

# The MESSENGER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN  
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XII

MAY, 1925

No. 12

## White Lotus Day

ADDRESS BY THE RT. REV. C. W. LEADBEATER, SYDNEY, 1924

THE number of those in her Society who knew Madame Blavatsky personally is rapidly diminishing. Only a few weeks ago Miss Arundale passed away. She was one of those who knew H. P. B. intimately, who had entertained her at her house for long periods. There are now only a few who really knew her, very few who knew her intimately, who lived in the same house with her. Therefore, it is perhaps important that we, who are left, should now and then, and especially on this occasion of her passing away, which we keep for her as a kind of birthday, speak to you about her. You know perhaps that in the case of the Christian Saints, the Saint's Day is not the day of the birth, but the day of the Saint's passing on, or, as we should put it, his birth into higher spheres; and so in the case of Madame Blavatsky, we celebrate the day on which she left us. We do not want her to become a kind of myth, nor do we want you to think of her merely as belonging to the past history of our Society. You must remember that Madame Blavatsky has taken another birth and although she is not working among her Society on the physical plane she still has a keen interest in it and often asks about it from those of us whom she meets astrally. Do not think of her

merely as a tradition but as a living force, a somewhat volcanic force perhaps in certain ways, but a very great force nevertheless. She was so wonderfully versatile that one might easily think, I suppose, of new incidents to recall, but I would rather emphasize for you those particular points in which I think she was so great an example to us.

First of all she is our great teacher, the greatest books in our literature were unquestionably written by her. It is from her, through her, we should say perhaps, and from our Masters that all the teaching has come to us. We should never forget that, nor should we forget what we owe to her for that; but, great teacher though she was, what I should like to emphasize is rather the tremendous devotion in her character. She was not at all what you would call a devout person in ordinary life. In fact, she was very much the reverse of that. Devotion in the ordinary sense of the word was not at all her strong point, but rather the keenest conceivable intellectual development. She was a person of immensely wide knowledge. I was with her a great deal in her later years, and I suppose I must have heard hundreds of subjects spoken of in her presence. I do not remem-



ber any one of them on which she was not able at least to throw some new light, and the remarkable thing about it was that whatever she contributed to the discussion of any subject that arose was invariably something quite new, some point of view thoroughly striking and novel. She did not elaborate on something which we already knew, but she nearly always added something new. In conversation she was brilliant, sparkling. I think I may say without hesitation that she was the most brilliant conversationalist I have ever heard. Her knowledge was encyclopaedic but always, as I say, unusual. If there was any bizarre side to the subject, that was the thing that she knew. She dealt with everything from the inner point of view always and not from the outer. She knew strange points, some of which she had learnt in central Asia from the Tartars, others which she had acquired in her intercourse with Tibetan Lamas, and other points she had learnt in Egypt; others again were traditionally known to her as a Russian but always she knew something unusual, always something informative. She was very wonderful, a very brilliant person—a person with many capacities which she did not usually show.

It was only by accident and against her will, or perhaps I should say against her knowledge, that I discovered that she was a very brilliant pianist. One would not have thought that she had such talent except for the fact that she had very lovely hands, very much suited for such a thing. She objected to getting photographed and she had nick-names for all the photographs

of herself. I think she described the one which hangs here as the "soulful" one, but there is one which she called "the professional beauty."

But it is the more serious side of her which interests you. Remember, she had a very keen sense of humor. She was not in the least a devout person but she was utterly devoted to her Master. He of Whom you read and sometimes speak as the Master Morya, a Rajput king in the earlier part of His life, until He threw up

His Kingdom and devoted Himself to occult development, was her Master, and her devotion to Him was something wonderful and very beautiful to see. And it was all the more beautiful and wonderful because, as I have told you, she was not at all devout by nature. She was rather of the skeptical type. It took a great deal to convince Madame Blavatsky of any new thing. I do not want to give you a wrong impression, but she certainly spoke very forcibly against shams in religion. She was not herself in the least a religious person and the kind of devotion that is shown in



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY  
AS A YOUNG WOMAN

church work would not appeal to her in the least. She was an exceedingly downright person: she often spoke out her mind rather mercilessly about the Christianity of her day, which was based a great deal upon ideas which could not be defended along the lines of ordinary reason. It was an unreasoning faith which was put before us in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and for that she had no mercy, no tolerance. She brushed all that aside and went straight for the principle behind it. And

(Continued on page 191)



## The Off-Shore Wind

By FRANK RAHERE GERARD

FOR how many of you is the off-shore wind freshening these days? How many of you are calking up your seams and overhauling your gear and humming deep-sea chanteys to yourselves as you prepare for this coming voyage out on "the trail that is always new"? Many of you, I hope. I think of you all as so many ships gathering in quiet bays here and there around the coast; some of you are a little weather-beaten, perhaps, but you're getting some new varnish and a fresh coat of paint, and your skipper is still clear-eyed, even though his beard is a little gray around the scuppers. But some of you are fresh from the ways, innocent as yet of wind-frayed canvas or clinging barnacles; and you are straining impatiently at your ropes. Pretty soon, singly or in little fleets, you will be slipping your moorings and heading down the bay; and, as I think of the flapping of your unfurling canvas and the heel of your masts as you feel the breeze, I find myself sighing—

"Oh I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;

And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,

And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking."

And it will be four bells in the dog watch and "lights burnin' bright and a-all cle-ea-sir" as you lay her down on the course that will take you over there to "India's sunny clime, where once I spent my time"; and here I am at the end of the pier waving you off with a lump in my throat as I try to whistle you a "Yo ho, blow the man down."

But it isn't for you old buccaneers of a hundred voyages that I'm boxing this compass. Two sniffs of the salt breeze and a few heaves of the spray-washed deck and you will be rolling around with a quid in your cheek and your eye cocked over the rail waiting for the daughters of Old Neptune to come aboard and wrap you in the filmy enchantments of their flying draperies.

It is you, the young masters of the newly-launched craft, that I am hailing. Your stores are all aboard, your compasses are set, and your lockers full of charts; but—*do you know what's out there?* Out there where man's dominion gives way to God's?

"Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.  
Man marks the earth with ruin: his control  
Stops with the shore."

Do you know what is to be found out there amid the "flung spray and the brown spume and the seagulls' crying"? Thousands pass that way daily and never catch the song of the universe, for they have ears but hear not; "the world is too much with them, late and soon, laying waste their

powers." But you are not of them. During your shore-bound days you have learned to climb the hills and whisper back to the cities—

"I love not man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

So, having learned how to listen, your waiting ear will be alert for the magic sound which no two people hear alike; your spirit will be poised as a worshiper awaiting the rising sun. For the call may come in the wind's song, or the cry of a wheeling gull; it may steal upon you with the gray mist that drifts up from the sea's face as the gray dawn breaks; or, it may go whirling past on the wings of the gale that calls the frothing seas to rise and follow. It may come bubbling up like a mermaid's laugh from the pale green eddies of the wake, or you may see it as an anthem waiting to be sung, writ in the patternless tracery of the tall masthead waving amid the stars.

Perhaps you may not hear it at all until, in the evening calm of some quiet anchorage, it floats out to you in the warm, rippling cadences of a God-brimming boy, or the soft rustling of stately palms against a blazing sunset.

But, somewhere, sometime, you are going to hear it, and then you will know what you went abroad to find. So, the hidden lotus blossom in your heart will open, the Voice of the Silence will speak, and you will enter that re-birth which will bring you as a little child into the Kingdom of Heaven.

So "Stand by aft! Cast off" and let her slip down with the tide to the open sea. The off-shore wind blows steady, so grab your tiller and head her out, and a bon voyage to you all. But just a word on the following breeze. Don't drive her too hard when the signs aren't right. Keep a weather eye out for that morning when—

"The old moon hangs to a gray cloud's tail,

And the stars go in and out;

And the east grows red and the west goes pale  
And the wind goes knocking about."

For these are dirty weather signs, and you must ease her up and take in a tuck, remembering that—

"a reef in the sail is better than a prayer  
For the snug ship needs no saint."

Meditation, abstinence in all, the observation of moral duties, gentle thoughts, good deeds and kind words, a good will to all, and entire oblivion of Self, are the most efficacious means of obtaining knowledge and preparing for the reception of higher wisdom.

H. P. Blavatsky.



Published monthly by  
**THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY**  
 826 Oakdale Avenue, Chicago  
 Cable Address: "Theosoph, Chicago"

Entered as second class matter August 11, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of October 3, 1917.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.....\$1.00 A YEAR

Change of address should be sent promptly to "The Messenger," 826 Oakdale Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. We cannot be responsible for lost copies. Writers of published articles are alone responsible for opinions stated therein.

## *The Convention*

AS we dare not wait longer to learn the date of Dr. Besant's arrival, if she comes, the date of the Convention has been fixed for August 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26. If Dr. Besant comes early, the Convention will be made the conclusion of her tour. If she comes late, the Convention will be the beginning of it. We are daily expecting a cable giving the decision whether she can leave India, but even if she does not come, we will have a great Convention, for it will not be without superior attractions. Mr. Fritz Kunz is arriving in May and of course we shall have him at the Convention. We also hope to have other prominent Theosophists from abroad but it is too early to speak with certainty.

The good news can also be announced that Convention Headquarters have been secured away from the noise of the Loop—the Midway Masonic Temple in the Jackson Park district of the south side, which seats twelve hundred people comfortably. Hotel accommodations will be through the Jackson Park Hotel Association in which there are nineteen hotels, all within a short radius of the Masonic Temple, and the accommodations will be about one-third less than in previous years for equal accommodations. Some of the hotels overlook Lake Michigan and will afford the members an

opportunity to combine a delightful vacation with an inspiring Convention. The Association will arrange for special motor coach service between the hotels and the Convention Headquarters.

This year we shall begin three months ahead to canvass the Lodges for definite information about the number that will attend the Convention and shall endeavor to make absolutely certain of the necessary two hundred and fifty railway certificates that will guarantee half fare on the return trip.

So many Conventions are coming to Chicago this year, that a canvass of the hotel situation made it clear that we must make an immediate decision upon the dates or there would be no certainty of securing anything. Therefore, the choice of the dates above given.

## *Headquarters Trees*

ONE of the necessities on our Headquarters site is a grove. Aside from its natural beauty, it is a very necessary factor in the theosophical summer schools that will be a permanent feature in the near future—vacation schools that can either precede or follow the Annual Conventions in Chicago. In the search for a site, we never lost sight of two things—first class transportation facilities and a grove! The former we have and on that point nothing is left to be desired. The grove of suitable kind we did not find on a single site that was inspected. The Wheaton site, however, was in every other particular so superior that it would have been folly to reject it. In these days of almost miraculous horticultural feats, a grove can be made, and made quickly. Those of us who have attended World Fairs, or Expositions, and have seen landscapes with trees and shrubs in vigorous growth and bloom where a year before was only vacant ground, will readily understand the possibilities. Some of our tree men no longer regard the growing season, and will move a large tree in full leaf in summertime from its rooted habitation of forty years to any reasonable distance without any visible check in its growth. That, of course, involves heavy expense, but there is a cheaper plan that answers our purpose. Young trees from sixteen to



twenty feet high, with trunks several inches in diameter, can easily be transplanted and such trees, given special care, will very soon furnish the necessary shade, and beautify the landscape.

The tree plan for the Headquarters site includes the assembling of a unique collection of trees, that shall include a distinctive tree that is native to every country of the world where the Theosophical Society exists. There will be trees of India, of China, of Japan, as well as Occidental countries, and happily all of these are now being grown successfully on the soil of Illinois; but this part of the plan will not be the first step in tree planting. The grove above mentioned will be the very first planting on the site, because, like the buildings on the place, it is a necessity in the work to be done there in the immediate future. For that grove, we need from fifty to seventy-five trees of varying sizes, from those which are about two inches in diameter and from eight to twelve feet high, to those with a trunk diameter of about four inches, with a height from eighteen to twenty feet, the prices of which will run from \$5 to \$25, with intermediates at \$10, \$15 and \$20. We shall also need a very few much larger trees, the cost of which will be from \$200 to \$250 each. The plan by which the grove is to be secured is to let members volunteer to purchase a tree which will be planted on the site with a suitable permanent label indicating the date of planting and the donor's name.

This should prove to be a popular plan of donations. Most things that are given leave no permanent trace behind them; but here is a plan by which a substantial donation increases in value year by year. It will not only be a joy to the donor whenever he visits Headquarters, but will remain after he has passed on. It will be visited by his children and grandchildren and will be of service to future generations.

Tree givers should immediately decide upon the amount they desire to invest in the tree—whether \$5, \$10, \$20, \$25, \$200 or \$250—and send the check to the Secretary-Treasurer, at 826 Oakdale Avenue, Chicago, and we will do the rest. The kind of tree and its location must be decided by our landscape expert. To each donor will be sent when the landscaping is finished, a chart showing the exact location of his tree.

### *\$100 For Your Lodge!*

WHAT Lodge treasury does not need a hundred dollars? Are you willing to do a little hard theosophical thinking in order that your Lodge may win that prize? Well, here is your opportunity!

The American Theosophical Society will pay one hundred dollars for the best plan suggested for raising the necessary fund with which to construct our permanent Headquarters building on the site owned by the Society at Wheaton, Illinois. The rules which will govern the contest are as follows:

1. Only members of the Society may enter the contest. If the winner is not attached to any local Lodge he may select the Lodge to which the prize shall be paid. Otherwise the money shall be paid to that Lodge of which the winner is a member.

2. The fund to be raised is one hundred thousand dollars.

3. The plan must cover a period of money raising that does not exceed one year.

4. The method, or methods, of obtaining the fund may be as many and varied as the inventor of them desires.

5. All plans must be received at 826 Oakdale Ave., Chicago, not later than June 1, 1925.

6. The Society shall have the right to use any part of any plan that is submitted whether it wins the prize or not.

7. The judges shall consist of the National President, the National Secretary-Treasurer, and the manager of the Theosophical Press.

Here is an opportunity to do a good turn for your Lodge, for the Society and for yourself. It does not matter whether the plan has ever been used before or not. You may be able to think of something that has never been tried, or of some plan that has been used that could be improved, or of a combination of plans better than anything else that will be sent in. It is often the inexperienced who win in such a contest.

Don't be afraid to try. What could you do to better serve Theosophy than contribute a useful idea in such an enterprise whether it wins the prize or not?

### *Annual Dues*

WE are now close upon the time when the annual dues of \$3 for Lodge members and \$6 for Section members should be sent to Headquarters. The fiscal year ends June 30, but it will help the Secretary-Treasurer greatly if the enormous volume of work at that season is distributed over a period of several weeks. Therefore, Lodges that can send the dues early in June, or even before that time, will confer a favor. Section members can remit now at any time. The more who act early the easier will be the task in the office. Everybody knows how the Christmas shopping and mailing becomes an almost impossible burden to clerks and carriers as the final day arrives. So, too, it is at Headquarters as June 30 approaches. Please do a real service by helping to distribute the work over several weeks.

### *Going to Adyar?*

THE indications are that there will not be a very large American attendance at the semi-centennial celebration at Adyar in December, but in addition to the few who have notified Headquarters of their intention to go, there may be others who are taking the chance that they can book a passage at a late date.

One would suppose that it would be an easy matter to get the necessary information, but the booking agencies seem to be so indifferent about it that one feels inclined to ask them if they are really not interested in the sale of tickets! One agency has made no response whatever to inquiries. Another, after repeated efforts, has been induced to furnish some information. In general it can be said that the cost of the trip will vary greatly according to the steamers selected, the time allowed for the voyage, the class of ticket, etc. One agency estimates the round trip, first class, at \$2500. That is via Europe. The other extreme is by the American-Indian line direct from New York to Bombay, second class, round trip \$545 (that does not include railway fare from Bombay to Madras). Those vessels are said to have excellent passenger accommodations. The sailings are monthly.

A different route is from New York by the Italian line to Naples, second class,

\$150 each way. The round trip from Naples to Bombay, second class, is \$364—a total of \$664—for the sea journey.

Going via Northern Europe, first class tickets vary from \$140 to \$250 upward (according to the size and speed of the steamer) to England. From London to Madras (the Adyar port) first class, round trip, is from \$545 upwards, or a total minimum of \$825 for the round trip from New York and return. Second class for the round trip from London to Madras is \$455. From the United States to Europe, there is also a third class ticket said to be used by thousands of students and teachers every summer.

Some of our members intend going via London, thence by steamer and train across several of the European countries to a Mediterranean port, and from there to Madras.

### *Our Library*

A RECENT inventory of our Headquarters Library shows its present value to be \$1,640.97. No books have been received for it recently but it is hoped that our members have not forgotten that the library is a thing of great practical usefulness. From it books are loaned to inquirers, who write asking for something more than the small pamphlets and the Secretary-Treasurer has been able to trace some excellent results. It is these things that are of daily practical service that should be fostered. If you have theosophical books that are not serving a useful purpose, send them to our library.

### *A Rogue Abroad*

SEVERAL letters have come to Headquarters describing the methods of a swindler who poses as an ex-convict and sometimes presents a forged letter. He has learned the names of prominent members whom he mentions and tells a plausible story when asking for a few dollars as a "loan." To give him money is only to encourage rascality.

No member of the Society goes to Lodges asking for money. Such a swindler should be asked for his membership card. If he cannot produce it cut the interview short.

L. W. R.



## White Lotus Day—(Continued from page 186)

just because she was a person of that type her instantaneous obedience to the least word of the Master, the springing up in a moment to His service was wonderful and a beautiful thing to see. It was her very strongest characteristic, the way in which she responded instantly to Him. She was jealous for her Society; she often took to heart as we thought far too seriously, attacks upon her Society. She never cared about attacks upon herself, but she minded very much if it reflected upon the Society. It was really rather difficult because every time some new attack upon her appeared her first instinct was to resign from the Society in order that the Society might not be involved. She spent most of her time in resigning from that Society and the rest of us about her spent most of our time in persuading her that there would not be any Society if she resigned from it, that this work had been given to her and that she must not desert it because some newspaper man had written some rubbish about her.

Her devotion to the Society, which was His Society, was wonderful. She was utterly selfless in that she never thought about self except in that way in relation to the Society. If people accused her of all sorts of unspeakable villainies she simply laughed at them, but when she thought of it as affecting the Society she would at once become highly indignant.

So I think we can learn from that great devotion of our Founder the lesson of utter devotion to the work. She suffered very terribly physically, I am sorry to say. Her body was broken down in health; she was absolutely merciless with regard to it. She worked early and late and she expected everyone else to do the same. Many a time I have gone out from that house in Avenue Road, which was Mrs. Besant's house, with a huge batch of letters for the London post at three in the morning. But she was always at work at six in the morning and she expected everyone else to be on deck in the same way and it is not given to human beings to exist on two or three hours' sleep. But it was a very wonderful privilege to be near her, to see her attitude and of course to learn from her, as inevi-

tably we did learn who were close around her. It was not so much the direct teaching that she gave as what came out in conversation and in discussions. I think we could hardly say that she was a good teacher in the ordinary sense of the word because she never treated the whole of a subject; she would throw out casual pearls of information about it and then talk away about something else, and then go back and give you another pearl. You will find her books written in that way and it is difficult sometimes to put the information together.

I remember when that work, *The Secret Doctrine*, was sent out to Subba Rao to review, he looked over it and almost tore his hair. He said it was a great heap of precious stones; there is no doubt about it being precious, but if you want to build anything out of it you will have to do the building because she has not done it. But very much was to be learnt from her, not so much by direct teaching as by the picking up and piecing together the odd bits of information she would let drop; and by following her example, by watching how she treated subjects and in what way she regarded them, and by trying to put one's self into that very different attitude.

She is undoubtedly the most wonderful person that I have ever met and when you realize how well I know your great President you will realize that it is a great deal to say; but I am sure our President would be the first to join with me in saying that. She had not the eloquence of your President; she had not the same command of language; she had a very considerable flow of language on occasions but her English was imperfect and she needed a great deal of correction. She had not eloquence but she had a wealth of knowledge and an exceedingly clever and sparkling way of putting things before you. You never forgot the things that Madame Blavatsky told you.

There is one other thing which I always say when I speak of her, and I think I ought to repeat it. You will have heard that Madame Blavatsky was fraudulent in many ways, that the curious phenomena which took place in connection with her

were produced by trickery, that she herself wrote the letters which came through her from the Master and so on. You will be told that her phenomena were investigated and proved fraudulent. I can at least bear direct testimony on that subject. You will find that all people who knew her trusted her implicitly. Those who attack her did not know her personally. I myself have seen those letters arrive phenomenally when Madame Blavatsky was seven thousand miles away. I have also seen the various curious phenomena which took place in her presence, and can certainly

testify that they were not produced by fraud. Anyone who had ever known her at all will tell you that she was utterly incapable of deceiving even a child, so uncompromisingly honest and downright was her character.

Now, as a closing thought I should like you to remember the great debt of gratitude which we owe to her for founding this Society which means so much to us all; and to resolve in our humbler way to follow the example which she has set for us of utter and heroic devotion to the Masters and to the work for which They exist.

## Hints to Vegetarians

BY ALBA BALES

THE one who is entrusted with the feeding of the family has a responsibility not lightly escaped. Traditionally, we are meat eaters, and the family meals have been planned around meat and potatoes with little thought in the plans further than "What kind of meat shall we have for dinner?" But we are evolving. Some of us have reached that stage of right thinking where meat not only is not essential in the diet but is objectionable. Now the duty of feeding the family on a vegetable or at least a meatless diet, is a still greater responsibility because no matter whether the diet is to be with meat or meatless, it must be well balanced if the fires of life are to be kept burning and growth is not to be stunted.

An exact knowledge of what food does for the body and how it does it, is quite important for every one who has the family feeding in charge. This may be termed the A. B. C. of good nutrition and is not beyond anyone who cares to learn it.

First the body is a working machine. Like a clock it goes all the time. Whether asleep or awake the heart, lungs, digestive tract etc. are working and exercise brings many muscles into play: In order to have energy to spend in these body activities, man must have three great classes of energy-bearing food substances—protein, fat and carbohydrate. Most people are familiar with the sources of these foodstuffs. Carbohydrates are the starches and sugars and are found in the cereal food, potatoes, tapioca, beets, carrots and many other vegetables and fruits, and in pure sugar and the sweet fruits. Vegetable fats are found in many plants such as cottonseed, olives, peanuts, cocoa beans, etc.

The foodstuff which serves the double purpose of furnishing energy and building and repairing the body tissues and therefore is of so great importance in the body, is protein. Protein is abundant in lean meat, but it is also found in easily digestible form in other foods. It is therefore important that we familiarize ourselves with

these foods and be able to adjust the protein balance in the day's dietary necessary to meet the daily protein needs of the body.

One very important food for vegetarians is milk. Milk has all the essential foodstuffs in it together with vitamins, which play a vital part in the upkeep of the human machine. Infants up to one year live and thrive on milk alone. It then should continue to hold an important place in the diet of the adult.

Eggs also, have unusual food value, being rich in protein and mineral. The protein which must give balance in the vegetable menus, is found in eggs, milk, cheese, all kinds of nuts, peas, beans and lentils. Of the cereals containing protein, oats, wheat and corn head the list. The whole grain cereals should be used, as oat meal, whole wheat, etc. which furnish the greatest abundance of protein and minerals.

With this simple classification then, we can easily see that meatless meals must, in order to have balance, have protein foods such as milk, eggs, cheese, nuts, peas, beans or lentils, supplemented with whole grain bread and cereals.

Thus, a typical meatless day's menus follow:

### BREAKFAST

Fresh Strawberries and Cream	
Oatmeal with Top Milk	
Bran Muffins	Jam
Milk	

### LUNCHEON

Scrambled Eggs	Brown Bread
String Beans	
Head Lettuce Salad—Mayonaise Dressing	
Plain Cake	
Cocoa	

### DINNER

Cheese Fondue	Creamed New Potatoes
Brown Bread	
Spinach with Eggs	
Lettuce and Tomato Salad	
Jelly	
Orange Bavarian Cream	Fruit Cookies



# Making the Masters Real

By FRITZ KUNZ

OVER and over again, in the early days of the Theosophical Society, the Masters said to the disciples of those times—disciples still, for the most part—that the great function of the Society was to help the world, and that one of the major ways by which this function could be performed was by making the Masters Themselves real to the world. That need exists no less to-day than it did then; it is still a paramount need. Why?

The answer, as usual, is quite simple in essence—namely, that if the world really knows that perfection is possible it will strive for it. At present, owing to some of the curses which Christian theology (as distinct from Christianity itself) has put upon us, religion, as we know it, has nothing much to do with sense. Consequently ideas of progress are vague and ineffective. The idea that a man should “be perfect, even as his Father in Heaven,” is looked upon as impractical advice.

Survival of death, the power of the soul, the kinship of man with Nature, the sonship to God—what does our unfortunate theologian know about all that?

And so making the Masters real to the world—which means also making the Path real, the inner life real, and all the rest of the system real—will be like flashing a tremendous bolt of lightning in a dark world.

The idea of the Masters once grasped, the rest follows.

Liberation becomes visible; sensationalism becomes stupid nonsense; life becomes vivid and full; eternity becomes a welcome thing; we burst our skeletons and live in our freed souls, instead of cowering down from the blows of the world—or ruthlessly fighting it—within our shells of artificiality.

Have we made the Masters as real as we should like? No, indeed, a vast amount remains to be done. Things certainly are far better than they were in 1875, and we have done much to improve

them; but vast labors remain. How to expedite it, is the question, is it not?

Nothing much can be done without workers who themselves know the Masters as fact.

The crying need is for disciples. Who will come forward for the task?

We all know the requirements: discrimination, desirelessness, good conduct and love. Service is the laboratory in which these principles are to be tried out within ourselves.

There, in five words, is the ancient Way to Them.

Just at the moment the Road is especially easy to follow. For one thing, there are many upon it at various stages. Round about us we see in our Society disciples at all sorts of points on the Path. By watching them in their actions we can follow the principles of the Path in the life, instead of in books. For another, a flood of the inner Light pours down upon the Path from on high just now, because the Master of Masters stands so close to us in this world whence the Path takes its course. And finally, best of all, endless opportunities for service are open to us on every side.

See the millions who thirst for deep and satisfying draughts of the waters of life!

Everywhere one goes it is the same, this intense longing for soul peace, for serenity, for self-control. We have but to serve them, and we are serving Them. Surely we cannot fail?

We have but to open our lips and speak words of Wisdom-Truth, instead of the idle, the hard, the critical.

We have but to smile, to move serenely poised, through the turmoil.

Such is the beginning. The end?

It is to see, in a sudden moment, the quiet deep eyes, the gentle kind smile and hear the low voice of One who even now hovers within us, ready at the first moment we open our eyes to give us blessing and peace.

## Letter From Mr. Aria

A letter from Mr. J. R. Aria, Recording Secretary of the T. S. at Adyar, addressed to the American General Secretary, contains matter of interest to all who are going from the United States to Adyar for the Jubilee Convention:

“Adyar, Madras, India, Feb. 11, 1925.

“I am glad to learn from a letter received from Mrs. Maude N. Couch that at your last Convention the name of the American Section was changed to ‘The American Theosophical Society’ and it has been recognized by the Secretary of State.

“I hope you have received a copy of the Quarterly letter sent by the Vice President by now, and must have learnt all about the celebration of the Jubilee Convention this year in the headquarters during Christmas. We are sure that a

good number of members from America will avail themselves of this opportunity. Further, we presume without any doubt that you will attend the General Council this year in person, as we expect that every Section should be represented by its own General Secretary.

“I am preparing a list of names of the intending visitors in order to know the exact number of delegates for whom accommodation and other arrangements are to be made. I shall thank you to send me a list of names of those who are desirous of attending the Convention from America and who want to stay here during that occasion. Kindly let me know the names of the delegates, their period of stay and the probable date of their arrival. I shall be much obliged if your list will reach me before the 1st of September, 1925.”



# Children's Story---The Boy Outside

By CATHERINE G. ROSS

## PART II

FOR Albert it was a new experience. He who had always been the center of the school yard circle was left to stand around unnoticed. His word had been law in Brownsville. Here he looked on silently. He thought more than once of Joey—poor lonely little Joey.

After a few days he tried amusing himself and slipped away to the upper rooms to watch the stream of passing automobiles in the street. The grown people were downtown most of the day and it was lonely entertainment. He wished he were back in Brownsville. He would be guiding the big bob down Grant's hill. When he got back there he would see to it that Joey got a seat right in the middle. He decided he would do a lot of things for Joey.

He pressed against the window to look after a big bus and left a mark on the shining glass. He stepped backward into the long silk curtains and turned to meet the scowling disapproval of the maid. Then in his haste to move away he caught his foot in a loop of the electric cord and brought down one of the big reading lamps with a crash. There seemed to be no place for boys in all the big house except in the basement. So he put on his hat and coat and took his misery and embarrassment out of doors.

Something in the air reminded him of the lake. The fresh, bracing tang of the wind called up his spirits. Uncle Ben had said that the lake was but a few blocks east. He hurried up the ugly streets with forbidding houses that stood wall to wall and close to the pavement. They looked so unhome-like he wondered if they were all asylums. He saw but one small yard in his walk. It was on an alley and had a high iron fence with a sign "keep out" on the gate. He noted that people passed without glancing at each other. Everyone was so intent on his own affairs that they, too, seemed to wear the sign "keep out." A dirty stray dog was nearly run over by a speeding car and limped away yelping piteously. The careless driver did not even turn his head. There was something very cruel and hard about the city. Albert was glad he lived in Brownsville.

But—oh joy—there was the lake! A wide avenue, a strip of park, and beyond that the city ended. The rest of the world was a rolling mass of broken ice glittering in the morning sun. No one had told him it was such a grand sight.

For hours he played along the icy shore. He had never before seen so large a body of water. It stretched away to meet the sky with a dim blue border beyond the ice field. There was a look of great power in the restless, heaving surface that awed and fascinated him. He dug himself a shelter cave in a snow drift and sat down to watch it and think out what he would tell the boys when he got back to school.

After a time when his tingling toes and an empty stomach turned his face homeward, he began to realize that he had not taken careful note

of the way by which he had come. Of course he could get back safely. All he had to do was to cross the park and the broad driveway and go west down one of those streets opening out onto the avenue, turn at the fourth corner and the third house would be his uncle's. But which street of the many running west was it? They looked pretty much alike to him after an anxious hour spent in walking up and down, viewing them from the park side. His heart was pounding more uncomfortably every minute. He had to swallow hard to keep it down in its place. Of course he wasn't lost. He could try out the streets one at a time—if the daylight held out.

First he must get across the avenue which was now full of cars. They were moving three and four abreast in two unbroken opposite streams. It was the afternoon homeward rush hour. Crossing was growing more dangerous as the minutes passed and the steady hum of the wheels roared pitilessly in his ears. He started twice, only to be driven back by the angry snorting of horns and relentless rush of the on-coming cars. Albert was growing desperate. There was a little gap behind the next limousine. He must make a dash. He stepped from the curb. The big car gave a loud honk. It turned from the stream and rolled up beside him.

"Why, Albert, what are you doing here?" It was Uncle Ben anxiously leaning from the car.

They opened the door for Albert and he tumbled in limply. He could not find his voice at once. The sudden relief from growing terror was too much for him. He leaned heavily against his father and the two men exchanged a glance over his head.

"Where have you been, son?"

"Oh, taking a wa-wa-walk by the lake," he managed to say. There was no need of saying he was lost when he wasn't. He would tell his mother about his walk—the lamp—and other things when he got home and had more breath. Luckily father and Uncle Ben were wise enough not to ask any more questions just then.

"I can see that Ned and Orville are fine hosts," Uncle Ben remarked to nobody in particular at the dinner table that night. "Your cousin John is coming home this evening, Albert. He knows how to treat a fellow."

Cousin John was a new kind of a boy in Albert's experience. This older brother of Ned and Orville was just such a boy as Uncle Ben must have been. He had the same kind tones in his voice, the same brisk, cheerful way of looking after the comfort of everyone around him. When he grasped Albert's hand and said with hearty good will, "I'm mighty glad you're here, Albert," the country boy's awkward shyness vanished. He soon found that it was impossible to be with John and not have a good time. John made that his chief business.

Would Albert share his room? Albert had no hesitation. Here was such an understanding



fellow, anyone could be comfortable with him. Before breakfast the next morning Albert had eased his homesick heart by telling his cousin all about Brownsville, its pretty streets with big yards, the schoolhouse on the hill with a park for a playground, of the coasting that was going on on Grant's hill. He talked about the boys until John knew Jack Taggert, Teddy Roberts, Shorty Schnorf and Joey Holman by name.

"You're not homesick, are you?" asked John.

"Oh, no—not exactly. Not now, anyway."

"Because you'll be here only a few days longer, and you haven't seen the town yet. We'll get the boys together and have a look at it."

Getting boys together was just in John's line. There could be no little Joey, wistfully peering through the fence, when John was about. Everybody found a place and something to do to keep the fun going.

That day the boys in the gym went to the park lagoon to skate. Later John and Albert showed them how practiced scouts can make a hot fire and serve a piping hot lunch, prepared in the face of a gale on the icy shore of the big lake.

With John's encouragement, Albert found his tongue at last when the other boys were about, and told of his scouting hikes and camping experiences. He even made them envy him some of the advantages of living in Brownsville when he told of the circus he and Jack Taggert and Shorty had staged in an old barn on the edge of town, with animals borrowed, coaxed or otherwise persuaded into joining the show business.

The next day there was a trip down town.

They went up into a high tower to look out over the city, spread like a checkerboard below. There were other trips to a big museum. They went in a body to the movies and to a winter zoo, with John for a guide.

Ned and Orville and their friends caught the fine art of being a good host from John. They were soon on the lookout for things that would interest their guest and gave up the best places to him. More than anything else he liked to ride on top of the big busses through the busiest streets. The big traffic policeman in the midst of the jam was his most admired hero. He never tired of getting behind one of them and watching him start and stop the traffic with his whistle and a wave of his hand.

When at last the visit had come to an end and Albert was once again listening to the clackety-clack, clackety-clack of the train on his way home, he thought he must be years older than when he came.

He had learned so many things—most of all from John. He wanted to be like John. He heard his father say, "John is a fine, lovable boy." Mother replied, "Yes, a most unselfish boy." But this did not begin to tell what a wonderful way he had. He knew how to treat a fellow, as Uncle Ben had said. Albert planned to begin looking out for Joey as soon as he got home. He knew just how John would do it. He had a dozen plans thought out and he went over them carefully as the train rushed on towards Brownsville. He knew from experience that it was a miserable thing to be the boy on the outside.

## Headquarters Site Notes

Everybody who sees the new site is enthusiastic about it. Mr. Cotta, Rockford member, of the Cotta Landscape System, standing for the first time in the center of the tract, and carefully looking it over, finally remarked, "I did not know there was as fine a piece of land for the purpose in this part of the country." And that's an expert's opinion.

Mr. Cotta's exclamation does not mean that the site commands a grand view, nor that it is a striking scene in itself, but that it is remarkably well adapted to its purpose. With almost the convenience of level ground, it yet has the variation of slight knolls and depressions that give a field for the landscape gardener's art, while the entire tract slopes gently eastward to the frontage on Main Street. When skillfully laid out and planted, it will make a magnificent setting for a dignified Headquarters building.

We want your suggestions about the new Headquarters site—any kind of suggestions that may help our Headquarters staff in making there a spot that shall be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever"; ideas about the things to plant or what *not* to plant, in the way of trees, shrubs, lawns, etc. The planting cannot all be done this spring so it is not too late to write at any time.

Did you know that lotus lilies of three different colors grow to perfection in the lagoons of Illinois? Running diagonally across the Headquarters site is a little rill that two or three easily constructed dams would convert into a series of ideal lily ponds.

The interest in the new Headquarters site cannot be too keen, but do not cultivate a desire to visit it until next year. Then it will be ready for callers; but for many months now it will be in the ugly stages of construction—a tangle of tree planting, road making, well drilling, pipe laying, ground plowing, etc. Wait until the next season's sunshine and showers have put on its "come-to-see-me" dress. L. W. R.

## Warning

A man who represents himself as a member from Seattle, Washington (or perhaps some other Lodge), is going about the country apparently for the purpose of collecting money for personal use from warm-hearted Theosophists. His story varies somewhat each time but is always told to arouse sympathy. Members should be careful in their dealings with such strangers.

## When Half-Gods Go

By C. JINARAJADASA

THERE is a poem of Emerson that closes with three very well-known and oft-quoted lines:

Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The Gods arrive.

He is describing in the poem the attitude of a man who profoundly loves a woman who stands for him as the gateway to idealism. But if this woman were to care for some one else, there would arise a situation of deep distress. How shall the lover react to such a tragedy? Emerson's advice is not to be bitter, but to recognise that, though his love for her has been a wonderful idealism and will soon die, life will bring a more than adequate compensation; for,

Though thou loved her as thyself,  
As a self of purer clay,  
Though her parting dims the day,  
Stealing grace from all alive;  
Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The Gods arrive.

This situation is characteristic of us all. For we are always apt to cling to the "half-god," not knowing that, if we let the half-god go, the true God will arrive. Each of us now clings to certain thoughts and convictions which he thinks are essential to his existence. But, in reality, they are not so.

The average man wraps himself in a garment of ideas provided for him by his environment. In India, all caste people are enveloped as by an aura by ideas of caste. All white people are similarly enveloped by the idea of race superiority. Everyone of us has something that we cling to, something of tradition, which comes to us through religion or family. All these traditional elements in a man's character are not harmful in themselves. We know how much, in spite of all their evils, caste observances help weak characters to keep away from evil. Similarly, there is no doubt that the sense of race pride does help a weakness in the character to gain a temporary strength, and that it enables a man not to give way to certain temptations. In the main, however, these half-gods to whom we continually offer incense make us ineffective in life. We may live the usual round of social events, and perhaps not do any great disservice to our fellow-men. But, so long as we cling to these half-gods, we are, as a matter of fact, very ineffectual, and it will little matter to future generations whether we lived or died.

There is in each one of us the power of the true God, but the vision of Him is the most difficult thing in life. We have to struggle and sacrifice much, before we can see the Divinity in ourselves. But, when once we have seen, we stand no longer fashioned in the mould of any tradition, racial or religious. We are then our true selves. Then we are afraid of nothing. To-

day the caste man is afraid lest his character go to pieces, if he does this or the other thing which violates caste. Similarly the white man has a subconscious fear in the midst of dark populations, that unless by aloofness he keeps up his sense of prestige, his individuality will be submerged by the alien individualities of a foreign race. I have read of an Englishman in the wastes of Canada, where the nearest neighbor was twenty miles away, who deliberately each evening dressed for dinner at the end of the day's work. He felt that somehow this routine was essential to retaining his conception of culture. So long as a man clings to a tradition, he is a slave to life, and not its master.

But how may we see the God within us? Only with an ideal as the window. It is only through an ideal that He can reveal His face. And it does not matter what our ideal is—whether it be of religion or science, of art or philosophy. An ideal is that thing for which we have no hesitation in sacrificing ourselves. If a man hesitates to sacrifice, what he sees is not yet the ideal. In the face of an ideal, the soul thinks nothing worth while but its service.

When a man has seen the ideal, it does not matter what are the outer forms in which he tries to reveal its power in him. If he is a religious man, he will pick out of orthodox religion only those elements which do not clash against the life of the Inner God within him. Religions and philosophies are useful only to bring a man to his ideal; after that point they have no authority over him. For a man with an ideal makes his own religion and his own philosophy. Did not Shri Krishna say: "All the Vedas are useful to an enlightened Brahmana, only just so much as is a tank in a place where water is on all sides."

To each one of us, there is a possibility of an intense life, if only we let our half-gods go. But we are afraid, because we do not trust ourselves. We are afraid of the fight that we know we must make against our environment, against our relations, against public opinion, against the standards laid down for us by our racial and National traditions. Yet true life only begins when a man stands apart from life, and sees all life's externals—religion, occupation, philosophy, art, etc.—as subservient to one Soul's purpose.

Speaking as a Theosophist, I think it does not at all matter whether a man is a Hindu or a Muslim, a Christian or a Buddhist, a Zoroastrian or an Atheist, so long as in his heart there is a sense of a powerful ideal. For a man who has an ideal has seen the God in himself. Through that vision he has seen a far-away reflection of the Divinity of the Universe. Whether that Divinity shall be called Ishwara or God, Allah or Ahuramazda, or an impersonal Law or Dharma, we shall know at the long last. Till then, what we know of Him as our ideal is sufficient unto our day.



It is from the moment a man has sensed the power of his ideal that all other men catch an enthusiasm from him. Life is hard for all of us, but it is bearable because of those few souls who have found the ideal, and spoken of it and told us how suffering is a small thing, so long as we are true to an ideal. One man with an ideal can succour thousands, while mere traditional religion, carrying on its routine of Puja and Services, will do nothing to dissipate the darkness of those same thousands. If only we would dare to trust ourselves, there is far more than we can imagine of life for each of us. All life is calling on us to trust in ourselves. Even the direst calamity has its message, which is that no calamity can annihilate us. We ride through every storm, and there is a haven for us. That haven is in ourselves. But so long as we cling to anything external, we do not see the beams of the lighthouse which tell us where the harbour is. That is why every great Teacher calls on us to let the half-gods go. Shri Krishna calls on us to stand in the midst of the triplicity of Sattva, Rajas and Tamas, which make up life, and say: "The Gunas work among Gunas." The Lord Buddha says: "Kill out the thirst for life, if you desire the

Way." The Lord Christ says: "He that loseth his life shall find it." All the teachings come to this: "Let the half-gods go, for only then will the Gods arrive."

Every event of every day is saying to us: "Which do you desire—the half-god, or the complete Godhead?" What is your answer? You cannot answer with your ideas of religion or philosophy. You can give the solution only by what you are. Am I in business? Then the question is asked: "Shall I be an idealist in business, or merely as the others are?" We are lawyers, perhaps, and then each client propounds the same question: "The smaller fee and the greater need of the small man, or the larger fee and the smaller need of the great man?" What are we, then? Are we 50 per cent of race or caste, 25 per cent of profession, 20 per cent of religion, and only 5 per cent of ourselves? Then the half-gods fatten on us, and our day of liberation is not yet. We must be 100 per cent ourselves and make all else subserve our ideal. Then only we shall

Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The Gods arrive.

## Question Column

**Question:** Why was not one of our members protected by the Masters when a Professional Mental Healer swindled her out of five hundred dollars, using black magic on this dear Lodge member to get her money? If the Masters are protecting the Lodge members, why did They not protect her at this time?

**Answer:** By great sacrificial effort the Masters are working for Brotherhood, and when we join the Society, we presumably enter in with the Masters' efforts to lift some of the heavy karma of the world. So, could we reasonably expect the Masters to neglect Their great duty to the whole of Humanity in order to save for one of us an amount of money, any more than we could expect Them to add something to our material wealth or worldly ambition at the *expense* of the whole suffering Humanity? Indeed, would not such an idea indicate that Theosophists are still lingering in the chrysalis of vicarious atonement, the principle that has so effectively blocked Humanity's initiative and retarded her progress?

In my experience I have observed cases under their influence, and I now have in mind one poor soul who disregarded all advice and continued to persist in the trend of the artful ones until she lost her excellent opportunity for Brotherhood service; lost her health and landed in the insane asylum.

If the loss of the \$500.00 awakens you to a realization of the subtle and hideous selfishness of the plyers and would-be plyers of the black magicians' trade, fill your heart with gratitude to

your Master for His wonderful protecting wing, and seek Him as He is seeking you, remembering always that one may neither walk east and west at the same time, nor simultaneously seek the Black and White Magician: "No man can serve two masters (principles): for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." JAMES DAVID BIBB.

**Question:** If an animal group soul is manifesting through a hundred lion bodies, does each body possess a permanent physical atom? And if not, do the permanent physical atoms wander about from body to body? A. J. PHILLIPS.

**Answer:** In the lower forms of life, such as the grasses, small plants, microbes, amoebae, hydrae, etc., permanent atoms are found only occasionally. They do not appear to depend upon them for growth and do not disintegrate when the atoms are withdrawn. "We find," says Dr. Besant, "permanent atoms scattered through the mineral and vegetable kingdoms; but are unable to pierce the reasons which govern their distribution. A permanent atom may be found in a ruby, in a diamond \* \* \* or scattered through veins of ore. On the other hand much mineral does not seem to contain any. \* \* \* But in plants of long continuance, such as trees, permanent atoms are constantly found." This condition also applies to animal bodies of the development of the lion. Each lion body would have its astral and mental counterpart, enfolding a permanent physical, astral and mental permanent atom, which

would be gaining increased powers of vibratory response through the experiences being gained; the whole group soul being enveloped by the nourishing and protecting wall of mental monadic essence. Throughout the whole of the time taken by this pre-human evolution, the monad remains attached to its triad, until individualization and the forming of the causal body make it possible for it to draw experience through its lower vehicles and bring about its own evolution. [See *Study in Consciousness* by Annie Besant, Chapters 4 and 5.] E. NORMAN PEARSON.

Question: I have been told several times by Theosophists of different schools that "meat" must not be eaten. I have asked what was the view of Jesus Christ about this matter, stating that in the New Testament the word "meat" appears several times, and the answer has been that the word "meat," in Greek, means all kinds of food and not especially "animal flesh." It might be so with reference to the Greek meaning in some passages; but when I come to the parable of the Prodigal Son, Luke xv, from verses 11 to 32, it is another thing. There Jesus Christ, in verse 23, makes the father of the Prodigal Son say: "Bring the fat calf and kill it, and let us eat and make a banquet \* \* \*." The fat calf in this case is not "meat" in a general way; it is flesh of the same kind as that of the stock yards. From this parable it appears that in the time of Christ the flesh of animals was eaten, especially in festivities, and Jesus Christ did not say anything against it: on the contrary, he introduced this aspect of the custom in his parable. From what the older brother said in complaint, it appears that "kids" were also eaten at feasts, although considered rather inferior in value to a calf.

Perhaps you will say that Jesus Christ in this case used this custom as an illustration and not in support of the said custom. But if that is your explanation, it is not convincing, because He was a master mind in his knowledge of natural matters. His deep and poetical ideas were not meager, and He could have used easily something else in order to show the paternal joy for the coming back of his lost son.

Please explain if you can, stating your answer clearly.

L. G. PRIETO.

Answer: The use of animal flesh as food is just one of the many ways in which humanity at present violates the ideals of brotherhood and weakens and makes impure the various bodies which constitute, as Paul tells us, a Temple of the indwelling God in man.

However, since perfect freedom of thought and liberty of action prevails in the Theosophical Society as regards such matters, no Theosophist has a right to impose his views on this question upon another dogmatically, or by force of argument, or weight of authority. All that should be done is to point out by logical reasoning and admonition the harmful effects connected with the use of animal flesh as food. These will be

found fully set forth in pamphlets such as Dr. Besant's *Vegetarianism in the Light of Theosophy* and Mr. Leadbeater's *Vegetarianism and Occultism*.

As regards the attitude of the Master Jesus on the question, the right of difference of opinion must be recognized in view of the meager information to be gleaned from His recorded statements. However, there is only one passage in which reference is made to His having partaken of any form of animal flesh, and this is found in a somewhat doubtful passage which mentions His having partaken of fish *after His resurrection*, a time when it would seem least likely when He would have partaken of it.

His reference to the eating of meat in the story of the Prodigal Son can no more be taken as evidence of His indorsement of such use, than the story of the Talents can be taken as evidence of his indorsement of usury, or His story of the unjust Steward as an indorsement of the steward's unethical practices, even if these stories are taken in their literal interpretation.

A study of Bible symbolism will show that such expressions as fat, the fatted calf, meat, fish, wine, etc., all have a symbolical meaning, and that in the passages where these occur, Jesus was only following the custom of occult teachers when He clothed His spiritual teachings in form of parables, which use familiar customs and figures of speech as a medium of expression. He gave the deeper esoteric teaching to those who had "Ears to hear, and eyes to see," beyond the exoteric form of His expression. While to those who lacked this ability, the same story gave a higher religious and ethical teaching clothed in simple and familiar speech.

LUTIE C. WATSON.

Question: I would like to know about tithing. The Bible teaches that one-tenth of all you possess should be given to the Lord. What does Theosophy say?

Answer: If a hard and fast rule about giving to the cause were laid down for each individual Theosophy would defeat its own purpose of helping man forward in his evolution. Telling individuals how much they should give would be like making rules for children to guide them until they have grown up and can make their own. Each one will give according to his capacity, that is, according to the stage he has reached in his evolution. Man's early stages are periods of getting and grasping for himself, then comes the middle stage when he wants to give "for value received," and last of all the stage of giving or outpouring without thought of return—sacrifice. Theosophists generally have reached at least the beginning of the last stage, but there are as many grades in this as there are in evolution. When the Theosophist once begins to understand the working of the law of Karma he wants to give, both materially and spiritually, and as he gives of his material and spiritual possessions his capacity for giving increases.

K. C. H.



## What Lodges Are Doing

St. Louis Lodge is starting a class in the study of *Man, Whence, How and Whither* and in the announcement states "this work will take at least three years to complete, probably longer."

Houston Lodge writes: "We just made a payment of \$1100 on our lot, making \$5000 paid to date, which we feel is pretty good for a handful of poor theosophists."

Tacoma Lodge notes among its activities for April a "business meeting and reading of THE MESSENGER. This is a most excellent way for Lodges to keep in touch with Headquarters and the progress of the work in the Section."

Everett Lodge, Washington, has been reorganized through the efforts of Mr. W. G. Shepard and Messrs. Ross and Collins of Seattle. The Lodge now holds closed and public meetings, has a Star group and an inquirers' class as well as one in public speaking.

Both *Seattle Lodge Life-Wave* and *Besant Lodge Bulletin* speak enthusiastically of the spirit of good fellowship and kindness which prevailed at the party the Lodge of the Inner Light gave for all the theosophists of the city with Bishop Cooper as honor guest, during his recent visit in Seattle.

Besant Lodge, Hollywood, moved into its new home on March 31, and instead of the usual Lodge meeting the members were invited to come as early as five o'clock and "help pack and move." They have elected a hostess for the new home who will live on the premises and have charge of the house and grounds. The first Lodge meeting in the new home was held April 7.

The President of Milwaukee Lodge writes that for some time the Lodge felt it had outgrown its present quarters, but found nothing suitable until last month when rooms in a central location were secured and are now being remodeled to suit their needs. A committee "is planning and working out an appropriate scheme of furnishing and decoration and we expect to hold special dedication services some time in May."

The combined Lodges in Chicago took a booth at the Woman's World's Fair, held at the American Exposition Palace, April 18 to 25, to "set forth the endeavors of those two great women, H. P. B. and Annie Besant. No books could be sold at the booth, only orders for future deliveries taken, and it will be interesting to get the final report of results, both financially and otherwise."

Milwaukee Lodge recently gave a "Musical" in order to raise funds to pay the pledge they made to the New Territory and Advertising Fund. They had an eight page printed program with some paid outside advertising and three pages devoted to advertising Theosophy and the local Lodge. They enlisted the aid of some excellent artists and it is reported that the musicale was a success both financially and from an artistic standpoint.

From California comes the following: "Stockton Lodge constitutes the theosophical contingent of the initial unit of the Golden Rule Prison Reform League which is being organized to secure concerted action requisite to establish vocational training for prisoners. The league, in process of formation, aims to cooperate with the National Committee on Prison Work which was appointed by the President of the American Theosophical Society in August, 1924. For further information inquire of E. A. Schroeder, 645 E. Lindsay St., Stockton, Calif."

The Jacquess Guild of Washington Lodge (D.C.) gave a tea during March in honor of the ninety-first birthday of Madame Anna Jacquess, "intimate friend, co-worker and lecturer of H. P. B. in the days of their activities in London." During the program an original poetic tribute to the honor guest was read by Mrs. Wright, president of the Guild, and later Madame Jacquess responded with a spirited theosophical address.

The Washington Lodge mentions a "charming talk on 'Brotherhood Around the World'" given by Mrs. Stowe of New York, who, with her husband, had been on a trip around the world last year, which included "many happy weeks at Adyar."

One of the members of Berkeley Lodge, who was attracted to Theosophy through reading *Theosophy in Outline* by F. Milton Willis, which is published by Julius-Haldeman, donated four thousand of these little pamphlets to his Lodge. The Lodge reports that it has sent lots of seventy-five to two hundred and fifty for distribution to the nineteen Lodges in the California Federation. Some are being handled by the members, who are giving them to interested people, and some copies are being sent to the jail, Folsom and San Quentin prisons, charity homes, metaphysical and hospital libraries, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., the public library and all its branches. A good supply is kept on the Lodge free literature table and library where they are available to outsiders.

*Besant Lodge Bulletin* of Seattle reports a talk by Mrs. Loue Bush on "Mysticism—Ancient and Modern," illustrated in an unusual manner. A



number of persons, in response to some introductory words by Mrs. Bush, appeared from behind a curtain in costumes representing the various types of mystics and gave readings from different authorities. At the end of the pageant the curtain was drawn back and all the mystics repeated an appropriate verse in unison.

The Lodge had a "pretend" party during March in which two members pretended to be strangers to Theosophy and inquired about the things which interest newcomers. Different members were called upon to answer the questions. This was a new way of testing their ability for the important work of presenting Theosophy to strangers.

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From Oklahoma City: "In October the ladies

of the Oklahoma City Lodge were formed into The Lotus Guild for the purpose of earning money to pay the increased expense incurred by the Lodge in moving into new and more attractive quarters. This Guild is an all-inclusive organization, every woman of the Lodge being a member and subject to the call for service.

"During the past winter the Guild secured permission from the building manager to serve lunches in the lodge room, depending almost entirely upon the occupants of the building and the members and their friends for patronage. Delicious home cooked lunches were served twice a month. The sales ranged from \$8.00 to \$25.00 a luncheon. As a result of the work of The Lotus Guild the Oklahoma City Lodge has been in better condition financially than at any time in its history."

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## News Items

A member in Seattle writes "that anyone interested in receiving the *Fortnightly Message*, the publication of our St. Alban's Liberal Catholic Church in Seattle, may do so if he will send postage (two cents an issue) to Mrs. Alice J. Newell, 1060 East Thomas St., Seattle, Wash."

Word comes from England that Mr. Frank Spieker, 492 Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed Secretary of the International Fellowship in Arts and Crafts for America. Any inquiries concerning the Fellowship may be addressed to him.

During the past months Headquarters received a request from Mrs. Simons for application blanks to be sent to five of her pupils in the Correspondence Course, most of whom were recognized as those whose interest in Theosophy had been aroused through our publicity and later subscribed for the Course. "The Awakeners" seems to be a good name for the publicity pamphlets.

A young lady, F. T. S., who is a competent secretary-stenographer, offers to go to the Adyar Celebration in that capacity or as companion or maid in exchange for passage fare. A young man, who is foreman-machinist, offers his services for passage fare. He is probably thinking of the proposed chartering of a ship by the Dutch Section. Anyone who is interested may get further information from Headquarters.

The acting Head of the World Federation of Young Theosophists, Arthur Burgess, calls the attention of all young theosophists to the World Congress of The Theosophical Society which is to be held at Adyar in December, 1925. He states that a special conference of young theosophists will probably be held at the conclusion of the Congress, and urges that all the young theosophists who can possibly manage it should attend and send their names and addresses to The Young

Theosophist Congress, Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, S. India. "Those who cannot be present but would like a record of the proceedings should also send their names together with one shilling to cover the expense of postage and printing."

While in Davenport recently Max Wardall gave a ten minute lecture over the radio station WOC. His subject was "Mind Radio" and he received twenty-two responses over the telephone and by mail after the lecture. A number of the listeners wanted to get copies of the lecture, and know more about the work. One of the writers said she could have listened to that line of talk for hours and suggested that more of that sort of thing be broadcasted over the radio, saying "you would be doing a great work enlightening humanity, it is so much more interesting than those old time church services." It might be worth while for Lodges to try to arrange for talks over the radio by our National Lecturers whenever possible.

The following appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* recently:

London, March 31.—There is a definite natural force emanating from the human eye with which it is possible to set a minute electrical engine in motion, according to the startling discovery of the English scientist, Dr. Russ.

Dr. Russ, after ten years of experimenting in this field, has just disclosed amazing proof that the human eye gives off a magnetic ray powerful enough to affect a tiny instrument and keep it running by merely staring at it.

This natural force, according to Dr. Russ, is apparently generated in the brain, escaping chiefly through the eyes. Children as well as adults are able to move the indicators, but the degree of eye power varies in different individuals. The scope of the movement of the indicator varies from fifteen degrees to sixty degrees in the tests which Dr. Russ has just completed.



## Theosophy Abroad

Baron van Pallandt, a Dutch member, has given to the Order of the Star in the East a beautiful castle in Ommen, Holland, with an estate of about six thousand acres. It will be used as the International Headquarters of the Order.

*The Star in the East*, Sydney, Australia, reports that the Star Amphitheatre is "finished and at work." There has been no formal opening owing to the illness of Bishop Leadbeater at the time set aside for dedication, but it is now being used for a Star lecture every Sunday and a play on Saturday afternoons.

*News and Notes of the Theosophical Society in the British Isles* mentions that Dr. J. H. Cousins and Mrs. Cousins will make a "welcome visit home this summer after their many years residence in Japan and India. \* \* \* Their arrival in England is expected toward the end of May—just in time to join us at the Annual Convention at Whitsuntide."

In Sydney, Australia, at Adyar Hall, during February and March, a series of six free orchestral concerts were given Wednesdays, at the noon hour from 12:30 to 1:30 p.m. A collection was taken at the door to pay for printing and advertising. The concerts were organized by Mr. C. V. Boulton with the idea of making Adyar hall "a center of beauty and harmony and a meeting place of artists."

*Far Eastern T. S. Notes*, published in Shanghai, China, reports the formation of a Lodge of young Theosophists on December 28 last, which calls itself "Dawn," and that a Round Table group of young Theosophists, from 16 to 18 years of age, has affiliated with Dawn Lodge "into whose membership they hope eventually to graduate."

The bulletin mentions that Mr. Kulkarni of India, who recently visited America, was in Shanghai during February lecturing.

In the *Adyar Bulletin* our President says: "Sydney is to be a great city in the future, and Theosophists may safely regard it as the center of the Southern Continent. I do not mean geographically, as the center of the area occupied by that continent, but as the center whence will radiate its spiritual life. It is remarkable that the two buildings (Adyar House and Star Amphitheatre) should have been raised two years after the attack leveled against the T. S. by the Sydney Lodge."

*Theosophy in Australia* for March mentions that Mr. Krishnamurti and his brother Mr. Nityananda will be in Sydney during their Convention Easter week and that their stay will be a short one "as they leave almost immediately after-

wards for America. Mr. Fritz Kunz will be traveling with them." Lady Emily Lutyens and two of her daughters were also expected at Sydney.

The magazine notes further that Mr. Ernest Wood is giving a series of fine Sunday evening lectures at Adyar Hall.

In a recent *Adyar Bulletin*, in one of her editorials, Mrs. Besant says that last September she promised Mr. Gandhi she would spin each day because he "said it would help him in his efforts to induce the peasants to spin," and that while "few educated people, who are working in the political field, can afford the time necessary to spin the amount of yarn necessary for a member's qualification, they can pay someone else to spin for them—if they choose. I do not choose. I spin for half an hour a day."

*Theosophy in the British Isles* says an urgent appeal has come from Australia for a motor car for Bishop Leadbeater. It is pointed out that the Bishop is working with all his accustomed vigor and enthusiasm, and as he is now in his seventy-eighth year the suggestion is made that everything possible should be done to lessen his physical fatigue. They hope to raise not less than five hundred pounds for the purpose. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, The Theosophical Society in England, 23 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

*Theosophy in New Zealand* mentions that after leaving Ommen, Mr. Krishnamurti and a party went to stay at a summer resort in the north of Italy. A local paper that was much interested in them sent a reporter for an interview. In an article he said: "But why do all these young people live together? They are united by the stomach. It is really so; the stomach is their common bond of union, they are vegetarians. They love vegetables, greens, milk, fruit, and hate meat and fish." Truly a new way of looking at the outward manifestation of the brotherhood between man and the animal kingdom!

This magazine also mentions that "a piece of land, twenty-eight kilometres square, situated at the municipal terminus of Jijona, Alicante, Spain, has been donated by a member to the Theosophical Society of Spain. It has been named 'Spanish Adyar.'"

Where do we find in history that "Messenger" grand or humble, an Initiate or a Neophyte, who, when he was made the bearer of some hitherto concealed truth or truths, was not crucified and rent to shreds by the "dogs" of envy, malice and ignorance? Such is the terrible Occult law; and he who does not feel in himself the heart of a lion to scorn the savage barking, and the soul of a dove to forgive the poor ignorant fools, let him give up the Sacred Science. *H. P. Blavatsky.*



## Announcement of Important New Book

The Theosophical Press announces the publication in the near future of the latest and undoubtedly one of the greatest books written by the Rt. Rev. Charles W. Leadbeater, entitled *The Masters and the Path*. It will mark an entirely new epoch in the Theosophical Society, being a definite giving out of detailed information about the Masters of the Wisdom that will tend to make it possible for more people to reach Them. It will make all our thinking about Them far clearer and will bring Them infinitely nearer to us than any other work in existence, in English, at least.

Fifteen chapters comprise the work, as follows:

- I—The Existence of the Masters
- II—The Physical Bodies of the Masters
- III—The Way to the Master
- IV—Probation
- V—Acceptance
- VI—Other Presentations
- VII—The First Initiation
- VIII—The Ego
- IX—The Second and Third Initiations
- X—The Higher Initiations
- XI—The Work of the Masters
- XII—The Chohans and the Rays
- XIII—The Trinity and the Triangles
- XIV—The Wisdom in the Triangles
- XV—The Power in the Triangles

It is well known among the Buddhists that the Lord Buddha promised to return to the world once in each year, on the anniversary of His death and shed upon it a flood of blessing. A very special feature of *The Masters and the Path* is the full description of this festival which occurs at the full moon day of the Indian month of Vaisakh (called in Ceylon, Wesak, and usually corresponding to the English May). To give a visual idea of the festival, a colored illustration has been prepared and will form a part of the book.

Those who wish to reserve a copy of *The Masters and the Path* may do so by placing their order now with The Theosophical Press, 826 Oakdale Ave., Chicago. Price will be approximately \$2.50. Separate unfolded copies of the illustration, "The Wesak Valley," suitable for framing, will be obtainable at 35 cents each.

Pasadena Lodge	\$ 2.00
Miss Ida Sherk	1.00
Emilie Hoffman	2.00
Seattle Lodge	3.00
Dr. H. A. Knott	1.00
Chicago Lodge	3.50
Big Rapids Lodge	2.00
St. Paul Lodge	5.00
Houston Lodge	10.00
Aberdeen Lodge	5.00
Charles McQueeney	1.00
Santa Rosa Lodge	3.00
Tacoma Lodge	2.00
Kansas City Lodge	2.00
Miss Lottie Patterson	2.00
Arthur C. Plath	1.25
Cedar Rapids Lodge	.83

Total.....\$174.29

## New Territory and Advertising Fund

### MARCH PAYMENTS

Wilfred C. Sigerson	\$ 2.00
George H. Hess	10.00
William H. Mason	8.34
Mrs. Katherine W. Skillman	20.00
J. David Houser	2.00
A Friend	5.00
Gustavus Anger	10.00
T. D. Dawkins	25.00
Pacific Lodge	10.00
J. W. Wagenvoort	8.00
A Friend	10.00
Nellie Cocke	1.00
Columbus Lodge	25.00
Mrs. Hannah B. Stephens	10.00
Mrs. Margaret Dix	20.00
Gulfport Lodge	25.00
Brotherhood Lodge, Detroit	25.00
Miss Laura Baker	20.00
Berkeley Lodge	13.50
Col. T. E. Merrill	15.00
A Friend	1.00
Col. T. E. Merrill	15.00
Mrs. Alice Taylor	10.00
Robert R. Logan	25.00
Mrs. Robert Logan	100.00
Norfolk Lodge	50.00
Arthur J. Sharpley	2.00
C. W. Zander	5.00
Miss Florence R. Freeman	25.00
Herman Schneider	40.00
C. Gertrude Spencer	10.00
Mr. Devereux M. Myers	20.00
Mrs. Devereux M. Myers	5.00
Service Lodge, Reno	1.00
S. Coe	1.00

Total.....\$569.84

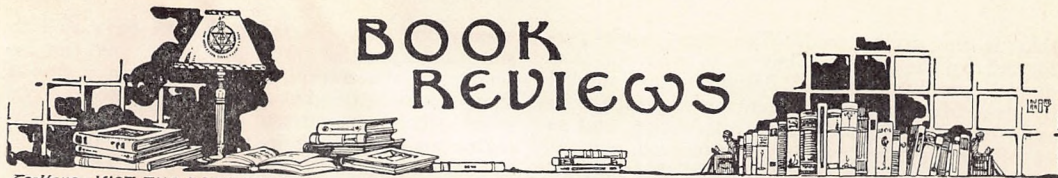
## Sheridan W. Soule

Billings Lodge has been bereft of its President, Sheridan W. Soule, who passed on suddenly Sunday evening, March 29. It must have been a happy ending of physical plane existence for him, as "he was sitting in his chair laughing and talking with his family when he uttered a little characteristic exclamation and passed away." Mr. Soule was very active in the Lodge work and will be sadly missed. The fine spirit of the Lodge in the midst of its loss is expressed by the Secretary, who writes: "We held our Lodge meeting Wednesday night and it seemed to us that he was there. He meant so much to the Lodge and all of us but we are determined to keep up the work as strongly as ever." That will be the finest tribute they can pay to his memory.

## Publicity Donations for March

George W. Lake	\$ 1.00
Miss C. Burroughs	10.00
Santa Ana Lodge	2.00
Oakland Lodge	3.50
R. Lloyd Jones	50.00
Atlanta Lodge	1.20
Glendive Lodge	5.00
Mrs. Hannah B. Stephens	3.00
New Haven Lodge	2.36
I. W. Leatherman	1.00
Omaha Lodge	1.75
Long Beach Lodge	3.00
Gulfport Lodge	1.80
Pacific Lodge	3.10
Berkeley Lodge	5.00
Mrs. Robert Logan	25.00
Cleveland Lodge	2.00
Herbert E. Laneport	5.00
Harmony Lodge, Toledo	2.00

# BOOK REVIEWS



To Have JUST THE BOOK ONE WANTS when one wants it, is and must remain the supreme luxury of the cultivated life

*Hidden Meanings of the World's Great Stories*, by E. Matthews Dawson. Price, Paper, \$1.00, through The Theosophical Press.

This very interesting and instructive book of seventy pages interprets the Oriental imagery of the *Arabian Nights*, familiar fairy stories and a number of Bible stories by a broad acquaintance with symbolism. The author shows that these diverting tales, which have so gripped the fancy of men from age to age, are conveyors of the Ancient Wisdom in thinly veiled parables, written in the discreet language of occultism. His pointing out of their mystical, astrological and Masonic significance inspires a lively interest in further study along this line with the book as a valuable key.

C. G. R.

*Catalina, a poem*, by Nellie E. Dashiell; illustrated by Loretta Lowenstein; privately published. Price, Cloth, \$2.00, through The Theosophical Press.

A very sincere effort is this to picture to the reader in rhyme the charm and romance of the little island of Catalina, which lies in the Pacific near San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles.

The foreword is most interesting, taking us back to Spain's rediscovery of the island in the sixteenth century. It seems that signs of an ancient civilization give rise to many a romantic conjecture and the author, in this case, builds up her story of the long, long ago with a Greek and Parsi setting. Her imagination weaves the love story of Maia and Theon, who dwelt on Catalina in the very early days, and the verses are replete with thoughts of the full moon, bird-like notes of the flute, and the rustle of the palm. It is an earnest endeavor to take us back with her in memory to those other times, but the story of love is somewhat stereotyped, and the verses are only ordinarily good.

The result of your reading *Catalina* will be, I think, that you will forget the love story and the verses, but you will remember most kindly the charm of Catalina. You may want to sail until your ship drops anchor in the Bay of Avalon, and you will thank the author for telling you about it.

G. W.

*My Name Is Legion*, by Charles Morgan. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Price, Cloth, \$2.50, through The Theosophical Press.

While this is not exactly an occult novel, it is one which stands clear of the average by reason of the lesson which it teaches.

It is the story of a girl whose mother saw and

communicated with her before birth and, recognizing in her a remarkable power, at the same time knowing that she herself would die at the child's birth, determined to use her "as a weapon against the world." The pre-natal influence consequently imposed upon the consciousness of this incoming ego by the indomitable will-power of the mother is one which peculiarly affects her early life.

The author's descriptions of the characters of this, his first novel, are exceptionally real; his style unique, but the book is entirely lacking in humor and the reader is led through considerable mire as the ordinary life and baser emotions of various characters in the story are described with unusual detail. It is in the midst of such vulgar surroundings that Irma learns, after many bitter experiences resulting from the rather severe use of her powers that, to help humanity, one must have understanding and compassion. It is through her love for another that she ultimately develops to some degree this understanding and gains a happiness which she had long felt could never be hers.

M. R. C.

*Civilisation's Deadlocks and the Keys*, by Annie Besant. Published by The Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price, Cloth, \$1.25, through The Theosophical Press.

The Lectures in this volume are the ones Mrs. Besant gave in June last, while in London, and are old, yet new. Old because they tell about the great eternal purposes of life, and the means of their fulfillment, subjects which Mrs. Besant has been talking about and working for, all through the fifty years of her service to humanity; and new in the aptness of their application to the present time and the strength and vigor of their presentation.

Mrs. Besant unfolds her subject through the development of ideas, and her writings, when traced from fifteen to twenty-five years back down to date, might be called a biography of ideas.

The Keys to the Deadlocks are religious, educational, scientific and artistic, and in writing of the first, Mrs. Besant defines man as the Eternal Divine Spirit, clothing himself in matter in order that, as a seed of divinity, he may unfold all of his divine power.

The simple way of thinking of Man as a three-fold unit—three souls—one man, as it is put by Browning, is one that teaches us how to look at the Religious Key. First there is the essential man, the "What Is," who subsists, whether the other two Souls assist or not, subsists at what is called the "dread point of intercourse with God"



that is the divine seed. The great work performed by the religious key is to woo out that divine man into action. Religions are founded by great Masters to show men the way to live so as to bring this essential man into action, and as we follow the teachings of the founder of a great religion, we find the way to unfold the possibilities of our divine natures, and become perfect "even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." Mrs. Besant points out the new race that is coming in the western part of the United States and the marks by which we may know the new powers.

Based upon the idea that the divine seed, essential man, is the one that counts most in the scheme, the next key, the Educational Key, which deals with the "What Knows" or intellectual man, views his needs from a new standpoint. Based upon the unity of life and purpose of this divine seed, the intellectual man must express himself through cooperation instead of competition, and Mrs. Besant points out that this sign is here, whether we like it or not. Education and educational methods, she tells us, must be of a truer kind and a new order, so that the proper material may be presented to the child, and this material adapted to his periods of growth. She says that the teacher is the helper, and that true education consists in bringing to bear upon the child, everything that can stimulate the germs of good.

The lectures on the Scientific and Artistic Keys are put together in one chapter, and summed up as the two ways of studying the Divine revelation by the Divine Himself, in external nature. Following out the threefold division of man, this is the third soul, the "What Does" man, and unless he is properly linked up with the "What Knows" and "What Is," he separates himself in purpose and goes astray. Mrs. Besant points out the dangers confronting Science today, and the tendency to accent the destructive agencies in the scheme, but tells us that the scientist is a great helper following Truth faithfully and deserving our gratitude.

Writing of Art and the Artist, Mrs. Besant suggests that if Art is the studying of every object as the materialization of a Divine Thought, then the artist may be a person who catches more of the meaning of that thought, and one who sees and hears a little more in the physical sights and sounds than does the average inartistic man. To the student, who finds difficulty in understanding the place that art holds in the scheme of things as they are, this chapter which holds that the "Key of true Art lies in that evolving faculty in man that will unfold in him higher senses and open to him wider and more wondrous and more beautiful worlds" is very illuminating.

In closing, after having sketched the Keys to the deadlocks, Mrs. Besant pictures the present human Society, which she says is not worthy of humanity with a brain to plan and a heart to feel, and suggests that by studying the facts we may find a solution of the problem of a social union. The first ideal of the new order is that there shall be a period of preparation for society, this probation to extend from the cradle to the

twenty-first year, the education to be varied to suit the capacities of the children, and the interests of the nation. Then the active period should come, extending from twenty-one to forty years, where the citizen should be training for taking an active part in the governing bodies of the nation, and at forty or thereabouts, the citizen having been educated and trained to bear his part in the productive side of the nation, is ready to take his place in the councils. Students of Theosophy cannot afford to miss this message—it has power to make one think. G. M. H.

*The Christian Belief in Immortality in the Light of Modern Thought, by Rev. James H. Snowden. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, Cloth, \$1.50, through The Theosophical Press.*

This book was entered in a contest and was awarded a prize of \$1,000 by *The Churchman*, December 1, 1923, for being the best treatise submitted on the subject, "The Christian Belief in Immortality in the Light of Modern Thought." One hundred manuscripts were received. The judges paid most attention to (1) Personal Conviction, (2) Cogency of Argument and Accuracy in Statement of Facts, (3) Literary Style.

The treatise is not only logically and thoroughly developed from the standpoint outlined, but it is written in a pleasing and readable style and is instructive as well as entertaining. A broadness and liberality of mind is evidenced everywhere.

The exact ground of the subject-matter is carefully and painstakingly traversed. One who desires to know just exactly how modern thinkers regard immortality from the Christian standpoint will be satisfied. The book will adequately fill his need, for it clearly reflects the modern Christian belief in immortality by advanced Christian thinkers.

The author says: "Any pantheistic form of immortality that merges the individual personality in the general unconscious soul and sea of the universe does not answer to the great need and demand of human life and 'is faith as vague as all unsweet' and does not concern us in this discussion. \* \* \* Any form of immortality worthy of the name is permanence of human personality after death." Granting that he is using the word "personality" in the sense in which a theosophical student would use the word "individuality," we wonder what the goal of perfected consciousness is understood to be if not to taste the glory of the One Life by becoming One with it. The western mind does not seem to be able to understand that to merge the individual consciousness with the One Consciousness is not annihilation.

The book is, however, the epitome of freedom and liberality of thought. Had the author chosen as his ideal the fixed idea of "there is no religion higher than truth," he would have been no more successful. Science and religion must be reconciled, he says, and the one out of accord with truth must be brought into line. Such a spirit



found among Christian divines is bound to make the Christian religion in the future a far more potent factor in the lives of every member of society.  
C.H.B.

*Fields of Faith*, a poem, by Crichton Clarke. Published by Macoy Publishing Co., New York. Price, Boards, \$1.00, through The Theosophical Press.

*Fields of Faith* is a philosophic discourse in rhyme, Mr. Clarke using the conversation of four characters to set forth the four principal ideas regarding life, i. e.—(to use his own words), materialism, orthodoxy, nirvanism and developmentism. The last named is, as one may easily guess, the theosophical conception. The persons of his poetic discourse are Alice, Ruth and Nannette Truth and their Japanese servant girl, Suki Yap, who of course is sponsor for nirvana's teachings.

With his brilliant legal mentality, Mr. Clarke has worked up a complete argument for the case of each proponent of her own theory of growth. If the reader would obtain the greatest benefit from the reading, however, he must put aside the thought of the improbability of such learned discourses coming from the lips of immature maidens, especially in the case of Suki Yap, the little oriental servant conversing as would a university professor of comparative religion. But if you become fully sympathetic with the allegorical conception you will enjoy it.

In reading *Fields of Faith* you know that you are contacting a very finely developed mentality. You know that the author is a real thinker and for that very reason you may regret that he should choose verse as his means of expressing these particular scientific and philosophic deductions. They do not lend themselves to poetry. Then, too, the rhyming is somewhat forced at times, and the thousand and one quotation marks which begin the majority of the lines become annoying to the eye.

Taking it all in all, however, *Fields of Faith* is worth while considering just because, as mentioned above, the mentality producing the book has something valuable to contribute to the student and the thinker.  
G.W.

*Atoms and Rays*, by Sir Oliver Lodge, F. R. S. Published by Geo. H. Doran Company, New York. Price, Cloth, \$3.00, through The Theosophical Press.

To any theosophical student who has made even a desultory study of physics as set forth by Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* such a work as this new one by so great an authority in modern science as Sir Oliver Lodge is of transcendent interest. Every intelligent student of the Ancient Wisdom rejoices when the non-theosophical world of thought and scientific investigation betrays the necessity under which it labors of sooner or later aligning itself with her far-reaching statements of the underlying truths with regard to such questions as are treated in *Atoms*

and *Rays*. The list of its table of contents shows its value at a glance, embracing the general structure of the universe, the electrical constitution of matter, electrons, ether, matter and energy, and many other subjects which have long been the despair of the conscientious scientist, working toward some solution of the mysteries that surround him.

It produces something of the effect of the "deadly parallel column" to set beside Sir Oliver's work that of a theosophical writer, William Kingsland, on *The Physics of the Secret Doctrine*, a book which will well repay close study by every one interested in the subject irrespective of personal scientific bias.

In the very first chapter of *Atoms and Rays* we find a paragraph in regard to the "welding medium," the Ether of Space, which holds together the electric particles, combinations of which constitute the atom. "It will probably turn out that there is some kind of structure even in ether, but such structure has not yet been ascertained; and when it is ascertained it is quite unlikely that it will be of a discontinuous character. Probably the ether is absolutely discontinuous, though it may some day be found to have a texture which might be pictured provisionally as a number of vortices, like spinning whirls in a continuous ocean of water or air. Such spin may seem like a return to some of the ideas of Descartes. But it may be doubted if he realized how consistent vortices in a perfect fluid are with continuity." This statement recalls vividly the passage in *The Stanzas of Dzyan* relative to the action of the Logos in "digging holes in space." How curiously characteristic of the difference of expression of the same fact in the terminologies of Occidental Science and Oriental Occultism this presentation is, even though the Ether of Sir Oliver Lodge and the Space of the *Stanzas* be actually very different matters. The idea in both is of a primordial substance.

In 1882 Col. Olcott was taken to task for asserting in one of his lectures that electricity is matter. Speaking of "conductors" Sir Oliver Lodge says: "When a current of electricity passes along a wire, a stream of electrons may be thought of as penetrating the interstices of the atoms of that wire. The stream is accompanied by a certain amount of jostling and obstruction and throwing into vibration of the atoms as they pass, which we observe under the name of heat; the filament of a lamp is purposely made so that this jostling of the atoms shall be excessive and the wire become red-hot." It is a far cry from 1882 to 1925, especially when measured in terms of the progress of knowledge; but the Colonel had learned a great truth from H. P. B.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 561, H. P. B. says: "The latter (occultism) maintains that those etheric tremors (light, heat, etc.) are not set up, as asserted by science, by the vibrations of the molecules of known bodies, the matter of our terrestrial objective consciousness, but that we must seek for the ultimate causes of light, heat, etc., in matter existing in supersensuous states—states, however, as fully objective to the spiritual eye



of man as a horse or a tree is to the ordinary mortal. Light and heat are the ghosts or shadows of matter in motion." With regard to the transmission of light, Sir Oliver Lodge says: "All we know about the structure of the ether is that it must be electro-magnetic, and that the wave of light consists of simultaneous electric and magnetic oscillations at right angles to each other, and advancing in a direction at right angles to both; thus illustrating the well-known three dimensions of space. Light is emitted because of the interaction between the atomic units of electricity and the ether in which they are immersed." A very vivid description of the ghosts of matter in motion.

A mere glimpse of the fascinating contents of this volume is all that available space warrants. To one familiar with the higher mathematics of physics the interest must deepen as the student passes on to the later chapters of the work. To most of us the discussion is far beyond our knowledge or capacity; but there is enough in the earlier chapters to impress upon us the wonder of the advance which modern science is making in the direction of occult teachings. W. G. G.

*Seven Mysteries, by Wayfarer. Published by The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. Price, Boards, \$0.60, through The Theosophical Press.*

In *Seven Mysteries*, by Wayfarer, simple and plain language is made to convey some of the deep truths of the Voice of the Silence. The comprehensive viewpoint of Theosophy is given, without its terminology. The seven chapters dealing with pain, beauty, death, life and form, freedom, silence, and union, would be acceptable and illuminating to one of any faith. C. J. R.

Slavery to State and *men* has disappeared only to make room for slavery to *things* and *Self*, to one's own vices and idiotic social customs and ways. \* \* \* Where, then, is the Wisdom of our modern age? H. P. Blavatsky.

## Deaths

Mrs. Florence D. Burke, Stockton Lodge.  
Miss Marguerite A. Dulaney, Crescent City Lodge.  
Ferdinand Jennen, Dallas Lodge.  
Sheridan W. Soule, Billings Lodge.  
Mrs. Harriet S. Taynton, Madison Lodge.  
Mrs. Josephine M. Rhineland, Chicago Annie Besant Lodge.  
Lewis L. Whiting, Saginaw Lodge.

Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning toward the metaphysical; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbor than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people; and who loves Truth, Goodness and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer—is a Theosophist.

H. P. Blavatsky.

## Lecturers' Itineraries

### L. W. ROGERS

St. Louis, May 3, 4, 5; Memphis, May 6-10; Gulfport, May 12, 13; Mobile, May 14; New Orleans, May 15, 16, 17; Houston, May 18, 19.

### WM. J. HEYTING

Omaha, April 30, May 1, 2, 3; Milwaukee, May 4, 5, 6; Chicago, May 7, 8, 9, 10; Madison, May 11; St. Paul and Minneapolis, May 12-18; Duluth, May 21, 22; Fargo, May 23; Glendive, May 24; Billings, May 25; Helena, May 26, 27; Anaconda, May 28, 29; Butte, May 30, 31.

### IRVING S. COOPER

Philadelphia, April 30, May 1, 2, 3; Washington, May 4, 5, 6, 7; New York, May 8, 9, 10; Boston, May 11-18; Chicago, May 19, 20; Des Moines, May 21, 22; Omaha, May 23, 24; Kansas City, May 25, 26; St. Louis, May 27, 28, 29, 30.

### MAX WARDALL

Philadelphia, May 4, 8, 15, 22, 29, June 5; Baltimore, May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; Washington, May 11, 18, 25, June 1; Montclair, May 6, 13, 20, 27, June 3.

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