

# THE MESSENGER

VOL. IV

SEPTEMBER 1916

No. 4

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 HOUSE OF TAGORE

BY GEORGINA F. WALTON

WHEN some three years ago the Nobel committee awarded to Rabindra Nath Tagore its prize for idealistic literature, on the merits of his prose poem GITANJALI, the West did not bestow so much as it received. Thousands who lacked the discrimination to pick out this slender volume from the hundreds of books which constituted the season's offerings, thus directed, were brought into touch with Eastern thought and Eastern ideals. Moreover they had borne in upon them the fact that this literateur, this Oriental who had been found worthy of the highest literary honor the West has it in her power to give, was not merely a gifted poet, not merely a master of thought and word, but one whose heart was so aflame with spiritual devotion that his songs were one continual outpouring of his love to the Supreme—"Song Offerings" indeed.

The West had had teachers from the Orient—teachers who had left the imprint of their mighty philosophy on the land

but who also had brought with them the glamour of Eastern magic which opened the door for sorcery, and therefore for attack, and gave to the orthodox and the ignorant a chance to cry "heathen." But here was one whose every sentence rivaled the ecstatic utterances of the Western saints, and who yielded place to none in purity of aspiration.

There is an opinion current among us that because of the materialism of Western civilization religion is acceptable in only its most scientific aspect. This I believe is but partially true. While there are many who work from the ground up, carefully analyzing each step and correlating new theories with old facts, there are others (not so few, either) who, under the law of rhythm, will have none of the old ways but once their minds are open to spiritual reality turn with an almost Eastern fervor to the source of their being, thrusting aside every barrier of form and fact. These are the Western mystics, and the movement which they represent is perhaps one of the most vital—because so

single in purpose—spontaneous and innately democratic of all the spiritual impulses which are beating against the wall of Western material thought. These mystics needed no endorsement of Tagore. They recognized his language. For them he was not a cultural fad, but a revealer and a prophet.

It is interesting to speculate on the reason for Tagore's translation of his works into English. Fame he already had, of the truest kind. His songs are sung by "the poorest and the lowliest and lost" as well as by Rajahs and Maharajahs from one end of India to the other, while the fifty millions of Bengal call this the epoch of Rabindranath. The West had only dollars and notoriety to offer. Men of his high type are more inclined to be averse to these things than desirous of them. As he commented, rather wistfully, concerning his sudden prominence in the West, "They have taken away my shelter." Perhaps it was for the satisfaction of the artist in him that he sent GITANJALI, SADHANA, and the rest out into a world which had no respect for his privacy; but those who hold that Conscious Forces are behind the evolution of humanity may well believe that this great soul sent forth his message with full knowledge of the part it was to play in the closer drawing together of the East and the West, and did this as a spiritual sacrifice.

Naturally the enemies of Eastern influence sought out Tagore's life. If they had discovered any flaw we should have been told it, but the author of GITANJALI stood out crystal pure, as did those nearest to him. He did not come from a family of low origin or of humble attainments, rather is he the culmination of noble tendencies. His house holds an eminent place in Bengal and has long been distinguished for the men it has given to the state as philosophers, artists, rulers. The name Tagore is really *Thakur*, signifying lord.

The fine fibre of these people and their status spiritually is well illustrated in the following occurrence, given in the preface of the autobiography of the Maharshi Devendranath Tagore — Rabindranath's father. I cite it because, being an example

of the attitude of an illumined soul toward mundane affairs, it has a special meaning and value for the "practical" West.

Dwarkanath Tagore, the Maharshi's father, died terribly in debt. In his endeavor to keep up the princely estate of the family, he had incurred liabilities amounting to a crore of rupees, or over \$3,000,000. To meet this he had less than half that amount. He had, however, protected his family by a trust fund which the creditors could not touch. All other assets were to be made over to them. It was entirely legal. The creditors understood and were inclined to accept the situation. Not the Maharshi, however. Instead of holding to his legal rights in the matter, as a lower type of man would probably have done, he scorned to take advantage of a technicality. He and his brothers held a conference which resulted in their giving over to the creditors the entire trust fund. Nor was this all. Turning his back upon the meditative life which his whole being craved, he spent many years overseeing the business which the creditors placed under his management, with the result that every penny of the compounded debts was repaid. The Maharshi even went so far as to fulfil large promises to charities which his father had made, even paying interest on the money pledged.

Now these actions are in no way alien to the ideals of the noble men of our western lands, whether that nobility be of the heart or of the blood. They will be sympathetically regarded by the more spiritually evolved among our business men, some of whom might be capable of duplicating them, but rare indeed in this environment would be the man who under similar circumstances could meet the situation with the Maharshi's spirit. Far from being cast down, he was supremely happy, and remarked to his brother Girindra that they had performed a *Vishvajit Yajna*\* by giving away everything they possessed. He wrote: "What I had desired came to pass. I wanted to renounce

\* A ceremony of public renunciation of all worldly goods.

the world, and the world left me of its own accord. What a singular coincidence! I had prayed to my God, 'I desire nothing but Thee,' and the Lord in his mercy granted my prayer. He took away everything from me and revealed Himself unto me. My heart's desire was fulfilled to the letter." Also he says, "O Lord, in the midst of untold wealth my soul was in agony, not having found Thee; now, finding Thee, I have found everything."

Incomprehensible perhaps to the world, with its false standard of values, but filled with life to the one who has even sensed the possibility of inner illumination. The humblest devotee will understand. So universal is this spirit of renunciation in the life of the aspirant that it constitutes one of the true tests of the soul's evolutionary status. We know where to place the Maharshi. His words were not spoken for effect, nor were they mere idle vaporings, for they were fulfilled in his life. Fortunate is the land which has this exalted ideal of action exemplified in its prominent men. How ignoble beside it is the commercial idea, once dangerously rife in America and still found among the petty and sordid, that the virtue of an act lies in its being "within the law," and that robbery and corruption are not only justified when protected by a legal technicality but mark the man who commits them as a smart and clever fellow. It is the letter which killeth, in all truth.

It is not hard to understand why Rabindranath's father was dubbed by the people *Maharshi* (Maha Rishi), great sage. Rabindranath speaks of him as a saint, using the word in its actual meaning. His

days were spent in endeavoring to purify India from the worship of empty forms, redirecting its attention from the many to the One. And what the Maharshi did for India his son is seeking to do for the West. He is for us a medicine for the great sickness of soul that grips us. He shames our mad strivings after nothingness. Before his approach the ugly form of black magic slinks away. There is no room in him for anything but God; nothing less will satisfy him.

Others of his family are also worthy of their house. We read of two who are distinguished artists, pioneers in the art movement of New India, while a brother, Dwyendranath, is a philosopher, to whose knees come trustingly the wild creatures of the jungle.

Such a family must be an instrument of the Great White Lodge. No ordinary egos seem to incarnate through it. Is it too much to believe that Rabindranath stands close to the Mighty Brotherhood, as his father did before him, and that his entry into the Western world was no fortuitous event? He seeks, so it seems, to balance the forces which would tend to sweep the awakening West into by-paths of sorcery or dogmatism. *The word that he brings us is Spiritual Simplicity.* He has strengthened the mystic cord between Orient and Occident, and has revealed in his writings the true heart of the Eastern devotee. Even now he is in Japan, *en route* for America. Let us recognize the great purpose back of this visit and support him, mentally and spiritually, as all Theosophists should support those who by their lives show that they are "under the Star."

As we project into life our own thought  
And the force which we accumulate from  
others.

Let us give expression only to that which  
we feel to be good,

In order that our thought may live.  
Thus we may know

That we have not darkened our own life  
Nor cast a shadow upon another's.

—A. S.

# COMMENTS ON "LIGHT ON THE PATH"

BY ELIAS GEWURZ

**W**HEN does one become a Master? When one has learned all the lessons that earth has to teach. How does one learn all these lessons? By submitting to all the experiences natural to this sphere without repulsion when they are painful and without attachment when they are pleasant. Thus, taking things as they are and letting them all deliver their message, the period of schooling is shortened for the disciple, and his entrance upon the higher stages of the Path begins earlier than would have been the case had he allowed the various qualities of his constitution (called *gunas*, in the East) to play havoc with his desire nature, or to otherwise detain him.

There is a saying: "When the disciple is ready the Master is ready also." When the disciple is ready means that he has arrived at a stage when he can listen to that voice which has been called "the Voice of the Silence," because we only hear it when we have passed through the silence and accustomed ourselves to live and move and have our being in it.

The first four rules of *LIGHT ON THE PATH* show us how to pass to the silence safely. The rule we are considering is the third: *Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters, it must have lost the power to wound.*

There is a little story of an old Rabbi, a great teacher of the *KABALA*, whose first few words when rising in the morning were: "Heavenly Father, may I during this day, and until I again close my eyes in sleep, not be made the instrument of judgment against any brother or sister of mine." At first sight it seems as if this is just a common prayer for help from outside, but it is not. Its scientific foundation is the same as the one underlying the precepts in the Hall of Learning which, as you know, are all truths founded in Nature. In our earlier days, when we used to pray in the old-fashioned manner, the

object of our prayers appeared to be to make us good; but later on, when we learned to know the true inwardness of things and the purpose of human life, we found that many a thing which sounded as a religious threat was, in reality, a statement of fact inherent in the nature of things.

Now when the Master Hilarion caused to be written down this rule, that before we can speak in the presence of the Great Ones our voice must lose the power to wound, He did not mean to give us a good bit of advice with a promise attached to it, that if we are good the Masters will listen to us. No more did the old Rabbi mean anything of this sort. The idea both had in mind is the everlasting truth written in the very heart of the cosmic law. That law determines that on every plane units shall be used for the improvement of their species. We see this law governing the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, but it generally escapes our attention that it also holds good in the human kingdom. Nature in her vast domains uses individuals and entities to further the growth of the collective bodies of which they are the units. Continual progress is Nature's aim, and on the human plane she achieves it by making every man his brother's keeper.

The feeling of repulsion which we experience at a wrong or careless act of a fellow man is Nature's safeguard against the recurrence of a similar act. She put us where we are in order to eliminate the possibilities of wrong-doing. But now there are various ways and means of achieving that end. Punishment is one way, and instruction is another. On the lower mental level reaction is so quick and violent that it punishes both the wrong-doer and him who is the witness of wrong-doing, but on the higher mental level, and on the planes beyond it, where the spiritual consciousness is wide awake, reaction

is of a reflective and deliberate character, and can select the *mode* of its response to any form of discordant action.

This principle was known to the sages and teachers of the past, but the cycle of evolution did not admit of its universal application. In this century, however, we find it percolating slowly into the social conscience, so that even in state prisons it is found to be better policy to make the confinement of prisoners remedial rather than vindictive.

Now we, as students of the Wisdom Religion, realize that there must be an exact correspondence of these happenings on the outer plane within the interior regions of our collective soul life, of which our social structure is but a temporary and transient expression. We see Nature using individuals as instruments to carry out her behests, and while so doing refining both instrument and materials. On the plane on which Those we call Masters work there is no room for violence, or for anything like it. Correction there is by means of loving instruction only. As the Theosophical Society is, so to say, the training-ground for future disciples, Those who watch over it find it necessary from time to time to communicate to us some of the rules governing life on those exalted planes. LIGHT ON THE PATH is such a communication, and the rule we are now considering is the one destined to regulate the relations between individuals aspiring to follow in the footsteps of those Holy Teachers who have learned all Their lessons in past eons of evolution.

Now apart from the reaction to wrong which takes actual form by punishment, there is a finer and subtler mode of reaction known as criticism, or judgment. To have lost the power to wound, our capacity to criticise and judge must have undergone the same change as the social custom of punishing crime is gradually undergoing. Our very way of looking at things must change. To students of Theosophy this should be easier than to those ignorant of the Ancient Wisdom. We know that the personal life is an illusion, and that this whole existence is simply Maya created by Nature in order to evolve the

true Self. We should not find it hard to see that the tendency to wound, whether it be by thought or word or deed, is one of the deceptions practiced upon us by external Nature prior to the awakening of our true Selves. It is *she* who makes us resent wrong and repel the wrong-doer. Our true Self knows no resentment and is free from repulsion. In days to come it will be as inconceivable to criticize a spiritual failing as it is today to criticize a physical one. Even at the present time well-brought-up children would not laugh at a blind man or at a lame one, nor would they make fun of the deaf and dumb; and *yet*—does it ever occur to us that whatever the misbehavior, crime or vice of a fellow man may be, if it awakens in us any other feeling than love and pity it is because we are not yet well-brought-up children on the plane of spirit?

When the sixth root race arrives there will probably be hospitals for criminals and nursing homes for vicious people, and they will all be treated with the same loving care as we now treat those who are sick in body. It is to prepare us for this stage that LIGHT ON THE PATH has been given to us. *Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters, it must have lost its power to wound.* To realize this rule in its fulness means to be free from the tyranny of Nature and, instead of being unconscious instruments in her hands to chastise and to give pain, we become teachers and helpers and healers, and exercise mercy instead of judgment. Every time we are called upon to act we are faced by our trial, and it depends upon our attitude whether the doors to further progress *shall* be opened to us.

The first of the vestures we have to lay down at the entrance to the Temple is that innate tendency to judge and to criticize, because it is a loveless proclivity of the old Adam, and within the Temple there is no room for that which is loveless. Therefore the great Masters of the inner Wisdom warned us that before our voice can be raised in Their presence it must lose the power to wound. So long as it wounds man cannot teach, neither can he help. Those who wish to become helpers of the

race must not be instruments of judgment, and that is why the old Rabbi, the teacher of the KABALA, prayed every morning, immediately after rising, "Heavenly Father,

may I during this day, and until I again close my eyes in sleep, not be made the instrument of judgment against any brother or sister of mine."

## PUT SYSTEMATICALLY

BY EVA BLYTT

(GENERAL SECRETARY NORWEGIAN SECTION)

IN order to reach its fulfillment the Theosophical Society has to pass through three stages of development. In our present time we see these three stages completed by our President, Mrs. Besant, who has guided the Society from its philosophical stage to its religious stage, and through that into the political.

There was a phase in the history of the Society when all energy was concentrated on bringing truths down from the realm of ideas to the physical consciousness, in order that they might be formulated as doctrines of teaching, and we term that phase the historical, or philosophical. The locality where this first impulse took place, and where a centre of outer activities was founded, was England. Madame Blavatsky wrote her SECRET DOCTRINE not in America, nor in India. Consequently Europe (England) from whence the basis-scripture was distributed over the world, is to be considered as the first mystical local centre of our movement. It is owing to England's position as such that we see all nations in touch with the theosophical movement in these first years sending their representatives to London, so that they, through them, might be grafted on to the parent stem.

Something similar took place when the Society reached what we call its religious stage. As the fruit of the methodical application of the doctrinal teaching received in the first stage, the intuition of members evolved to a degree where they were able to take knowledge direct, or by means of symbol and ritual when these were used merely as the link between idea and physical awareness. Thus were pres-

ent the conditions for the formation of mystical orders which were meant to be the heart and revivification of the church. The force-centre, the mystical school identical with this step in evolution became Adyar, India, where Yoga-training prepared the path for the material appearance of the Bodhi-Sattva. And representatives of all attached countries went to Adyar, as before they had gone to London, so that their respective countries might be interlinked with the mother centre in this her new phase of development.

And now we might ask for what purpose this high-strung education of ours has taken place. Is it for the sake of mankind that we beg this our perfection to shine forth as a great light among men? If so, *our* development would have finished with this second stage. What we see is that those who have reached the stage of saintliness give their powers for and in the world.

We believe in a new age, and know that a new age does not come as an adding of something from outside to that which is, but rather as a new forthcoming ability from within. A new age comes on by the erection of new ideals. But the new ideals are dependent for their realization as cultural factors upon our capacity to see them as abstractions. This is, as we said, what Adyar has done for us. It has developed in some of us the capacity of putting ourselves in direct touch with the ideal world, and thus has evolved our sense of judgment. The disciples of the mystery-school look into the existing world and see there what is wanting. They compare by means of their transcendental

senses the imperfection of the existing world with their own knowledge. And the result is that the saint of Adyar is transformed into the political pioneer, ready to bring about the new age by reforming and revolutionizing the present conditions. This, then, is the purpose of our theosophical training: not to keep our saintliness in seclusion, but to pour it into the world as political ability and power.

The mystery-centre, as we have seen above, is always erected as the apex of what throughout the ages has been prepared by the people. Adyar was established where the Indian people by Yoga had prepared the ground through thousands of years, and London where through centuries had been built a scientific brain for the higher philosophic recognition of things.

Where do we then have the third centre, that of political action? Where in our time is the political atmosphere prepared, to culminate as a channel of new political reforms? Undoubtedly in that part of the world where the conditions of life have not yet crystalized in hard forms but are still in the making, where men of genius, such as Edison, Ford and Burbank, have prepared ground for new ways of housing and household efficiency, new ways of cultivation, new lines for labor. Hence we believe in Krotona as our third great mystery-centre of the theosophical movement, as the place of the Manu, as the previous places respectively were those of the Bodhi-Sattva and the Maha-Chohan. The misery of the world has been largely due to the fact

that religion and politics have been separated as two opposed forces, without having attained to the right form of co-operation. The effect of Krotona will be that of transcendental knowledge moulding the new political conditions and guiding the reforms. Krotona means the standard of a new age, where religion and politics unite in one executive department under the State. And we shall see the reconstructive agencies at work to lay the foundation of a somewhat changed culture. Motherhood, childhood, old age—that is, all conditions of enforced dependence—will be interpreted in the light of theosophical science, and in this light will show forth new claims and new duties. Already we see the sixth sub-race culture sketched in new socialistic movements, such as the Humanitarian Societies, etc. But these movements will find their justification in the theosophical explanation alone; and all of them are but making the material wherefrom the great Krotona Statesman will build His final system.

Thus we get three mystical centres, three groups of people and three different activities within our Society, each equally divine and of equal practical value, and all three centres united by the one language, making it possible for our great pioneers and teachers to use all three on equal terms as a three-fold channel of their activities. We understand by this systematic differentiation the duty of absolute tolerance toward every member, toward every theosophical institution, without which the complete mission of the movement cannot be fulfilled.

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### THE BELOVED PRESENCE

And I may gaze on yonder wondrous view,  
Whose beauty lessens none as vision fades,  
Or, inward turned, the secret to pursue,  
Lose myself in THAT which all pervades.  
And if the scene is of the region fair,  
Or, later, I the inner Beauty see,  
Thou in some mysterious way art there  
And, one with It, I find myself with Thee.

D. M. M.

# PETERS AND PSYCHISH

BY IRVING S. COOPER

The Peters family is larger than I expected. According to one correspondent (whom I suspect of sarcasm), Peters has brothers and sisters in every Lodge. Some way I doubt this. Probably the truth is that these relations are only distant cousins or great aunts, or something of the sort. It is a sign of health to be optimistic. Not that I wish to deprive Peters of his relatives, if they really exist, but rather that I hope—most fervently—that Peters is unique. It would be a sad blow if I found his counterpart in real life. So you may imagine the pain I felt when the other day, in the city of ———, I heard one Theosophist say to another, "Oh, you Peters!" The remark lacked *finesse*. And picture with what feelings of horror I listened to the following fragment of conversation:

*One Member* (who shouldn't have been so curious): "What is So-and-So doing for the Lodge now?"

*Second Member* (who ought to have known better): "Oh, he's Petering around as usual."

Let us be merciful—and cautious. All of us may have a drop or two of the Peters blood flowing in our theosophical veins—who can say?

PETERS believes he is becoming psychic. I am reluctant to acknowledge this, for I was beginning to feel great pride in Peters as a well-developed thought-form, but truth forces me to admit that Peters is developing an obstinate streak and persists in displaying all sorts of characteristics which I would rather he did not. This wilfulness fills me with dismay, for I expected that he would be a well-behaved thought-form and do exactly as I wished, but my expectations have been shattered. I feel hurt all the way through, for I cannot but think that Peters is lacking in gratitude, considering all that I have done for him. I created him, gave him personality, brought him to the attention of several thousand readers, and now look what he has done! I am in despair. Yes, I admit it with dimmed eyes and trembling lips—Peters, the offspring of my brain, disregarding all my pleadings and good advice, has been dabbling in psychism. He—I can hardly write the words—he *actually believes that he is becoming psychic!*

It started three weeks ago. One morning, as I was working at my desk, Peters walked in without knocking and sat down in my Morris chair. I glanced up, saw who it was, and said carelessly as I resumed work:

"Good morning, Peters. How is your aura this morning? (For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be of interest to say that this form of greeting, among the most esoteric of Theosophists, has replaced

the somewhat worn Pears' Soap salutation of the crudely exoteric world.) To my surprise, Peters did not reply to this sprightly question, so I glanced at him again. It was evident from his extra-dreamy expression that something had happened to him. His eyes were unfocused and fixed upon the mystic distance, while from his features all appearance of active intelligence had been successfully erased. I came to the conclusion that he was wading knee-deep amid gorgeous dreams and satisfying fancies.

"Does your aura still resemble a pink celluloid soap-box," I asked, somewhat foolishly, I confess, as I now go over the conversation in memory, "or have you, through strenuous meditation, expanded it to the dimensions of a toy balloon?" Peters did not even hear me.

"I had a wonderful vision last night," he began. I stared at him in dismay. What would Peters have next!

"Colors, an archangel or two, and all that sort of thing?" I enquired, casually, making believe to turn back to my work, so as to discourage him. But Peters was wrapped up in his vision like a silk-worm in a cocoon.

"Oh, it was wonderful! At first I was surrounded by splendid colors and—"

"I thought so," I exclaimed. Then, with a professional air, I asked him, "What did you have to eat last night? Cheese omelette, mixed with lemon pie and buttermilk?" I knew something of Peters' habits, but Peters was insulted.

"Indeed, I had nothing of the kind. I ate only a piece of fruit-cake before I went to bed. This was a real vision, I tell you, a wonderful and inspiring vision, and in it I was told that I am to become a great seer."

Peters was gazing soulfully into space and I could see that he had become over night an exalted being. Karma deliver all men—and women—from such exaltation! "It possesseth the soul and taketh away all reason." At least, that is what it did to Peters. As I was certain that he would never rest until he told me all about it, I leaned back in my chair and said with praiseworthy patience:

"Tell me about your vision." Peters brightened up at once—all of us do when we are asked to talk about ourselves.

"It was a wonderful vision," commenced Peters. (The constant use Peters makes of "wonderful" positively drives me to distraction; the adjective is actually becoming frayed around the edges from overwork.) "I awoke sometime during the night filled with a wordless rapture. I had been bathed in wonderful colors, pink and green and blue." (Peters didn't mention yellow—the sign of intellect.) "They floated about me in vast, wonderful clouds. Oh, it was wonderful!" (I must certainly present Peters with a book of synonyms.) "I am sure that I was in the Buddhist world." (Peters! Peters! You are so human. Like all the rest, you are not content to have your visions transpire on the little old astral plane, but must imagine yourself as being in that divine world of Intuition where only the Adepts are fully conscious.) "Then the wonderful clouds took human shape and I saw the figure of the Christ standing before me, surrounded by wonderful clouds of glory. The Christ stretched out His hand"—Peters spoke in awed tones—"and placed it on my head in blessing, and said in solemn tones which rang out to all the stars, 'Peters, my son, thou art to become a great seer and a leader of men. Prepare ye for thy mission to the world.' And then I awoke trembling with joy. Oh, it was wonderful!"

I felt utterly crushed. I realized that

Peters was practically beyond help, for he had become a willing victim of that dread disease known as egoitis, the chief symptom of which is a serious swelling of the personality, accompanied by ingrowing conceit, eruptions of infallibility and a disappearance of the intellect. I had met a number of people who had been infected in the same way, and I felt sure that my diagnosis of Peters' case was right. So I cast about in my mind for the best sort of medicine to administer, though I doubted that anything could really be done, for the most virulent source of infection is a vision. I finally decided to administer a pill of reason.

"Peters," said I earnestly, "did you ever realize the priceless value of common sense?"

"Eh," responded Peters, rousing himself from the contemplation of his vision and looking at me in bewilderment.

"Especially in psychism," I added, seeing that he was trying to think.

"What has common sense to do with my vision?" demanded Peters, thoroughly awake at last.

"Nothing—so far," I answered grimly, "but don't you think it would be wise to link the two together?" Peters wrinkled his brows. He was still puzzled. I looked him squarely in the eyes and checked the items off on my fingers as I spoke:

"You are convinced, first, that your vision is absolutely reliable; second, that it took place in the Intuition world; third, that the Christ appeared to you in person; fourth, that He blessed you and gave you special work to do. Now why are you convinced that these four things are true?"

Peters was dumbfounded that I should doubt the validity of his vision. No such doubts had ever entered *his* head. He almost decided not to answer my impertinent question and then apparently thought better of it.

"Why, because it was so real and so wonderful."

"Real and wonderful," I snorted. "The colors you saw may have been due to fruit-cake indigestion, the figure of the Christ might have been a thought-form,

the message given you was probably produced by your own imagination. Why don't—"

But I had said too much. The pill was bitter and Peters became angry. He arose suddenly, looked at me with withering indignation, and stalked out through the door. Even a thought-form may turn, if stepped on too often.

That was three weeks ago. Since then I hear that Peters has made great progress—in his own estimation. He has rather avoided me of late. My pills are unpleasant. What was my surprise then, yesterday afternoon, that upon hearing a rousing knock at the door I opened it and found Peters standing there. And such a Peters! With folded arms he stood and gazed calmly upon me. Cosmic power was written across his forehead. Mystery brooded in his half-veiled eyes. The music of the spheres rose and fell with the deep tones of his voice. Supernal dignity radiated from his kingly form. Peters had become a psychic! I nearly said—well, never mind; it's a word found in the Bible.

I invited him to enter. He crossed the threshold. It was an event! He condescended to sit in my Morris chair. It was a sacrament! I felt that to be in keeping with the situation I should humbly kneel and knock my head seven times on the floor. But I did not, so great is my pride. Pride! oh, how foolish is pride! But hark, Peters is speaking. I listen as unto an oracle.

"I have attained, but my lips are sealed by a vow of silence." (Mentally I thanked the Lord, from whom all blessings flow.) "I have been led from height to height, from pinnacle to pinnacle, from initiation to initiation." (I wondered whether he had been reading certain pseudo occult books I saw the other day at the library.) "Soon my great work will commence in the world. I but await the word from the Great One." (I began to speculate whether Peters was imagining now that he was trapesing around on the Mahaparanirvanic plane.) "Meanwhile I have been sent here to help you toward enlightenment."

This was too much! I don't mind speaking to other people, but when anyone tries

to tell me what I ought to do, well, I just get—not mad, of course, but sort of excited. The idea of *Peter* trying to illuminate *me*! The conceit of the man! I decided swiftly that pills were altogether too good for Peters. The knife was the thing. I immediately made up my mind that I was going to perform a surgical operation on his psychic anatomy.

"Peters," said I, "did anyone ever tell you the truth?" This frank attack made Peters slightly dizzy for a moment, but he quickly recovered himself and answered merely by looking at me in dignified silence. "You are going to hear it now," I continued with emphasis. "Probably no one has ever dared or cared to do so before, but this time you are destined to hear exactly what you are and are not. Prepare to enter the Valley of Humiliation." Thereupon I folded my arms, strode mightily to the door, turned the key in the lock and thrust it into my pocket. Then, wheeling suddenly, I glared at Peters with a powerful glare. (I don't mind telling you in confidence that I learned exactly how to act in this unnatural melodramatic fashion by faithfully attending the movies. I do hope they have the movies in heaven!) Peters half rose out of his chair in alarm, and then sank back again slightly trembling. I had produced the effect I desired—that of making a crack in his shell of egotism. By causing him to think that he was in physical danger, his attention had been diverted from his psychic attainments, and there was a faint hope that he might listen to what I had to say. The opportunity was a rare one, such as comes once in a decade, for few people are big enough to hear the whole truth about themselves and seldom is it possible, or permissible, to corner a person and force the truth upon him. Peters, being only a thought-form, had to listen.

"Three weeks ago you told me of your so-called vision, produced probably, as I told you, through a combination of imagination, thought-forms and indigestion. Your egotism was so colossal that you believed the vision to be true, and since then you have been carrying around with you a fearful burden of stupendous destiny. You believe you are becoming a psychic.

In truth, you are only becoming a nuisance, and a possible candidate for a madhouse. I have been told that during the last three weeks you have been practising rhythmic breathing, concentrating on the solar plexus, gazing at crystal balls, experimenting with the planchette and ouija board. This country is full of foolish people doing the same thing, and a number of them have wrecked themselves for life, mentally, morally and physically."

Peters sat up very straight. "I won't get hurt. I am specially protected," he announced.

"That is precisely what they all say," I returned sternly, "so you are neither unique in your methods nor in your folly. If you continue along these lines, you will end either as a nervous wreck or in an asylum for the insane. There are hundreds of people in America who have seriously injured themselves through these very practices. Why should you be any more fortunate than they?"

"But I am working for spiritual psychism," objected Peters.

"By means of physical practices," I added. "No, Peters, you are on the wrong track. Spirituality and the higher psychism are not won by concentrating on the solar plexus or by holding your breath. There is only one sure foundation for any sort of real development, and that is a strong and noble character. What have you done since I saw you last to strengthen your character, to render more noble your qualities of mind and heart? Nothing at all? Too busy with psychic tricks?"

Peters did not look up, and so I was not at all sure how he was taking his scolding.

"You believe yourself to be specially chosen for a great world work and that you are to become a seer. Did it ever occur to you that you are wholly unfit for such a mighty destiny? No, of course it didn't. Why? Because of your conceit. Did you stop to ask yourself, after your vision came, whether you were pure enough, unselfish enough, strong enough, for such a high office? Again, no. Why? Because of your conceit. In your own estimation you had the power to accomplish anything and everything, and this very ego-

tism was the cause of your undoing. Today you swaggered into my room, wearing an air of spiritual superiority which was deliciously comical. Do you know of what you reminded me, Peters? Of a little child who, with toy sword and tin breastplate, struts about thinking himself a warrior.

"You have been play-acting, my boy, and it's time to drop the pose. Real Initiates and truly trained psychics are not theatrical; they are sensible, hard-working people, Peters, tremendously busy with the needs of the world. The Initiate does not waste time thinking of himself, he never dreams of displaying his psychic powers, he is not anxious to look up your past lives and enumerate the colors of your aura. These are the amusements of lesser souls; the Initiate is helping in the evolution of the world, and is using all his power in the service of others.

"You have attained, Peters, but not to Initiation. The height you reached was the dizzy pinnacle of self-worship, self-glorification. The initiations through which you passed were those into the mysteries of your own imagination, wherein conceit plied the magic wand. Can you not realize, Peters, that you and I and most of us are only immature children as compared with those who have really attained? What we need more than anything else in this world, if we are to keep our feet upon the slippery pathway leading to the goal of real attainment, is profound humility. Truly we are but little people, toddling infants, and humility should be our shield, as selflessness is our goal. How can we, with our untrained minds, our wandering thoughts, our childish sense of values, our unconscious selfishness, our unpurified and uncontrolled bodies, be of help to the world in developing psychism? It would be a curse to us and a hindrance to others."

Peters looked up at me, and I thought I caught a gleam of understanding in his eyes.

"Drop all this psychic nonsense, Peters, and take your real training in hand, the training offered by this wonderful old world of ours. Look around you. Every-

where there are people you can serve. See, here are sorrowing hearts you can comfort; there is ignorance you can remove. On every side are vice, weakness and frailty you can help to overcome. Is not this work the most glorious privilege on earth? Turn your eyes, with the innocence and trust of a child, to the luminous face of the Master. Love Him wholly, dear Peters. Remember that His love for you is so great that could you but see it with opened vision, you would have to turn your eyes away, blinded by its glory. Try hard to serve Him by serving humanity, gain His trust by becoming perfectly trustworthy, seek to win His love by making brothers of all around you. In His service alone is perfect happiness. And never forget the teaching of the Master that *the time and strength that it takes to*

*gain psychic powers might be spent in work for others."*

When I had finished speaking Peters' eyes were glowing with enthusiasm. He sprang up and clasped my hand.

"I agree with every word you said," he exclaimed fervently, "and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your beautiful thoughts."

Again he wrung my hand warmly, and I felt the tears come to my eyes in thankfulness. Dear old Peters! He started for the door, but stopped and spoke just before going out.

"I will try to remember everything you said, so as to be able to help people,"—his voice was vibrant with emotion, and I smiled happily at him—"when I commence my great work next week as a seer."

## SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

BY EMMA HUNT

"**T**HEY are the most wonderful and delicate things in the world, these souls in child bodies," said Mr. Leadbeater; and as he spoke his eyes looked into the inner worlds, as though he were seeing there the wonderful thing which happens when a soul takes birth in a new personality.

A better time for the young people—this is one idea which has taken root in the hearts of many of us who listened to this Elder Brother and heard what he said of our country being the home of the new sub-race. A great privilege and a great responsibility are ours in this our little land. Just now the work is so important, for we remember how Mr. Leadbeater reminded us that "as the twig is bent, so the tree will grow." What we do now will very markedly affect the future of our country.

It is with the young life of New Zealand

that our responsibility lies. As we listened to those lectures in Auckland we felt that in some way we must, each of us, do a little to awaken ourselves and our country to the necessity of working for the health and happiness of the young people.

The two closing lectures of the series dealt entirely with the importance of the home life and the educational life of the child. In clear, simple language the necessity for improvement in the methods and upbringing of the young was put before us and, in closing, our great Leader looked earnestly at his audience and said, "You who love your country—and I cannot imagine that anyone can live in it and not love it—see to it, see to it, that you attend to these things."

What ideals should we hold in our minds that we may better serve the Manu in His work of guiding the new sub-race into strong and worthy fields of service?

We have heard much of late of the necessity for deep love, tenderness, compassion and understanding in those whose great work it is to train children. We have heard much of the necessity for the purification of our thoughts and feelings, that the little ones may not have the seeds of evil, of selfishness, fear or untruthfulness brought to birth in them; we have heard that the child's life should be made a happy, care-free life; that he should be looked upon as a soul of much experience, growing a new instrument for the expression of himself in the lower worlds; that he should be helped to govern his own vehicles, rather than that they should be governed for him by some over-zealous grown-up.

All these things we can each of us work at, in our own way, with every child whom we contact, but what shall we plan for the service of the children of our country as a whole? One of our writers tells us that we should construct mental ideals, dream dreams, and think constantly of the day when the future shall see our plans come to birth in the outer world. In America—where the sub-race is also forming, and where it had its earliest start—some noble women have dreamed and planned of a better time for the children, and some of these visions have already materialized in this world of action. It is of these that I wish to write, hoping that the time is not far distant when we shall do similar things for the children here.

In the *NEW LADIES' HOME JOURNAL* published in January of this year, we read that in Bennington, Vermont, U. S. A., a group of young women conceived the idea that if you want to make real citizens, you have to begin while they are young. They formed themselves into a Civic League, with the object of working for the happiness of young people. A pageant was devised, picturing the lively and interesting history of Bennington, and all the children of the town took part in this. A fine playground was secured, and all the summer months the community activities took place there. The older boys have their own baseball league; the older girls do craft work in association with the Camp

Fire Girls, and the very little ones have their flag raisings, their singing games, their folk-dancing and their story-telling days, with social parties arranged often, for good measure. At many of the parties there is special music furnished by the Playground Orchestra, composed entirely of girls. Illustrations are given of a Dolls' Parade, where all the little girls have their perambulators decorated; another illustration shows some five hundred children being taken for a joy ride in automobiles; yet another, some young people taking part in a very serious Hallowe'en Parade.

It is said that no child in Bennington is allowed to have a giftless Christmas, and an illustration shows a truck full of toys ready for distribution at the different houses where children dwell. We read:

There is not a bit of charity about the work, and its obvious desirability was borne in upon all the city organizations, even the Board of Trade, to the end that today all the men and women in Bennington think first of the children and afterwards of their own affairs. It has brought children of all classes together; there is not a social barrier left in the community, especially amongst the young people; and real democracy rules. Every holiday is of community observance and, although the elders always have a good time, it is for the youngsters that the plans are really made.

Surely here we have a town where children's lives are made so beautiful and full of happiness that we may well imagine that the great Manu, who is watching the birth of His new sub-race, looks down with eyes of approbation on the spot and will guide His servants to birth there.

On the opposite page of the journal another forward note is sounded, the note of beauty, which is so necessary in the lives of the young. In the town of Magnolia, Massachusetts, the people have aimed at having beautiful shops, and the charming pictures given make one feel that life there would be one of peace and charm. One illustration shows a picturesque row of quaint shops, with gardens in front, and porches over which creepers are trained. On both sides of the street grow beautiful trees. Some shops have pergolas in front, and healthy foliage grows everywhere. The children in such a town, living as they do in beautiful surroundings, will themselves develop an artistic sense

and grow up refined and cultured citizens. Far-reaching, indeed, must be the results of this effort of the citizens of Magnolia.

Another article treats of *Better Movies for Children*. In the city of Louisville, Kentucky, a lady was much concerned about the effect which the pictures had upon the minds of her children. They were taken by some friends, while she was away, to a moving picture theatre at which a film was shown giving the inside of an asylum, and specially one poor demented woman the sight of whom so worked on the imaginations of the children that it was weeks before the terrible sight could be removed from their minds. "Why," thought the mother, "should innocent, impressionable children be subjected to such dreadful and unnecessary things?" and she set to work to see if something could not be done. The managers of the various picture shows of the town were interviewed by the lady and asked if they would make the experiment of special films for children. All said that it would be a financial failure, but at last one broad-minded manager, though rather dubious, promised to give the idea a trial. Interested friends then lent their aid, with the result that a board of censorship was launched under the "Parent-Teachers' Association of Public Schools," and with the co-operation of the Board of Education.

From the very first the movement was a success. The entertainment was held on a Saturday morning, and the theatre was crowded with more than a thousand children. Then the idea began to spread, until managers in twenty cities in America started these special programmes for children. The programmes given are full of interest for young people; charming fairy stories are depicted and deeds of heroism are shown; then there are films that are historical, geographical, industrial and botanical, and others again are full of humor for the young people.

Thousands upon thousands of children are flocking to the picture palaces of our towns every week, and much harm is done by many of the vulgar and extraordinary pictures that are to be found in almost every programme. With very little trouble it should be possible to have these American films for children introduced into our own country. Are there not some of our members who have sufficient influence to make it practicable for them to approach some of the managers and see what can be done? Let us not say, "Some one ought to do it," but rather, "Can I not do something here?" for this is the way to get things done. Let each one of us give the service of our lives, that we may make New Zealand a more worthy cradle for the new sub-race.

—FROM THEOSOPHY IN NEW ZEALAND.

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"Each should form for himself his own conception of the Divine. It will be according to his own divinity, according to his stage in evolution. Let him think his highest, his best, his noblest; let him think the very grandest thought that his intellect can imagine; having made that image, let him realize that only one ray of the Divine Light shines through it and that perfect as it is to him, it is but one facet of the everlasting Beauty. As his soul aspires toward it, and becomes like it, image after image will rise before him, higher and higher, and with every growth in himself his idea of God will become more beautiful. And as each ideal is clearly and definitely realized it fades away, and a mightier and grander is seen unveiled beyond. Veil after veil will be thrown aside, as in our search we mount higher and more inwards, and ever the veils become more translucent, and a Beauty more ravishing reveals itself to the soul."

THE THEOSOPHIST, Feby. 1909.  
*The Search for God*—Mrs. Besant.

## THREE WAYS IN WHICH TO AID

BY WELLER VAN HOOK

Very distinctly and in plain terms our leaders at Adyar have set forth the nature of the Herculean struggle that has taken place upon the astral plane. Although we know that the issue has been decided in favor of the forces of the White Side, there remains of course very much to be done to aid the speedy termination of the physical plane difficulties not only as to the termination of the war but also as to the humane management of captured or conquered people.

Three ways in which aid may be extended are suggested as follows:

I. Aid to the *American Fund for French Wounded* is urgently needed at the hands of benevolent men and women. The Fund has offices in many of the principal cities of the United States.

II. Foreign despatches are in full accord as to the fact that extensive deportations of French people from Northern France at the hands of the German conquerors have taken place. One shudders at the suggestion, happily not yet proved, that women and girls have been torn away from their homes to be used for immoral purposes. At the moment this is written cablegrams announce that the Pope is protesting against these deportations. He is especially insisting that they be stopped when involving women and girls.

Will you not write to the two Senators of your State and to the Congressman of your District urging them to insist that, in ways which they consider appropriate, our Government make similar active protest in the name of humanity and in the name of womanhood. Will you not also rouse all the women of your acquaintance, particularly members of clubs and other organizations, to follow your example. *Be sure to urge that the demand be made that women and girls already deported be returned to their homes.*

III. All benevolent persons, whether or not they be Theosophists, are most earnestly requested to send strong impersonal thoughts of aid in the conduct of the spiritual affairs of the great war to that member of the Great White Lodge who is the Regent of Europe. This should be done as the clock indicates the point midway between the hours—thus, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, etc.

# FROM THE NATIONAL PRESIDENT

(GENERAL SECRETARY)

## THE TALK SPECIALIST

Owing to Mrs. Besant's very clearly and forcibly expressed views on the merits or demerits of the various contestants engaged in the great war, much energy has been expended of late in a discussion of her right of free speech as President of the T. S. Some of it has been heard on the lips of Theosophists, lukewarm and otherwise, and some has even been seen in print. Everybody taking part is sincere, of course. They are all trying to serve Theosophy the best they know how, but that does not mean that their judgment is necessarily sounds. In some cases Mrs. Besant's critics have much yet to gain, not only in good judgment, but in good manners as well. Whenever I listen to one of these well-meaning vocalists, I feel tempted to address him thus: My young friend, I should like to ask who has made this your affair? What has bound to your little scheme of thought the greatest living woman of the world? Surely not the Presidency. The T. S., which is such a broad, tolerant and universal institution certainly does not shackle, muzzle and gag its members. Usually people come into it because it is a haven of liberty of thought and freedom of expression on the larger issues of life. If this be the guarantee the members enjoy, by what law or rule is the greatest of our members to be barred from it? Mrs. Besant did not renounce her selfhood when she accepted the Presidency. Nor would any other President who was worth his salt. Nor can such an impossibility ever be expected of any incumbent of that high office, now or hereafter.

As to Mrs. Besant's challenged views on the war, the Society is in no way concerned, and can never be *logically* affected by them. If she wants to say "Down with the Germans" you do not have to run behind her and say it too, if you do not wish to. But it is your business to try to com-

prehend what she means, for you may rest assured of one thing, she *knows* what she is about, which is much more than you possibly can know of her. It is not the Germans as Germans she is damning, but the damnable thought-forms the whole world has created during many past millennia and which the Germans have madly elected to incarnate and fight for. She is fighting the things the Germans have sold their souls to—trying to help save them from themselves. But I doubt if she expects you and your kind to understand this until history writes it for you.

A mighty thing that Theosophy has brought forcibly back to the world, as a work-a-day virtue, is a mutual tolerance for one another's actions, and the most that you, my friend, seem to have done is to have shown that you do not possess it. You have only proved the propagandists' case by showing what a deplorable need there is in the world for Tolerance, and especially in the T. S. There is a sad number of people in the T. S. that seem to think the Society is a kind of prim little Sunday School affair. The reincarnated nuns and monks in the Society still believe in the exclusion of the "world" from their sacred precincts, and would make the T. S. as sterile of great things as a fireside tea-party. You will hear them saying of another whose actions may not be quite as lifeless as their own that such and such a one is not a fit person to be in the Society. They seem to think they carry within their souls the mark of the true Theosophist and with smug satisfaction recognize it only in the few who are just like themselves.

I think it is about time the people waked up to the realization that ours is not a Society of effeminate saints, but a body of earnest students trying to solve the terrible problems that beset a huge group of planetary comrades who have fallen into a black pit of ignorance. The whole

mass of humanity is in the same predicament fundamentally, and each individual unit is equally responsible for it—yes, even those who do the talking and criticising while the others do the serving.

I look upon life somewhat as I do upon a railroad accident. We are all caught in it and some are hurt badly, some less, and some only jarred. How would a person of vigorous human nature feel on hearing of a wounded woman who was doing a hero's labor of succor being criticised by bystanders for the unfashionable cut of her gown? Some of Mrs. Besant's critics have not been less unreasonable.

The fact is, talk has become too cheap. What you critics need is a modicum of reverence for those who are carrying the lion's share of the load, and you need more work and plenty of it with a heartful of tolerance. Then you would understand your President better. She is trying to make Theosophy a thing of life, not a polished little orthodox form. Did you ever stop to consider what this thing of life is—how wide it is, how high, and how deep? Your President has, and she has touched it as none of you will perhaps for many incarnations to come. *She* has the scope! She puts no limitations on the great life-giving qualities of Theosophy. Theosophy is here to serve the life-side of things and is not to be bound by a lot of worn-out, decaying forms. It makes its own forms. Our President knows this if her critics do not. The thing for us to do is to get big enough to appreciate her, and not try to fit her into our little standards. We make a great point of how things should look on paper, but the thing to do is to get out and work—and save a few souls from the despair of ignorance. That is the kind of record to preserve. There is no time for anything else! The next time some self-confident talk-specialist indulges his passion for words, ask him how many desperate souls his words are going to save from the despair that surrounds us. Oh! you critics, what do you want, a head who just talks mealy-mouth aphorisms? Somebody sufficiently mediocre and colorless not to commit a breach of *your* crystallized forms? I think I can

tell you what *she* wants—a membership that will drown its pettiness in the wholesome work of rescuing souls from the hell of ignorance, a membership that has no time for idle, useless criticism—no time for anything but loving, tolerant work.

#### BROTHERHOOD, OR SENTIMENTALITY?

“But,” you say, “where does Brotherhood come in? The Germans are our brothers. We should love them like the rest.”

Have you not yet learned the difference between Brotherhood and Sentimentality? There is a lot of soapy stuff like this that passes for Brotherhood. Its bubbles glisten in the sun with prismatic allurements, but what is it in reality? Froth.

Brotherhood is life itself! It is the only thing worth living for. It is the only cure for the ills that befall us. It is not a mere sentiment; it is a stupendous truth. It is not just a winning topic for soft words but is a god-wide reality. Love, that mighty gift of the Highest God Himself, and which only the Great Ones *know* anything about, is its only final guarantor. I hear a lot said about this divinest of attributes, but rarely do the pretty words have a meaning when the final test of love comes. It too—this holiest of qualities—still has to stand back and wait till we have grown able to express its fullness of beauty. When we begin to realize what love really means we will not confuse it with a maudlin sentiment. To permit a burglar to enter our homes, maim our children, rape our daughters, steal our goods and burn away the evidence of his deeds, and then to bestow upon him smiles and loving regret is your sentimental brand of love.

This will never help to bring about the practice of Brotherhood. It only places a premium upon wrong and puts off the day when Brotherhood can become a realized fact. Love—the kind that assures to us a true realization of Brotherhood—must exist on all planes, the plane of intelligence no less than emotion. What is the intelligent principle underlying Brotherhood anyway? Why, it is getting together, getting together on all planes,

physically, intellectually and morally. Students of evolution realize the great length of the long stream of human evolution; but no matter how adjacent parts are kept together, the whole stream is kept intact and is *one*. This is done by co-operation—sticking together and co-operating one with the other. We know how widely we differ from one another, but that is a part of the scheme, and it is our part in it to fill in the breaks, to cement the units. That is co-operation—getting together. Some call it love. There is no mere sentiment about that form of love. It is the true brand. It comes hard at times and calls for real sacrifice. But, in this, duty takes the place of sensuous indulgence masquerading as Love.

Now let me ask what intelligent action you would take in the case of the burglar who had invaded the sanctity of your home and destroyed it. Does it not seem, if your sentiment of brotherhood has any moral basis at all, that it would prompt you to action on two lines at least: (1) to do something to protect your neighbor from a similar catastrophe at the hands of that criminal, and (2) to *do* something to cure the criminal of his moral disease? "But," you say, "that is all very intelligent and does, I suppose, ultimately subserve the ends of Brotherhood; but where does Love come in?" Understand, my young friend, that love and intelligence are but the two sides of the protecting shield of wisdom; neither can exist without the other, nor can true wisdom manifest without the two. Intellect without heart develops into a cold sub-brutal individualism; heart without intellect into flabby sentimentalism. It takes the united wisdom of the two to make the true guide of life, and this well-balanced is ordained to bring one right into the presence of the Deity Himself.

Remember, you not only are your brother's lover but his keeper as well, and

it is continually up to you to give an account to the Lords of Karma of how well you fulfill your trust. Have you clothed him when he was cold, fed him when he was hungry; have you taught him in his ignorance, *restrained him in his madness?*

There is a Chinese saying that those who *know* the great mystery of life hidden in Tao do not tell, and those who *tell* do not know. I would paraphrase this and say: Those who *know* Mrs. Besant's great moves do not criticize, and those who *criticise* do not know.

#### MR. JOHN'S DEATH

The sad news comes to America by private letter of the death of Mr. W. G. John, General Secretary of the Australian Section. The letter says: "He had been ill for some time following a serious operation." One does not doubt how much happier and freer he now is on the higher planes to do the Masters' work to which he is so greatly devoted, but the loss to the hither side of our work will be keenly felt. Mr. John is one of the faithful band of Servers who have carried the Masters' banner for many an ancient day.

#### OTHER CHANGES

I am wondering if it does not seem hard to our President to spare good General Secretaries at this time. Not only has Mr. John gone, but Mr. Nelson of the South African Section has resigned his post for other pressing duties; Mr. Arundale of the British Section has for the time taken up work in India; Capt. Pole of the Scotch Section is in the war, and likewise Mr. Blech of the French Section. Miss Eva Blytt, the Norwegian Section's General Secretary, is here at Krotona. But that is another matter. She is here on a visit. We shall try to take good care of her so that when the time comes for her to be with her own again she may be all the better for her sojourn.

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Show me a man who makes no mistakes, and I will show you a man who doesn't do things.

ROOSEVELT.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### THE ANTI-GOSSIP SOCIETY

Jack was not the only giant killer. The human race is rather slowly, but none the less surely, attacking one after another of the giant evils which are an ever-present menace to its peace and happiness. The drink demon is pretty well disposed of, if we compare the present state of its health with its lusty condition a generation ago; the tobacco evil is beginning to get serious attention; and now comes the news that a society has been formed to attack what is perhaps the most gigantic of all the evils that afflict us—gossip.

The precipitating cause was the suicide of a young girl in England who killed herself, according to the verdict brought in by the coroner's jury, because "the gossip disseminated by the women of the village blackened her name until she could bear the suspicious looks and spoken taunts no longer, and so she ended her life." The report adds that she was entirely innocent of any wrong-doing.

A long account of the formation of the society is given in PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which says that the organization will include both rich and poor. The members "must take a vow to avoid either starting or spreading any unkind remarks" about others. They are also pledged not to "listen to a person" who tries to make them the receptacle of gossip, nor to repeat a bad story *even if they know it to be true*.

All this raises a strong suspicion that Theosophists have had a hand in the matter, and this grows stronger as one reads further that a member, "before making a statement about another must make it pass the three golden gates: 'Is it true?' 'Is it needful?' 'Is it kind?'" These form the motto of the anti-gossip crusade."

The rules provide for a fine of a shilling for the first offense, and a shilling is added for each infraction until it finally costs ten shillings. The theory is evidently that the luxury will ultimately become too expensive even for the rich!

There is surely room in the world for many branches of the anti-gossip society. Success to the modern St. George in his battle with the most insidious and gigantic dragon that ever dragged its slimy carcass into peaceful homes!

### SUPPORT THE GALLINGER BILL

All humanitarians must be eager to see our Government adopt any measure that will in any degree safeguard animals from the utterly heartless and senseless cruelties of some forms of vivisection. The Gallinger Bill, instructing the Secretary of Agriculture to make an investigation into the extent and conditions under which animals are used in laboratories and places where serums and vaccines are manufactured for commercial purposes, is now pending in the United States Senate.

The VIVISECTION INVESTIGATION LEAGUE, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York, N. Y., has published a list of one hundred one humane societies scattered throughout the country that are working for the bill, also statements from the governors of ten states in its support as well, and the earnest approval of twenty bishops and fifty-one physicians.

The bill is neither for nor against vivisection, but is intended to restrict its practices to prevent the wantonly cruel experiments practised in the name of science but which have no scientific value whatever. That such a bill has been introduced, and is receiving the support of those who favor vivisection in principle as well as those who oppose it, is evidence that the conscience of America has at last been aroused on this subject. If this first step can be taken by our government, the last step—its complete suppression—will not look so incredibly distant.

We can perform an act of service by writing our representatives in Congress, urging them to support this measure, *i. e.*, Senate Bill 3737 and House Bill 11079.

**THE T. S. IN FINLAND**

The annual Congress of the T. S. in Finland was held in Viborg, June 24th to the 26th. Mr. Pekka Ervast was unanimously reelected General Secretary. They report a membership of 590, with 24 Lodges. Theosophy is spreading evenly throughout the population, including in the membership all classes of society and all occupations, from professors and police prefects to hotel waiters and professional card-tellers. The greatest

artists in the country are theosophically minded and, what is even better, the common people are slowly and steadily accepting the theosophical explanation of life.

Mrs. Maude Lambart-Taylor requests that we convey her grateful thanks to all the Lodges that have so generously responded to her appeal for signatures on the petition opposing the Hindu exclusion act.

**THE ALTAR IN THE WILDERNESS**

BY GAIL WILSON

A wayside cross set deep within the wood,  
A foot-path winding to the resting-place,  
Bespeak the story of the wand'ring knights  
Who, on their pilgrimages, sought some rest  
For wearied limb and far more wearied heart,  
Because the chosen quest seemed fruitless, void.  
Almost we see them lay aside the sword  
And vizored helmet, and sink down to pray  
Each one his different prayer in his own way.

Perhaps one asks to turn again to jousts  
And tournaments where he can see the foe,  
Not wrestle with the foe invisible;  
Another cries that deep within his heart  
There lies a secret deadly sin that will  
Not let the veil be lifted from the Grail;  
And close beside him one who lifts his voice  
To supplicate forgiveness for that stain  
So red that makes his brother's seeking vain.

So you and I upon our pilgrimage—  
For each man has his quest, what'er it be—  
Must find our altar in the wilderness  
Of life, some wayside cross where we can lay  
Aside our helmet and our shield, and lift  
Our eyes and for a moment be alone  
With God—our God—who speaks to use in ways.  
So varied that no other soul can see  
Or hear, or understand the mystery.

## FROM THE NATIONAL SECRETARY

We desire to thank the Lodges that made donations towards the expense of the Year-Book. About seventy dollars were thus received. This leaves the Section Treasury to pay a necessary thirty dollars more on the printer's bill and to settle for the paper and extra postage. The opinion as to it however, so far expressed, seems to be that it was worth while. We hope that judgment is general.

This issue, following so soon on the heels of the Statistical Year-Book, will not contain the usual membership and financial statements: they will appear in a later issue. Instead, as we are now facing the beginning of a new season of active work, we wish to emphasize, by an extra reiteration, the special opportunities

which lie awaiting all members.

Here are Sectional Bureaus and the Independent Collateral Organizations, and no member can possibly claim with these before him that he has no opening for service or for duty. We ask your careful attention to them if you are seeking further opportunities for giving or getting, or comradeship along your individual line. Here is something for every one.

We hope that the Sectional Bureaus during the coming year will be vivified into greater activity by increasing interest and help from the membership and especially that all new members will, with deliberation, choose and pursue the coming season—if they are not already doing so—some work that will add to the value of these varied forms of activity.

### SECTIONAL BUREAUS

**BRILLE LITERATURE FOR THE BLIND.**—This Bureau issues quite a number of theosophical books and publications reproduced in Braille. Head: Mrs. Emma C. Newcomb, 28 Williams St., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

**CORRESPONDENCE, STUDY AND QUESTION BUREAU FOR NEW MEMBERS.**—This Bureau is designed especially to help new members-at-large, and lodge members isolated from lodges or unable to attend meetings. Head: Miss Eugenie Honold, Box 393, Abbeville, Louisiana.

**CORRESPONDENCE, STUDY AND QUESTION BUREAU FOR TEACHERS.**—It is designed (1) to help promote theosophical teachings through the interest of those working in Public School work and (2) to assist T. S. members who are desirous of starting study centres and wish guidance in the teaching of elementary Theosophy. Head: Mrs. Blanche S. Hillyer, 3828 Campbell St., Kansas City, Missouri.

**DIETETIC BUREAU.**—Its aim will be to help all who feel the need of a rational dietary and have dietetic or hygienic problems to solve; answers given will be based on professional and practical experience and knowledge. Occasionally short articles on health subjects—diet, hygiene, eugenics, etc.—will be issued. Head: Dr. R. E. McNamara, Baldwin Park, California.

**FOREIGN LANGUAGE CORRESPONDENCE.**—The following-named members will correspond with those wishing to write them in the languages listed. *Dutch*: Mr. and Mrs. C. J. van Vliet; *French*: Mrs. Marguerite C. Clarke; *German*: Mr. Bruno Schuhmann; *Norwegian*: Mr. Ole W. Dahl; *Spanish*: Mr. Gines Gomez—all of Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California; *Finnish*: Dr. Emil Kaarna, 222 East 40th St., New York City; Mr. John Forssell, Baldwin Park, California; *Russian*: Mrs. R. A. Demens, Alta Loma, Calif.; *Italian*: Mrs. Mary F. Pelton Cogswell, 9420 Denison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

**GOLDEN CHAIN BUREAU.**—The object of this Bureau is to achieve the placing of cards containing the principles of the Golden Chain in the hands of the children of America. Head: John E. Heckman, 509 Chestnut St., West Reading, Pennsylvania.

**LECTURE BUREAU.**—The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish amateur speakers with first-class lectures ready for public delivery. One hundred lectures to choose from; list sent on application. It is desired that copy of public lectures delivered by members be submitted to this Bureau; those accepted will be put into circulation. Head: Mrs. Julia A. Myers, 10746 Hale Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

**LIBRARY CATALOGUE BUREAU**—Its aim is to catalogue all theosophical literature, have index and reference cards filed in Krotona Library, and eventually publish the catalogue in durable and usable form. Assistants in the work needed. Head: Miss Julia E. Johnsen, 3561 Minnehaha Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

**LOTUS GROUP**—This Bureau teaches Theosophy to children by forming Lotus Circle classes, assigning correspondents for children, etc. Head: Miss Marjorie Tuttle, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

**MUSIC BUREAU**—Its object is (1) to link music with Theosophy and (2) to teach Theosophy through music. Monthly leaflets published. It is designed to show music as on the plane of Buddhi-Manas (intuition) rather than on the plane of Kama-Manas (emotion). The Bureau aims to work for upliftment towards that great ideal. Head: Mrs. Jessie Waite Wright, Forest Glen, Maryland.

**MYSTIC DRAMA**—The work of this Bureau is the writing and production of sketches and plays based upon the teachings of Theosophy. Head: Mrs. Viola Marshall-Watson, 3812 Park Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

**PRISON WORK**—This Bureau is designed to assist by correspondence, personal visits and lectures, the inmates of the prisons throughout the country. Correspondents who will pursue lesson and letter writing with prisoners needed. Head: Edwin B. Catlin, Anaconda, Montana.

**STEREOPTICON LECTURE BUREAU**—Reincarnation; Power of Thought; Races of Man; World-Teachers; and other phases of Theosophy taught by stereopticon lectures. Sets of slides loaned to members in the United States. Assistance given in getting slides made or colored. Further information on request. Head: John C. Myers, 10746 Hale Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

**TRAVELERS' BUREAU**—Its aim is to bind together in good fellowship the F. T. S.'s who are traveling men and to serve as a medium whereby experiences, methods and views are exchanged. Motto: "*We Carry the Thread.*" Head: George H. Wilson, 523 South First St., Louisville, Kentucky.

### INDEPENDENT COLLATERAL ORGANIZATIONS

**KARMA AND REINCARNATION LEGION**—An international organization. Object: To popularize the knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation. Official Organ: **REINCARNATION**, a monthly magazine; subscription 50 cents. Chief Officer, Dr. Weller Van Hook; Secretary, Dr. C. Shuddemagen. Headquarters, 7243 Coles Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**ORDER OF THE ROUND TABLE**—This is a young people's organization of the T. S. Order of Service. The purpose of the Order is to imbue its young members with the ideals of chivalry, as explained and illuminated by theosophical teachings. The discipline of the Knights of the Round Table is applied to the members, looking forward to the time when that discipline will be of real value in their inner lives. Its Protector is Mrs. Annie Besant. G. Herbert Whyte (Launcelot), of London, England, is the Senior Knight of the Order. Norris W. Rakestraw (Merlin), Krotona, Hollywood, Calif., is the Senior Knight of the Order in America.

**ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST**—This is organized to prepare the world for the coming of a World-Teacher. Official organ: **THE HERALD OF THE STAR**. National Representative: Miss Marjorie Tuttle, Krotona, Hollywood, California. Traveling Organizing Secretary: Irving S. Cooper, Krotona. Organizing Secretaries: Fritz Kunz, Ananda College, Colombo, Ceylon; Dr. B. W. Lindbergh, 327 Shukert Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

**ORIENTAL ESOTERIC LIBRARY**—Theosophical and occult books of all kinds rented by mail in all parts of the United States and Canada. Rates, irrespective of size, 5 cents a week per volume (minimum, 10 cents), transportation extra. A deposit of \$2 (or a sum equivalent to the value of the books, if less than \$2) is required, returnable less charges. Full information on request. Dr. H. N. Stokes, Librarian, 1207 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

**SERVANTS OF THE STAR**—Junior branch of the Order of the Star in the East, to train children to serve the World-Teacher. Organizing Secretary, *pro tem.*: Mrs. Addie M. Tuttle, Krotona, Hollywood, Calif.

**TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS**—A secret, ceremonial, International Order to which F. T. S. alone are eligible. Object: Preparation for the coming of a World-Teacher. International Supreme Director: Mrs. Annie Besant; American Grand Director: Mrs. Annie Besant; American Grand Director: Mrs. Marie Russak-Hotchner, The Ternary, Temple Park, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif. All communications should be addressed to the Grand Secretary, Miss Helen Jasper Swain, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.

# PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT

L. W. ROGERS, PROPAGANDA MANAGER

## THE YEAR AHEAD OF US

The Propaganda Department now enters upon its second year. It has accomplished something in its first ten-months' year, and it should do better with its second full year. All the five lines of activities will be continued, because they have proved to be worth while, and some new features will from time to time be added. The first of these has already been launched—the issuing monthly of a stylograph letter to the people on our mailing lists who have been sufficiently interested by our free literature to write to the Propaganda Department about it. The responses constitute approximately twenty per cent of the mailing list, or somewhat more than one thousand non-members.

This monthly letter, run off on an office stylograph and mailed in a one-cent envelope will, in addition to other service, inform these thousand non-members where and when they can hear our various national lecturers—will furnish to those who do not receive *THE MESSENGER* the itinerary of each traveling lecturer. It will also give them the gist of other theosophical news that may be helpful to non-members. The free literature is sent only for a few months, and when it is stopped the Monthly Letter begins to arrive.

But the Department is seeing to it that interested non-members shall have still more urgent notice of lectures within their reach. When a national lecturer is about to appear in a city a list of all the names on our propaganda roster of people in or near that city will be sent to the secretary of the local Lodge, with a request to mail a program to each of them. Those who have been reading something about Theosophy for several months will make good listeners.

All our friends will please continue to send us the names and addresses of non-members who are slightly interested in

Theosophy. Do not send us names from church or other, directories, for we have not the postage for taking chances. Send only the names of those whom you believe to be ready for such teaching.

## THE READY-TO-DELIVER LECTURES

Again attention is called to the necessity of notifying the Propaganda Department if you wish to receive the ready-to-deliver lectures for the new year, beginning this month. September begins the year and June closes it. With the prepared lecture sent out in June the service closed and the old list ceased to exist. If we did not require new registration, we should be sending the lectures to Lodges which do not want them. This year, as last, two lectures a month will be furnished. Individuals, as well as Lodges, may have them for any sort of propaganda work. The service is free and the lectures need not be returned.

## A SAMPLE OF INDUSTRY

The amount of work done by a national lecturer who is busy all the time runs into large figures in the aggregate. The work of Irving S. Cooper for the year just closed will serve as an illustration. He traveled through nineteen states and four Canadian provinces, visited forty-five cities and gave three hundred thirty-six lectures. Two hundred twelve were public lectures, forty-five were members' meetings, thirty-six were "Star" public lectures, twenty-four were "Star" members' meetings and nineteen were general E. S. meetings. His year's work is certainly an example of industry worthy of emulation.

The forty-five cities visited by Mr. Cooper were San Francisco, Reno, Salt Lake City, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Nanaimo, Everett, Spokane, Wallace, Anaconda, Butte,

Helena, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Winnipeg, Crookston, Superior, Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Red Wing, Milwaukee, Chicago, Madison, Peoria, Kansas City, St. Louis, Nashville, Birmingham, Montgomery, New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, Austin, Dallas, Oklahoma City, Omaha, Fremont, Lincoln, Des Moines and Washington.

Mr. Cooper's address after Convention will be 25 East Washington St., Chicago, Suite 1400.

#### THE VIRTUE OF PROMPTNESS

Probably every national lecturer wishes at one time or another that all those who correspond with him in making lecture engagements could take his place and have his experience for a while. One of the really trying things that falls to his lot is to have a string of cities all booked except one or two, and then be unable to assign definite dates to any of them because the one or two are dilatory about making responses. It seems not to occur to them that if they do not accept the time, the lecturer will wish to assign it elsewhere, nor that it is necessary for the lecturer to know what will be done until a day or two before the proposed visit.

Another trying experience, which is more common, is the habit some correspondents have of sending letters just one day too late, so that they must be forwarded. Instead of making reply at the first possible moment, they seem to wait until what they think is the last chance, which is likely to be at least one mail too late. Letters often follow a lecturer from city to city for literally weeks, and occasionally we hear of one that never reaches us at all.

Fortunately a large majority of the members with whom lecturers correspond are prompt in response, but there are a few others who sadly need a "rule of conduct" on the subject. Their letters commonly begin with an apology. Not long ago one of our national lecturers received a letter from a Lodge officer, enclosing a check representing a small balance due him from lecture collections. It

was more than a year and a half since he had been in that city! The letter began with apologies for waiting so long and said that the writer had awaited a "convenient time" for writing, which seemed not to turn up!

There is but one safe rule for the person who knows that his weakness is procrastination, and that is to write the letter at the *first* possible moment, never a later one. "Do it now" is an invaluable motto.

#### ITINERARIES

This year the Propaganda Department proposes to assist in increasing the attendance at lectures by printing as far in advance as possible the itineraries of all the field-workers. It is not, however, always possible for our lecturers to fix dates positively very far in advance, and these are at best subject to changes sometimes. But any information at all on the routes and dates will be helpful. If you know a month or two ahead of time that one of the lecturers is coming, and talk it up among your friends, it will enable more people to hear it.

#### AUTUMN TOURS

##### MAX WARDALL

Des Moines.....	Sept. 6, 7, 8
Iowa Penitentiary.....	Sept. 9
Omaha .....	Sept. 10, 11, 12
Council Bluffs.....	Sept. 13
Lincoln .....	Sept. 14, 15, 16
Leavenworth Penitentiary.....	Sept. 17
Kansas City.....	Sept. 18, 19, 20
Webb City.....	Sept. 21
Topeka .....	Sept. 22, 23, 24
Wichita .....	Sept. 25, 26, 27
Oklahoma City.....	Sept. 28, 29, 30
Oklahoma Penitentiary.....	Oct. 1
Colorado Springs.....	Oct. 2, 3
Denver .....	Oct. 5, 6, 7
Salt Lake City.....	Oct. 10, 11, 12

Mr. Wardall will probably go West from Salt Lake City to Reno, San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. During the winter he will probably remain in the West.

##### L. W. ROGERS

Crookston .....	Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4
Minneapolis .....	Sept. 5, 6, 7
Duluth .....	Sept. 8, 9, 10

St. Paul.....	Sept. 11, 12, 13
Chicago .....	Sept. 14, 15, 16
Cleveland .....	Sept. 17, 18, 19
Akron .....	Sept. 20, 21
Buffalo .....	Sept. 22, 23, 24
Rochester .....	Sept. 25, 26
Hamilton .....	Sept. 27
Toronto .....	Sept. 28, 29, 30; Oct. 1
Montreal .....	Oct. 2, 3, 4
Portland, Me. (new territory)....	Oct. 5, 6, 7, 8
Boston .....	Oct. 9, 10, 11
Springfield .....	Oct. 12, 13, 14
Holyoke .....	Oct. 15, 16, 17
Albany .....	Oct. 18
Kingston (N. Y.).....	Oct. 19, 20, 21
New York City and vicinity.....	Oct. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26
Philadelphia .....	Oct. 27, 28, 29
Reading .....	Oct. 30, 31
Baltimore .....	Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Washington .....	Nov. 6, 7, 8
Pittsburgh .....	Nov. 9, 10, 11
Cincinnati .....	Nov. 12
Memphis (new territory).....	Nov. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17
Nashville .....	Nov. 18, 19, 20
Atlanta (new territory)....	Nov. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25
Montgomery (new territory)....	Nov. 26, 27, 28, 29
Birmingham .....	Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 2
Shreveport .....	Dec. 3, 4
Dallas .....	Dec. 5, 6, 7, 8
Fort Worth .....	Dec. 9, 10
Oklahoma City.....	Dec. 11, 12, 13
Kansas City.....	Dec. 14, 15, 16
Lincoln .....	Dec. 17, 18, 19
Fremont .....	Dec. 20, 21, 22

Arriving at Krotana December 25, will begin Pacific Coast tour at San Diego, January 2.

Miss Annie C. McQueen writes that she held a members' meeting at Oklahoma City and at Kansas City *en route* to Iowa, and will work with Oklahoma Lodge during October.

#### PROPAGANDA RECEIPTS:

Reno Lodge, Reno, Nev.....	\$ 5.00
A. L. C. Chalk, Vancouver, B. C.....	.50
Ila Fain, Oklahoma City, Okla.....	1.00
Iaura L. Calkins, Detoskey, Mich.....	2.00
Lotus Circle, Kansas City, Mo.....	1.50
Mrs. Elsie Simpson, Kansas City, Mo.....	5.00
Mrs. A. M. Cox, Santa Rosa, Calif.....	2.00
Mrs. E. C. White, Hyde Park.....	.59
F. G. Metcalf, North Vancouver, B. C.....	.10
W. L. Stickland, Rochester, N. Y.....	3.00
Chicago Lodge, Chicago, Ill.....	12.00
Adyar Lodge, Chicago, Ill.....	2.55
Central Lodge, Chicago, Ill.....	1.05
Oak Park Lodge, Chicago, Ill.....	.60
Isabelle Rusden, Santa Rosa, Calif.....	1.00
Anaconda members, Anaconda, Mont.....	1.00
Miss S. Markey, Fremont, Nebr.....	.50
Mrs. E. J. C. Gilbert, Oakland, Calif.....	.12
Mrs. J. Spriggs, Helena, Mont.....	1.00
Mrs. S. E. Martinez, La Jolla, Calif.....	1.00
Paterson Lodge, Paterson, N. J.....	4.00
Mrs. H. Harris, Milwaukee, Wis.....	.14
Jessie M. Dix, Madison, Wis.....	1.00
F. T. S., Fort Wayne, Ind.....	1.00
Santa Rosa Lodge, Santa Rosa, Calif.....	5.00

\$52.65

## AN ILLUSION

By W. SCOTT LEWIS

What is fear? The darkest shadow of the region of shadows; a heavy burden that must be cast aside by those who would tread the Path. Fear is born of ignorance, it springs from a belief in the reality of the unreal. It dies with the birth of wisdom.

What is there to fear? Death? There is no death. Man is eternal. Destruction? If the whole world could lose a part of itself, then would God no longer be God and all would fade away like the memory of a dream. Pain? That is of the body, the spirit knows it not.

Fear, creature of illusion, has been the curse of the world because man has admitted it to the inner temple of his mind, together with its brother belief in evil. Cast them out of the inner sanctuary; they spring from that which has no being.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED

*Q. Why does a walk down a busy street deprive the physical body of its vitality, and how may one neutralize that effect?*

A. If you are out in a really strong gale, you know how tiring it is to make your way against it. It is the same from the astral point of view. Mentally, astrally and etherically, you are met by a great whirl of influences. The vibrations may be good or bad but, being all of different kinds and inharmonious, they create a great disturbance around you. The etheric vibrations stir, fatigue and shatter the etheric part of your physical body and brain and, of course, you feel depleted of vitality and tired. It is a common experience. Those who are not sensitive would not feel it nearly so much.

There are two ways of neutralizing this. You may remember the story of the two clairvoyant Christian monks at Alexandria. One made a strong shell about himself, from which all evil thoughts fell back, and so he was kept pure. The other made no shell at all, but his heart was full of the love of God, and it radiated out in love for men so abundantly that evil thoughts approaching him were swept away in the current. It was said in the old Christian story that the second monk was nearer to the kingdom of heaven than the first. To make a shell is a very good way if you are not strong enough to do the other.

C. W. L.

*Q. How far should personal affection and attachments be allowed to interfere with the work and life of one who is aspiring to discipleship?*

A. They must not interfere at all in the slightest degree. If they do, the first necessary condition—that of single-mindedness—is wanting. Of course it is right that a husband and wife should love one another and be all in all to one another, but remember what was written by one of our poets:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

Putting aside animal passion, which is not worthy of the name of love at all, love is a seeking of the divine in the person loved. Lovers are proverbially extravagant in the description of the object of their affection, but all that they see is true. In every one is the divine life, and that life contains all beauty, all glory, and all possibility. To feel love strongly for a person is to learn to see God through that person, but most of all you learn to see God through your Master. You will have other attachments, of course, but if they interfere with the life and work of the aspirant, they are harmful. That should be quite clear. Single-mindedness is of the very essence of success; an absolute prerequisite. I see no reason why we should not feel strong love for those who are with us down here, but our greatest love must be for the highest we know.

I have myself known people who came very near to their Master, but they allowed certain other interests to overshadow Him. In that case they have to wait until they have learned relative values. The person whose whole time is taken up by thoughts of someone down here is not in a condition to think of that higher life just yet. He may be passing through a stage which will lead him to that life but, for the moment, he has a divided interest, and divided interest is fatal in the occult life.

C. W. L.

*Q. There is said to be a relation or correspondence between higher and lower Manas; also between the intuitional and emotional planes; likewise between the spiritual and physical planes. How are we to understand this last correspondence?*

A. I do not know. I have a theory, but it is only a theory; it is not at all authoritative. The physical body is going to develop in the future into something very much more refined and beautiful than it is now. The physical bodies in later races and "rounds" are quite wonderful when compared with anything that

exists in the world at the present time. When we get to that state it would seem not incredible that a link between these two planes, the atmie and the physical, might assert itself.

Looking into the past, it appears that some progression is taking place. I think it is not so very long ago that the link between the higher and lower Manas was the only one within our reach. Now, through higher emotion, men are beginning to reach the intuitional. Some great souls have always done that, but the number has been very few. I fancy that it will increase. We are coming a little nearer to the possibility of using the buddhic vehicle, therefore this link is beginning to show itself, but I fancy that we are a long way yet from any development in the atmie vehicle. When we come within measurable distance of that, I take it that the link between the atmie and the physical will become a practical thing. We can say that these planes are reflections one of the other, but there is not an obvious link between the spirit and the physical body in the people we see around us. I think that it must be very, very rare at the present time. C. W. L.

—From THEOSOPHY IN NEW ZEALAND.

*Q. We have had a case here causing considerable comment, as follows: A baby, badly malformed, partially paralyzed and with every indication of being a defective, was allowed to die by the attending physician (with the consent of the parents) by not performing some necessary operation at birth. Was it right or wrong, and why?*

H. H. S.

A. If the Doctor concluded that the operation would be useless, I should be inclined to accept his professional judgment. On the other hand, if he was merely attempting to prevent a child from living who might not have realized his ideal of physical efficiency, then I should

not agree with his action, or inaction as it was in this case. The general principle would seem to be that every human being is under a moral obligation to help his fellow being wherever the opportunity presents itself, and you will remember that THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE says: "Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin."

A. P. W.

*Q. Is it right to sterilize defectives or imbeciles?*

H. H. S.

A. To sterilize defectives or imbeciles would not seem to me to be a righteous action. Such creatures come into life with their karmic limitations which contain the elements of their future growth. In this I do not feel that we have the right to interfere by such drastic measures. There are other ways of dealing with the problem of race-betterment; colonial isolation is one of them. This could be provided for in a most helpful way to all defectives, so as to constitute a kind of physical and moral hospital for them.

A. P. W.

*Q. A friend has a great-grandchild nine months old in whom she thinks is reincarnated her son, the baby's grandfather, who died three or four years ago. Is this possible?*

H. H. S.

A. It is possible that the grandfather could have been incarnated as the grandson, but only under exceptional conditions. The grandfather necessarily would have had to reach the point where he was willing to sacrifice the heaven world existence for the sake of immediate return to enlist in the service of altruistic endeavor. No doubt such immediate incarnation would have to be especially arranged for as a variant of the regular process of law, and this would naturally transpire only in those cases where the Ego had become noticeable in his high qualities, thus drawing to himself the attention of the Masters of the Wisdom.

A. P. W.

# AMONG THE MAGAZINES

## MISCELLANEOUS

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for May is comprised of two fascinating articles: *Further Explorations in the Land of the Incas* by Hiram Bingham, Director of Expeditions, and *Staircase Farms of the Ancients* by O. F. Cook, Botanist of the National Geographic Society—Yale University expedition to Peru in 1915, and of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture.

It will be remembered that the results of former expeditions made to southern Peru were reported in the April 1913 and February 1915 numbers of the magazine. In these we read of the discovery of the wonderful mountain city of Machu Picchu—lost for so many generations that none save a few local Indians was cognizant of its existence—and of the charming pottery, bronzes and odd record stones that were there unearthed. This final expedition of 1915 set itself to discover more concerning the food, flora and fauna of the former inhabitants, and in doing so have brought to public notice the extraordinary nature of that ancient civilization.

Before the Incas there dwelt in Peru a mighty people, apparently of the same race, who are called by some writers the Megalithic, or Big Stone people. The finest of the Peruvian remains are attributed to these. While having no mean skill in bronze casting, pottery making, surgery and defensive warfare, it was in building with stone and in specialized agriculture that they excelled to a superlative degree and "at a time when our ancestors in northern Europe were still utter savages, clothed only in skins, and living by hunting and fishing."

Not only did the ancient Peruvians understand tillage of soil, fertilizing and irrigation but they employed another process, practically unknown to the modern farmer: the artificial construction of soil on which crops are grown. Because of the lack of level or gently sloping land, the Peruvians were forced to terrace the steep slopes of their mountains, binding these terraces with stone walls that have endured to the marvel of modern man. Now every ruined wall reveals two distinct layers of earth—the lower of clay and gravel, the upper of fine surface soil. There is only one conclusion possible—the soil was conveyed from some other place. Tradition confirms this, and adds that it was brought sometimes great distances. When we consider the vast extent of these terraces and the height which they attained, "many slopes having more than fifty terraces, forming huge staircases as high as the Washington Monument, resting against the lower slopes of mountains that tower for thou-

sands of feet," we can appreciate the amazing skill of these early Americans.

Their water system was equally admirable, the water being carried to the terraces through conduits "leading down, often for many miles, from the gorges of the high mountains" and cleverly distributed so as to prevent erosion. "The ancient aqueducts of Peru," writes Mr. Cook, "have challenged the most attention from former travelers, and they do not become less worthy of admiration because they are now seen to be only one feature of a highly specialized agricultural system. The construction of the irrigation canals was an enormous undertaking, perhaps not equaled in any other part of the world."

Even more remarkable, if possible, were the walls which confined these "hanging gardens of Peru" beside which the hanging gardens of Babylon "were a mere transient toy, and for three thousand years have been only a tradition." These walls were composed of stone blocks over five and sometimes over fifteen tons in weight, adjusted to each other with inconceivable precision. We are inclined to be skeptical when Dr. Bingham tells us that the moving of these huge masses was accomplished merely with levers, inclined planes and huge fibre ropes. Mr. Cook confesses that

the work that the prehistoric builders accomplished is still beyond our comprehension. Nobody has explained how it was done or how it could be done. Indeed the modern Indians deny that it ever was done, preferring to believe that it was the work of enchantment. Huge rocks that could have been moved only with the greatest difficulty and by the combined labor of hundreds of people are nevertheless fitted together with incredible nicety. To say that there are seams too fine to insert knife edges or tissue paper leaves the story only partly told. There is no room for inserting anything, since the surfaces are actually in contact.

With some of the finest work, at Ollantaytambo, the joints are in many places too fine to be seen by the naked eye. A lens becomes necessary to make sure that there is really a seam and not merely a superficial groove or false joint. Professor Bingham compares the fitting of the stones to the grinding of glass stoppers into bottles, which is the best analogy thus far suggested. But how can anybody credit the idea of grinding together with such accuracy the edges of stones that weigh tons? Obviously the edges must have been ground before the stones were put in place. But the grinding in itself does not seem so difficult to explain as the shaping of the stones with such accuracy that the ground edges fit so absolutely together.

We rather agree with the Indians.

Unfortunately this vanished race left no written records, so what the expedition has to tell us of its civilization is based largely on deduction. "It is remarkable indeed," says Professor Bingham, "that a people who suc-

ceeded in equaling the ancient Egyptians in architecture, engineering, pottery and textiles should have fallen so far behind in the development of a written language." Not only remarkable but almost unbelievable. Minds which could devise works compared to which "our undertakings sink into insignificance" surely had some method of preserving thought.

Co-operation for the common good seems to have been the distinguishing mark of this civilization. Agricultural projects were not undertaken by individuals but by the community. The plan was made before the district was occupied. Everything points to this. In religion the Peruvians were sun-worshippers, and loved the grander aspect of Nature. Theosophical students will realize how it all coincides with the investigations concerning Peru in MAN: WHENCE, HOW AND WHITHER.

That even the civilization of the Incas affected the more conscientious among their Spanish conquerors is revealed in a remarkable "Legacy of Truth" left to the Spanish King by the last survivor of those who came with Pizarro. He says in part:

The said Yncas governed in such a way that in all the land neither a thief, nor a vicious man, nor a bad dishonest woman was known. The men all had honest and profitable employment. The woods and mines, and all kinds of property were so divided that each man knew what belonged to him, and there were no lawsuits. The Yncas were feared, obeyed and respected by their subjects as a race very capable of governing; but we took away their land and placed it under the crown of Spain, and made them subjects.

Your Majesty must understand that my reason for making this statement is to relieve my conscience, for we have destroyed this people by our bad examples. Crimes were once so little known among them that an Indian with one hundred thousand pieces of gold and silver in his house left it open, only placing a little stick across the door, as the sign that the master was out, and nobody went in. But when they saw that we placed locks and keys on our doors, they understood that it was from fear of thieves, and when they saw that we had thieves amongst us they despised us.

The whole world is indebted to those ancient peoples for the large number of crop plants they domesticated. The potato appears to have been native to Peru and corn is found

there, but never in its wild state. Where maize originated is still a question.

Investigators now hold that the primitive civilizations of America originated on the American continent, and were not due to colonists from the Orient. However that may be, their remains, at least in Peru, are a lasting monument to the agricultural ideal of living and letting live. An ideal which we, with our military and commercial traditions, have not yet seriously considered.

We see that the Inca agricultural system was not only the most complete form of social organization of which we have any record, but also gave the most adequate adjustment of the human relations that lead to continual conflict and confusion in other forms of society,

concludes Mr. Cook.

We advise all those interested in the past of the human race to read this article in full. It is needless to say that the photographic reproductions come up to the usual high standard of the Geographic Society's magazine.

The following excerpts from a poem by Albert Begelow Paine, appearing in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, is significant. It is entitled *The Superman*, and runs as follows:

He will come, I know not when or how;  
But he will walk breast-high with God, stepping  
among the stars.  
Clothed in light and crowned with glory he will  
stride down the Milky Way.  
Creating with a thought, building with a word.

One that has made brotherhood with the eagle and  
the hawk;  
One that has made voices speak across the empti-  
ness;  
One that has laid cheer and comfort to the tired  
heart;  
These and a thousand others are the prophecy.  
These tell of the day  
When the poor expedient of birth and the sorrow  
and trouble of dying have been dismissed,  
And all the sad adventures of the body are long  
forgot.

Walking as Angels walk, but greater than the  
Angels,  
He that will come will know not space nor time,  
nor any limitation,  
But will step across the sky, infinite, supreme—  
one with God.

G. F. W.

## THEOSOPHICAL

THE HERALD OF THE STAR for July contains the last lecture of the series on *The Birth of a New Sub-Race* which Mr. Leadbeater devotes to that most important subject, *Education*, pointing out the fallacies of the old systems, and denouncing them in an unqualified manner for the harm they have perpetrated.

He brings out a point that is often overlooked, viz., that in teaching a child to develop his good qualities the help of his ego can always be relied on. Another luminous point the writer makes is in his explanation of the reason why evil is manifested in every man: "It is an uncontrolled fragment of one of his

vehicles." Strong arguments are brought against eating meat, drinking alcohol and smoking tobacco. He emphasizes the responsibility of every individual to live according to the highest in him, so as to make a purer atmosphere into which the new race may be born, and ends with a summary of the reasons why the advent of the great World-Teacher may be expected in the near future.

We are glad to see the commencement of another series of articles on Art, under the caption *Our Monthly Gallery*, by Miss Hope Rea. This first delightful little sketch deals with the work of the Bavarian artist Albert Altdorfer.

Mr. T. H. Martyn, National Representative of the Order of the Star in the East in Australia, contributes an article entitled *The Aroma of Divinity*, analyzing the difference between the great men of the world and the World-Saviors.

Mr. H. Orsmond Anderton's masterly article on *East and West* shows the necessity and inevitableness of the interfusion of the two, in order that humanity may "attain to a full and perfect life."

A brief but interesting account of the life of Mrs. Liljencrantz-Rasmussen, one of the pioneers of the women's movement, is given by her son Gustaf. How much the world owes to these brave women!

An able article on *Building the Kingdom of Heaven* comes from the pen of W. H. Evans. He shows that it is "the division of forces and scattering of energies which is such a hindrance to the progress of the race," and, as the great Teacher said that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within," the "Ideal State will only come from the Ideal Man."

*An Outline of Homoeopathy* by D. Wilmer brings convincing proof of the greatness of this ancient system for the treatment of disease and of its advantages over allopathy.

The extremely interesting article by Mr. Loftus Hare on *Persian Mysticism*, coupled with the beautiful quotations he gives, should cause many to wish to dive deeper into this fascinating subject themselves. G. I. W.

The June issue of *THE SEEKERS*, the official organ of the T. S. in South Africa, contains several interesting contributions. From the editorial on *The Unity of Religions* to the last, an article to be continued, on the fascinating

subject of *Deva Evolution and the Significance of Colours*—to the succeeding numbers of which we shall look forward with interest—the number is an excellent one. *Impressions of Adyar*, by Margaret L. Murchie, the newly elected General Secretary of the South African Section, will be delightful to all Theosophists. Her purpose in going there was to make an unbreakable link between Adyar and that Section—and she made it. M. T. D.

The first feature in the June THEOSOPHIST to claim our attention is three pictures of Adyar. The large lecture hall at Headquarters seems to bring us into the very atmosphere of our mother centre. The Book Shop at the publishing house and the Vasanta Press building also bring us into closer touch with all our brothers who are working there.

In an article on *Poetry and Theosophy* Mr. Sinnett makes a plea for grander thoughts, so that to the wonderful beauty of form and the melody of expression may be added inspiring sentiments and ideals.

In *Theosophy and Poverty* by Kate Browning we are called on, because of the essential union of all, to aid in word and deed our brothers, the pauper, the outcast, the feeble-minded, the insane, not as a service given through our gracefulness but as a work for equals for whom love compels recognition.

Bhagavan Das continues the *Metaphysic and Psychology of Theosophy* demanding as usual our closest attention.

*The Symbolism of the T. S. Seal* by N. W. Hayden gives us much needed knowledge. So few of us can give a full or comprehensive explanation of the symbols in our emblem.

G. E. Sutcliffe begins an article to be continued, on *The Day of Judgment and the Coming Race* where by the rule of correspondence he infers that there will be not only a day of judgement in the fifth round but also a secondary one in the fifth globe of each round; one of a third order in the fifth root race of each globe; one of a fourth order in the fifth subrace of each root race. In all this he works out some very interesting possibilities regarding the past of the Band of Servers.

There is given here the *Second Set of Rules of the Theosophical Society* (1879) thought to have been lost. They are not only interesting as history but should give all a grander conception of the original purpose of the T. S. E. P.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE AFTERMATH OF BATTLE

By Edward D. Toland. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 1916. pp. 175. Illustrated. \$1.00.)

The spontaneous simplicity and optimism of the book makes one see the value as well as the sorrows of war in a new light. The author is neutral in thought and points out with amazing clearness the chief characteristics of the nations he encounters in the war hospitals of France. To the Scots he attributes humor and courage. Of the English he says, "There is no doubt about it, the English know how to run things." The French ladies' smile is said to be the means of putting things through with the French officers, and of the Germans he adds, "German atrocities have been, of course, much overdrawn." The author finds the defense of modern warfare to be much stronger than the offense. The services he renders and describes are jotted down in the very field of action. His book is one of enlightenment and should be read by all.

M. R. P.

### THE VEILED MYSTERIES OF EGYPT AND THE RELIGION OF ISLAM

By S. H. Leeder. (Scribners, New York. 1913.)

This is a book that in some particulars reminds one of H. Fielding Hall's *SOUL OF A PEOPLE*. The author discusses the home life and religion of the Egyptian people of today in a tone so amiable and sympathetic as to hold the reader's interest through some four hundred pages. To any who desire an intimate insight into Islam, by a non-Mussulman, this book is recommended.

A. J. B.

### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INSANITY

By Bernard Hart, M. D. (Cambridge University Press, London. 1914. pp. 172. Boards. 40 cents; leather, \$1.00.)

To the student of psychology this little book is a rare treat. It begins with a short *resume* of the history of insanity and the early methods of its treatment. Modern science is divided in its opinion as to the cause of insanity, and the two theories most in use now are known as the physiological conception and the psychological conception. The greater part of the book is devoted to an explanation of the latter concept, with examples of the phenomena of insanity and their probable causes.

The theosophical reader will be pleased to find certain phrases used that to him are full of meaning, such as that of "herd instinct," which is similar to the theosophical idea of the group-soul; while the definition of a "complex" is given as a set of ideas colored with strong emotion. The emotions play an important part in the mental processes of the insane patient, and one wishes that the material scientist had the occult understanding of the emotional nature to help him in discovering the *rationale* of insanity. Per-

haps such investigations as the present book describes may be one of the means that will draw occult science and material science together, for until they are united a complete understanding of the causes of insanity cannot be obtained.

The book is well worth careful study, and abounds in interesting side-lines of thought. It is written simply, with an avoidance of all but the most necessary technical terms, with a view to making it understandable to the average reader. To the Theosophist it is of especial interest because of the obvious comparison between some of the scientific discoveries and occult statements as to the constitution of man and the causes of insanity.

G. S. H.

### THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM

By Paul Vinogradoff. (Alfred Knopf, New York. 1916. pp. 44. 75 cents.)

This Russian professor in an English university, who is a political exile from his own land, voices the view that the cause of the war is an occult one. He states that "the present World War is a manifestation of latent forces gathered long before the collision." He considers it a remarkable characteristic of the literature which has sprung up in regard to the war that it is primarily directed to account for these latent forces and conditions. He speaks of the facts of social life as links in a chain of evolutionary development, and that inland countries evolve more tardily than the seaboard lands. Hence Russia cannot be considered backward, but in her proper place fulfilling the law. He feels that Germany, in her premature judgment of England's unpreparedness, overlooked the fact that there is a "nation's spirit watching over England's safety and greatness, a spirit at whose mighty call all party differences and racial strifes fade into insignificance."

Russia is so huge and strong and unlimited in her resources that to her peoples crude power is not the ideal for the world but rather a craving for peace and mercy, a patience in suffering, and pity for the oppressed. These spiritual powers seem significant. What is ahead of this young and powerful race? Might we dare to venture the thought that these qualities will be necessary in the seventh sub-race of our present Fifth Root Race?

E. L. H.

### BIRDS OF PASSAGE

By Sarah Taylor Shattford. (Sherman, French & Company, Boston. 1916. pp. 510. \$1.50.)

This is a collection of rather readable verses and, while showing some poetical feeling and promise, are lacking in originality and literary merit. The blue binding is attractive and rather unusual.

M. T. D.

# New Books

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