



THE MESSENGER

VOL. IV

JULY, 1916

No. 2

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. PUBLISHED MONTHLY. EDITED BY MAY S. ROGERS, KROTONA, HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST-OFFICE AT LOS ANGELES UNDER THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1879. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 50 CENTS A YEAR. CHANGE OF ADDRESS SHOULD BE SENT PROMPTLY. WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST COPIES.

THE GODS ON EARTH

BY CHARLES GRANGE LOWTHER

GOTT mitt uns! Dieu et mon droit! Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! Hovering over peoples the great ghosts of their racial ideals lead them on. Totalities of endeavor surround groups of humanity with potencies of definite character. And of these great mass thoughts artists have made graven images. The type spirit itself working through its human instruments gives itself form and makes itself symbols, and thus we have a spread eagle, a rampant lion, a red cap—a black cross, a union jack, a tri-color—a jealous God, a John Bull, an experimental rationalism—a Kaiser, a Parliament, a Social State—for the perpetuation of which forms men will suffer death and engender worse.

That particular force we believe in, live by and contribute to, we draw nearer to and shall see eventually in its nakedness; men shall meet their God, nations shall know their rage as a vain thing, humanity shall discover Humanity.

While the spectacle of a great war is

bringing the people of the Earth to a realization of the Powers that Be, dragging the veil from their little deities, there may be noted perturbations in the world of Art, dissatisfaction, morbid searchings, a beating as of prisoners against walls, the cry of individualities at bay, of genius wasting, of souls at a loss to understand, of spirits bored with facility stuttering new words, of automatons secretly despising themselves, of half-blind prophets leading faintly hoping followers.

Artists, those messengers of the gods who give images of their Masters to men, who give form to invisible forces, are angels who have fallen, and fallen, are coming to a realization of their state.

The world of hard facts and the world of dreams are alike shaken. Men and gods are together in the melting-pot. A new thing is imminent—a birth of a greater consciousness. The world is coming to know itself as a unity. It is nearing the time when the ideals and practices of the past must face a world-tribunal. We, the

dwellers on this planet, are really feeling our interdependence.

While exterior organizations of state are marshaling their subjects for battle, humanity is interiorly sorting itself into other classes for future conservation. At the same time that we as nations are dealing death in the name of our racial gods we are engaged in a greater spiritual war, the war of motives. The change in the borderline of countries is accompanied by a more significant change in the estimation of types and the prestige of classes. The devotees of Mars are destroying themselves. The priests of Venus are uniting to rebuild her state.

At the centre, the centre unrecognized by many, our civilization is being transformed. Virtues of the past are again growing to recognition. Gods that have been sleeping for an age are awakening.

There is a new movement in Art and amongst artists—newer than post-impressionism and cubism and futurism, and even more significant than the new esthetic unity in the drama. It is deeper. It is the new relation of the artist to the people. It is the spreading knowledge of the relation of Art to Life. The artists are perceiving that the Arts are channels of a Life greater than Art itself, that Art is a means of Initiation—and it is dawning upon the people that artists serve more truly as guides than panders, that the hope of the future community is in the wise utilization of the artist, the full scope for inspired experiment, the sacred employment of the creative mind.

Our present civilization has produced many adepts in the Arts, but in this difficult pass of our evolution this adeptship is accompanied by an egotism of outlook that is difficult to treat with. The sensitiveness of temperament that withdraws from the unsympathetic crowd is often jealous of its fellow-sensitive, and so the world of artists is a heterogeneity; a power that might be a veritable sun is but a conglomeration of enslaved electricity.

Many artists, feeling the triviality of making merely decorative adjuncts to life and being unable to see beyond the walls

of a competitive nationalism, have taken the sword, nay, have bowed to the order of scientific destruction. Others, abhorring modern inartistic slaughter, the frightful indiscriminate and irresponsible mutilation of the human form, cold-blooded military mechanicalism, have concentrated their energies on the amelioration of suffering. There are some, however, who see in the present crisis the inevitable fruit of national selfishness and who, withdrawing from the attitude of suspicion and self-protection, are actively generating the spirit of universalism. They perceive that the advent of a great war machine is a Nemesis for which every human being is in degree responsible as he helps to breed into the atmosphere antagonism by separating himself too definitely from his neighbor, by limiting his patriotism or his fatherliness to the country of his birth, by the too fixed idea of possession, by the inhospitable ownership of any material.

So there are artists who are revaluing individual greatness, and are sinking some of that personal aspect of the artistic temperament in combined social service. The technical walls between the various arts are being eliminated, and professional imposition is falling before allied amateurism. Painters, sculptors, actors, litterateurs, musicians and dancers are collaborating in producing works as a social duty, as a pleasant privilege or a natural mode of intercommunion, rather than as a means of wresting from the people a livelihood, and a more spontaneous and artistic life is ensuing. A band of allies is forming by a law of attraction against the present dispensation, the dynasty of trade despotism, the hierarchy of vitiated professionalism in military, religious and commercial, and even artistic spheres.

There is coming together a personnel of active worth that is the nucleus of a new state within the old, a transforming leaven. The magic of artistic modes must be applied to the roughly hewn civic and national life, and a new image carved by united artists of all tongues, the image of a Living God—a World Fatherhood, a World Motherhood.

CONCENTRATION

BY CHARLES HAMPTON

For him without concentration there is no peace.—BHAGAVAD GITA.

NO progress in the occult life is possible without mental control. Sustained attention is the first step in gaining that mental control. Concentration means the ability to pay attention and if one has not yet learned how to do this, he may spend years in alleged meditation practices without taking one step forward. Since concentration enters so largely into the occult life it is very important that we should learn all we can about it, but it has seemed to the writer that the first simple steps to be taken are almost invariably neglected.

Unless one can focus the attention, his devotional exercises are nothing more than soft sentimentalism—a kind of purring pussy-cat consciousness of “feeling good.” In its truest sense meditation is a mighty power in the realm of thought, a power far greater than any action we can possibly do on the physical plane. But before meditation is possible we must evolve the faculty of concentration. There are numbers of people who lack attention to such a degree that it is impossible to get a plain answer to a simple question from them. They are not discourteous, but simply lack the power to hold the mind steady long enough to listen attentively to what is said. When a man is paralyzed or extremely nervous, he cannot hold his hand steady for a single moment. That shaky condition is the condition of the average person’s mind. Concentration cures this mental paralysis.

Patanjali gives four main stages in the development of the mind: First, the “butterfly mind”—constantly flitting from one thing to another. Second, the “confused mind”—full of hasty impulses, illy-considered thought and immature ideas. Third, the mind dominated by a fixed idea—concentrated. Fourth, the fixed idea dominated by the man, or the mind under the perfect control of the Ego.

The average man is in either the first or second class. Most business people and occult students would probably be somewhere between the confused mind and the mind dominated by a fixed idea. A few are able (more or less) to direct their thought, emotion and action to one centralizing point, but the mind that can control all its thought is very rare.

It is not possible for us to reach the last stage without going through the other three, but the transition from the confused mind to the concentrated mind is not difficult. It is only necessary that we should understand. Concentration is not in itself an end, but only a means to an end. The focused mind is like a searchlight, and as such must have an operator. The operator is the Ego.

When one is interested in a book or in a hobby, it is very easy to focus the mind on it; we can’t help being interested and absorbed—it is natural. The problem of concentration therefore resolves itself into the ability to create interest. The way to create interest and develop it to the point where the attention is captured and held is to use the powers of forethought and imagination, and to reinforce these with strong resolves. If one lacks the powers of forethought and imagination, he can develop both by deliberate, intentional “day-dreaming”; but this day-dreaming should not be vague or wandering, it should be calculated to arouse the desire to do. To reiterate, then, forethought and imagination arouse interest, interest will lead to attention, attention to concentration, and concentration leads to mind-control.

Concentration can also easily be developed by giving close attention to each little task every day as it is done, so that a permanent habit is formed. One who studies this subject quickly recognizes that a certain mental

and physical indolence has to be overcome. This is best accomplished by determining not to fritter away one's energies on unimportant things, but to do whatever must be done with vigor and willingness, and without delay. "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly."

If we would do our best work we must concentrate the mind; do one thing at a time and do it well; take an interest; in short, be thorough. When the attention is held to the work in hand we cannot help getting results and doing our best work. The ability to concentrate the mind always brings success in life. Read the advice of a father to his children: "Whatever your future work may be, put your whole mind upon it and do it thoroughly. You need then have no fear as to your welfare, for there are so many who are careless and negligent that the services of the thorough man are always in demand." The difference between the man who fixes his whole attention on his work and the man who gives only half (or less) of his attention to it is the difference between conscious evolution and a careless drifting with circumstances.

There are some people suffering from either egotism or greed, or a mistaken idea of service, who have so much to do that they never do anything thoroughly, but such an one merely shows that he has allowed circumstances to control him. We must not imagine that the world can't get along without us!

While concentration is not sequential thinking, it is a very important step towards it, for it steadies the mind and holds the attention on the object of concentration and its corollaries.

This question of paying attention is a vital one when we consider how essential clear thought is in the class and lecture work of our movement. Some seem to act on the idea that our leaders have done all the thinking that is necessary, and that all

we have to do is to memorize and quote their words. "*He who would walk upon the Path must learn to think for himself.*" Lodge meetings will remain a bore and public activities an irksome duty until every member learns to think for himself. Books supply information and facts, but they are so much dead weight unless they become a part of us—read, digested, absorbed, owned by us. When they are thus assimilated they build power of original thought and feed the imagination, and are then available for use. It takes concentrated attention to think your way through a book, but it is only the thought that the book creates in you that is of value to you.

When one looks over the theosophical publications of former years and compares them with those of today, one is struck by the emphasis now laid on the devotional aspect of Theosophy. Is it not possible that we are getting so religious that we are tempted to live two distinct lives—a secular life and a religious life? In this double standard there is a danger of becoming sentimental in religion and hypocritical in secular affairs. There is really no line of demarcation between the two. The danger arises because we lack the balance necessary for the full development of our nature.

It is true that intuition is higher than intellect, but it is necessary to possess some measure of intelligence before that intuitive perception can be evolved. A well-developed physical and astral body is desirable and it is also a good thing to have a mind. When these are developed in well-rounded proportions we need then have no fear about the evolution of intuition.

So let us descend to the realms of common sense and learn first to control the mind through concentration—at least to the degree that enables us to give a plain uninvolved answer to a simple question!

Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect applause;
 He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his self-made laws.
 All other life is living death, a world where none but phantoms dwell,
 A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of a camel-bell.

—THE KASIDAH OF HAJI ABDU EL-YEZDI. By Sir Richard Burton.

THE ASTROLOGICAL RENAISSANCE

BY EDWARD A. WILSON

TODAY man is awakening from an age-long spiritual lethargy in response to new spiritual and magnetic currents now pulsing through the length and breadth of our solar system, forerunners of the Dawn, harbingers of a new and happier Age. We are undoubtedly standing upon the very threshold of a great Renaissance of spiritual science which will include every department of human knowledge and investigation, and at this time especially we should constantly remember the Third Object of our Society, *i. e.*, "To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man."

Of Astrology we may safely assert that there is no science in the world today so ancient, so misrepresented, and so little understood. By the vast majority it is not regarded as a science at all but only as an ancient superstition, and this opinion, or a modified form of it, is held by some really earnest Theosophists; few of us realize how easy it is to lose sight of the Third Object—investigation.

Let us see what H. P. B. has to say upon this subject. In Chapter VIII of *ISIS UNVEILED* we have a splendid witness to the true importance of Astrology. On page 259 she says:

Astrology is a science as infallible as Astronomy itself, with the condition, however, that its interpreters must be equally infallible. . . . Astrology is to exact Astronomy what Psychology is to exact Physiology. In Astrology or Psychology one has to step beyond the visible world of matter and enter into the domain of transcendent spirit.

On page 273, referring to the inability of modern scientists to explain the cause of the physical influence of the Moon upon the Earth, tides, etc., she says:

Thus if science cannot explain the cause of this physical influence, what can she know of the moral and occult influences that may be exercised by the celestial bodies on men and their destiny?

And again, on page 275:

The reciprocal relations between the planet-

ary bodies is as perfect as those between the corpuscles of the blood, which float in a common fluid.

We have in the last six words of that sentence the idea underlying the whole system of astrological knowledge, the foundation upon which the whole fabric of the science rests—"which float in a common fluid." The truth is that the entire solar system to which our Earth belongs is one vast and intensely vitalized body, nowhere dead, at no single point unconscious; it is the outermost or physical expression of the Life of the God, or Logos, of the system. The general supposition that it is an accidental grouping of widely separated units is a grave misconception, even on the physical plane, for the recently discovered interplanetary ether is, we must remember, strictly physical.

Furthermore, a planet is very much more than an aggregation of physical matter held in its appointed orbit by laws of attraction and repulsion. It is a centre of specialized Life and Consciousness in the cosmic body, connected and interrelated with every other centre upon every plane of existence. Saturn, for instance, is not merely a planet; He is a great spiritual being, a Ruler, a whole hierarchy of intelligences, guiding, shaping and sustaining such forms of life as belong especially to Him throughout the entire system.

If in connection with this occult truth we remember that man himself—the microcosm—is a miniature reproduction of the system of which he is a part, we shall begin to understand *why* he is affected by every change or variation in the macrocosm. In the Christian scriptures we read, "And God said, Let us make man in our own image"; and again, "In His own image and likeness created He him." This is not figurative language, but a plain statement of a literal fact. Every organ in the human body has its counterpart in the cosmic body. The physical Sun, for instance, the centre of the physical life and vitality of the system, has its counterpart

in the physical heart of the human body. This is the reason why, if in the horoscope of a child we find that the Sun is afflicted or unfortunately placed, we know that the child will suffer from a weak heart or deficient vitality.

The same thing holds good in regard to each of the planetary bodies: an afflicted Mercury means intellectual disability, the severity of which depends upon the nature and extent of the planetary affliction; Mars and Venus act and react upon the affections and the desire nature for good or ill in the same way; upon the natal condition of Uranus depends largely the well-being of the nervous system; while Jupiter has an especial influence over the lymphatic system, *et cetera*.

A knowledge of the constantly varying influences forever playing upon the physical body is in itself of immense value, but this is only the a, b, c, of astrological science. Properly taught, it enables us to understand something of the causes

at work on every plane, especially in the astral and mental worlds.

Let us disabuse our minds of the idea that Astrology is "some sort of fortune-telling." It can be, and often is, degraded to that level (we can "tell fortunes" with the Holy Scriptures and with a door-key, for that matter), but while a knowledge of future events and conditions on the physical plane is inseparable from its study, it is far from being its most important phase. It is the object of every student worthy of the name to cleanse the science of Astrology from such matters as far as may be, and to keep it upon the high plane to which it rightly belongs. By a study of its deeper and esoteric side we may learn much regarding the nature and extent of the karma to be worked out in this incarnation, of causes brought over from the previous life on earth, and of the occult relationships existing between ourselves and those with whom we are associated.

THE STORY OF A PLANT

BY HUGH F. MUNRO

A MASTER once counseled his hearers to "consider the lilies of the field" and few can do so without profiting much thereby, especially if they know what there is about the lily to consider. To simply admire its form and color one need not go to the fields—that can be done in a rocking-chair at home with a passably good picture, but with little or no profit. If by considering we are to understand the mental effort necessary to learn what we can of its life processes—how it responds to the ecological factors of its surroundings, how it resists destruction and strives to hold its place among living things, how it adapts itself to an ever-changing environment—then indeed may profound lessons be taught by the living plant itself. Lilies attract everyone, but who, not smitten with a true love of nature, ever gave a thought to

the humble unattractive little sedge that, with no gaudy coloring, is to the casual observer only "some kind of grass" or at best the umbrella sedge.

But to our tale: A friend of mine, Professor of Biology in one of our local colleges, keeps the "material" used for observation and study in a large glass aquarium which stands in front of his library window. Some time ago he decided that the water was not sufficiently aerated, as was shown by the listless condition of the fishes, and to remedy this he placed a sedge growing in a pot into the water, the plant being completely submerged. The sedge is geotropic—that is to say, it bores downward into the soil in search of the mineral elements which the moisture of the soil holds in solution—its tendency to seek water causing it to be classed also as hydrotropic. What in ani-

mals is called instinct is in plants tropisms and, rendered structural by centuries of natural selection, they are exceedingly powerful and not easily overcome.

But this particular plant found moisture not in the soil below but above and surrounding the stem. The root had already penetrated some distance into the soil when this change in its circumstances took place and made necessary a decision as to whether it would continue to remain content with what it could pick up below or take a chance on the untried experiment of growing upward, for nothing transmitted by heredity (that blessed word which conceals so much of our ignorance) could help it in the least. It decided to take the chance, and in a few days the root-tips duly appeared above the surface of the soil and in a wealth of water that abundantly rewarded its enterprising efforts.

How I would like to add, in the language of the story-books, that it "lived happy ever after," but

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom has shed.

Our sedge dislikes sunlight even more than it likes moisture, for sunlight dries up and hardens the little absorbent cells which pick up the nutrient material upon which its life depends, and hence came the need for another decision, for it was now exposed to the full glare of the sunlight coming through the window. The question "What could it do?" was submitted to a class of theosophical students, and the best answer given was that the plant root should turn back into the soil. But the sedge itself solved the problem in a much better way than that, for it slowly bent its root at a right angle and began to grow horizontally across the top of the pot until it reached the edge farthest away from the light when, making still

another turn, this time downward, it reached down into the shade afforded by the pot, thus receiving the maximum of moisture with a minimum of light. With its root in this strange position, it is now thriving splendidly and reaping the full benefit of its enterprise and perseverance.

One can hardly help speculating about an incident of this kind, and while careful about laying too much stress upon adaptations in nature, many of them being merely mechanical or chemical responses to appropriate stimuli, still we are forced to postulate something here other than purely physical forces. Grant that light acting upon one side of a negatively heliotropic root-cell causes that cell to bend away from the light, yet we still have to account for the fact that the plant for several days resisted this action which would have driven it back into the soil, and so aimed at an advantage that as yet lay in the future. It met a condition lying completely outside of its ancestral experience, and for a time the students could not tell what was to be the outcome of what they called its "stunts."

Charles Darwin told us that there is something resembling mind in the root-tip of a plant, and if we recall that the sedge acted several times in direct opposition to its natural tendency, reaching out toward a goal and enduring discomfort for over a week in order to attain it, we must agree with him. Mind there truly is. Mind that directs and guides the forces which science designates by its various "isms" as secondary causes, explaining the "how"; but when philosophy asks "why?" no better answer can thus far be given than that of Goethe, who saw in nature the manifestation of a Divine Mind which "sleeps in the mineral, moves in the plant, feels in the animal, and thinks in man."

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can.

EMERSON.

ANGELS AND NATURE SPIRITS

BY C. W. LEADBEATER

MANY people seem to be able to believe and not believe, at the same time. They profess to believe, but the belief does not affect their actions nor govern their thinking. It is a curious mental attitude but it is not uncommon; in fact, it is very largely the world's attitude towards all religious matters. The belief in angels is an example of this. Most of us in the days of our youth heard a good deal about angels of various sorts—guardian angels, and others—and perhaps as little children we believed in such things, but as we grew up we became doubtful. Nevertheless, the belief in the existence of angels is very widespread throughout the world.

The relation between fairies, or nature-spirits, and angels is like that between the animal and the human kingdoms, in that the nature-spirits are not fully individualized, and that they individualize by attaching themselves to an individual angel in the same way as animals individualize by attaching themselves to an individual man or woman.

Very often there is not much distinction made between the higher nature-spirits and the lower orders of angels. In Indian books, for example, you find both spoken of as "Devas." Everyone understands when you speak of an angel that you mean a non-human entity, on the whole perfectly good and much more developed than the average man. That is the impression you would convey and it would be quite correct regarding the kingdom of the angels; but if you use the word "Deva," Theosophists may understand that you mean an angel but the outsider would not know what you mean, and the Indian would understand it in his own way, which is different from ours. "Deva" is connected with the root "div," "to shine"; it is also connected with our word "divine." It means a non-physical creature,

because in India they apply the word "Deva" to practically any creature which has no physical body; there it has a very wide signification indeed.

If we talk about nature-spirits as one group, and understand that the kingdom of the angels lies next above that group, we shall be a little more accurate in our thinking; but remember that among those who are definitely not angels but nature-spirits, you get some exceedingly powerful entities. There are all the types of fairies, or nature-spirits, which you have read of, and you think of them as usually somewhat below the human level. They are below it in that one fact that they are not individualized, and of course some of them are very much below the human level; but, on the other hand, there are some who are fully equal to man in intelligence, though without a permanent ego. You must remember that the kingdom of the nature-spirits is at least as large and as widely differentiated as the animal kingdom, and just as you have to range, technically, under the head of the animal kingdom a mosquito and an elephant, an ant and a whale, so under the head of nature-spirits you include everything from tiny astral parasites, often of a very unpleasant character and as minute as the microbes, up to the mighty entities who preside over a considerable area of country. These may be very powerful indeed, in their way, yet they may be nature-spirits and not devas or angels.

You read in classical lore of wood-gods and mountain-gods. These are perfectly real entities, though our modern ignorance of these things inclines people to scepticism. I have seen such entities frequently in India and also in your own country, but not in the neighborhood of a city like this. I have seen them while journeying down the Wanganui River, for example, and you may find them in almost any country. The

Romans used to worship river-gods and wood-gods, and they knew much more about it than we moderns do, because we make no effort to study that side of life.

A nature-spirit who is lord of a grove may be quite a powerful entity, sometimes having no vehicle denser than the astral but more often having an etheric vehicle. He lives apparently for a very long time in what is, to him, one incarnation, and he very much enjoys anything in the nature of worship or adoration which he can get. Such an entity may be very far from being an angel, but yet not be evil in any way; a kind of animal, distinctly powerful and with a capacity for appreciating any devotion or any sacrifice offered; also, no doubt, capable of doing certain things in return for such sacrifice; so that the people who sacrifice to wood-gods and creatures of that sort are not so far out in their beliefs, though they fail to realize that the human will is stronger than any such entities, and that one ought not to be offering sacrifice to an entity which, after all, is not yet an individual.

Such a creature is totally different from an angel. An angel is non-human, because those in the ranks of the angels have not passed through humanity—the vast majority, at any rate, have not—yet their power is much greater than that at present developed by humanity. We must not fall into the way of supposing that we are the only line of evolution, nor even the principal line. We are so much in the habit of thinking that the world is made for us; but here we see this other great parallel line of evolving creatures.

The lowest of the angel kingdoms have astral bodies, never etheric, and they are called in India "Kama Devas," "angels of desire," meaning that they are still on the level where desires are a possibility for them; but not evil desires, because they are more highly developed than that. They do not build into their astral bodies any of the coarser matter of that plane, such as would vibrate in response to evil thoughts or feelings of any kind. They are far from anything in the nature of evil, but not beyond desire.

The next order above the Kama Devas is called, in some of our books, "Rupa Devas." They have as their lowest vehicle a body of matter of the four lower subdivisions of the mental plane. The Arupa Devas have bodies of the higher part of the mental plane, equivalent to our own causal bodies; and so on, up to the higher types. All these are definitely *angels*. You hear about them in practically all the religions more or less. Of course you have them in Christianity. Much is said about them in the Catholic presentation of Christianity, but comparatively little among Protestant bodies. Some of our hymns talk vaguely about the "heavenly hosts," but people do not think much about them. The Catholic knows more than that, and understands that angels play a prominent part in the economy of nature. They are mentioned in the New Testament, and in the Epistles of the Christian bishop, Ignatius, various others are mentioned, namely, angels, archangels, cherubim, dominions, virtues, powers, etc. These are translations of older terms and no doubt represent a classification. 'You hear of many of these types in the Jewish scriptures, and in the Indian books you have read of the Nagas, Gandharvas, etc., four great types which correspond with the four types of nature-spirits, the elementals of earth, air, fire and water. The fact which lies behind all this is that there is this mighty and diversified kingdom of creatures evolving parallel with, but in advance of, man.

Those persons who realize this always want to know what relation such a kingdom has to us. It has practically nothing to do with us at present, or very little. Its relation to man is something like that of the Theosophist's attitude towards wild animals. The attitude of the ordinary man towards wild animals is a desire to murder them; but we who are Theosophists do not interfere with the lives of wild creatures except when sometimes we see an opportunity to do some little kindness to them. You may perhaps put out food for them in the winter, or if you find one in a trap or injured, you may release it or bind its wounds. Very occasionally we

can do something for them, but in general the creature scurries away from us, and in most cases it is better to leave it alone, because we do not understand it or what it wants, and any interference by us in ordinary circumstances would be likely to do more harm than good.

This is about the position in which the kingdom of the angels stands to man, so far as I have been able to see. On the whole, they have nothing to do with us, but now and then they see an opportunity of giving help and they give it. I presume they realize that, on the whole, much interference on their part would be altogether misunderstood and would probably cause more terror than gratitude. But remember that they will take a large part in our lives later on. Most of them are very far above us in intellectual development, and at present we are not in a position to obtain much benefit from them. As soon as you begin to function freely on the astral plane you are at once in the presence of the Kama Devas and you may become humble friends of some of them, precisely as you might with some superior men on the physical plane.

As you advance, you will reach a stage where you can learn much both by watching them and by hearing what they say, but you will have to learn a language which is not like any human language at all. These Great Ones do not speak as we do, but they have their own methods of communication. There are great tribes who signal to one another by flashes of color, each color and each shade of color conveying not a word, but an idea, a mass of thought which, if you had to represent it down here, would be expressed by a large number of different ideas all blended together. A most wonderful sight it is to see a conversation taking place between two of these great entities. You get, in a moment, an entirely different idea of what color means. There is nothing on earth like it. The hues of sunset sometimes, under the best circumstances, are the nearest we ever get to it; or a gigantic pyrotechnic display—lovely colors of living fire, but on a far grander scale.

Then there are the Gandharvas, who express themselves in music. To hear speech of these is like listening to a grand oratorio. We are in the presence here of a kind of life quite different from our own, and I suppose it is that which partly makes people so uncertain about them; they cannot understand such a life as that.

A Deva or angel of the lower type, the Kama Deva, would be by no means greater than a man of advanced occult development, but he differs in many ways from a human being. We shall receive much help from them as soon as we are a little more advanced and in a condition to be helped. People think that everything in the world ought to serve the convenience of mankind and that if there are such things as angels, they exist in order to aid humanity. That is a mistake. The universe exists for the manifestation of the Logos, and not for you or for me, though we have our place. So these great beings do not spend their time in helping us, but when they reasonably can they will. Our position compared with theirs is that of a little child attending an infant school compared with that of a professor at some university.

You may wonder what kind of a life such beings live. I do not suppose that we can understand it. Their lives must be full of all sorts of activities which are quite beyond our comprehension. Try to imagine how your own lives must appear, say, to the family cat. He will have certain points of contact with your life. He knows when you are eating, but when he sees you reading a book it is exceedingly doubtful whether he has any kind of idea what you are doing. Probably he has no conception at all that your mind is absorbing ideas from that thing which you hold in your hand. He may be able to tell that you are thinking, if he sees you are sitting down quietly, but he cannot have any idea of even the simplest of your reflections or of the main interests of your life. He has certain lines along which he can think, for him, quite clearly, but they are very limited lines. He sees, I suppose, that your external appearance occasionally differs, but he can have no

conception of what dress means to you.

We are about in that position with regard to the great angels. We cannot possibly know about the things which most interest them; but a few lower things—lower to them—we might understand. If they see an opportunity of helping, we might understand what moved them to do that. The idea of helping, which is one of our best inspirations, is probably to them quite subsidiary. They probably have ideas of cosmic movements on a far grander scale.

Of some of the lower angels we may perhaps understand something. Some of them have not defined vehicles such as those of which I have been speaking. Some of them occupy physical vehicles, but not such as those with which you are familiar. You will remember, perhaps, a hymn which says, "All nature is of God, the glorious garment rare." That is absolutely true. All nature is an expression and a garment of God, literally and really, but parts of it are especially the garment of some of these great angels. They also are parts of Him, so that it in no way interferes with that idea. Some types of angels may be said quite definitely to occupy a landscape. They inhabit, so to speak, some hillside or beautiful lake, a view, or a wood, and this quite apart from the nature-spirits spoken of sometimes as "lords of the wood," which are much lower in evolution. Some of these angels actually ensoul parts of the earth in that way and through that obtain some sort of experience; I cannot pretend to say how or in what way exactly, but through the rain and sunshine, the ploughing of the land, the sowing and the harvest, comes to them something in the way of development. An angel inhabiting a certain district appreciates the admiration of those who come to enjoy the beauties of the scene. It is part of his life to make that as beautiful as he can, and when someone revels in that beauty he feels that he has done so much good work, and through that beauty he comes into touch with the person who admires it and can undoubtedly uplift him.

There is a type of angel whose business

is beauty, of all sorts and kinds, and the appreciation of beauty is one of the ways in which man may be raised towards the Logos, of whom beauty is one of the manifestations. That line of beauty was intensely real to the Greeks of old. They tried to make everything about them beautiful; even the physical body was as beautiful as it could be. You will remember that when the Greeks built a theatre they did not use any drop-scene such as we employ. They had no artificial backgrounds, but always they chose the most beautiful view in the neighborhood as a background to their great open theatre, and all the people as they sat could see this view, and when no one was on the stage this view lay before them as the loveliest of drop-scenes. Some of you know a fine example of that in the great Greek theatre at Taormina, where the most beautiful view in the world is the background. That love of beauty was their way of attaining the highest and of uplifting themselves towards the divine.

There is an angel of each nation—quite different from the Deva, in charge of the nation. Then there is a kind of angel who inhabits a sacred place. Sometimes bands of them do so. I have seen them on a sacred mount in Ireland—gigantic figures, with the peace of eternity in their eyes, constantly looking out over the plains below. They have been there for thousands of years, and they hold it still in a strong magnetic influence until the time shall come when the great World-Teacher will use that power for His own purposes. Sometimes one will occupy a peak, like Adam's Peak, in Ceylon. The tradition of that as a sacred place extends far back beyond the time of Buddha. There is a hierarchy of these beautiful and glorified entities.

There are many stages of their development. Very interesting indeed they are. It is curious that humanity lives in the midst of all this splendid life and knows nothing at all about it. We are just blankly ignorant and careless of the whole subject. In a city you do not see much either of angels or of nature-spirits, but you have only to go a little way out and

you come at once into possibilities of that kind. But these things exist, and even now their influence may be felt. Remember that, so far as the angels are concerned, it is always a good influence, because they belong to a higher realm. The nature-spirits are some good and some in-

different, but practically none definitely bad. It is as well that Theosophists should be aware of these possibilities, so that they may lay themselves open to all the higher influences to which they may be able to respond.

—FROM THEOSOPHY IN NEW ZEALAND.

LETTER FROM HEADQUARTERS

Adyar, 14th April, 1916.

The event of the month is the announcement of a coming theosophical marriage at our Headquarters. Marriages are affairs of ordinary society, and sound almost strange to theosophical ears. Such novelties are seldom come across here. Mr. Ernest Wood, the Secretary of our Educational Trust, is engaged to be married to Miss Hilda Larmuth, and congratulations are offered them all round.

Our Bombay brothers have issued a short report of the Convention held in their fine city and a very pleasing feature is the balance on the right side of some Rs. 200 (£13) which is sent to the President "to be utilized by her as she likes." Voluntary subscriptions of Rs. 5,000 (£333) were collected, while registration fees, sale of tickets, etc., brought in another Rs. 2,000 (£133), the chief item of expenditure being the temporary pavilion erected for the public lectures, which cost Rs. 4,101 (£273).

Our bulky regular Annual Report is already published and has evoked favorable comments in some of the Indian newspapers, who admire the promptitude with which the report is issued. The Convention lectures THEOSOPHY AND LIFE'S DEEPER PROBLEMS are also out and are well received.

Our President took a leading part in inaugurating the first Madras exhibition

of Indian paintings of the Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta. The exhibition was opened by H. E. the Governor of Madras, and it was appreciated and on the whole provoked a good discussion in the press. Some ten pictures were bought by our Adyar residents, and arrangements are being made to reproduce in color some of them in our THEOSOPHIST with adequate letterpress. I am afraid, however, that the project will have to wait, like so many other things, till "when the war is over."

The Madras Parliament established by Mrs. Besant, has adjourned for summer vacation. It has already to its credit some very useful work. Four great problems came up for discussion and the Parliament has offered splendid solutions, two of which are already in print in the shape of Transactions—first, *Compulsory Elementary Education*, and second, *Village Panchayats*. Two others are getting ready for publication: (1) *Post Puberty Marriage* and (2) *Religious Endowments*. The Parliament has evoked some enthusiasm and should prove more useful and gain greater appreciation when it meets again in August.

Next week will be held at Adyar the third Convention of our South Indian Lodges along with the Annual E. S. Conference.

The President goes to Allahabad for a week.

B. P. WADIA.

FROM THE NATIONAL PRESIDENT

(GENERAL SECRETARY)

SOUL MATES

This is a subject that presses itself somewhat upon one's attention these days. I cannot say that it is one that I know anything about, nor do I know of anyone else writing or talking about it who, in my belief, knows. Just what evidence a couple of soul-mates would show of their soul-mateship, I do not know. Congenial couples I have sometimes seen, and rather strongly united friends. But even these seem subject to the usual strain that falls upon human relationships, and are not proof against falling apart. Indeed if the world is full of mates linked by cosmic bonds that bind them throughout the ages, why are they all mixed up in life and separated from one another, and when and how will they ever know their real affinities?

It just so happens that but little has ever been written by theosophical writers on this momentous subject. One may reflect therefore that it is a theory either worn out by past races, or it is too advanced to be dealt with in theosophical circles. For my part I prefer the first alternative, but there are many who take the other. Indeed among the latter are not only found devotees of cults and societies teaching the theory, but now and then a Theosophist goes off on the same tangent. Not many years ago practically an entire lodge went out of existence because its most active member, a psychic, found her soul-mate and proceeded to develop some wonderful scheme of soul-mateism. I believe her idea was that any two mates possessed between them a single Ego only. Under this illuminating doctrine the T. S. became a backward movement to them, a sort of young Ego without its Egoic affinity, and so these wise ones would have no more of it. Although the glistening wonder of this "great discovery" was imparted to me with great persuasiveness, yet I still re-

mained unconvinced and continued to believe my work for Theosophy—H. P. B.'s Theosophy—was far more important than speculations along this line.

But, it was urged, all this had come from H. P. B. psychically. God forbid! thought I, and went on my ignorant way.

Then came from various sources the evidence of practices growing out of this soul-mate theory. From many angles I discovered that certain sex relations were believed to be holy and of God, and that no real spiritual attainment was possible without them. A sincere believer in this theory having a regard for my own welfare wrote to me with utmost kindness *inter alia*:

As you know, mastery does not mean pushing back or denying, but absolutely experiencing all its phases and conquering and ruling them in activity. And no one can say that he has learned all the lessons and conquered all phases until he has found his true mate and they have together, in perfect love, purity of mind and harmony on *all* planes, including the physical, expressed their absolute oneness of life on all planes. If either one finds the marriage relation either distasteful, depleting or upsetting to their nerves or constitution this is proof positive that the oneness has not been attained; for it must be a oneness of creative love and the blending must be on all planes. In the interchange of the polarized life-forces man and woman must realize that the physical exchange is, like the physical body, but the vehicle for the synthesization of the essence of all the Principles, each of which must bring forth on its own plane. To ignore the presence and activity of the higher Principles in this interchange is to emasculate them, and is exactly as mistaken if not evil, and will require just as much discipline, as to dwell entirely in the lower desire-body and to confine all manifestations to the divine One Life to their functions in the physical body. . . .

Hence you must take similar steps in the sex life, for not one jot or tittle of the Law can be ignored until all be fulfilled. . . .

There is only one woman who is affinitized to a man on all planes with whom he can utilize all the forces on all planes or with whom he has the right to interchange any

forces upon which the sex idea is impressed; only one with whom he can use those forces in their higher, spiritual and uplifting aspects to become as gods knowing the good as well as the evil.

Thus, according to this belief, ere one may hope to attain to any degree of progress in spirituality he must find the "one woman who is affinitized" on all planes, and then "must take similar steps in the sex life." On my inquiring as to whether the world scriptures wherein the celibate life is enjoined were thought by my counsellor to be all so much nonsense, I received the reply that the "Teacher" had said that,

it is quite true that there is a higher form. But since evolution means growth and unfoldment, it is no more possible to attain this higher form or step in the use of this all-important function before you have not only taken the lower steps but mastered them, than it is possible for a tree to bring forth fruit ere it had passed through the stages of bud and blossom.

Papers have been sent me detailing a kind of sex orgy conducted by a certain order in pairs of sevens in the presence of a hierophant, wherein the symbols of the Holy Grail, the Mystic Rose, and the divine ideal of unity were prostituted by foolish dupes who thought they were indulging in one of the most mystical and soul developing rituals.

Again. A husband came to me in much distress because of the soul-mate teaching his wife had received from a high priest of some one of these strange cults. The serious matter to him lay in the fact that he felt convinced by cruel facts that he was not regarded as the true soul-mate of his beloved spouse. Indeed her high priest had only recently imparted the sacred teaching to her that one's spouse need not necessarily be one's true soul-mate.

This deplorable teaching naturally leads to a further step that is sad and degrading. I have learned of one with undoubted spiritual knowledge and leadings in other directions who makes of this soul-mate business a matter of promiscuity and teaches by practical demonstration those who have a right to look up to him as guide the nature of this abomination as a means of spiritual growth.

A certain conscienceless adventurer became convinced that a certain good and kind woman was his soul-mate in this and previous incarnations. Under his influence she received the information that she was to become the mother of a divine personage, and not having a husband of her own, she was led into taking a step that will hold unpleasant memories for her for a long time.

A wife had given up her husband and children to follow the head of one of these orders that infest America. The head advised her "these relations (domestic) are only on the physical plane and if they stand in the way of your advancement, sever every one of them." She too was denominated the soul-mate of an unscrupulous person who was evidently making capital out of the theory for himself.

These are some of the cases that have happened to come to my attention, and I have no doubt they could be multiplied unfortunately many fold from one end of this broad land to the other.

Revolt as it all is, it nevertheless has its pitiful side, for the most of these people really believe what they are told about these things and think that they have met with one of the greatest of the world's discoveries. If any one of them happens to be a member of the T. S. when the discovery is made, he or she usually leaves it with the pitying reflection that the Society is not yet far enough advanced to see this greater truth. May be not! But the most of us prefer it as it is. We believe that the T. S. is the custodian of a body of priceless knowledge whereby man *may* advance his spiritual growth. It lies at the root of all true religion, all true science. It has nothing within it that rejects the highest morality of the age, but takes that as in itself a step in the upward spiritual way and builds upon it.

For such barnyard morals as I have described occultism as I know it has no attitude save that of utter rejection. Against all the specious arguments about the pairs of opposites as seen in lesser nature it has overwhelming arguments that apply directly to man as man.

Whatever may have been taught to any

unevolved race a million or more years ago about living a soul-mate life (and judging from the fact that all these teachings for the most part have originated with people who indulge in psychic revelation, it must have had some kind of Atlantean origin) certainly it has no place in the moral scheme of the modern Aryan peoples. If there is any reality to the soul-mate idea (and generally there is some fire where there is smoke), it lies for me in this: Man is made in the image of God. Therefore he is a trinity. St. Paul indicated his triune nature as Spirit, Soul and body. To the Theosophist this means Monad, Ego and personality. Now in the long course of evolution man as personality has become separated in this world of sin, suffering and sorrow from the Divine Self (the Monad)—the one who means to him all that is love and beauty in the highest sense. He looks for his lost Lover in every possible material form for scores of incarnations on end, and each time he closes the life unsatisfied. Back he comes again and again, rushing into this experience and that, now indulging in lust for money, now for wine, now for women, but never finding the true source of love and joy, until one day when the sands of experience seem to have run their course he turns within for comfort, for illumination, and there he finds his age-long Lover, his own Divine Self, full of radiant, blissful love, his long-lost Lover for whom he has searched so eagerly in far away places, but who was all the while "nearer than hands and feet."

So I would say the true soul-mate is within—is that for which all evolution exists. When the real union is achieved between these pairs of opposites, the Spirit and the body, the Self and the outer man, it will be the day when that which is up-growing between them through the mighty plan of evolution, namely, the soul, the Ego, has evolved so that the twain meet therein in æonian embrace, the lesser never to go forth again.

That is an interpretation that appeals to the highest instincts. It accords with the best ethics of religion and philosophy,

and is, I believe, of the very frame-work of occultism which is ever the highest and best and noblest in life, because it exists only to reveal the Real and the True.

Let us all therefore look diligently for our true soul-mates, but let us look within, not without. The Spirit is the Father-Lover, the personality the Mother-Lover. The soul (Ego) is the son-child. When he reaches his maturity he becomes the redeemer, the Christ-Soul, the at-oneing medium between them, and thus the two, the Father and Mother principles, are joined by the third, the Son, in a union to last throughout the ages of time and timelessness.

More radiant than the Sun;
Purer than the Snow;
Subtler than the Ether
Is the Self, the Spirit within my heart.
I am that Self, that Self am I.

LODGE PRESIDENTS

In an article which appeared in a recent issue of THE MESSENGER the opinion was expressed that where possible Lodge presidents should be members of the E. S. I respect this opinion, for I know the principle upon which it is based. Nevertheless the E. S. is an inner organization quite separate and distinct from the T. S. and in my opinion should not in any sense be associated with the politics of the T. S. I know some able T. S. Presidents who are not in the E. S. and respect their reasons for remaining out. If a sentiment should grow up in the Society tending to make an F. T. S. or officer seem less worthy because he had not taken E. S. membership, it would be unfortunate and contrary to the spirit of freedom which is the ideal of the T. S.

CAPT. PRIMAVESI WRITES:

Please urge upon the members through THE MESSENGER the necessity of making their reservations at the Planters Hotel as early as possible, as there are several other conventions in St. Louis at that time, and the hotels will be crowded. These reservations should be made with the hotel management direct.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

SHAKESPEARE IN COURT

Anything relating to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is sure to be of interest to Theosophists. The dispute over the authorship of the immortal plays has been varied and picturesque, but nothing on the pro-Bacon side, from the ingenious arguments of Ignatius Donnelly to the brilliant wit and sledge-hammer logic of Mark Twain, has scored so mightily for Lord Bacon as a recent court decision in Chicago which sustains the authorship of Bacon.

Curiously enough, as soon as this old controversy became entangled in commercialism and acquired a financial interest, we got "results." When money was to be made or lost, keen legal minds were drawn into the battle on both sides.

It appears that William N. Selig, the moving picture producer, saw in the Shakespeare Tri-Centenary an opportunity for big business and prepared for it with lavish expenditure. But before his production was ready he discovered that Colonel George Fabyan and associates had long been preparing a great work calculated to prove the authorship of Bacon. After reading the advance notices of the forthcoming book Mr. Selig became alarmed and hastened into court, asking an injunction which would restrain Col. Fabyan from publishing his book. The plaintiff took the ground that the defendant was defaming the name of Shakespeare and falsely alleging that Lord Bacon wrote the plays. But after examining the evidence, the court rendered a decision in favor of Bacon!

As the case now stands, an appeal on the technical ground that the court had not full jurisdiction has legally invalidated the decision, and the next move is with the Bacon champions. But this procedure does not affect the real merits of the case.

In the whole affair there is nothing more interesting than the complaint of the plain-

tiff. It sets forth the facts of Fabyan's contemplated publication and submits specimen pages from the book, with the statement that the evidence it contains of Bacon's authorship is so overwhelming and conclusive as to leave no doubt in the public mind that Lord Bacon was the author and not Shakespeare, and that this belief will become so widespread that no one will desire to celebrate the Shakespeare Tri-Centenary. The plaintiff therefore prays the court to restrain the Bacon advocates from printing the evidence, and thus prevent the loss of the huge sums of money invested in the picture production. But it would seem that the impression that Mr. Selig feared would be made by the evidence on the public was also made on the court!

A plaintiff is in hard case when he has to plead the convincing nature of the defendant's evidence.

CASTE IN THE SOUTH

It is said that none of us see things as they really are, and when we see them at a distance, or study them hastily, the risk of seeing them out of proportion is still greater. Recently an article under the above title appeared in *THE MESSENGER*, setting forth the personal views of the contributor on the attitude of the dominant race toward the negroes of the Southern States. That there are decidedly different views on the subject is evident from a letter received from Mr. M. Boekbinder of Birmingham, Alabama, who is one of the prominent Theosophists of the South.

As an Englishman—"one who has sojourned south of the Mason and Dixon's line" for many years—I wish to say that the parallel drawn between the South and India is imaginary. In the South, as elsewhere, every ego finds himself in such body and environment as his karma and his evolutionary progress require. Even the case of Booker T. Washington is not an exception, although it presents certain unusual features which are not difficult of interpretation by the Theosophist. . . . Social distinc-

tions based upon education, refinement, culture and wealth, prevail here as in other sections. Nowhere do we find the bank president living next door to the laboring man; nor do they have a common meeting-ground other than the street and the business house. The negro is in no way discriminated against, all avenues of labor, trade and mechanical arts being open to all alike. The negro, by virtue of certain physical characteristics and qualifications, has come to monopolize certain lines of manual labor to which observation and experience have proven him peculiarly adapted.

Segregation of the races is a matter of necessity, and not brutality. For biological as well as karmic reasons, nothing could be more disastrous to the welfare of both the white and the black races than such a condition of equality as hinted at in the article under consideration. It should not be necessary to remind a student of Theosophy that Universal Brotherhood does not mean social equality. The laws of segregation keep beneficent watch over the highest and best interests of all dwelling in this beautiful Southland.

The negro of the South does not depend for an education upon distant organizations. . . . While here and there an educational institution is maintained by such an organization, it is also true that although the negro population pays in a very small, almost negligible, part of the total taxation, everywhere school facilities are provided for colored children. And, strange as it may seem, there are more illiterates in the State of Alabama among the whites than among the negro population.

"The growing harshness of the whites" is something that has escaped me during the many years that I have lived in the South, although I am somewhat of a keen observer. I do not mean to say that ruffians are not met with here just as they are elsewhere. . . .

That Theosophy is needed in the South is true, but no more so of the South than of any other part of the world. . . . The South offers the fairest field in America for Theosophy. It is the coming part of the United States in the immediate future. The gods have showered gifts upon it with lavish hands, and it may well be considered a privilege to be placed in such a land, where chivalry is still in flower and where womanhood still commands sacred devotion, respect and protection.

THOUGHT FORCE IN WAR

Can America keep out of the war and yet actually be "at the front?" A leaflet accompanying a theosophical exchange suggests a way which is being employed by Theosophists in New Zealand and one that we may well emulate in which non-combatants can serve. Following the suggestion that the mighty power of

thought can be used effectively by each household in a combined effort for a few minutes daily, a warning against hatred is added:

There are those who think there is a possibility of bringing this struggle to an end during the next few months, but if the war does not end then, it may go on till the world is exhausted and the civilization of Europe dies out. It is on the balance. The mighty power of Thought if widely used to bring about victory, could turn the scale and greatly shorten the war. Those who use it must be pure in motive, with no hatred in their hearts, or they will do more harm than good.

HUMANITY IS ONE

The great law of compensation is at work even amid the horrors of war and in one of its phases we are made to keenly realize the unity of the race. The heart ties are as strong and the suffering is as keen in one part of humanity as in another—a thing we too often forget. On account of its human interest we print below some extracts from a letter written by a judge of the Imperial Court at Vienna to a relative who lives here.

Your letter has given us great joy and we thank you for your sympathy and love. God bless your little grandson who prays for our welfare and for peace. Yes, peace; but there is none in sight in the near future. On account of the hateful form the war has taken on, the feelings have grown so bitter, that the constant thought is only the annihilation of the opposite side. We only hope that America will not eventually be drawn into it so that it may be possible for the President to continue the initiative for peace. . . .

We watch with anxiety for the new complications and horrors that each day will bring. The end is immeasurable. . . .

The coming winter makes it a great duty of our wives and daughters to care for and see that the brave soldiers who are exposed to all weathers, have some warm underwear. Therefore they knit early and late woolen garments and say silent prayers, with intermingled tears rolling down their cheeks, for the wearers also may have left wife and child behind. . . .

What economical damage this world war will still cause is immeasurable. The probability is that the war will end *on account of economical reasons*. The nations will simply not be able to continue further. Money and provisions will be used up and at the end the one who succeeds in holding out the longest will be the victor—and all the bloodshed has been in vain! . . . May the Almighty grant your wish for peace!

A VISITING GENERAL SECRETARY

Miss Eva Blytt, of Kristiania, Norway, who is General Secretary of the Norwegian Section of the Theosophical Society, has arrived at Krotona and will spend about two months at the American headquarters.

AUGUST MESSENGER WILL BE LATE

On account of the postal law regulation which requires the supplement of a magazine to be mailed at the same time as the magazine itself, *THE MESSENGER* will be about a week late in reaching the readers next month.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADDRESSES

Neither subscriptions nor changes of address nor proxies should be sent to the editor of *THE MESSENGER*. The office of

the National Secretary has charge of all business relating to the magazine. The business and editorial offices are not in the same building and therefore much loss of time and useless work is caused by sending letters relating to business to the editor. Only manuscripts for publication and the correspondence about them and other editorial matters should be addressed to the editor.

We learn that Mrs. Besant is, after all, not to be in England this year. Also that Mr. Arundale has gone to India to join her for a time. However, our English members are to have the inspiring presence of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa who, our correspondent says, will take the Convention meetings this month.

OUR HEROES

A city unbeautiful lies sprawling between low-lying and barren hills. Its streets are crooked, narrow, dirty and congested, the sidewalks crowded with jostling throngs, rolling mills and factories belch forth a heavy pall of smoke that broods like a mantle over the city. The air reeks with irritating and poisonous fumes. Along the winding streets are drinking resorts that echo with sounds of obscene mirth. In the very heart of the city, squat and squalid as a toad, a vice-district lifts its ugly head, exhaling the breath of unspeakable shame.

A young city, fabulously rich, feverish with industry and elemental emotions and desires. In this city, with its noisome vapors, dens of vice and crowded thoroughfares, in a physical atmosphere thrilling with the most primitive forces and desires, may be found a theosophical lodge. The headquarters of this lodge are quiet and restful, and an aura of profound peace envelops it. A sense of purity and bless-

edness broods over the place. The lodge members are not numerous, but year after year, amidst the tumult and clamor, a little band of consecrated workers have with unquenchable patience and tenacity kept alight the torch of the Ancient Wisdom. Three times each week the members meet and with serene vision and concentrated thought ponder deeply over the Ancient Wisdom, pouring out over that sense-burdened city the pure light of truth.

There are other benign and helpful forces that work for the regeneration and uplift of this city, but no centre shines like this.

In that not distant day when the new race shall have its christening and the Master sounds out the roll-call of the faithful, among those of the tested, tried and true who respond with reverent "ayes," we shall expect to see the earnest faces of this hero band.

MAX WARDALL

FROM THE NATIONAL SECRETARY

DO NOT SKIP

The membership card for the year, July 1, 1916 to June 30, 1917, is buff in color. Those attending the Convention at St. Louis in August should be sure to have their cards with them, as an open sesame to its meetings and credentials valid before committees, for obtaining badges, etc., etc.

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Lodge members should pay their Section dues through their lodge secretary and receive their membership cards from that officer. Members-at-large deal directly with the National Secretary.

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Section 7 of By-Law IX becomes operative on this June 30th:

A member whose dues have not been received by December 31 shall be considered delinquent as to the payment of dues, and THE MESSENGER shall no longer be sent to him unless a special subscription shall have been paid, and if his delinquency is maintained until June 30 following, he shall be dropped from the rolls, but not until such action has been approved by the President.

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Send in your proxy at an early date. Remember (1) That it is not valid unless the 1916-17 dues are paid; (2) That it should be made out accurately, all blanks being filled in; (3) That it should name one who will be at Convention. We have placed an extra supply of proxy blanks with each lodge secretary and have more here at Headquarters to be had for the asking. You will find one ready at your hand in this MESSENGER, at the back. Send it in.

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Proper precaution should be taken at this vacation period of the year so that THE MESSENGER (second-class mail) is not lost to those who leave the address which we carry.

If members' copies are returned here from the Post-office, we have to eliminate the plates from our addressograph until

such time as we hear from these respective members. Often that is a matter of months, and we have been blamed for not sending the magazine for that time when the real cause was "at the other end of the line." We urge you to report immediately any error, oversight or omission, and change of address. Without such, we have nothing on which to act.

NEWS AND NOTICE

Is there an American Section member who will stand as a correspondent in *Italian* for those members who write that language?

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We lose a valuable member by the death of John Jenkins, of Berkeley, California, member-at-large. Mr. Jenkins was 79 years old, was prominent as a member of the government diplomatic corps, formerly Consul General in a Central American republic, served throughout the Civil War, and held a high post in Masonic circles.

Seattle Lodge has had two members pass to the Higher Life—Mrs. Alice S. Hukins, who joined only a few months ago, and Mrs. Marguerite Hieber, an old and valued member who was always lovingly busy "doing for others" with hands, head and heart.

Another veteran F. T. S. has also passed on. Mrs. Jennie H. Domingos of Pacific Grove, California, has been a great sufferer for many years, and Death came to her as a happy release from a worn, tired body long held to the plane of action by the power of her strong character. She was a member of Oakland Lodge, but was interested in the new lodge formed near by her at Monterey which has become the grateful beneficiary of Mrs. Domingos' theosophical books.

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Cleveland Lodge is issuing "Lodge News" in a ten-page publication home-made by the members. We have No. 2 of Vol. I. (May 1916) sent us and we surely

hope we may be kept on their mailing list, for its reading was next best to visiting the Lodge itself. Congratulations.

+

Montreal Lodge has passed a resolution that the Lodge will pay the annual dues of those of its members who have gone to the war as well as those of their dependents. This statement speaks for itself.

+

Paterson Lodge sends Headquarters fine typewritten minutes of its May business meeting. Thanks. Many lodges sent us special reports of White Lotus Day observance, which we must acknowledge without publication.

+

Formation of the lodge in Folsom Prison grows slowly. We shall be definite as to it by another month.

Mr. F. G. Wilhelm is helping the brothers in every way. They have an illuminated card with pictured head of the Christ and poem on *Brotherhood of Man* which they have got up with much credit. If any care to help by purchasing these, write Mr. Wilhelm, care of San Francisco Lodge, Native Sons Building, San Francisco, Cal.

RESIGNATIONS

You will note that in our *Membership Record* this month we list 38 resignations. Though regrettable, the full fact is not as alarming as it seems. We sent out a May circular letter to all those in arrears as to dues. From replies received we learned that a number of these had resigned some time past, but that the secretaries had failed to make notification of the same to this office. Thus we had to record them all "in one lump" when they really occurred over a stretch of time. Others, having become disinterested, took occasion to return resignations instead of dues as their answer to our notification.

DELAYS

"All hands" in this office had to be taken from their regular work for the first week in June and put to the annual task of making out the dues bills. It was no inconsiderable labor, with card records of between five and six thousand. The book-keeping and mail had to be practically suspended for that time. A similar delay will have to occur at the beginning of July, when we have to close the books for the fiscal year and make up our inventory.

Will you be patient with these necessary delays?

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

STATEMENT FOR MAY

Receipts		
Fees and Dues	\$ 407.53	
Special Donations	58.50	
Members' Booklet, etc.	29.15	
Messenger subscriptions	8.70	
Incidentals	15.69	
Interest	7.40	
Total	\$ 526.97	
Cash on hand May 1, 1916	\$3012.56	\$3539.53
Disbursements		
Salaries	\$ 132.00	
Propaganda	140.00	
Rent	33.50	
Postage, Telegrams, Telephone ...	59.75	
Office Furniture	3.50	
Refunds	2.00	
Stationery	31.00	
Messenger Printing	80.00	
Incidentals	4.51	
Total	\$ 486.26	
Cash on hand June 1, 1916	\$3053.27	\$3539.53

Under receipts the item \$58.50 (Special Donations) includes donations made to the General Fund; to the fund for the Prison Lodge; contributions made by lodges towards the Statistical Directory and Year Book, and a gift to add to the Discretionary Fund for helping needy members with their dues.

Under Disbursements the item \$31.00 (Stationery) includes payments for three thousand application forms and eight thousand membership cards.

MONTHLY MEMBERSHIP RECORD

May, 1916

New Members	144	Deceased	5
Transfers from other Sections	0	Resigned	38
Reinstated	13	Transfers to other Sections	0
Total Active Membership	5414	Transfers to Inactive Membership	5

PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT

MAY FIELD WORK

The other itinerants have been too busy to send in reports for May, but I have heard indirectly that Mr. Wardall is creating much enthusiasm where he goes. My own time was divided among seven cities, and another new lodge was organized in new territory. The major part of the month was given to weak territory where old lodges have been kept alive by a very small band of devoted workers, who usually meet in some member's parlor.

Sacramento opened the month. By dint of thorough advance work and a good hall, fine audiences heard the five lectures. The course brought in some new members, among whom were three young men. As the lodge boasted but one member of the masculine persuasion, they were a welcome addition. A large study class, in addition, was organized. There is now excellent prospect of a down-town meeting-place, so that the public may know Theosophy is in the city.

The Santa Rosa audiences were not large, but as the members declared they broke the attendance record, they may be regarded as satisfactory for the present. Our lodges in cities of this class can be slowly and soundly built up, but it will require systematic work long-continued. With the increased force of lecturers it will now, fortunately, be possible.

The San Jose Lodge was in better condition than Sacramento in that it had a tiny room in the centre of the city. Four or five members had been struggling the better part of a year to keep a forlorn hope alive. They had been putting announcements in the accommodating newspapers and using the ready-to-deliver lectures from the Propaganda Department but, if I remember aright, the audience had consisted of themselves and one outsider! So blue was the outlook that when J. H. Talbot arrived to do the advance work his host predicted that the lectures would be attended by a corporal's guard. That would truly have been a calamity, for we had engaged the fine hall of the Cham-

ber of Commerce in the heart of the city. It was so well filled and things went so well that the original course of five lectures was extended. At the close we got in seven new members—enough to have formed a new lodge—which is the largest percentage gain I recall in the work to assist weak lodges. My recollection is that the study group of interested people organized after the last lecture numbered about forty—not a large class, but satisfactory.

Berkeley is another lodge that is much in need of help, but it is in a different class. With a good lodge remarkably well located and within easy distance from San Francisco and Oakland, and with some able teachers and speakers, its prospects are good for future growth. An additional advantage is that an ideal hall is available for public lectures almost within the shadow of the University of California. We had audiences on the two nights that comfortably filled the hall, and they were distinctly high-class audiences. There is every indication that Theosophy in Berkeley has an enviable future.

San Francisco and Oakland were the only cities visited during May that belong to the category of well-established centres. Both of them are so full and bubbling over with enthusiasm that it is a joy to go there. In each place we had literally "crowded houses." Indeed, on more than one evening in Oakland we were a bit worried by having to pack in some thirty or forty people after the supposed "utmost capacity" limit had been reached. Large classes were formed in each city, and as both of these lodges are blessed with capable and successful teachers, the harvest of new members is fairly certain.

Santa Barbara closed the month and gave us a new lodge, and a good one. The population of this little city puts it in the class with Riverside and Santa Rosa. A hall was therefore taken that would seat nearly 200 but in which the seats could be so arranged that 75 or even 50 people would not look too much like a "frost." To our surprise and delight, we had a

fairly large audience the first night and filled the hall on the second, which puts it far ahead of the other cities named, as good territory. We got 11 charter members and a class of a little under 40. Mrs. Rogers followed up with a combination of lecture and class work, and Mrs. Walton and Mrs. Gray, who live within thirty miles, go over to attend their lodge meetings. These ladies have presented the new lodge with a thirty-dollar library.

DOING IT WELL

A letter from an eastern city speaks of the success a member has had with the ready-to-deliver lectures furnished by the Propaganda Department. They were delivered to audiences in a near-by city with excellent results. This particular member is studying the subject of effective expression and adds that he goes several times over the manuscript, studying it carefully and trying to get the full meaning of the thought expressed.

This is an example worthy of emulation. Edison was right about genius being only five per cent inspiration and the remainder hard work. The member who delivers one of the ready-for-use lectures should not be deluded by the idea that the work was all done before the manuscript left the office. Only our part of it is done. The person who is to deliver it should go over and over it, as an actor studies a part, until he is not only thoroughly familiar with the ideas it contains but feels perfectly at home with it before the audience, and is ready to present both the thought and the feeling of the author impressively. These splendid lectures are almost wholly the work of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, and they can be made very effective if the member who delivers them works hard and does well his share. One who accepts the responsibility of presenting great spiritual truths to the public should do his very best. Hasty, careless preparation for a task so important is inexcusable. Too much is at stake for that—too much for Theosophy, for the public and for the member who has assumed the obligation of delivering the lecture.

MADISON ORGANIZED

Madison, the capital city of Wisconsin, now has a Theosophical Lodge, which must be very gratifying to the few resident members who have for so long been cherishing the hope that a chartered centre could be established. Mr. Cooper gave a course of lectures there a few months ago and Mr. Wardall followed early in June with another course which finished the work, and a lodge with five new members and five old ones was chartered.

MR. WARDALL'S ITINERARY

Rochester, July 1-2; Syracuse, 3; Albany, 4-8; Boston, 9-11; Springfield, 22-23; New Haven, 24; Brooklyn and vicinity, 25 to August 3; Reading, August 4-6; Pittsburgh, 7-9; Akron, 10-12; Columbus, 13; Cincinnati, 14-15; Louisville, 16-18; Nashville, 19-21.

PROPAGANDA RECEIPTS

Detroit Lodge, Detroit, Mich. (omitted from May Messenger)	\$ 2.00
Peoria Lodge, Peoria, Ill.	2.00
Mrs. F. Curry, Winnipeg, Man.	1.00
Houston members, Houston, Tex.	1.60
Shearon Bonner, Dallas, Tex.	10.25
"A Friend," Kansas City, Mo.	5.00
Dr. L. P. Webster, Washington, D. C.	3.00
Mrs. L. D. Downie, San Francisco, Calif.	1.00
Mrs. L. S. Hunt, Los Angeles, Calif.	20.00
Anaconda members, Anaconda, Mont.	2.00
Ethelwyn M. Amery, Wapella, Sask.	10.00
Ila Fain, Oklahoma City, Okla.	2.00
Mrs. J. Eugley, Big Pine, Calif.	1.00
Crookston Lodge, Crookston, Minn.	6.50
F. T. S., Pasadena, Calif.15
Mrs. Bianco, Salt Lake City, Utah.20
Miss Mary Kranz, Hastings, Minn.	1.00
James E. Taylor, Buffalo, N. Y.	2.00
Mrs. L. Heintz, San Jose, Calif.25
Spokane members, Spokane, Wash.	1.05
Mrs. A. W. Harold, Buffalo, N. Y.	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. D. Mortimer, Butte, Mont.	1.50
Mrs. Clarke, Krotona.85
F. T. S., Tucson, Ariz.	1.00
Toledo Propaganda Centre, Toledo, O.	3.00
Paterson Lodge, Paterson, N. J.	4.00
T. S. Millikin, Roseburg, Ore.29
Mrs. J. J. Jansen, Albany, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs. J. L. Spriggs, Helena, Mont.	1.00
Mrs. A. M. Cox, Santa Rosa, Calif.	1.00
"A. L.," Los Angeles, Calif.50
Mrs. V. Borschei, Buffalo, N. Y.	1.25
Mrs. Dora Rosner, San Francisco, Calif.77
R. E. Hamilton, Pittsburgh, Pa.25
F. T. S., Fort Wayne, Ind.	1.00
Miss A. C. Sutkamp, San Francisco, Calif.46
A. J. Sharpley, Crystal City, Tex.25
"A New York Member"	100.00
Fred. Henkel, Oklahoma City, Okla.	1.00

THE LOTUS BUREAU

PURPOSE: TO TEACH THEOSOPHY TO CHILDREN

Conducted by MARJORIE TUTTLE, Head

Children: If you will write to the Lotus Bureau, Krotona, Hollywood, California, answering the following questions and enclosing a two-cent stamp, the postman will bring you a letter all your own, written to you by an older friend:

1. How old are you?
2. Have you any pets?
3. Have you a flower garden?
4. What are your favorite stories?
5. What is your name?
6. What is your address?

CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU

OUR Bureau has started with an enrollment of fifteen children, most of them living in country districts where they are isolated from regular children's classes. These children have written charming letters to the Bureau, answering very quaintly our six questions and in many cases confiding additional information on such important subjects as that they recently received an excellent grade in school, or that mother has promised them a box of paints if they will be very good for a long time. We hope our Bureau may have helped to win that box of paints! To each of these children a correspondent has written a letter, receiving a second letter from the child in most cases, though not always succeeding in keeping up the correspondence. However, even if only one letter be exchanged, a link is thereby formed so that the child

may be the more open to help from the astral plane and, as several of the children write of younger brothers or sisters or playmates, we know that the letter they receive is probably shared with others as well. As some of our staff of correspondents are anxious to write to several little ones, our Bureau would be glad to hear from many more children.

A remarkable point noted about the letters we have so far received is that the first and most enthusiastic letters came from Canadian children. Indeed, nearly half of the children who have joined the Bureau are Canadians. Another happy incident was the offer of Mr. Trenham, seventy-five years old, to be on our staff of "elder helpers." We are sure that the little eight-year-old lady who receives his cheery, clearly written letter has been offered the next best thing to a fairy grandfather!

We wish Lotus teachers would form the habit of jotting down and sending to the Lotus Bureau a record of every good story, game or new method, song, etc., that they have found useful in their class. If all would do this, we might be collecting much material that could be passed on to other teachers. As Lotus material is rather scanty at present, there is need of much original work and a need of record-

ing everything that might be of use. This Bureau would like to have a mine of information on all varieties of Lotus work, so that all enquiries could be met. We should particularly like to hear of little plays or entertainments which might be given by a group of children. We could also make use of isolated pictures of fairies, fairy post-cards, etc., which might be used to illustrate stories or to make into lantern slides.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Q. "Thou shalt not kill." It seems obvious that we cannot absolutely carry out this Commandment even in regard to the animal kingdom, to say nothing of the lower kingdoms. For instance, cleanliness necessitates the destruction of certain microbes. Will you give some hints as to where we should draw the line? Also, is it wrong to go to war to kill one's country's enemies, and if so what should one do when the law of the land makes military service compulsory?

L. R.

A. In endeavoring to carry out what the questioner calls the Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," it is necessary to use common sense and judgment. While it is quite true that it is strictly right that we should never kill needlessly nor without good reason, yet it is quite possible that in adhering too slavishly to the idea we may be failing to perform a duty. As to animals, insects, etc., it may be said that where lower forms of life seriously interfere with and endanger the cleanliness and health of a much higher evolution, such as the human, then the lower must give place to the higher; and such carriers of disease as certain classes of microbes, and, say, mosquitos, rats, mice, and other vermin it becomes our duty to destroy.

As to war, mankind should ere this have reached the point where war would be impossible and all international disputes be adjusted by an international tribunal. As it is, however, we must decide for ourselves whether it is right to fight for our country and to kill its enemies. At our present stage, seeing that humanity has not conquered the war spirit or the lust of conquest, I should say that it was the duty of every man to obey the law and to train himself as an efficient soldier for the protection of his country, and therefore when called upon to fight for it and to kill its enemies he should do so strictly as a duty, and without hate. The karma of our

failure to give help when it is a duty and sorely needed, I should imagine, would in a future life bring us into a difficult and evil environment, from which we should receive no help to extricate ourselves, seeing that we had failed to extend our aid to others, in time of stress. W. R. R.

Q. What Sabbath does Theosophy teach us to keep, Saturday or Sunday?

A. In the membership of the Theosophical Society there are people of all religions, Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Hindus, Mohammedans, *et cetera*. As individuals they may observe whatever day is recommended by their particular faith. Theosophy is a synthesis of the fundamental truths of all religions. Its students do not dogmatize on any question, and we do not commit ourselves to any particular day. All these questions about keeping Saturday or Sunday holier than other days appear to me to be based on the letter of the law rather than on its spirit. To keep only one day in the week holy seems to savor of hypocrisy, for it implies a double standard of morals; that there are some things that are immoral on Sunday but not on Monday! The Theosophist transcends these superficial distinctions and endeavors to live in the *daily* practice of the presence of God. Of course one day of rest in seven is in harmony with the law of rhythm and, while not a biological necessity, nevertheless it is desirable for the proper evolution of the physical body. The soul never gets tired and therefore never needs a day's rest. The inner life should not be made to depend upon a particular day in the week. If the questioner is a Christian, one might point out that followers of that religion are not bound to observe any particular day, for has not the Founder of Christianity said: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?"

C. H.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES

MISCELLANEOUS

As usual, THE OCCULT REVIEW provides one with fascinating ghost stories or occult material, depending upon whether one is an idle reader or a sincere student of the super-physical. In the June number Mr. Ralph Shirley gives us an instructive editorial on the symbol of the cross and touches upon the utility of psychic warnings, giving an apt illustration.

Hereward Carrington writes a paper around the investigations and discoveries of Dr. Lancelin, a French scientist and occultist of note, concerning the methods to be followed in the projection of the "astral" body. The French investigators are throwing ever more light on the scientific aspects of psychic phenomena and their work is given respectful consideration. M. Hector Durville, President of the "Magnetic Society" of France, Dr. Baraduc, the late Colonel Albert de Rochas, who gained proof of reincarnation by means of hypnotism, are all men of whom France is proud. Instruments have been invented which measure the nervous force radiated out by mediums or psychics. An understanding of the actual working methods for the production of phenomena is being gained. As this knowledge increases it is more and more essential that it be balanced by a corresponding ethical development. Three photographs accompany Mr. Carrington's article, showing vital radiations from the human body and the astral body of a Mrs. Lambert.

Projecting the astral body may have all the fascination which Mr. Carrington describes, and undoubtedly the coming race will grow more and more proficient in its accomplishment, but it is well to bear in mind that it is in nowise more *spiritual* than projecting the physical body down the steps or across the street.

The paper by J. Louis Orton on *The Royal Road to Learning* is important because it brings forth a new theory as to hypnotism which the author declares is the only royal road to learning that we have. The hypnotism he treats of, however, is that which is closely akin to illumination, being the fixing of attention and the calming of body and mind so that the lower consciousness is enabled to receive downpourings from the superconsciousness. Suggestibility is not implicit in hypnotism, he holds, but may accompany it with a certain type of subject. To prove that self-hypnotism is the "ordinary possession of genius," he cites the cases of Leonardo da Vinci and other artists who were wont to gaze into a heap of ashes

when they sought ideas, the ashes fixing their attention automatically.

Psychic states shade so into one another that it is as yet practically impossible to classify them, but even modern psychology is affirming that genius is merely the power of tapping the reservoirs of the subconscious. Hypnotism probably has its white and its black side, but it is as full of dangers for the investigators as it is of possibilities.

The June number of THE SCIENTIFIC MONTHLY opens with a description by Walter K. Fisher, of Leland Stanford University, on *The Oldest Place of Worship in the World*—Tai Shan, in central Shantung, most noteworthy of the Five Sacred Mountains of China and the place where Yao and Shun, heroes of China's "Golden Age," made their offering to the Spirit of Heaven. Occultists may not agree with the author as to the relative antiquity of this holy spot, but that it is indeed venerable, worthy to take its place with the age-old shrines of the world, is borne out by the fact that it is first mentioned as far back as 2,000 B. C., long after it had become a spot of religious regard. At that time its worship was described as being not of the mountain nor of the mountain-spirit, but "of One God, a Dweller in Heaven." The fact that the Chinese of today have practically reversed this, and look not to the One God but to the Spirit of the Mountain, may not be entirely due to superstition. Mr. Leadbeater tells us that the summit of the mountain Slieve-na-Mon in Ireland is inhabited by great Devas, and that Adam's Peak and its accompanying neighborhood in Ceylon have been since time immemorial overshadowed by Saman Deviyo, one of a great order of Angels. Therefore it is more than probable that the Spirit of the Mountain of Tai Shan may be a very real entity indeed. The rank and file of the population were probably never able to rise to the exalted concept of God held by the master minds of those times, and in the course of centuries the nobler idea was lost. Perhaps now the time is near when it will be regained.

In the next article, concerning *The Growth of the Earth*, Prof. Thomas Chrowder of the University of Chicago, departs from the old-time theory of an original molten interior of the earth, basing his position on recent disclosures which seem to make the molten theory untenable. Among these is the growing doctrine of isostasy, "the origin of the differentiation of specific gravities deep in the crust of

the earth, necessary to actuate isostatic movement"; in other words, the movement whereby difference in specific gravity causes a balance between the protruded and depressed portions of the earth's surface. These repeated movements could not have occurred in a molten earth where there must have been equal pressure, perfect gravitational balance. The Professor goes on to draw a picture of the earth's beginnings more nearly corresponding to the observed facts: a nebular core or knot, with much scattered nebulous matter of heterogeneous character as good for growth, cold when deposited but acquiring heat through compression. Finally the author treats in a scholarly manner the three great geologic factors—the atmosphere, the hydrosphere and the lithosphere.

It is instructive to lay beside this scientific hypothesis the occult theory of the earth's beginnings as set forth by Mr. Sinnett. According to this, the nebula of the infant globe because of its very nature included in its circumference the moon, the physical planet of the preceding Chain. The intense heat of this nebulous matter was conveyed to the moon, and thus caused all volatilizable matter upon it to be brought into gaseous condition and so become "amenable to the new centre of attraction set up at the centre of the new nebula. In this way the atmosphere and the water as well as other elements were drawn from the old planet to the new."

Professor Chrowder's article is worthy the attention of all who are interested in the trend of modern scientific thought.

A correspondent, A. J. B., draws our attention to the series of remarkable articles by H. G. Wells which has been running in THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST and was concluded in the issue for May 13. Says A. J. B.: "It is a hopeful 'sign of the times' to observe a writer so well known as H. G. Wells discussing and advocating the idea of world federation." Mr. Wells feels that the pattern of the United States in regard to its procedure in the annexation of territories must be adopted by the empires of today in relation to their regions of alien populations. In fact, Mr. Wells has much to say regarding subject-races and makes the prophecy that "long before A. D. 2100 there will be no such thing as a subject-race in the world."

He continues further: "In what Mr. Wells terms 'a few words of digression upon the future of Islam,' he makes many assertions that might give his reader the idea that he was a Theosophist, so nearly do his ideas coincide with our own recent literature." He points to Arabian culture as being "one of the great progressive impulses in the world of men," and believes that there is "a great tomorrow for a renascent Islam under Arab auspices." He considers that the tendency to "underrate temporarily depressed nations, races and cultures is a most irrational, prevalent and mischievous form of stupidity," and cites the Teuton attitude toward Italians and Greeks, the "rubbish" written about the decadence of France, and the "silly stuff" still written by British and Americans about Asiatics.

Finally he makes no uncertain statement concerning the "imperative necessity of some great council or conference, some permanent overriding body—call it what you will—that shall deal with things more broadly than any nationalism or patriotic imperialism can possibly do. That body," says Mr. Wells, "must come into human affairs." It must! G. F. W.

THEOSOPHICAL

When Peace returns, how mighty will be the task of reconstruction set before the Nations of the earth. Freed Womanhood will never again put on the chains which the sore need of the Nations has riven from her limbs,

says Mrs. Besant in an editorial in THE (April) THEOSOPHIST. She declares that in Europe woman is now occupying all the seats of labor but the very heaviest and roughest, and will continue in this position of industrial equality unless forcibly deposed. Mrs. Besant trusts that a sex war will not materialize but that a new and beautiful relation between man and woman will develop, founded upon comradeship and mutual understanding and helpfulness.

Another editorial of interest is a comment upon an article in this issue by Ernest Kirk, entitled *What Does the T. S. as such Stand for?* Mr. Kirk suggests the establishment of

a supreme council within the T. S., with power to formulate a theosophical creed and to pass upon future questions of doctrine. Mrs. Besant does not believe with Mr. Kirk that such a plan is desirable but declares that though "a creed gives vigor and cohesion to an organization, it also cramps and finally fossilizes." She pleads for present and future freedom of thought within the T. S., so that we may go on adding to our knowledge and increasing our field of vision and not be bound forever by the skimpy views of today.

There are several articles of extreme interest in this number, including a discussion of that ever-present and vitally interesting subject *Fate and Freewill* by Walter H. Sampson. In this case the odds are in favor of Fate, for Freedom is shown, when stripped of its il-

lusive attractiveness, as a most undesirable possession after all.

The Value of Peace, by William H. Kirby, is an effort to show that the pacifist is out of place in these times of stress, and that it is useless to cry "Peace, Peace," until the issues at stake have been finally and satisfactorily settled.

Occultism and War, by Annie Besant, begins in this number and deals with war as an aspect of the Divine Mind working through Nature.

The Metaphysic and Psychology of Theosophy, by Bhagavan Das, deals with the evolutionary theory as held in the West today, and the fact that evolutionists while seeking to deny are really hastening to prove that there is a spiritual principle underlying all evolutionary and other processes. This paper was contributed to the Philosophical Congress at Bologna, in 1811.

The Reason Why, by C. W. Leadbeater, and the continuation of *The Nature of Mysticism*, by C. Jinarajadasa, will hold the interest of all readers of this magazine. A. de C. P.

At this time, when the outlook everywhere is so dark, it is peculiarly fitting that the first pages of THE HERALD OF THE STAR (May) should be devoted to Mr. Arundale's cheering words, showing how real happiness may be obtained.

Mr. Leadbeater's second lecture on *The Birth of a New Sub-Race* deals chiefly with the evolution of nations and civilizations. He draws attention to the evidences of change and growth now going on in religion—especially on the occult side—science, art, social matters, and closes with words of comfort to those whose loved ones have fallen in the war.

This is followed by that most fascinating sketch of Mme. Blavatsky by Edmund Russell, entitled *As I Knew Her*.

In his able article *Music, and the Critical Faculty* Mr. Cyril Scott sounds the often forgotten key-note of criticism in these words:

The *raison d'être* of all criticism is to disclose the beauties of a work of art, and if there be not beauties, no noble man will waste his time in saying so.

The art lover who looks forward each month to the continuation of the series of *Ideals in Art* by Hope Rea, will find much of interest in the present article on St. George, as represented by Carpaccio and Donatello.

Mr. Irving S. Cooper's last article on *The Great Awakening* traces the lines of unfoldment now proceeding under the surface which will probably be included in the New Religion, that great unifying religion of the future to which so many are now turning their thoughts. The writer considers that "practical spirituality will be the key-note," and also that this "religion of the future will be marked by its joyousness, as well as its close association with

daily life," two essentials lacking in present-day Christianity.

An instructive sketch of the life of the HERALD up to the present, with hints as to its great and responsible mission in the future, are given by the sub-editor in his *Few Remarks About Our Magazine*. G. I. W.

The editorial in the June number of ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY rings so true that one wishes its spirit might pervade this broad land. It concerns fault-finding, that aspect of the critical faculty which is so disastrous to altruistic ideals. Three of the articles reviewed last month are continued in this number.

The following quotation is among the good thoughts expressed in *Meditation* by W. G. Shepard:

If the joy-rides of the earth roads claim too much of our interest we shall miss the spiritual adventure, if we cling to the soil we shall hardly wing the ethereal blue, if we live altogether in the outer man we shall miss acquaintance with the inner!

Max Wardall continues to point out the guideposts to *Health and the Spiritual Life*. This eighth article on *The Mysticism of the Mass*, by Charles Hampton, is full of inspiration concerning "Thoughts on Elevation of the Host," "The Agnus Dei" and "Sacramental Communion." This series of articles should be interesting to the Catholic and Episcopal fraternities. Mrs. Grace Shaw Duff summarizes her page on *Meditation—Prayer*, in this manner:

The virtue of an act is its courage.

The virtue of a desire is its love.

The virtue of a thought is its wisdom.

A fine portrait of Mr. Ray Wardall, Associate Editor, graces this number. A. H. T.

The official organ of the French Section of the T. S., the BULLETIN THEOSOPHIQUE, tells us that the 3,000 copies of OUTLINE OF THEOSOPHY in French which were sent to the front—thanks to the generosity of Captain Paget—have been read with great interest by the soldiers, and Headquarters in Paris has been flooded with questions ever since. Other theosophical books have been forwarded, and a circulating library for those at the front established. Many letters are printed, showing how Theosophy has brought a change in the lives of those interested, how it has given them understanding and hope and peace, and how it is helping them to endure the terrible conditions of a dreadful war.

A list of the names and military addresses of the members of the T. S. and those interested who are at the front has been compiled and sent to them all, so as to give them the opportunity to become acquainted and friendly. This scheme is working well. The list includes all kinds of names, from those of generals down to second-class soldiers, and they are fraternizing in brotherly theosophical fashion. M. C. C.

VAN DER DECKEN

A PLAY BY DAVID BELASCO

VAN DER DECKEN—played by David Warfield, whose name will ever be associated with THE MUSIC MASTER, THE AUCTIONEER and above all, with THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM—is no other than the Flying Dutchman of immortal fame who, because of a murder committed and a curse uttered against God, is condemned to sail the seas forever. Release from this terrible sentence can come in only one way. He will be allowed to make port, to go forth no more, if he can find a woman who of her own free-will will sail with him, amid the horror of ceaseless storms and the gloom of perpetual fog, for the space of nine long years.

The first Act shows the interior of the Inn of the "Three Gulls" as it stood, one hundred years ago, on the wharves of a small northern seaport town in Holland. The talk among the sailors present turns upon the strange ship which lies at anchor in the harbor, and Jansoon Kolp, the boatswain, is moved to speak of the Flying Dutchman. Fraulein Trintie Staats enters, bearing upon her arm a basket of cherries, and the talk shifts to the new religion started by the schoolmaster of which Trintie and the boatswain are believers. The latter relates how the schoolmaster one day "took the Bible like this" and, opening it by chance, read of the return of Elijah in the body of John the Baptist, how he "was born and died, and born again, and John had to pay the penalty of all Elijah's sins." The sailors seem unimpressed, and Trintie asks fat old Petie Vieck whether it wasn't "better to come back to earth and live useful lives here instead of being lazy in heaven." Petie smokes and grunts, but the light of truth is not apparent in his unshaven face.

Trintie has gone into the parlor to speak to the schoolmaster, when her selfish, grasping, swearing father, old Captain Staats, comes in and demands the whereabouts of his daughter. All protest their ignorance, but unfortunately at the wrong moment Trintie returns and her father accuses her of seeing the poverty-stricken schoolmaster. Soon working himself up into a rage, he declares that she shall before nightfall drink the betrothal cup with a rum-soaked old ruffian who will pay the price he demands for his daughter. She pleads with him, but he departs unrelenting with oaths and threats. Trintie withdraws in tears to the parlor.

The sailors cannot keep from telling marvelous tales about the Flying Dutchman, and as they are speaking a gust of wind blows open the door and in walks the Captain of the strange ship in the harbor, no other than Van der Decken. A chill falls upon the company, and they refuse to drink with him even when he pleads: "Drink with me. I am lonely. It is

so long since I grasped a hand in fellowship."

They finally agree when he offers them money, and the Captain undertakes to tell the true tale of the Dutchman.

"I will tell you a wild reckless tale of a daring lad with a splendid sea ancestry. He was the master of a ship at twenty-one, and was married. His wife, who was a young girl, had come aboard the ship with a basketful of cherries of which she was fond. He bade her good-bye and set sail. He doubled the Cape, discharged his cargo, and hurried home to meet his wife—"

Trintie enters. The Captain turns and, with a gasp of surprise, springs to his feet and walks toward her.

"As like! It is——" he exclaims.

Trintie is frightened, and draws back. Instantly the Captain bows, saying gently: "Your pardon. Your face bore a likeness to a lady whose picture has long been in my possession. She is dead." Again he bows. "My most profound respects."

Trintie looks at him long and steadily as she withdraws, still mystified. The Captain's thoughts are evidently elsewhere, and it is only with an effort that he can recall them sufficiently to continue with his story of the Dutchman. He does so, however, in one of the finest pieces of dramatic story-telling ever heard upon the stage. The effect is heightened by the growing storm which soon fills the air with flashes of lightning and the roar of thunder. He tells how the Dutchman, hastening home to meet his wife, encountered continual bad weather. For nine weeks the storm continued, and he was still beating at the Cape. The mate mutinied and the Captain, mad with longing for home, killed him. And then, "He swore by —, by —" (the name of God could not be pronounced by the narrator) that he would double the Cape if it took to Judgment Day, and a curse on the winds and waves. And thrice he cursed Him who made them. Then a Voice cried out, "Sail on! No rest, no home, till Judgment Day. Redemption only through the woman. Sail on!" Two centuries pass. All his friends have died and come back. Even his own wife has come back. It's true! The very girl who long ago came to his ship with cherries was born again, and he knew her.

The sailors leave, and the Captain is sitting silently brooding when the parlor door hastily opens and Trintie, crying out her farewell to the schoolmaster within, turns to go away, exclaiming:

"I will throw myself into the sea! I will throw myself into the sea!"

"Do you mean to do that?" gently asks the Captain. She starts upon seeing him. "There is a way out of your troubles."

Trintie implores him to tell her what it is.

"Will you honor me by stepping aboard the *Batavia*?" the Captain replies.

After much hesitation she finally agrees. A strain of weird music steals softly over the waters of the bay, as she leaves the room.

"Softly, softly," commands the Captain. (The music ceases.) "For redemption, salvation, lies across that threshold."

The scene fades into darkness.

The second Act is laid in the cabin of the old ship *Batavia*. In the semi-darkness the ancient crew busies itself opening the keg of rum which had been sent from the "Three Gulls." The men are so old that they have grown childish; they feebly cry from time to time their wish to go home. Upon the entrance of the Captain they, with quavering voices, drink his health. He sits upon the edge of the table in the midst of his tottering crew, looking compassionately down upon them seated at his feet.

"And today, 1815, the girl I knew two centuries ago came back again a stranger."

The fog lifts and the Captain goes out to meet her. Meantime the crew file slowly down the hatchway. Suddenly the cabin door bursts open and sailors enter. They have followed Trintie as she rowed in her own boat to the ship. The boatswain rushes in and says that he has seen the Captain talking to Trintie, and at this moment the Captain himself appears.

"Up or I'll shoot you," bellows the Mate.

"I should be infinitely obliged to you," is the calm reply of the Captain. Seeing that the Mate makes no move, restrained as he is by an invisible power, the Captain goes into his cabin and the sailors, stricken with terror, scramble hastily out and row ashore, with the exception, however, of the boatswain, who remains to protect the girl. Trintie enters at this moment and, ascertaining from her that she is there of her own free-will, he promises to wait outside. The Captain returns.

"Here you are at last! Wonderful! See, I have brought a cloak for you. It is very damp aboard my ship."

"A lady's cloak," she wonders, examining it.

"I have kept chests of finery for you."

"For me?"

The Captain smiles gently. "So you are eighteen again?" he asks.

"Again? Why this is the first time—oh, you think as Mynheer the schoolmaster does, that we are born over and over again, that true love never dies?"

"True, most true."

Trintie begs him to take her to another port, so that she may escape the awful marriage forced upon her by her father. She confesses that she is terribly afraid of storms, and hopes that they will encounter none. The ancient cabin fascinates her, and she moves here and there examining everything.

"I shall like this cabin," she exclaims.

"You always liked this cabin. Do you still like cherries?"

The girl pauses in utter astonishment, and asks him how he knew that she was fond of cherries. The Captain does not answer. She looks at an old portrait. The Captain tells her it is of his wife, and mentions her name. The sound of the name puzzles her—it seems as if it were her own. She continues her investigation.

"I could sit in every corner and cry," she exclaims, turning to him standing so silently in the centre of the cabin. Suddenly she discovers a big chest and, opening it, finds it full of gold—taken from wrecks, "belonging to no one and to every one," he explains. He then commences to tell her more of himself, for time is flying and he must sail at sundown.

"You knew that the Dutchman was married and that he had a reason for his wrong-doing?" he questions. Trintie looks up and shakes her head. "He wanted to land his cargo and go home. He had a baby. So he killed the Mate." Trintie turns away in horror. "You don't understand. He wanted to go home." Still she shrinks from him. "There was a baby, and he wanted to go home. For nine weeks he faced that gale and the Mate was for ever against him. He loved his wife, he loved his child, he wanted to go home, so he killed the Mate. Two centuries have passed—but time is nothing to the soul. He has put into port after port, with the hope that he will find her and awaken her memory."

Trintie still does not grasp his meaning and determines to write a letter to her father on shore. She opens a drawer in the table and finds it full of old envelopes all addressed to the same person. They are brown with age. She begins to write, but cannot continue because a fog comes before her eyes and she sees only the face of the Captain. She begins to feel that she knew him before. He tells her to try to go back, but she can only remember that she was on the ship before.

"Your name is changed, but your soul is the same. I knew you perfectly well when I saw you for the first time today," the Captain tells her. Still she cannot remember. "I wrote and wrote you all those letters, but they all came back." Then he shows her again the portrait of his wife, and suddenly she remembers.

"I was your wife, and I have come back to you," and then they cling together, arms about each other.

"I have waited so long for you, and I love you so."

"And we shall never part?"

"To the journey's end, for true love never dies. It does remember."

She recommences her letter and as she does so the threatening rumble of a storm is heard. The Captain starts, remembers his fate and, looking up to heaven, calls out desperately: "I hear."

He realizes that he must tell her more. "Before you write you must know who I am, what Captain you are with."

She turns trustingly to him. "I know *you*, that is enough."

He is silenced for the moment, and she writes her letter of farewell to her father. A fearful storm arises, wild crashes of thunder seem to split the heavens, lightning flashes downward and fierce winds tear through the cabin. Trintie is overcome with terror. She shrieks, flies hither and thither, and finally darts into a small cabin and shuts the door behind her. Meanwhile the Captain stands motionless, with clinched hands, rebellious. Suddenly he calls out, with upturned face:

"She'll leave me. Was my ship turned to these shores for this—to mock me? Is the promise of my salvation a lie? I hear! She would have sailed with me but for fear of the storm. What further punishment hast Thou in store for me?" He looks at himself. "Ah, here you are, changeless; changeless stand you here alone in your sorrow." (Violently) "No! I protest! I protest!" He stands with outstretched arms, and his shadow is that of the cross. "Why should I be forever crucified on the cross of my sins? I am a man, and I have the right to die. What answer?"

The voice of the girl is heard crying, and she hurries out of the cabin where she has been cowering. "Philip! Philip! Come with me ashore. Come!"

"Impossible. I cannot."

"I cannot understand."

"You shall."

She runs to the cabin door as he speaks, and the deck flames red. "Oh, these old men. The sails flame red. Are you——"

"I am the Dutchman."

"Are you the man who was cursed by God, and am I the woman to lift the spell off the ship?"

"Yes. But if you sail with me, it will mean nine years of storm and then death for us both."

She hesitates a moment, looks into his face, then clasping her arms about him cries: "I will sail with you." But as she speaks she faints and falls at his feet.

He stands silently looking at her. "No," he murmurs. "No!" he exclaims louder. He calls out, and the waiting boatswain enters. "The lady is to go ashore. Tell her I wish her much happiness of her home, her little garden, her wedding gift of treasure." He points to the chest of gold. "Go!" he commands, turning away his head, "Go!"

He stands silent until she is carried out, and with her his hope of redemption. "God," the Name springs to his lips, and a glow appears about him, "God"—the glow becomes a glory of color—"oh, for the first time in two centuries I speak Thy long-forbidden Name." He kneels. "God, if Thou didst thunder to me, 'Van der Decken, here is thy life again, how

would'st thou live it now? 'I should reply in all humility, because I love her so,' 'I would not change my fate.'" He stands, and calls out: "Once more crowd on all sails, slant south, till Judgment Day." The scene darkens.

The third Act is set nine years later, in Trintie's cottage on the outskirts of Amsterdam, toward the close of a spring day. A little boy is discovered playing with his toys and a cat. Johanna, who is acting as housekeeper, and our sailor friends appear, and from the resulting conversation we gather that Trintie followed the Captain's wish and married the schoolmaster, that they moved to Amsterdam and started a fine school with the treasure given by the Captain. We also learn that the boy is Trintie's child and that that very day is the same one upon which, nine years before, the Captain appeared. Further, that a strange ship is reported in the harbor. Trintie appears, having hurried back from the school.

"Something seems to whisper to me—go home," she explains to Johanna. Finally the sailors leave and the boy, being tired, is sent off to take a nap. A sudden wind swings open the door and the Captain enters, Trintie gazing at him in surprised joy. The Captain bows profoundly, saying: "There was no lock and no key to keep me this day out of this house."

He explains his appearance. "I have had good weather since the day you left my ship. A woman's hand guided my ship. From the moment you left the ship the wind ceased crying, and I am here looking into your face once more. . . . We shall meet again, some day."

Trintie urges him to stay, and tells him of her marriage and her boy.

"A shell for the boy." He takes a big conch shell from beneath his cloak and shows her how to hold it to her ear. "Listen." A murmur of far-off weary voices is heard. "I must not keep my crew waiting."

She urges him to stay, but he refuses. Then she cries out: "Shall we never meet again?"

"Not in this life. I am at the end of my journey, thank God. As soon as the cargo is landed I am going home. . . . No tears! What you cannot have now, dream that you shall have hereafter. Think it, whisper it in the night, believe it. It is the hope of the world." He comforts her. "Every one of us shall have our heart's desire."

He tells her to put the shell again to her ear. She does so, and there is a murmur of tired voices calling, calling . . .

"My crew—I am coming. . . . So listen, and you shall hear the end of my story." He moves toward the door, and she stands holding the shell to her ear. He looks at her fixedly, saying: "I leave nothing here that I shall not find again."

The light slowly fades, and the sound of distant music and the murmur of fading voices sweeps across the darkened room . . . then silence. The Dutchman has gone home.

IRVING S. COOPER.

THE CONVENTION

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

CO-MASONIC DAY, August 23 (Wednesday).

August 23 (Wednesday), antedating the opening of the T. S. Convention by one day, will be kept as Co-Masonic Day. The location of the Lodge Hall where the meetings are to be held will be announced later. Any wishing to join the Order that that time should communicate at once with Mrs. Alida E. de Leeuw, 16628 Endora Road, Cleveland, Ohio. It is desired that all Co-Masons attending the T. S. Convention plan to arrive so as to participate in the exercises of that day. These are tentatively fixed as

- 10:00 a. m. Gathering of Members; Questions and Instruction.
- 2:30 p. m. Work.
- 6:30 p. m. Masonic Banquet.

RECEPTION DAY, August 24 (Thursday).

- 2:00 p. m. Business Meeting of Board of Trustees.
- 4:30 p. m. Reception to "Delegates," by Brotherhood Lodge, St. Louis, Planters Hotel.
- 8:30 p. m. Public Lecture.

FIRST OFFICIAL DAY, August 25 (Friday).

- 9:30 a. m. Opening of Convention Business.
- 12:30 p. m. Adjournment to 9:30 next a. m.
- 2:00 p. m. Open Forum. Subject: "The Good of the Service."
- 4:00 p. m. Address by the General Secretary. (National President.)
- 8:30 p. m. Public Lecture.

SECOND OFFICIAL DAY, August 26 (Saturday).

- 9:30 a. m. Continuation of Convention Business.
- 12:30 p. m. Close. 4:00 p. m. Lecture.
- 2:00 p. m. Reserved. 8:30 p. m. Public Lecture.

DEVOTIONAL DAY, August 27 (Sunday).

- 10:00 a. m. General E. S.
- 11:00 a. m. E. Section.
- 11:00 a. m. Devotional Meeting for non E. S. Members.
- 2:00 p. m. T. R. C. Conclave. Conducted by the Principals of the Grand Temple. Templars should bring full regalia.
- 8:30 p. m. Public Lecture.

ORDER OF THE STAR DAY, Etc., August 28 (Monday).

- 9:30 a. m. Business Meeting of T. S. Board of Trustees.
- 10:30 a. m. Auto Tour through Parks and Botanical Gardens.
- 2:00 p. m. Meeting of the Members of the Order of the Star in the East.
- 8:30 p. m. Public Star Lecture.

The Brotherhood Lodge is planning for Post-Convention Lectures at Olcott Hall, 1504 South Grand Avenue.

The names of the lecturers and the titles of their lectures will be announced next month.

PROXY

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that I, the undersigned, a member in good standing of The American Section of The Theosophical Society, hereby appoint

.....to be my proxy and to vote in the thirtieth annual convention of the said Section to be convened in the year 1916, and in any adjournment or adjournments thereof, and to act for me in said convention as fully as I myself might do if personally present, hereby ratifying and confirming all that my said attorney may do for me in the premises in my name and stead. All previous proxies are hereby revoked.

Given under my hand and seal this.....day of....., 1916.

.....[Seal]
(Write name plainly.)

Member of.....Lodge located at.....

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