thought that the last would. On this and the following days I tried to send him into profound sleep in order to dissipate the impression that he would die on the 4th of February, his birthday. Mme. Lenormand had not named a date, but he was so agitated that I could not induce even the slightest sleep. However, as it was absolutely necessary to get rid of this conviction, lest it should fulfill itself by self-suggestion, I changed my tactics and proposed that he should consult one of my somnambulists, an old man of seventy, or so, nicknamed 'the prophet,' because he had exactly foretold his own cure of articular rheumatism of four years standing, and the cure of his daughter. M. de Ch. accepted my proposal eagerly. When put into *rappor*t with the somnambulist his first question was 'When shall I die?' The sleeper, suspecting the state of the case, replied after a pause, 'You will die, you will die in 41 years.' The effect was marvelous; the young man recovered his spirits, and when the 4th of February passed he thought himself safe. I had forgotten all this when, at the beginning of October, I received an invitation to the funeral of my unfortunate patient, who had died on September 30th, 1886, in his 27th year, as Mme. Lenormand had foretold. I have since learned that the unfortunate man had been under treatment for biliary calculi and died of peritonitis caused by an internal rupture."

It would seem that the amount of worry the young man got from the prophecy was a rather large price to pay for the gratification of curiosity, though it does not appear, when all circumstances are considered, that the suggestion thus given him had anything to do with his death, since he had safely passed what he believed to be the critical date.

\* \* \*

### *A Friendly Warning Given.*

There is a Boston dentist who will hereafter find it easy to believe in the existence of invisible helpers. The case was carefully investigated by the Society for Psychical Research, and the Boston *Transcript* gives the story of the occurrence in the words of the first man who entered the dentist's office afterward:

"I had occasion to require the services of a dentist and when I went to his office at the time appointed I found him in a very excited state of mind caused, he told me, by a very strange occurrence. The office is a pleasant room facing the Common on Tremont street, and in one corner, the farthest from the windows, the dentist had a small work bench, par-



tioned off from the rest of the room, and there had his copper vessel which he used when vulcanizing the rubber for the setting of false teeth. He had been working at a set of teeth, and was bending over the bench on which was the copper containing the rubber, when he heard a voice calling in a quick and imperative manner these words: 'Run to the window, quick! run to the window, quick!' twice repeated. Without thinking from whom the voice could have come, he at once ran to the window, and looked out to the street below, when suddenly he heard a tremendous report in his work room and looking around he saw the copper vessel had exploded, and had been blown up through the plastering of the room."

\* \* \*

### *Mystery Cleared Up By Clairvoyant.*

A mystery which created great excitement in the town of Natick for a few days was that of the sudden disappearance of two young boys named Mason. They had started to the railway station to meet their mother, who was returning from a journey, but they did not arrive there. The mother went home thinking they would soon appear but from the moment they left the house they were not seen again by any person. The following day neighbors searched for them in Boston in vain. Then the lake near their home was dragged, but without result. Finally, when everything else had failed, the mother agreed to the proposal of a neighbor to consult a clairvoyant. Accordingly a friend was sent to Boston in search of one and, after some difficulty, found a Mrs. York, who gave her accurate information about the missing boys. The friend of the bereaved mother, as reported by the *Proceedings*, relates her experience in the following words:

"A sitter was leaving as I rang the bell. Mrs. York opened the door herself. When I told her my errand, she told me she could not see me until the next day, but on my saying the next day would be too late she told me to walk into her parlor and she would go out and take a walk and on her return would see me. These were the only words she addressed to me and I am sure she knew nothing of me whatever, where I came from or what my errand was about. I spoke no words with her further than those I have already stated, neither had I ever heard of Mrs. York before and she knew no one in Natick. She was gone about fifteen minutes when she came into the room and going to the fire place at once, and with her back to me, and without my speaking one word, she said, 'They went east before they went west.' (The railroad station is east from the house in which their mother lived and the lake west.) She then said, 'They saw the fire and so went to the water.' (It was afterwards found that on this day, Friday afternoon, some men were burning brush near the lake; that was what attracted them up there.) She then went on to describe the boathouse with a hole in the side of it. She then said,

'They went in through this hole in the side.' She described the boat, which she said was a 'narrow boat, painted black,' and said, 'Oh dear, it was never intended that but *one* person should go into it at a time.' She told of their pulling out a little way, the younger brother falling into the water first and the older trying to save him and also said, 'The place where they are is muddy, and they could not come to the surface. Why,' she said, 'it is not the main lake they are in but the shallow point which connects the main lake and they are near the shore, and if it were not this time of year you could almost walk in and pick them up.' Referring to the search by the citizens she said, 'They will not find them; they go too far from the shore; they are on the left of the boathouse, a few feet from the land.' Then I said 'If they are in the water, they will be found before I can reach home.' She said, 'No, they will not be found before you get there; you will have to go and tell them where they are, and then they will be found within five minutes after you reach the lake.' She made me promise to go with them to the lake. She said, 'They're very near together; after finding one you will quickly find the other.' I reached Natick at five o'clock. There was a crowd at the station. When I got out on the platform some gentlemen said to me, 'What did the clairvoyant tell you?' I answered, 'Haven't you found them yet?' They said no, and then I told them what Mrs. York had said, and went with them to the lake. In looking into the boathouse it was found that the long, narrow boat owned by Mr. Benning Hall, and painted, as she had said, all in black, was missing; this boat, as she had said, was to hold one man and was unsafe occupied by two persons. This boat was found in a cove some distance from the boathouse a few days after. Finding that what she said of the boat and the hole in the boathouse was true I began to think the rest might be true also; but no one in the crowd, so far as I know, did place any confidence in her statement. I stood on the shore and two boats put off with men holding grappling-irons. I was able to tell them how to direct their course. Three or four strokes of the oars, and the elder brother of the boys who were missing, and who was holding one of the grappling-irons, exclaimed, 'I have hold of something.' The men stopped rowing, and he raised the body of the largest boy above the water. In taking the body into the boat the boat moved a few lengths. They were told to go to the same place where the eldest had been found, and almost immediately brought up the other body. It was not ten minutes after reaching the lake that the boys were found and were being taken home. As Mrs. York had said, they were in a muddy place; their clothing testified to the fact. The disappearance of the boys in the manner I have described is known to fifty persons now living in Natick. I cannot say how much larger the number is."

---

The soul itself is not born, it does not die, it was not produced from any one, nor was any one produced from it.—*Emerson*.

## EDITORIALS

## MATERIALISM AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

It is not surprising to hear that Haeckel is in favor of capital punishment. It seems a consistent view for the materialist to hold—consistent with the cold and stony philosophy of the survival of the fittest. But carrying the thing to its logical end why should one who takes that view respect the law at all? The law is to protect the weak, to restrain the conscienceless strong. The whole theory of the law is the establishing of an equity which brute force denies, and that selfish intellect denies.

Who is the fittest to survive? It depends entirely on who answers the question. Tigers and lambs may be supposed to hold different views about that. Tolstoy is quoted as saying:

“I have recently read Haeckel on capital punishment. He says that capital punishment is a very good thing, for it coincides with Darwin’s theory about the survival of the fittest. It is very strange. Who is to judge as to who is fit and who is unfit? I may think that Haeckel is unfit, Haeckel may think that I am unfit. Do you know?”

There is an inconsistency in this very utterance of “the survival of the fittest” from the lips of the materialist. One who believes only in material evolution must be quite at a loss to put his finger upon any factor that will tend toward spirituality, toward benevolence, toward altruism. The supreme product of a purely physical evolution, the fittest to survive from such an environment can, at the best, have nothing higher about it than intellect; and we know that great intellect may be unutterably selfish and in its cruelty and grasping greed be as far from our ideal of what humanity should attain to, as are the beasts of the jungle.

## THE MISREPRESENTATIONS OF IGNORANCE

A reverend gentleman whose name is I. M. Haldeman, has published a book to prove that he doesn’t know anything about theosophy. At least that is the only reason we can find for his *Theosophy or Christianity: Which?*—and if it was his purpose he succeeded admirably. In the very choice of a title Mr. Haldeman indicates his lack of knowledge of theosophy; and the proper answer to his inquiry, “Theosophy or Christianity: Which?” would be, “both.” There is plenty of room for the two in any mind and heart not dwarfed and prejudiced by narrowness and intolerance. Theosophy, being an exposition of the great principles underlying all religions naturally enough cannot be hostile to any one of them, although it may by no means endorse the interpretation of some of its expounders.

In the review of the book, which a reader has kindly mailed to us, we read that the first objection to theosophy is that "it appeals only to a small class of persons." Of course it does; and for the simple reason that the more profound its philosophy, the more exalted its spirituality, the more difficult the practice of its precepts, the smaller will be the number attracted to it. We can no more judge the value of theosophy in the world of morals by the number of people that support it than we can determine the value of the minstrel performance in the world of amusements by the large number that patronize it. Does the small number that is attracted to scientific study prove that science is of little value? Does the large number attracted to prize fights prove that it is a good thing for one man to pummel another into insensibility? About the last places from which one would expect an argument that numbers determine values are the pulpits where lantern lectures have become necessary to attract the people!

The second count is that theosophy denies the existence of a personal God and that after many incarnations a soul reaches annihilation. It seems a waste of time to try to set right those who so totally misunderstand the whole matter. "It sets aside the Christian miracles," says the author. Who has said that? Where do you find a word to support the statement? True, theosophy believes that we live in a universe of law; but what is commonly called a miracle is but the temporary suspension of a lower law by the operation of a higher. A half dozen other absurd misconceptions and foolish and untrue declarations follow.

It is a pleasure to set right the misunderstandings of people when there is any possibility of changing the misconceptions into intelligent comprehension; but when a book is published to perpetuate the old errors about theosophy that were common twenty years ago and is full of the intolerant dogmatism and purblind prejudice that refuses to know the truth when it is so easily accessible, we are clearly enough dealing with a person upon whom it is useless to waste words. When a man has solemnly declared that snow is very, very black because he has seen it, and walked in it, and minutely examined it and *knows* it is black, it is time to turn attention to other things.

---

### A METHOD WORTH KNOWING

Horace Fletcher, the apostle of a simple diet, has blossomed into philanthropy—probably a natural metempsychosis—and has abandoned his mansion on the Grand Canal in Venice, for the slums of New York, where he is working with the social settlement people in bettering conditions.

Ten years ago Mr. Fletcher made his remarkable claims about what a simple diet could do for the physical body,—and the world laughed. The

idea of being strong and well on fare that a tramp might scorn was too greatly at variance with the notions based on long established custom to be taken seriously; so the world regarded Mr. Fletcher as a joke. But when Mr. Fletcher made a practical demonstration of his theories and, at the age of nearly three score years, while living on milk, cereals and maple sugar, beat the Yale athletes at their own game, the world forgot its amusement in its astonishment.

To theosophists there are at least two especially interesting things about fletcherism. One is that those who take it up are said to soon drop meat from their diet quite naturally, although the scheme does not include vegetarianism. In other words as soon as unnatural methods of eating are put aside vegetarianism establishes itself as a natural result—a further proof that meat eating is neither necessary nor desirable. The second thing—and it is a matter of tremendous importance—is that it is a method of mastering the physical body. In that feat lies the beginning of occult success. So long as the appetites and desires are permitted to rule there can be little progress for the theosophist. Mr. Fletcher seems to have found one of the methods of obtaining control of the body, of reducing it to obedience and of training it into an instrument of strength and endurance—a result ardently desired by the earnest student and absolutely essential to rapid progress.

It would be folly to attempt a proper discussion of Mr. Fletcher and his health-and-strength hypothesis in a short article. Those interested in so vital a matter should look it up in his books and magazine articles. Of course he has not said all that may be learned about the dietary problem but he has said enough that is new and useful and true to make him one of the benefactors of the race.

---

### FROM THE FIELD

Kansas City has a theosophical future. I would hazard my reputation as a prophet on that, if I only had one to hazard. The prediction is based on two facts; first, the people have the breadth and freedom of mind that make good material; second, the local theosophists have the necessary energy and alertness to use the material to the best advantage. It has always seemed to me that the one thing we greatly need among theosophists is the business faculty. We have devotion in abundance. There are always members who are ready and eager to do the thing that will build up the membership but they do not see the way to accomplish it. One is forced to the conclusion that the majority of theosophists must have followed the life of the mystic for many incarnations, so rarely do we meet the business mind that feels itself perfectly at home in managing material affairs. And so it happens that when we find a local center of the Society showing evidence that its affairs are in the grasp of a capable busi-



ness hand we begin to feel a certain confidence about its future—if the business mind has something to work on. Both the Missouri and the Kansas sides of the city are unusually fortunate. The presidency in each Lodge is held by a successful business man, of more than the ordinary business ability. In each Lodge are also other capable business minds, while there is plenty of devotion as well, and one sees at a glance that here are the elements of success. If it were not for the new Lodge recently formed in Chicago I would say that Kansas City had an even chance for first place among the American centers. The question meetings on both sides of the city were well attended and the audiences were excellent, everything considered; there was an encouraging enrollment of persons desiring to take up a systematic study of theosophy while the sale of literature at the lectures was unusually brisk. It is always difficult to estimate the size of audiences and I have found by experiment that guesses are invariably too high. The best Kansas City audiences were probably about three hundred and fifty people, though it is true they sometimes appeared to occupy three-fourths of the space of the Academy of Music, which seats one thousand people. Excepting the first two or three nights the weather sprites were on their best behavior until only a few hours before the paid admission lecture that closed the course. Then they evened up matters by turning loose a good rain that was more beneficial to farmers than lectures for it cut the audience down to one hundred and forty-five people. But Kansas City can be called a success, as theosophical work goes, in spite of the various difficulties, a rather interesting one being the presence of an old-time revivalist who filled the great convention hall every night and turned thousands from the closed doors, while the newspapers all gave him columns of space daily to the exclusion of other matter.

The four weeks at Kansas City went swiftly, as time has a way of doing when we are intensely busy, and, as intimated in the March number, it brought the field work to an untimely end for the season. It seemed a pity to stop with three good working months ahead and with such cities as Omaha and Salt Lake destitute of theosophical centers. But "all things work together for good" and perhaps this very object lesson of a worker being halted for the want of a paltry sum to guarantee a part of the actual expenses is the thing needed to bring about better methods of sustaining the work.

There was a pleasant break in the homeward journey at Reno. A good friend who is one of the new recruits of the theosophical army arranged for a couple of parlor talks to acquaintances whom she has interested in theosophy. There were sixteen present the first evening and a number of them seemed to be deeply interested. Among them was a young Methodist minister who is said to be one of the popular divines of Reno. I always instinctively get ready for defense and clear the mental decks for action when a clergyman is present but it was not necessary this time. He was as broad as the average theosophist—perhaps broader—

and that is all one can ask and much more than one expects from any inquirer.

Reno, with its three days of perfect rest, closed the season and the next morning's sunrise found our train gliding down the western slope of the Sierras into sunny, genial, tranquil California. After the grey and leafless east, after the desert's dust, California's perpetual Spring is almost like devachan after the weariness of the physical life. It is like some magic transformation scene: the train is among the barren rocks and the snows of the mountains at dawn and then in the green fields while it is still morning. Almost before the mountain chill is forgotten we are in the valley of the apricot, the cherry and the almond and the orchards are sweeping past in pink and white billows of bloom; through the green meadows with their thousands of cheerful buttercups; alongside the market gardens with their wealth of vegetation that knows no death of winter; now skirting the edge of the tranquil bay, with an occasional tall white sail sharply outlined against the blue haze of Mt. Tamalpais on the other side; and then a sudden stop and a group of familiar faces at the station; Berkeley once more—Berkeley the beautiful—after more than two years. What a magic thing is association! If memory should fail us, if the past should vanish, if there were only the present moment unconnected with any other moment, life would truly be the worthless thing the pessimist declares it. To take away our memory of past associations would be annihilation; to revive them is to intensify life. Like a group of noisy children we climb the hill to the house, fragrant and cheerful with the loving gifts of other friends who will come later. Across the placid bay, where there was but the blackened, ashen remains of a city, is now the incarnation of the fairer San Francisco, looking wondrously young and strangely new. Back of the house is a cañon running up into loftier reaches of the hills where the wild flowers have been in bloom for weeks. Out of the cañon falls a brook that tumbles down over the rocks, barely misses the house, and hurries on down to the bay, dancing to its own music as it goes. A half-dozen children emerge from the woods and stop on the bridge with armfuls of blossoms. The butterflies float lazily past as though life were an endless holiday. Here at least are the perfect conditions for another kind of work that may be no less important than that temporarily abandoned. Anyhow the prospect of spending six months in this serene spot gives life new meaning and value.

L. W. R.

---

"It is impossible to go back to the origin of life, because it is of eternity. I believe candidly there was no beginning. I know there are more worlds than the sands of the sea shore, peopled with beings, who live on forever, and, as the winged seed is borne in the air to fructify in distant soil, so spiritual beings are carried by magnetic and electric forces to people distant worlds."—*Prof. Agassiz.*

## OPTIMISM

Anybody who may happen to be casting about for a way in which to help the world should not overlook the simple one of spreading sunshine around in his immediate vicinity. Many good and well-meaning people create much gloom instead of sunshine because in early youth they formed the unfortunate habit of complaining about the unpleasant things that came to them and of refusing to see the beauty that lies about on every side. The optimist will appear to such people to have no foundation for his buoyancy because such people have so surrounded themselves with self-generated gloom that the natural joyousness of normal life cannot reach them. But such wrong habits of life can, fortunately, be corrected. The habit of optimism can be cultivated. It is quite as easy to be joyous as gloomy, if one determines to assume the right attitude toward life and get the most out of it, refusing to permit the little vexations to destroy the pleasure of living. S. E. Kiser, one of our sunshine makers, sets forth in the *Record-Herald* a cheerful creed that is as musical as it is philosophical, and that is worthy more than one reading:

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;  
 I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;  
 I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear,  
 I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;  
 I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;  
 I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread,  
 I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;  
 I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;  
 I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—  
 I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

---

 THE MORE THE BETTER

A professional man who is a member of the Theosophical Society writes to ask if he may translate some of the published lectures of the editor of *THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST* into a foreign language for propaganda work, adding that he cannot see that it would injure the sale of the English edition as not many who would buy the foreign publication can read English. Another gentleman who is not a member writes to ask if he may have the privilege of translating one or two of the lectures into different languages. Two other correspondents want to know if they are at liberty to read the lectures at parlor gatherings and public meetings.

This note is written for the purpose of making it known—in case there may also be others interested in the subject—that there is not the slightest objection to any of these people carrying out their desires. Why should there be? The more widely the thoughts which the lectures contain are scattered the better will the author be pleased. The important question is not whether it will restrict the sale of the English edition but whether it will be useful in reaching people who would

not otherwise be reached at all. As for reading the lectures to meetings it is certain to help their circulation. A friend in Ohio writes that three of the lectures were read at meetings with the result that 87 copies were ordered by those present while other orders followed later. Our correspondents in New Jersey and Michigan, above referred to, will readily see why there is no objection to that sort of work.

## VEGETARIAN RECIPES

### STUFFING FOR VEGETARIAN ROAST

4 oz. browned bread crumbs; 1 fried onion; mashed potato and beans or peas to make required quantity; 1 egg; chopped parsley, sage and other herbs to taste; pepper and salt. Mix all together thoroughly.

This makes an excellent stuffing for marrow, ripe cucumber, or summer squash. When the vegetable is stuffed roast it for an hour to an hour and a half in vegetable fat. Serve with brown gravy made from browned butter thickened with flour and augmented with potato or rice water.

### BAKED RICE

2 qts. milk; 1 cup rice;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt; 2 tablespoons sugar. Flavoring may be added if desired. These ingredients should be put into a 3-quart baking dish and baked very slowly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 hours. If a gas oven is used only one burner should be lighted and that turned very low.

### BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS

Select moderate sized tart apples; pare, core and steam until tender, not soft; have ready a plain pie crust rolled thin in pieces size of small pie plate. Place one apple on each piece of crust, fill the core with sugar, spice to taste and add teaspoonful of hot water to sugar. Wrap crust about the apple pinching it together, place in hot oven and bake until crust is well cooked; serve hot with hard sauce of thick cream.

## NOTES

A letter from Newark tells of the continued activity and prosperity of the Lodge there. A new member and six new students were gained through the lectures delivered by a New York member.

The Albany Hospital has a psychopathic pavilion that is conducted upon the theory that the minds as well as the bodies of patients are sick. During the six years that have elapsed since its establishment about fourteen hundred patients have been treated in this department.

Dr. Vaschide, of the Paris School of High Studies, after experiments with twenty persons, covering a period of three years, gives it as his opinion that in forty per cent. of the cases presentiments were well founded.

The report at the recent convention of the Theosophical Society at Adyar shows the total number of active members to be 15,617 and the number of new members admitted during the year to have been 2,750. In both membership and activity the American Section holds second place, India holding first.

### TO BEGIN IN MAY

As previously announced it is the intention to follow the articles called "Hints to Young Students of Occultism," which came to a close last month, with another series connected more definitely with the subject of character building. It was the intention to begin them in the April number but it has been found necessary to defer it until next month.

---

### EDITOR'S ADDRESS

The address of the editor of THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST, until the middle of September will 2253 Glen Avenue, Berkeley, California, where personal letters, questions and manuscripts for publication should be sent. Anything relating to subscriptions should be addressed to the office of the magazine, No. 496 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., while orders for books or pamphlets should go, as usual, to the Theosophical Book Company, 98 Jay Street, Albany, N. Y.

---

### A MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN

We are occasionally asked if there is anything published that makes suitable theosophical reading for children. It is a pleasure to recommend *The Lotus Journal* to all parents who desire to interest their children in theosophy. It is by no means without its interest to adults and frequently prints articles from the pen of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater and unpublished lectures and addresses by Mrs. Besant. The subscription price is three shillings and sixpence, which can easily be sent by international postal money order from any postoffice in the United States. The address is 42 Craven Road, Paddington, London, W., England.

---

### THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW DISCONTINUED

It will be a matter of no great surprise to many of our readers to learn that the publication of *The Theosophical Review*, of London, has been discontinued. For a number of years the names of Annie Besant and G. R. S. Mead appeared as joint editors. When the candidacy of Mrs. Besant was announced as the successor of the late Colonel Olcott for the Presidency of the Theosophical Society, however, the columns of *The Theosophical Review* were used for a bitter attack upon the candidate. Naturally enough Mrs. Besant withdrew from the magazine over whose columns she apparently had no control, although her name appeared as chief editor, and for the contents of which she had no share of responsibility. Since then Mr. Mead has been in absolute control. With the suspension of *The Theosophical Review* comes the announcement of the establishment of *The Quest* which, it is said, will assume the responsibilities of the former publication to its subscribers.

---

You envy, you are indignant, you are angry, you want to take vengeance on the man. Think that to-day or to-morrow that man will die and not a trace will be left of your ill feelings against him.—*Tolstoy*.