The Theosophic Messenger

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American Section Theosophical Society

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CONTENTS

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

"There is no religion higher than truth."

Founded by Col. H. S. Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky. Mrs. Annie Besant, President.

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1908. Its founders believed that the best interests of Religion and Science would be promoted by the revival of Sanskrit, Pali, Zend, and other ancient literature, in which the Sages and Initiates had preserved for the use of mankind truths of the highest value respecting man and nature. A Society of an absolutely unsectarian and non-political character, whose work should be amicably prosecuted by the learned of all races, in a spirit of unselfish devotion to the research of truth, and with the purpose of disseminating it impartially, seemed likely to do much to check materialism and strengthen the waning religious spirit. The simplest expression of the object of the Society is the following:

First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, cast or color.

Second—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

No person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor any interference with them permitted, but every one is required, before admission, to promise to show towards his fellow-members the same tolerance in this respect as he claims for himself.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which form the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and love which guide in its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the science of the spirit, teaching man to know the spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eye of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavor to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high and work perseveringly is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

...arters, offices and managing staff ...uburb of Madras, India.

Many branches of the Society have been formed in various parts of the world, and new ones are constantly being organized. Up to December 27, 1907, 905 Charters for Branches had been issued. Each Branch frames its own by-laws and manages its own local business without interference from headquarters, provided only that the fundamental rules of the Society are not violated. Branches lying within certain territorial limits (as, for instance, America, Europe, India, etc.), have been grouped for purposes of administration in territorial Sections.

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THE AUM II.

Aum is the logos, the word of creation which God spoke when nature was to come forth into manifestation. It has a beginning in the first letter, a continuance in the second, which may be indefinitely prolonged suggesting a continuance of manifestation, and a termination in the "m" which indicates the final withdrawal of nature into the Creator's consciousness. Listen for it everywhere and always in all prolonged tones, in all keys. It is in the city's roar, the moaning of the trees, the lapping of wavelets, the thunder, the bells, all of which are made to sound it, the final tone in musical compositions, the breakers' roll and the whistling of the wings of migratory birds.

IN PURSUIT OF DUTY.

I am asked to tell a story of travel, and if possible something appropriate to the season.* It is a great many years since I joined in what are usually called Christmas festivities, for at that time of year I have often been traveling. Indeed, I have spent the momentous day in four out of the five continents of the world, and also several times at sea. Perhaps the most unconventional and uncomfortable Christmas that I ever had was about twenty years ago. I had been engaged in Theosophical work in the island of Ceylon, living mostly at Colombo, and I had arranged to go up to Adyar for the Annual Convention of the Society on December 27. A Sinhalese gentleman was to accompany me, and we booked our passage by the S. S. Almora, to sail on the 21st. On the evening of the 19th we heard that the vessel had been delayed in the Red Sea, and would not reach Colombo until the 27th, so of course we had to cancel our passage and find some other means of transit.

The facilities for crossing twenty years ago were by no means what they are today. There were two ordinary and recognized routes from Colombo to Madras. One was to go direct by sea round the southern end of the island, and the other was to cross to Tuticorin and complete the journey by the South Indian railway. By this latter route there is a daily steamer now, but in those days it crossed once a week only, and even so was not always regular. One of these had just left, and the next, even if punctual, would not get us to Adyar in time for the opening of the Convention.

On the morning of the 20th I sent round to every steamer office in Colombo trying to find something—anything, even a cargo boat—that would put us ashore in India in time, but nothing of the kind was to be had. I had heard that there were little native brigs running between Colombo and India, so I went to see about them also, but I found that their captains were all afraid to put out in consequence of the bad weather. Several had started the night before and had to return, getting back into the harbour with great difficulty and some serious damage. As the weather still continued unfavorable on the morning of the 21st, and it therefore seemed unlikely that any of these little boats would leave that day, I determined to try what is called the land route—that is, to travel by land to the north of Ceylon, and make my way somehow or other across the narrowest part of Palk's Strait. No one seemed to know much about this land route—I could not find that any of my friends had travelled by it, but I knew there was a land route, and it seemed the only way open to us.

Accordingly we left Colombo by the 7:30 train on the morning of the 21st, and reached Kandy at 11 o'clock, and Matale (which was then the northern limit of the railway system) at noon. From that point what little tr[illegible]

*It was impossible to present this article in December.

there was used then to be carried on by an arrangement called a mail-coach, though it was very different from anything that goes by that name in England and America, for it might be described as a sort of curtailed waggonette, drawn by two skeleton horses.

At this point our difficulties began, for the agent at the coach-office informed us that because of the heaviness of the roads the proprietor had ordered him not to allow more than two passengers to travel on any one day, and that those two places were already engaged several days in advance. I explained the circumstances of our case, and showed how urgent it was that we should get on quickly. I even offered extra payment, but in vain; the agent could not make any exception to his employer's rule. I then enquired where the proprietor was to be found, and was told that he lived about eight miles along the road. I suggested that we might at least go in the coach as far as that; that could not do the horses much harm; and I would undertake to persuade the proprietor to relax his rule. With much difficulty I induced the agent to agree to this, but he protested all the while that we were foredoomed to failure. He was quite sure his master would not let us go on. I thought differently, and I was right; a little judicious management of the proprietor soon procured for us the requisite permission for us to travel as far as Anuradhapura, the limit of his jurisdiction.

The so-called horse-coach took us as far as Dambulla, a distance of twenty-eight miles; then we had to abandon it for a still more horrible contrivance of the same nature, but drawn this time by a couple of bullocks. This was supposed to carry us over the remaining forty-four miles at a slow jog-trot of about four miles an hour, and it ought to have deposited us at Anuradhapura at half-past six on the following morning. However, it did not. Owing to the heaviness of the road, its progress was incredibly slow; the journey that should have occupied eleven hours took more than twenty, and even then it was not completed. There were considerable inundations, and twice the road was so entirely washed away that we had to get out and wade for half-a-mile over sharp stones through a rapid current over knee-deep, the empty coach following as best it might. At last about three miles from Anuradhapura, we found a bridge washed away, and our road barred by a furious torrent, half-a-mile wide, of unknown depth. We had no boat and my companion could not swim. I thought of making a raft, but soon gave up the idea, perceiving that the swiftness of the current would render it utterly unmanageable. The best thing to do seemed to be to skirt the torrent and try to strike the north road at some point higher up; so we abandoned the coach and walked to Mihintale, eight miles off, through rain of truly tropical vigor. It was after dark when we reached there, but still we managed to hire a bullock-cart to take us to Madavachchi, a village on the Jaffna road. We arrived there at daybreak only to find that, as there was no booking-office, we could not obtain coach-tickets there. Immediately we engaged another bullock-cart and pushed on to a larger place called Vavoniyavilankulam.

We were by this time in the part of the island where nothing is spoken but Tamil, a language of which neither I nor my companion knew ten words, so we were rather uncertain as to what the people meant; but at any rate they would issue us no tickets and would say nothing at all about a coach. In consequence of the inundations everything was thrown out of order, and we had no idea at what time the coach would come, so we dared not leave the road for a moment, but had to sit out there in the pouring rain until eight o'clock at night, when it arrived.

Imagine a platform of rough boards about three feet by four, set on wheels and covered by a sort of bamboo roof about four feet above it. Then suppose this machine loaded with mail-bags, tin boxes, and miscellaneous luggage, on top of which were somehow crouched (for there was no room either to sit or to lie) two forlorn human beings—everything inside and out being thoroughly, hopelessly, soakingly wet—and perhaps you may succeed in forming an imperfect picture of Her Majesty's Jaffna mail coach as it drew up that night at Vavoniyavilankulam.

The coach driver having, as we afterwards discovered, received the same order as the agent at Matale, opposed our attempt to get in, and of course the miserable passengers already in possession viewed the prospect of still further crowding with anything but joy. Remember that we did not understand the language and had no means whatever of explaining the urgency of the case, or inducing anybody to listen to reason. What could we do? Nothing, I think, but what we did; and that was to push aside all opposition, throw

in our bags, climb upon them ourselves and simply sit there, trying to look unconscious of the torrent of vigorous vituperation that was being poured upon us. After a few minutes the driver took away the oxen from the coach and was evidently refusing to proceed. However, we judged we could probably tire him out at that game, because, as he had mail-bags on board, he would not dare to delay much; so we pursued a policy of masterly inactivity. The driver retired into a hut and stayed there half-an-hour; still we were immovable. Presently he reappeared and began to adjure us once more, but this time in a more respectful tone, and—seeing, I suppose, that sulkiness was of no use—one of our unfortunate fellow-passengers now discovered that he could speak a little English, and proceeded to act as interpreter.

Through him the driver represented that he could not possibly take us. The roads were very bad, the coach would break down, the oxen would be unable to draw it, and above all, his orders to take only two passengers were precise, and he was afraid of the consequences if he disobeyed. I rejoined on my side that business compelled me to go, that I was willing to take all responsibility as to coach and cattle, that I would myself see the proprietor and exonerate the driver; and, in fact, that I was simply going on in spite of everything. Well, it all seemed useless, but at last the man incautiously remarked that had there only been one of us, perhaps the thing might have been possible. I at once pinned him down to that admission, and told him that if he would take my friend and the luggage, I would cheerfully walk. We were not much more than a hundred miles from Jaffna and I knew I could get over the ground quite as fast as the coach on such a road as that, so I felt quite safe in making the proposal. In this manner, then we eventually started—I walking (or rather wading) behind and the other three passengers riding. There were more inundations and the road was a mere apology for one for some distance; but after about twenty miles we got to drier ground, and I was able to ride; though riding in that vehicle was certainly more uncomfortable than walking. Presently dawn came and all that weary day we jogged on in incessant heavy rain through unbroken and more or less inundated jungle, seeing no houses and no human beings except at the little isolated huts where, at regular intervals, we changed cattle. Recollect that not for one moment was any approach to rest or comfort possible, that we were soaked to the very bones, and that we could get no food of any description—indeed nothing whatever had passed our lips for two entire days and nights—and you will begin to realize our condition when, after four nights without sleep, without even a chance to take our wet coats off, we reached an obscure seaport named Kayts on the morning of Christmas day.

We had arrived at Jaffna, I should have said, just at midnight, and learning that there were no vessels leaving there for India, had at once engaged a bullock-cart to go on to Kayts. Here we had only about forty miles of sea between us and India, but still our evil fortune did not desert us. There were twenty-six native boats (of 16 or 18 tons) ready to start, but the weather was so bad, and the wind so unfavorable, that the crews were all afraid to go. We offered double fare, but it was useless. The natives are not good sailors at the best of times, and nothing would tempt them to risk their ricketty craft in such weather. Here at last was an obstacle that all our perseverance could not surmount. There was nothing for it but to wait, so we went up to what is called the "rest-house"—of course there are no such things as hotels in these places—and managed to get some curry and rice cooked, the first meal we had set down to since leaving Colombo. While it was cooking we took off our wet clothes—also for the first time since leaving Colombo—had a most refreshing bath, and put on—not dry ones, for nothing was dry, but—comparatively clean ones. Then we took our food and enjoyed it, and after that, as it was evening (our enquiries and bargainings had taken time), we went straight off to bed. Of course our bedding, like everything else, was soaked through and through, but we were tired enough to sleep in the bed of a river. We just dropped down and lay like logs for fourteen hours or so.

In most countries such an adventure would end in a rheumatic fever, but in that glorious climate, after all this and much more, we were both as flourishing as ever. To cut the story short, on the following day the weather improved slightly, and we found a Mohammedan captain who was willing to start. About five o'cloc'k p. m. we got under way. The sea was rough and we had to beat up against the wind, but still we got on pretty fairly until the middle of the night, when we were suddenly struck by a squall. It looked very gra

as it came up; there seemed to be a huge pyramid of inky-black cloud on the horizon, and then all in a moment it leaped upon us, and we were in the midst of a raging storm. A magnificent effect for a painter, but I do not want to see it again under exactly the same conditions. The helmsman was half asleep and all the other fellows entirely so, so I was absolutely the first man to see the thing. For a moment I scarcely realized what it was, but as soon as I did I raised a shout that speedily aroused the whole crew, and we got the lateen sail in only just in time. In half a minute more our fate would have been sealed and I should not have survived to write this. How far that squall drove us I do not know; fortunately it did not last very long, and soon after noon the next day we made the Indian coast at a village called Adirampatnam, of which I had never heard before.

There again we had difficulties, for the captain, with true oriental cunning, tried to cheat us because we did not know the language. He had been paid to put us free on shore, but now he wanted to shuffle out of that and make us pay again for boat-hire. This he tried to induce us to do by abusing us in what must have been highly unparliamentary Tamil, while we in idomatic English assured him that we had not the slightest intention of paying a single cent. He and the coast boatmen kept us in the boat for some time, refusing to land us. Then they tried to retain some of our luggage, and surrounded and threatened us with big sticks and long knives; but as usual our dogged perseverance and our evident readiness to fight any odds if forced into a quarrel, won the day for us, and we were permitted to depart unmolested after some two hours of danger. There are no Europeans in that part of the country and the natives are peculiarly wild and savage. Indeed, they have a very bad reputation as most ferocious robbers, as we afterwards heard.

After some wandering about among this dangerous race—none of whom would carry our luggage or help us in any way—we encountered the customs superintendent (who could speak English) and tried to arrange at once to get some conveyance to the nearest railway station thirty-three miles off. It appeared, however, that there were still some difficulties, for he informed us that we must not think of starting in the afternoon. The roads, he said, were terrible, and if we were still on the way when night fell we should undoubtedly be at once murdered or our bullocks or goods stolen, even if we managed to avoid the leopards and panthers with which the jungle swarmed. I was rather skeptical about all this, but as the natives evidently believed it, we could not get a cart at any price, and perhaps it was best so, for on enquiry afterwards at Madras our friends quite confirmed all these stories. So we got another meal and part of a night's rest, and set out just before dawn for Mannargudi. That twenty-three miles was an experience, and not at all a desirable one. There really was nothing that deserved the name of a road, but rather a sort of track through the fields, and most of the time the cart was about up to the axle in soft mud, while we had to wade behind and give it an occasional push. The people looked the most savage ruffians imaginable, and there was no food to be had but a little fruit. Mannargudi, however, seemed to be more civilized; there we were able to buy bread and get a queer conveyance called a jhutka, drawn by the remains of a pony, to take us ten miles further on to the railway station at Nidamangalam. We got there at last and had to wait four hours on an open platform, sitting on our luggage, which we dared not leave for an instant. We had another four hours to wait at Tanjore junction, and so at last, at three o'clock in the morning, we got on board the mail-train for Madras, which city we reached safely after fifteen hours' traveling. This was on the evening of the 29th, so our journey had taken us nine days, during which time we had slept only twice and eaten only two meals, living the rest of the time on one loaf of bread, some bananas and a few little native buns. Nearly all the time we were wet through, and we constantly had to take pretty severe exercise of various kinds, and this is leaving the danger and anxiety out of account. On the whole I do not think I shall try the land route from Colombo to Madras again in the rainy season if I can help it. Charles W. Leadbeater.

On the occasion of a prophecy of Buddha's regarding Metteyya (Maitreya), the next Buddha, who will in the far future appear upon the earth, it is said, "He will be the leader of a band of disciples, numbering hundreds of thousands, as I am now the leader of bands of disciples, numbering hundreds."—Oldenberg, "Buddhism."

THE SELF TO THE SELF.

I seem living in dark Avidya—
With creeping things—with crawling things.
O Brahma!
With waking things and dying things—
In shadows where my body's standing
Blood is dropping.
In the gloom the deadly night-shade growing.
Ether dripping round a tomb.
And like sentinels, the trees
Through centuries, waiting—
Patience then—I Atma!
A star on the bosom of Buddha—
I'm watching up there in Alaya—
Pallid incense hanging round a sepulcher.

I am living in dark Vedana,
With seductive things—with sensuous things.
O Brahma!
A wanton there—a woman there—
In shadows where my body's lying
Men are calling.
On the fetid floors the wine is dripping.
Sinuous passions on the soul.
Like a sentinel, true love—
Through centuries, waiting—
Patience then—I Atma!
A star on the bosom of Buddha—
I'm watching up there in Alaya—
Dried rose leaves with a purple perfume.

I am groping about in Maya—
With loving things—with thinking things.
O Brahma!
With living things and dying things—
In shadows where my mind is searching
Hearts are breaking!
In the gloom, with bubbles men are playing.
Will not listen to the soul.
And with mockery, the flesh—
Crumbles—and is gone!
Patience then—I Atma!
A star on the bosom of Buddha—
I'm waiting up there in Alaya—
Violet pall—interspersed with waxen bells.

I fly across Antahkarana—
With winged feet, with humble feet!
O Brahma!
With radiant Things—with loving Things.
In shadows where my body's standing
Life is pouring!
In the Light—Nirmanakaya calling—
In Samadhi, help me come!
In the radiance, near Thee—
Let me help in loving—
Patience then—I Atma
A star on the bosom of Buddha—
I'm waiting that peace in Alaya—
Cool lilies—in a field in the dawn.

H. T. Felix.

Avidya—Ignorance; Alaya—Permanence; Vedana—Sensation; Antahkarana—Channel of communication between the higher and lower aspects of mind; Nirmanakaya—A Master; Samadhi—Meditation.

THE PURPOSE OF OUR WORK.

The true spirit of Theosophy is that of brotherhood which depends upon the common paternity of God and recognizes the possibility of realizing in actual consciousness that unity, all men and indeed all Nature being a part of Him and actually at all times united in Him. Men are, therefore, now united in highest consciousness, and when they are capable of remembering after they have returned from the higher states, what they experienced while in them, they will know they are always at one with all men in highest interest.

We are enjoined by Light on the Path to grow as does the flower, to grow without thinking of growth, our attention being fixed on other things. For the rapid growth of individual souls means but the more rapid growth of all. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," said the Christian Master. Not only did he lift the Karma of the whole world, but He raised the heavy veil of ignorance for it and the World rejoiced with His coming. We can imagine the consciousness of all souls incarnate and discarnate being clarified by His sacrifice and effort. The exotic growth of young souls is not accomplished by their own efforts. It [illegible] practically impossible for men to leave [illegible]es.

beaten path, the regular round of evolution, without the direct aid of a member of the hierarchy. But the whole purpose of the inner round is the earlier development of the whole of our evolutional body—the body of humanity. Hence, we may be sure that we will grow as we are needed to be of larger form; that our bodies will be enlarged and perfected. With will we can do much, we can constantly decide, direct strongly and cause our resolutions to be more and more definitely and markedly fixed. Atma will grow rapidly by this process, especially if all our decisions are as nearly in harmony with the divine will as possible. In that case there will be a constant influx of divine will-power, which will enormously quicken our own atman.

The whole purpose of growth is that we may aid others who are, indeed, parts of themselves. The chief purpose, use and value of life and action, then, for all Theosophists, must always be the aid of others, altruism. We must choose wisely the objects of our efforts and the means of accomplishing them.

In what practical ways may we work for this altruism, this Divine Wisdom, which teaches the common brotherhood of man? The great work to be done to-day is to prepare the way for the coming of the Christ Who is to bring the new religion. How can we aid? By spreading theosophic knowledge. How can we do this? By talking of it to neighbors without giving offense; by taking friends to hear theosophic lectures and by continually thinking thought of humility, of peace, of enlightenment. Our lives themselves will tell a part of the story. If the body theosophic lives a life of peace the influence upon the world will be tremendous. If our society could act as a serviceable channel for the transmission of the forces of the Masters the world would find its influence irresistable.

The vegetative life of the theosophist and of a lodge must alike be maintained. But it is not the existence of a lodge that is of greatest import. It is that which the lodge does for others—for the life, the enlightenment, the thought, the buddhic feeling, the peace of the communities in which it exists, that decides its value. Why are our people scattered over the earth's surface instead of being incarnated in a tightly and comfortably organized colony? It is that we may belt the globe with the influence that the Masters are driving through us, that we may be the more or less crude and harried pioneers in Their plans, so mighty that no tale of fairy-land can compare in apparent audacity with them.

What shall we think of the failure to acknowledge The Masters of Wisdom? What of lodges that meet always behind closed doors, that sneak up back stairs to talk of the Divine Wisdom? What of lodges that concern themselves solely or mainly with the most recondite topics, as the theory of the rounds and early root-races? Colonel Olcott, viewing with distress the ignorance of the world upon matters theosophic, feeling the need for the extension of the tentacles of our small society into the remotest quarters of the globe that those whose Karma permitted might, in this life, become acquainted with the facts of soul-evolution, a little contemptuously dubbed the needless dallying with theory "intellectual kite-flying." And in this he has our sympathy.

The purpose of the Theosophist is that of the Christ. "It is better to give than to receive."

We ought, then, to think each day of what the Master would have us do. It is related that early each day the Buddha, during his beautiful long life, used to look about over His world to see where was the greatest need for His services. We will find one great service which can now be rendered that of preparing for the coming of Mrs. Besant, by lending all aid in the spread of theosophy and theosophic doctrines.

IS IT EVER RIGHT TO LIE?

Is it right, under any circumstances, to swerve from the truth as we know it?

First, suppose a man is pursuing another with intent to kill him, and we by a word of untruth can misdirect the pursuer and save the other's life. Is it right for us to do so?

Secondly, suppose an eminent scientist, on the verge of a discovery which will greatly benefit mankind, is threatened with death which he can avert by the telling of a lie. Should he, by deliberately telling an untruth, save his life and thus confer upon mankind the benefits which will accrue from his discovery?

In reply to these questions let us venture, at the outset, to assert positively that no real good can come from a lie under any conditions. A lie is an obstacle in the path upward, nay, is even a backward current opposing the current of evolution; it is a partial subversion of the scheme of reason in which we are living. In the first case mentioned the man would not be pursued by a murderer were it not in his self-made destiny that he

should be, and if there were no way in which we could save him, except by lying, it is evident that we were not intended to be so fortunate as to be an agent in saving his life. In the second case, were it in the divine plan that the discovery should be made at that particular time and by that particular man, we are warranted in asserting that the life of the scientist would be spared in a way that would not necessitate his telling a lie. Things do not happen fortuitously. Discoveries that benefit humanity are due to inspirations from above, and when the actual time has come for the world to have the benefit of the new facts, even the most untoward circumstances will be surmounted, that the facts may be formulated and published. Yet, if the scientist by lying should save his life and promulgate his discovery, we may rest assured that any harm arising from the premature publication will accrue to the victims by reason only of something in their accumulated self-made destiny, which, under the guidance of ministers of the Supreme who have such work in charge, has led them into that particular environment.

We may be certain that anything which runs counter to the obvious laws of the Universe and that anything which we do in opposition to the well-defined dictates of our own conscience, are so entirely wrong for us that no seeming preponderance of good on the other side can offset them. And we may take it for granted always that no part of the divine plan can be hindered more than temporarily; if one man is not to serve as an agent of the Rulers, another man will be found to do so. The moral law must be upheld, and anything that contravenes it is opposed to the eventual good of the race. F. Milton Willis.

Races in India: Dravidian, Indo-Aryan, Mongoloid, Turko-Iranian, Aryo-Dravidian, Mongolo-Dravidian, Scytho-Dravadian.

Languages in India: Aryan, Dravidian, Tibeto-Burman.—Census of India, 1901.

What is it to have faith in God? By faith to love Him, by faith to be devoted to Him, by faith to enter into Him, and by personal union to become one with Him.—St. Augustine.

RESEARCH INTO MYSTIC TRADITIONS.

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, 8 Via Carroccio, Milan, Italy, is president of the International Committee for Research into Mystic Traditions.

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley has issued a pamphlet which contains much valuable information. A copy of this pamphlet has been sent to the secretary of each lodge and can be consulted by members interested in the subject. It is hoped that many of our members, especially those who have leisure, will take up such investigations as have been suggested by Mrs. Oakley and as are hinted at in an article in another part of this number of Messenger. We trust that our members will give their strong aid to this excellent work.

We subjoin extracts from this pamphlet, so that all our readers may readily gain the main points from it.

"The historical field, in which research reveals innumerable traces of "Mystic Tradition," is one which can be adequately tilled only by combined work in many lands. In most, if not all, the countries of Europe splendid libraries exist, and the mystic researcher travels wearily from country to country, visiting and ransacking these in turn. He exhausts time, strength and money in his isolated quest, too limited by time and power.

"In order to facilitate, in our Society, this work of research, which has hitherto been chiefly undertaken by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, and to develop it further, I have formed an "International Committee," with one member in each country. This member will gather round him a band of students, and will set to work on any selected subject. The results will be handed in to the local member, and sent by him to the Hon. Secretary.

"It is proposed to issue a Quarterly Transaction (1), containing reports of work done, brief articles on important questions of research, notes, indications of libraries where literature on mysticism may be found, and reviews of mystic works issued by other laborers in the same field. Questions bearing on the "mystic tradition" may be sent for answer, information may be asked for as to references, books, etc.; notes of individual research may be sent, and any interesting "finds" reported. Such a periodical publication will not, of course, interfere with independent works, such as articles and books on the same subjects, but will serve as a means of communication between workers in all lands on similar lines.

All literary matter and subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Secretary.

"Any serious student in any country may apply to be enrolled among the band of workers in his own country, addressing the members of the committee resident therein.

"Annie Besant."

The students who wish to take up researches on these lines should remember what H. P. Blavatsky has said with so much emphasis.

"Our search takes us hither and thither, but never aimlessly do we bring sects, widely separated, in chronological order, into critical juxtaposition. There is one purpose in our work to be kept constantly in mind—the analysis of religious beliefs, and the definition of their descent from the past to the present." Isis Unveiled, II, 292.

Later on she wrote:

"The study of the hidden meaning in every Religious and profane Legend, of whatsoever nation, large or small, and preëminently in the traditions of the East, has occupied the greater portion of the present writer's life. She is one of those who feel convinced that no mythological story, no traditional event in the folklore of a people, has ever at any time, been pure fiction, but that every one of such narratives has an actual historical lining to it." The Secret Doctrine I, 321.

Hence in the forming of this "International Committee" we are but extending the work begun by H. P. Blavatsky in her first published work, "Isis Unveiled," in 1878; and carried on up to the end of her earthly life in 1891.

"She being dead yet speaketh," and in no way can our gratitude be better shown than by faithfully carrying on the work of research, which she judged so important, and the debt we all owe to her is best repaid by working on the lines she first traced in 1878.

But to obtain this end we must have serious students in each country who will patiently search the old records, chronicles and documents; the object for our students to keep in view is to find and trace those hidden links in literature, art, archæology, fables, legends and poetry, which unite all "mystical traditions" with their original source; to study the real nature and aim of "secret societies" and to point out the influence that they have exercised on the various historical religious movements both orthodox and heretical.

Besides this, the history of the occultists in each century must be searched out and their work studied in order to understand its aim and value, adopting in these researches the accurate methods used by scholars in all serious historic studies.

Mrs. Besant has sketched out the broad lines for our publications, and I must add one most important point. We must remember that our work will meet with severe criticism from the general public, and to disarm our opponents the utmost care will be taken that the researches are made with the most careful exactness. Our fellow-workers are therefore asked in every historical fact cited, and in every deduction formulated therefrom, to give the precise references, and to indicate in the most complete way the sources which have been used.

In order to carry out this ideal in our work, the editors of our publications cannot accept any articles in which the methods here indicated have not been scrupulously fulfilled; in which every quotation has not been accompanied by the exact indication of the sources from which it has been taken, as already stated.

There are two reviews to guide our students, and models for us to follow, in which research work is most admirably done: one is "La Revue des Religions," edited by the late Prof. Jean Reville; and the other is "La Romania," and all work done for our publications should be done in this careful and scholarly way. I must here add again that the opinions of each member, and any propositions that they may make will be received at any time with grateful acknowledgment by me, and by our Hon. Secretary.

Every communication must be typed, in order to avoid difficulties in printing, and the editors will accept contributions in the two languages, French and English.

Members of the "International Committee" are begged to send any communication at the earliest date possible to the Hon. Secretary, the great distances for correspondence necessitate this rule.

Subjoined is a category of material that will be useful in such research work:

1. Monographic Studies; Researches on "Secret Societies"; "Religious Sects"; or "Masonic Traditions," Mysticism and Folk-lore.

2. Biographical Studies on the lives of the Mystics, and the influence exercised by them on their periods.

3. Reviews of mystic books and religious documents.

4. Questions and answers, discussion and criticism.

5. General communications. Indications concerning libraries and their contents. Places where research work will be valuable. Any indications which may be useful to students.

The main idea to be borne in mind in such research is to show how the Ancient Wisdom Religion has been the foundation of all "Mystic Traditions"; and to seek for the connecting links between the many and diverse outer organizations in Europe with their one source of Life and Light.

The main object of our work, plainly shown by the name of our Committee, is to prove the continuity of "Mystical Tradition" in its various manifestations throughout the middle ages. Our chief endeavor to search for missing links, and to show by means of historical data and contemporary documents (when they are available), the common ideas and beliefs connecting "Mystical Schools" and "Heresies" in all countries.

(a) The reviewing of the latest scientific facts and theories, compared to ancient occultism, would perhaps come under the head "Occultism" more than under that of "Mysticism." Still a hard and fast line cannot be drawn, and in many cases the curiously identical views of science with occult lore can be most usefully compared and shown.

(b) The study of mysticism in its modern manifestations should certainly not be omitted, but its relation to similar movements in the past, whether immediate or remote, always proved and insisted upon.

(c) Historical folk-lore and local traditions of a mystical character also offer a most interesting field of research, and all contributions of this nature will be welcome, more especially as the members of the various folk-lore societies are pursuing their investigations on scholastic and purely material lines; their methods are admirable, and to this we would wish to add only the mystical element, which is so often neglected.

(d) As to the means of inter-communication between students, asked for by our fourth correspondent, this will, for the time being, be provided by the "Vahan" and other sectional publications in the various countries, until sufficient material accumulates to necessitate a separate organ.

Members wishing to join in our researches should apply to the member representing the country where they reside; their names will then be sent to the Hon. Secretary and submitted to the president.

G. A. Mallet, Honorary Secretary. Isabel Cooper-Oakley, President.

A SYSTEMATIC COURSE OF STUDY IN THEOSOPHY.

First Year—An Outline of Theosophy, C. W. L.; First Steps in Theosophy, E. M. Mallett; Invisible Helpers, C. W. L.; Thought Power, A. B.; Some Glimpses of Occultism, C. W. L.; In the Outer Court, A. B.; Man, Visible and Invisible, illustrated, C. W. L.; Some Problems of Life, A. B.; The Voice of the Silence, H. P. B.; The Other Side of Death, C. W. L., and Chicago Convention Lectures, (1907) A. B.

Second Year—The Ancient Wisdom, A. B.; The Growth of the Soul, A. P. Sinnett; The Astral Plane, C. W. L.; The Devachanic Plane, beaten path, the regular round of evolation, C. W. L.; Esoteric Christianity, A. B.; Dreams, C. W. L.; Four Great Religions, A. B.; Evolution of Life and Form, A. B.; Path of Discipleship, A. B.; The Occult World, A. P. Sinnett; Light on the Path, Mabel Collins; Theosophy and the New Psychology, A. B.; Thought Forms, A. B. and C. W. L.

Third Year—A Study in Consciousness, A. B.; The Christian Creed, C. W. L.; The Pedigree of Man, A. B.; Clairvoyance, C. W. L.; The Great Law, W. Williamson; Fragments of a Faith Forgotten, G. R. S. Mead; Occult Chemistry, A. B. and C. W. L.; and the Secret Doctrine, Vols. 1, 2 and 3, H. P. B. C. J.

"Work together in harmony, to fit yourselves to be useful instruments to aid us, instead of impeding our work. We who are behind the Theosophical Movement are powerless, sometimes, to prevent the checks and disturbances that must unavoidably arise, because of the Karma of individual members; but you can aid us much by refusing to take part in such disturbances, and by living true to the highest possible ideals of Theosophy. Should any event bring forth seeming injustice, have faith in the Law, that never fails to adjust matters. Cease rushing headlong into strife, or taking part in dissensions! Hold together in brotherly love, since you are part of the Great Universal Self. ..... Peace! Trust in us."

AN OCCULT VIEW OF LORD BACON.*

The object of this article is to suggest that he who was known among men as Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount Saint Alban, was not only good and great according to the ordinary standards of the world, but was in reality a man already far advanced along that "Path of Holiness" which leads from our own level to that of divine manhood—conscious divinity—the level of the Christs and Saviors of the Race.

Such a belief can, of course, no more be proved than can the existence of God or the truth of the Bible, but it may nevertheless be true, as are hosts of things which we are unable to prove, and, if it is true, then must Francis S. Alban have been a highly spiritual man, the servant of the Holy Ones who alone know the full truth about man and his destiny, and, as Their servant, he must have been competent to teach the highest truths and worthy of all the honor and reverence we can pay him. But the writer's belief does not end here, for it has come to him as an intuition, and has come independently to a lady who is well known to the older members of the Theosophical Society, that Francis S. Alban was the same soul who was re-born—soon after his death—as the Count S. Germain, and is believed by many students to be now a full Master of the Wisdom—to speak technically an Asekha Adept, one who has passed the Fifth great step or Initiation on the Path of Holiness, a very Savior of men. It is even said that he is still living in the same body which was known as the Count, and is, therefore, in the closest touch with living men.

If that is so, then all study or reverence given to the life and writings of S. Alban are practically study and reverence given to the living and Holy Master, and, therefore, of direct and incalculable benefit to us. What a man thinks upon, that he inevitably becomes, however long it may take him to do so. To read and admire the books of an ordinary man, say of a living novelist or thinker, is, for many people, to look on him as a personal friend, and does, we are told, create a link on the mind plane with the author, which enables the reader to receive direct assistance (from the person best qualified to give it) in understanding his books.

All this is true and in a far higher degree of the study of a previous birth of a living Master. Readers of Mr. Leadbeater's short treatise on "The Devachanic Plane," may remember his description of the very instructive difference actually observed by students functioning consciously on that plane, between the result of thinking of an ordinary friend and that of a thought directed to the Master. If one thinks affectionately of a friend, one creates a thought form in the matter of the mental or Devachanic plane, which flies straight to the person thought of, and hovers round him until it can discharge its benevolent mission; but, when a pupil of one of the Great Masters turns his thought towards the latter, what he really does is to vivify the connection which already exists between himself and the Master, and thus to open a way for an additional outpouring of strength and help to himself from higher planes. The wise and becoming attitude of mind towards a Master is summed up in an Indian scripture in the three words "Guru as God," a Guru being a spiritual teacher, a divine man, who is already consciously one with the Supreme.

I suggest to you then the study of Francis S. Alban as being in its nature essentially religious, and involving far wider-reaching issues than is apparent even from the wisdom of the Shakespeare plays—the best known, perhaps, of all his writings. If that is so this study clearly falls within the second object of the Theosophical Society which is to encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science. It may be remarked in passing, that although the general public is not yet convinced of the Baconian authorship of the plays, a very slight study of the subject is sufficient to enlighten the earnest enquirer. It is with this subject as with Spiritualism. Just as one can readily satisfy himself, by personal experiment or by attending seances, public or private, that human beings do survive death and communicate with the living afterwards, so the man who would know whether or not Bacon wrote "Shakespeare" need study but a small portion of the voluminous literature on this question, for he will find that the arguments all point one way—that the arguments for the authorship of the Actor-Manager, apart from the name on the title page, are confined to invective against Baconians and quibbling attempts to discover small inaccuracies in their statements—not to answer them. As the lawyers say: "if you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

*From Theosophist.

But when one has satisfied himself on this question he is not, as might be supposed, at the end of the "Bacon Mystery," but rather at the threshold and beginning of an acquaintance with the real man. While we supposed the plays to have been written by one born and brought up in humble station, who could leave in his will his second-best bed to his wife, without a passing reference to his plays or even to writings of any kind, we could not extract much profit from study of the author's life, though much misdirected ingenuity has been spent in guessing from the supposed authorship, what kind of education he must have received—how he must have traveled, studied, and so forth. But now we learn who the real Shakespeare was—a man of high position (and, as the cypher story tells us, of Royal birth) famous in other capacities as Statesman, Philosopher, Lawyer (the highest Law Officer of the Crown), with extensive experience from his childhood (when Queen Elizabeth called him "her little Lord Keeper") of court-life both in and out of England—not to mention his splendid work for humanity or his rank in the Great Hierarchy—it becomes a matter of extreme interest to know all that can be known about this wonderful personality, and especially does the question suggest itself whether it is not likely that this "concealed poet," who was content to dispense with the credit of having written the greatest literature in the English language—and was able, without it, to achieve high fame in other directions—may not have made other anonymous contributions to our literature.

Before entering, however, on this question I should like to clear away an unfortunate misconception as to S. Alban's character, which effectually prevents those who labor under it from taking any real interest in him. In an article in "Broad Views," July, 1906, the writer pointed out the profound mistake made by Lord Macaulay, whose essay represents Bacon as an impossible mixture, telling us to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration, aversion and gratitude. Macaulay wrote merely an essay on the subject, but those who have studied it sufficiently to write biographies—his personal friend, Dr. Rawley, and later, Spedding and Hepworth Dixon—are unanimous in unstinted admiration for one who was in reality among the greatest and most lovable of men. Macaulay unfortunately never thought of going behind the sentence passed on Lord S. Alban, having failed to notice the curious fact that the "confession" on which that sentence was based does not admit the truth of that which is the real substance of the accusation—the charge of taking bribes to pervert justice. This was so monstrously untrue that his accusers, with legal subtlety, formulated a long string of twenty-three charges, partly no doubt to cloak the fact that they merely concealed emptiness, being all false or irrelevant, and partly in the hope that it might be possible to secure a verdict on some one or other of the twenty-three. There was no kind of formal trial, with the ordinary safeguards against miscarriage of justice. By the malice of his rival and enemy, Coke, a legislative body, the House of Lords, was turned into judge and jury. The members of the House listened, surprised and indifferent, as the wonderful tale of falsehood—so contrary to their own personal knowledge—was unfolded before them, but were ultimately persuaded, when the accused for his own reasons declined to defend himself, that it would be only prudent to throw a sop to that growing discontent of the Commons which culminated twenty years later in the Great Rebellion or Civil War. In a letter to King James after his fall he says: "Those who strike at your Chancellor will yet strike at your Crown. I wish that, as I am the first, so I may be the last of sacrifices in your times."

The charges had been carefully framed to convey to the hearers' mind the implication of an unjust judge, but his persecutors knew better than to make any direct assertion of that which they were absolutely unable to prove. And what was the basis of this worthy fabric, which made it possible to put forward an implication even plausible on the face of it? The basis was a system, then universal, of the payment of Judges and all high officers of State by means of fees from those who required their services, instead of by salaries, as at present, from the national exchequer. The system of fees, now practically confined to medicine and the bar, was then universal: the King, the Archbishops and Bishops, the Judges and Law Officers, the Secretaries of State every one, as Hepworth Dixon says, took fees, and every one paid them. They were, as a lawyer's or doctor's fees still are, payment for services rendered. Nobody dreamed of regarding them as bribes, but the system was open to abuse, and, even in the case of a just man, offered a ready means of attack for malice, it being easy to represent that money had been paid pendente lite in order to pervert justice, or that, even if judgment had

been given, there still remained some further point of fact or law which was or might have been reopened. It is proverbially easy to 'throw mud,' and difficult to prove a negative—particularly in the present instance, where there was only an Impeachment before his fellow-peers, without a semblance of judicial forms. Not only was Lord S. Alban at home sick, while this monstrous farce was being perpetrated, but there was not even a lawyer present to watch the proceedings on his behalf.

And what was the outcome, the final result? A confession which confesses nothing except that, as a matter, of course, S. Alban, like every one else, had taken fees, which were the regular and, perhaps, the only payment for the services of the highest Law Officer of the crown, and that he was not certain he had always been as strict as conceivably he might have been, in supervising the conduct of the numerous officials of his Court. He made no attempt to defend himself, an over-scrupulous conscience making him unwilling to exculpate himself from any possible neglect in looking after his official servants. He was, in his own words, "content if he might be the anvil on which a better system might be hammered." In his first answer to the Lords, which he termed a "humble submission," he expressed gratification on two points: first, that "hereafter the greatness of a judge or a magistrate shall be no sanctuary or protection of guiltiness, which, in a few words, is the beginning of a golden age"; and next that, "after this example, it is like that judges will fly from anything in the likeness of corruption (though it were at a great distance) as from a serpent; which tendeth to the purging of the courts of justice and the reducing them (i.e., bringing them back) to their true honor and splendor."

At the outset of the trial S. Alban, says Hepworth Dixon, "had smiled at such accusations, but when he found the case go on, he expressed his indignation to Buckingham as follows: 'Job himself, or whoever was the justest judge, by such hunting of matters against him as hath been used against me, may for a time seem foul. If this is to be a Cancellor, I think if the Great Seal lay on Hounslow Heath, nobody would take it. I know I have clean hands and a clean heart.'"

How infinitely removed he was from possibility of corruption, nay, from the ordinary attraction which money possesses for most of us—cultivated or otherwise—is as clear as mid-day to all who read the detailed biographies that have been written. Indeed, the more we know of this man of matchless intelligence, industry, honor, and devotion to God and to his race, the more does our heart go out to him in love and admiration. He said himself that "money was like muck—of no use unless it be spread," and the writer understands from a lady—Mrs. Henry Pott—who has devoted a lifetime to the study of her hero, that the real subject of "The Merchant of Venice" was his own imprisonment for debt on one occasion, in consequence of too lavish expenditure on some of his many schemes for "the reformation of the whole wide world," as he phrased it. He had borrowed money of a Jew and was unable to pay at the appointed time, being finally liberated by his favorite foster-brother Antony.

As showing how little attraction money had for S. Alban, I may quote an anecdote told by his biographer, Spedding. A gentleman called on the Lord Chancellor and was left by him alone in his study, when there comes in one of his Lordship's gentlemen, opens my Lord's chest of drawers where his money was, and takes it out in handfuls, fills both his pockets and goes away without saying a word to the caller. This gentleman was no sooner gone but comes a second, opens the same drawers, fills both his pockets with money, and goes away as the former did, without speaking a word. S. Alban, being told on his return what had passed, shook his head and said nothing but—"Sir, I cannot help myself." No doubt these gentlemen belonged to the small band of devoted admirers, members, perhaps, of the secret Rosicrucian Society, who worked under his direction at those vast enterprises which occupied so much of his scanty leisure, and were as carefully screened from the public eye as if they had been crimes. The following is one of the many splendid tributes paid to him by friends and Contemporaries. Ben Jonson says: "My conceit of his person was never increased towards him by his place or his honors, but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was proper only to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity, I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want, neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

In the impeachment no accusation was made that justice had been perverted, and no deci-

sion of his was then or afterwards reversed, or even appealed against, on any such ground. He himself declared at the time, and there is no title of evidence to contradict it: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years." While he was under accusation, he was so ill that he believed himself to be dying and made his will, in which he pathetically and with foresight bequeaths "my name to the next ages and to foreign nations." Some three hundred years have already elapsed since his plays were written, and yet the world at large knows him not as the author. His reference to "foreign nations" has also been justified. In Germany the plays are, perhaps, more honored and appreciated than in England, and the three persons—Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, Dr. Orville Owen, and Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup—who have discovered and published some of his cypher writings are Americans.

Among his papers was found after his supposed death the following prayer or psalm, referred to by Addison as resembling the devotion of an angel rather than of a man: "Most gracious Lord God, my Merciful Father from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my comforter, Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts. Thou knowest the upright of heart; Thou judgest the hypocrite; Thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; Thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from Thee. Remember, O Lord, how Thy servant hath walked before Thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved Thy assemblies; I have mourned for the divisions of Thy Church; I have delighted in the brightness of Thy sanctuary. This vine, which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes. I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart. I have, though in a despised weed* and in many other writings procured the good of all men. If any have been mine enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun set on my displeasure; but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but Thy scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found Thee in Thy temples. Thousand have been my sins and ten thousand my transgressions, but Thy scantifications have remained with me, and my heart, through Thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon Thine altar. O Lord, my strength, I have since my youth met with Thee in all my ways, by Thy fatherly compassions, by Thy comfortable chastisements, and by Thy most visible providence. As Thy favors have increased upon me, so have Thy corrections, so that Thou hast been ever near me, O Lord; and ever, as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from Thee have pierced me, and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before Thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honor, Thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to Thy former loving kindness, keeping me still in Thy fatherly school, not as a bastard but as a child. Just are Thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sand of the sea, but have no proportion to Thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea to the sea? Earth, heavens and all these are nothing to Thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before Thee that I am debtor to Thee for the graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to exchangers, where it might have made most profit, but mis-spent it in things for which I was least fit* so that I may truly say my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Savior's sake, and receive me into Thy bosom or guide me in Thy ways."

Of the so-called "fall" of S. Alban it may be said, in the words of Scripture: "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." If he was already far advanced on the Path of Holiness, then it is fairly certain that he would be in process of paying off rapidly the karmic debts of previous lives. There is a close parallel in the case of one of the Founders of the Theosophical Society, Mme. Blavatsky, who was perfectly innocent of the charge of deception laid against her in connection with letters received from the Masters at Adyar, in what was known as "the shrine." In her case also the accusation, though untrue, was doubtless the instrument, under the great karmic law,

*This is probably a reference to the Wisdom taught in the 'Shakespeare' plays.

*This is probably a reference to his career as a lawyer.

for inflicting humiliation and suffering which were a necessary consequence of errors committed in earlier lives; and Mme. Blavatsky herself was quite enough of an occultist to understand the working of the law—probably even to remember the particular deeds of which it was the outcome. It is probable that S. Alban in like manner remembered the deeds of other lives whose consequences he was experiencing through the unjust accusation in this life. Indeed, the expression in his psalm: —"Thousand have been my sins and ten thousand my transgressions" must have been evoked by such recollections, for it does not tally with the Bacon incarnation, though of this he says nothing, being reticent as the grave on all that concerns his personal connection with occultism. The reticence was natural enough in a man who, there is reason to believe, was a leader—probably the actual head—both of the Freemasons and, of that still more secret body, the Rosicrucian Society.

So much for the accusation of bribery—the result apparently of a conspiracy, of which the author may have been Lady Buckingham, mother of the Duke of Buckingham, "the King's Favorite." It is supposed that she wanted to get rid of S. Alban in order that a man named Williams, who was her lover, might succeed him, as in fact he did, only to be driven from office with ignominy shortly afterwards.

Now for the Bacon Mystery. Since it is a mystery, proof is, of course, impossible; only speculations can be offered, but many things are quite true which cannot at present be proved, and it is a recognized scientific method first to try and guess the truth, and then to marshal the facts which may either prove or disprove the theory. In this case the writer has unfortunately neither learning nor leisure for proving or disproving. He can do no more than give his own speculations in the hope that they may interest others sufficiently to induce them to undertake the task. There is one speculation—already stated—that cannot, of course, be tested by ordinary learning or research however great, and that is that S. Alban was, before his birth in that body, already far advanced on the Path of Holiness leading to the level of the Divine Man. The truth or otherwise of this statement can be proved only by the direct statement of an Initiate who knows the signs and effects of such development upon the higher vehicles, and who, if able to function consciously in the causal body, can consult what are called the 'Akashic records,' or sometimes, 'the memory of God,' and thus ascertain for himself whether or not Initiation had taken place; but others can infer it, from the highly spiritual nature of the teachings in Shakespeare and in pretty well everything else that S. Alban wrote, and also because (if the belief already stated is correct) this was the same soul who was known to the world later in another body as Count S. Germain, and who is said to be now a full Master of the Wisdom. The idea that S. Alban was reborn as the Count came into the writer's mind one day quite unexpectedly, but with strong conviction, apparently as an intuition, and with a feeling of great surprise at his own stupidity in not having perceived so obvious a truth before. There is also a third reason for believing S. Alban to have been on the Path. In fact, this third reason was the one which first suggested the idea. Permission has not been asked to mention the names of the persons concerned, but the incident may be given without them and to that course the person who told it to the writer has no objection. Two persons gifted with the very exceptional powers necessary for following back individuals into their past lives happened to be studying together an incarnation which a certain individual had had in Asia Minor in the 16th century, when one of them remarked to the other: "It is a curious thing that there does not seem to have been any offshoot* of the Great White Lodge at this time in Europe. "No," said the other, "but look up there in the North-West (meaning in England) "what is that?" "Oh yes," said the first, "I see a man writing, writing, writing, and, for some reason, I cannot quite make out, keeping back the greater part of what he writes. I wonder who it can be." "I don't know," remarked a third person who was present, but was not qualified to take part in the investigation, "but it seems to me as if it might be Lord Bacon." "Why, of course, that's who it is," said the first speaker, "it is Lord Bacon." The discovery made in this curious way that he was connected with the Great White Lodge and doubtless an Initiate, led the writer to take a very special interest in S. Alban's writings, of which he was hearing a good deal at about the same time, having had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Henry Pott, who has devoted a life-

*Observe in this connection the words in S. Alban's Psalm—"This vine which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation, etc."

time to the study of her hero and has written what is quite a standard book on his aims and hidden achievements, entitled Francis Bacon and His Secret Society. Mrs. Pott works with a keen interest in the subject, a tireless industry, and excellent intuition, while being entirely free from any theosophical preconceptions, and certainly unprejudiced by any such occult speculations as are here put forward. In fact, she stoutly resists the idea of reincarnation. This makes her the more valuable as a witness for the present purpose, and she it was who first assured the writer that S. Alban wrote a great deal, besides the plays of "Shakespeare," which was put out under the names of various men, and has been credited to those others accordingly from that day to this. Her method of research as to what he wrote is one that will commend itself to the scientific mind. It is by minute and laborious comparison of words, phrases, and ideas. The writer understands that she has eighty notebooks in her house full of her own writings; and one fact of which she has assured herself is especially interesting, namely, that the so-called Pope's "Essay on Man" was really the work of S. Alban. The poem did not appear till 1733 while the latter was reported, and is popularly believed, to have died in 1626, and Mrs. Pott herself believes him to have died in 1668. Even on the latter assumption, he died sixty-five years before the book appeared, and Mrs. Pott has to assume that it was kept back—for some mysterious reason, she knows not what—for all those years; but, if he were really reborn in the S. Germain body about 1670, it is easy to understand his writing a book in 1733 at the age of 63.

Now let us go back a little, because there are three incarnations of his, before the Bacon one, of which it may be possible to know something. It is said that Count S. Germain was the same soul who had previously appeared as Christian Rosenkreutz, and respecting whom the following interesting paragraph appears in "The Theosophist" for February last, under the heading "From the Editor": Christian Rosenkreutz, founder of the Rosicrucian Order, left that body in 1407, and passed into an adult body known as the famous warrior, Hunyadi Janos, terror of the invading Turk, a Transylvanian born at Hönyod in 1387. Hunyadi Janos, a youth of 20, was charging against a hostile troop, engaged apparently in some sort of foray which was threatening to cut off his return to the castle, and, his horse carrying him ahead of his own men, he was surrounded, struck down, and left for dead. Fortunately the axe which gave him the apparently fatal blow turned in its descent, and stunned him without cutting open his head. He fell under his horse which was pierced by a javelin, and the body of the animal sheltered his master from the trampling hoofs of friend and foe alike. The senseless body bereft of its Ego-owner, was taken possession of by him who had been called Rosenkreutz and the fiery youth developed into the famous general and, after the death of Ladislaus I. of Poland, became Regent of Hungary. The great and wise Ego passed out of this body in A. D. 1456.

Besides the incarnations as Rosenkreutz and Hunyadi Janos, there is one many centuries earlier, which Mrs. Pott would not admit (as she does not believe in reincarnation) but which her book, "Francis Bacon and His Secret Society," indicates pretty clearly for those who do so believe. On page 271 of her book, in a footnote, she quotes the title of a certain Masonic book as follows: "Illustrations of Masonry, by Wm. Preston, Past Master of the Lodge of Antiquity, 9th Edition, with considerable additions, London, 1796." She describes it as a small volume divided into "books"—of which the fourth and last is called "The History of Masonry in England"—and gives the following quotation: "Masonry flourished in England before the time of the Druids, and lodges and conventions were regularly held throughout the period of Roman rule, until Masonry was reduced to a low ebb through continual wars. At length the Emperor Carausius, having shaken off the Roman yoke, contrived the most effectual means to render his person and Government acceptable to the people, by assuming the character of a Mason. . . . He raised the Masons to the first rank as his favorites, and appointed Albanus, his Steward, as the principal superintendent of their assemblies." Later on the book says: "He granted them a charter, and commanded Albanus to preside over them as Grand Master. Some particulars of a man so truly exemplary among Masons will certainly merit attention. Albanus was born at Verulam, now S. Albans, in Heartfordshire, of a noble family." It ends by saying that S. Alban built a splendid place for the Emperor at Verulam and that, to reward his diligence, "the Emperor made him Steward of his household and chief ruler of the realm . . . We are assured that this Knight was a celebrated architect and a real encourager of able workmen. It cannot, therefore, be supposed that Freemasonry would be

neglected under so eminent a patron." On page 292 Mrs. Pott further quotes from the Royal, Masonic Encyclopedia: "S. Alban, the proto-martyr of England born at Verulam or S. Albans in Hertfordshire," and from an article in the same work entitled "Grand Masters of Free Masonry," as follows: "Grand Masters of England before the revival of Masonry in 1717 . . . A. D. 287, a S. Alban, a Roman knight, when Carausius was Emperor of Britain." He seems to have been canonised as a Christian Saint and Martyr, and to have given his name to the Town of S. Albans. What more natural than that, when again in birth in England many centuries later, he should be closely associated once more with that neighborhood, inheriting the property called Gorhambury, which was the Country seat of the Bacon family, and choosing as titles, on his creation as a Baron, the name of the village of Verulam, and as a Viscount the name of the town which had grown up on the site of the village, and to which he had given his name, "Sanctus Albanus," in the previous birth. A man so advanced as he, who had taken two previous births in quick succession, without the ordinary interval of rest and bliss in the heaven-world, would almost certainly be acting with a full recollection of the Roman birth when selecting these titles, as it is said that when a man renounces, as most Initiates do, the Devachanic interval, he has the power in the following incarnation to function consciously on that plane during life. It has been mentioned that Mrs. Pott believes that S. Alban did not really die in 1626, as the books assert. It seems more than probable that in order to divert public curiosity and to retire into the privacy which he loved, free to continue unfettered, his labors for "the reformation of the whole wide world," he had an account of his own death published. No doubt some of his numerous supporters and warm friends knew that he was not dead, but they would be trusty men, and careful to respect his wishes by keeping this knowledge to themselves. The books make him die in different places near London, in the houses of the various friends, of a serious cold caught by imprudent exposure to the weather, while experimenting as to the possibility of preserving meat in snow; but there is simply no account of his funeral, and it is not really known even where he was buried. The actual date of his death, as given to Mrs. Pott by a friend who has special information, was 1668. He, therefore, lived to about the same great age of 106 in this body as in the previous one known as Christian Rosenkreutz; and for the 42 years which elapsed after his supposed death he was living in absolute retirement, at least as regards the world to which he had been publicly known.

A lady, related to the writer, who has long been an eager student of things connected with Lord S. Alban, sends the following information respecting his supposed death: "He is said to have died in 1626 of a cold contracted while stuffing a fowl in 'Hog Bush Lane' at the foot of Highgate Hill. The people who believe it are stuffed, not the fowl! He was supposed to have been exemplifying the freezing of meat! He had demonstrated that theory long before in one of his Natural History Books. There is no authentic account of his death anywhere, and no account of any funeral. He said in one of his wills that he wished to be privately buried. There may have been a mock funeral and a coffin filled with stones, but I can find no trace of it. Is it not peculiar—a public man of his importance and no notice anywhere of his funeral? He left in his will that Bishop Williams should speak his funeral sermon. I have never found that it was preached. He also left in his will that he should be buried with his Mother in S. Michael's Church, Gorhamburg. In that church, a mile from S. Albans, stands his monument, raised by his Secretary and friend, Meantys, with an epitaph by Sir Henry Wotton. It is ambiguous, as epitaphs on members of the secret Rosicrucian Society are, the rule being that, if anything at all is put on the grave, it must be ambiguous. It reads as if he were not dead, and dead he certainly does not appear to have been when it was raised—that is, the marble seated figure with his head on his hand and one foot extended. The late Lord Verulam said that he had looked for S. Alban's coffin when his own mother was interred in the Verulam family vault and that it certainly was not there. S. Alban's works came out re-edited and re-touched after 1626. He was very full of centenarians in his works and quoted heaps of cases of longevity. I think he was a hermit in a cave or cell, perhaps near Oxford at one time, and that he was doing what he could for Charles the First, and had wonderful water-works—fountains and music worked by water—in his hiding place near Oxford, and that Charles I. and Henrietta Maria visited with interest the magic spot more than once. That he had a finger in the pie of Charles II.'s restoration,

I do not doubt, and that he had more to do than any other "Monk" with that gay monarch's return to England. Apropos of the Count S. Germain—it is curious to note that the Lord S. Alban, who succeeded to the title on Francis' supposed death was Henry S. Germyn—whoever that may be. There is some reason to suppose that he went into a Jesuit Monastery, and I have it on good authority that it was owing to the Free Masons that Charles II. regained the throne of his fathers."

If, as may be, the event known as the Fall of Lord Bacon was the physical-plane experience immediately preceding, and in fact rendering possible, the taking of the Fourth great step, or Initiation, on the Path of Holiness, the step which makes a man the Arhat, it would be natural, or even necessary that he should then retire from the world. Indeed it is asserted in a Buddhist Scripture that, on entering that sublime state, a man necessarily enters, even in external appearance, that religious life which he must previously have been following in the privacy of his own soul, no matter what his ostensible occupations before the world may have been. In this connection an interesting passage may be quoted from an "Address to the Reader" prefixed (in the Third Edition brought out in 1670) to the Second Part of Rawley's Resuscitatio, or The Bringing into Public Light several Pieces of the Works Civil, Historical, Philosophical and Theological, hitherto sleeping, of the Right Honorable Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount Saint Alban. The passage is as follows: "And though to live at another man's benevolence seems the smallest privilege of a subject, and to die at his own command the greatest prerogative of a king, yet a base Headsman shall not share so great a glory as the Chopping of a Head enriched with so much policy and wisdom, but rather justice herself shall seem to entreat no other hands in his stately execution than his Royal Master's mercy; which he no sooner sought but obtained, and then with a head filled up to the brim, as well with sorrow as with wisdom, and covered and adorned with gray hairs, made a holy and humble retreat to the cool shades of rest, where he remained triumphant above fate and fortune till heaven was pleased to summon him to a more glorious and triumphant rest. Nor shall his most excellent pieces, part of which though dispersed and published at several times in his lifetime, now after his death lie buried in oblivion, but rather survive him and as incense smell sweet in the nostrils of posterity," Mr. Granville Cunningham, the President of the Bacon Society, in a letter to the Editor of Baconiana (the Society's Journal) published in the number for January, 1908, after quoting this passage, remarks: "the statement that Bacon made a holy and humble retreat into the cool shades of rest, where he remained triumphant above fate and fortune, is one that cannot be reconciled with the ordinary accepted account of the last few years of his life, and with its termination in 1626. The date of his letter making his last appeal to King James, after which he received forgiveness, was 30th July, 1624, only about twenty months before the 9th April, 1626, the date given for his death, and during those twenty months he had in no sense made 'a holy and humble retreat, etc.' He was much in evidence and carrying on experiments in Natural History during the time of his residence in Lord Arundell's house at Highgate when his life terminated. Indeed so little had he retired into 'the cool shades of rest' that he was summoned to King Charles' First Parliament in 1625. This 'now' does not seem appropriate if speaking of a death that occurred forty-four years before. The subject is very interesting and the language used such as may well set men thinking, and perhaps was used with that intention."

If the date given to Mrs. Pott for the actual death—1668—was correct, the word "now" noticed by Mr. Cunningham would be quite appropriate.

To return from this long digression. If S. Alban was really so far advanced on the Path of Holiness, it is essential to bear that fact in mind in trying to understand the "Bacon Mystery." It is a mystery, both because the achievements of a Yogi must always be mysterious for the ordinary world—it is like the track of a bird in the air which cannot be followed by the ordinary eye—and because S. Alban was so very careful and so successful in hanging a curtain before his own labors for the good of the race, that you will search in vain for direct statements of any kind, beyond the ungrudging testimony of friends and idmirers, which is always couched in general terms and reveals nothing that he himself wished concealed.

Of this Mystery there are parts that can apparently never be known to the world at large—I mean his doings as Head of the Rosicrucians and Freemasons; but there are other parts that, I believe, ordinary research will gradually bring to light, when properly direct-

ed by the intuition and by a full recognition of his unexampled powers and the absolute purity of his motives and aims. It is never safe to assume that one knows the whole of anything, especially of such a mystery as this, but so far as the writer's own curiosity has been awakened, S. Alban's activities apart from those generally recognized and from those connected with secret societies may be summed up under literature, both in prose and verse, and musical compositions, the whole of which were deliberately and systematically put out as the work of other men, to whom they have been unsuspectingly attributed from that day to this. Of the literary achievements, the so-called plays of Shakespeare are all that the world at present even suspects, much less believes, but the Bacon Society has gone a little further, as its President, Mr. Granville Cunningham (who is a practical person, being also General Manager of the Twopenny Tube or Central London Railway) has accumulated considerable evidence of S. Alban's authorship of the supposed poems of Edmund Spenser—the "Fairy Queen," "Shepherd's Calendar," etc., and published the result of his researches in Baconiana. No attempt, however, has, so far as the writer knows, yet been made to obtain proof of his authoriship of the numerous other works which, in the cypher discovered by Mrs. Gallup, are equally stated to have been his. He nowhere, so far as I know, attempts to enumerate in the cypher all the works which, up to the time of writing, had been published under other persons' names, but his own words deciphered by Mrs. Gallup and given on page 204 of the third edition of her book, "The Biliteral Cypher," give a general idea: "Any play published as Marlowe's came from the same source as all which you will now work out . . . you" (he is addressing his, then, future decipherer) "know the names chosen as masks—Greene, Spenser, Peele, Shakespeare, Burton and Marley, as you may somewhere see it, or, as it is usually given, Marlowe, have thus far been my masks, which have caused no marked surprise because they have familiar names on the title page, not fancied but of living men, at the least of men who have lived. A few works also bear the name of my friend Ben Jonson." It will be noticed here that he takes real men, not invented names, for his "masks," and that he did not, in the case of Ben Jonson at any rate, write all the works which appeared under the name chosen. One has, therefore, to be on one's guard, and neither loosely to attribute, for instance, all Jonson's works to S. Alban, nor, on the other hand, to think that, because some works are really Jonson's, none could have been S. Alban's. It is an easy and pictoral way of representing the discovery (whether in stating or in ridiculing it) to say that "Ben Jonson was really Bacon," but this would be to exaggerate the amount that he wrote, and to attribute to him work that was in all probability inferior to his own. The discovery that he did write under all these names fortunately removes one difficulty with which Baconians have been constantly confronted, namely, the wonderful similarity to Shakespeare both in thought and language of certain contemporary writers. The similarity was inevitable, if all the works are from one pen, but people who would not admit that S. Alban wrote the Shakespeare plays naturally never thought of his writing the others, and they pointed out with unsuspecting candor that it would be just as reasonable to suppose that he wrote the rest of the Elizabethan drama. That he really did this is made as clear as day in a recent book by Mr. Harold Bayley, ex-editor of Baconiana, entitled "The Shakespeare Symphony" (London: Chapman and Hall, 1906).

Now one of the great impediments to an investigation into the actual literary output of this extraordinary man is the unparalleled extent of his achievements, which would be incredible, but for the very exceptional circumstances. To recapitulate—he was, in the writer's belief, and in that of a rapidly increasing number of intelligent people, the real Shakespeare, and as such, among the very greatest writers of this country and even of Europe. The reader may be reminded of the well known comparison with Homer and Virgil—

Three poets in three distant ages born
Greece, Italy and England did adorn,
The force of nature could no further go
To make a third she joined the former two.

Ben Jonson, the secretary and friend of S. Alban, speaks of him as having "filled up all numbers and performed, that in our tongue which may be preferred to insolent Greece or haughty Rome," and curiously enough (at least it must be curious for those who do not know the identity) he applies the identical

expression to Shakespeare in the following lines:

Or when thy socks were on
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth or since did from their ashes come.

The expression "filled up all numbers" is interesting and probably meant either that he had carried poetry to the greatest possible height, or that he had given us examples of all forms of verse, perhaps, both ideas were in Ben Jonson's mind. Compare the lines of Pope, written, I believe, by S. Alban himself:

I lisped in numbers and the numbers came,

and again

Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll.

It is interesting to note in passing that, if the "Essay on Man" was by Count S. Germain, he refers to his own last birth in the lines:

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

I have heard the word "meanest" explained (by one who agreed with me as to the authorship) as meaning "humblest," so that the line may be understood as:

"The wisest, brightest, humblest of mankind; but my own idea is that he used it in the ordinary sense of "most contemptible," accepting with indifference the careless and cruel judgment of his contemporaries, which was repeated by Lord Macaulay and even at the present day prevents any intelligent appreciation of the man on the part of the general public."

To return to our subject—as if it was not enough for one man to be, perhaps, the greatest of lawyers, although he was driven to that career much against his will—witness the expression already quoted in his prayer or psalm, where he blames himself for not having put what he calls "the gracious talent of Thy gifts and graces to exchangers where it might have made best profit, but misspent it in things for which I was least fit." He says again in a letter to Sir Thomas Bodely quoted by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly in the "Great Cryptogram," vol. 1, page 137: "I do confess since I was of any understanding, my mind hath in effect been absent from what I have done and in absence errors are committed, which I do willingly acknowledge; and amongst the rest this great one which led the rest; that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes, for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind," and in "The Advancement of Learning" VIII. 3: "This I speak to posterity, not out of ostentation, but because I judge it may somewhat import the dignity of learning, to have a man born for letters rather than for anything else, who should by a certain fatality, and against the beat of his own genius, be compelled into active life."

Mr. Donnelly—who has been the subject of cheap ridicule from those unable to understand him but whose book is a fascinating monument of loving study and erudition—gives at the end of a most able chapter on S. Alban as a lawyer, the following summary of the subject: "The man who wrote the plays must have lived and breathed in an atmosphere of the law, which so completely filled his whole being that he could not speak of war or peace, of business or of love, of sorrow or of pleasure, without scintillating forth legal expressions, and these he placed indifferently in the mouths of young and old, learned and unlearned, Greeks, Romans, Italians, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, and Englishmen."

Even his selection of the drama as a means of expression seemes to have been in one sense accidental. We cannot suppose that the author of "Venus and Adonis," "The Fairy Queen," and the "Sonnets," felt himself to be a specialist unfitted for other forms of poetry than the dramatic, or that he chose it as the line best fitted to bring him personal fame, seeing that he deliberately concealed his authorship from his own and succeeding generations. My conception of him is as of a great spiritual teacher returning to earth-life with a single eye to God's glory and to "the reformation of the whole wide world," brimming over with the "waters of life," and eager to avail himself of any and every channel for conveying them to his fellows. Had he lived now instead of then, he might very likely have chosen the novel as exerting an even more commanding influence than the stage, but in his days there was no choice, the novel being unknown and only quite "the upper ten thousand" being able to read. It is more than probable that the supposed author of the plays was himself unable to read. It is pretty clear that great difficulty in penmanship, as the only scrap of

his writing of which any one has ever heard, was a sprawling signature to his will. Apparently S. Alban's quick eye saw that the readiest way of reaching the intelligence of the largest number was through the stage, which in fact was an insignificant factor, in public life before his great genius placed it rapidly at the height of its glory—a level far superior, in the writer's humble judgment, to that which it now occupies—when actor-managers, if they do venture to put him on the boards, think it necessary to apologize for the supposed poorness of the matter by splendor of staging and untold liberties with the text and thought, which they evidently do not understand. It is no wonder that plays massacred in this way fail to attract.

It is important to realize that his genius was far too wide and comprehensive to be in any way limited to the drama. It was able to express itself with equal facility in other lines, and if we conceive of him as a soul with vast but specialized talent for play-writing, we shall quite fail to understand his powers and performances. In whatever author of his own day and later we find deep religious philosophy combined with poetic ability of the first order —spiritual teaching that is distinctly Theosophic, with fertility and splendor of fancy, beauty and dignity of expression—we may reasonably enquire whether such an one may not really have been S. Alban, hiding under one of his very numerous masks. Not until we begin to conceive the vastness of his mind and aims shall we be in the least prepared for the task of stripping of those masks and recognizing the real man beneath. The writer's attention was first directed to this subject by Mrs. Pott, who, as has been said, expressed her conviction that Pope's "Essay on Man" was really Bacon's. That "Essay" was then carefully studied and found to be full of statements about the designs and methods of Providence in dealing with man which, when read in youth, had been assumed to be mere pious guesses, but which now, in virtue of Theosophic studies, were recognized not only as being profoundly true and important, but as showing a first hand acquaintance with the methods of the governing Hierarchy of this planet, which can be obtained only from the Holy ones of the Earth—either face to face as Initiates obtain it, or indirectly as we do in Theosophy. Such information was not obtainable when the poem was written, nor for 150 years afterwards, through any Theosophical Society. Knowledge there was in the world no doubt, as there always is, but it must have been confined to Initiates and their scattered pupils; and S. Alban's possession of such knowledge curiously confirms the observations of those highly developed psychic investigators already referred to, who accidentally discovered him to be the only Initiate or "offshoot of the Great White Lodge" working in Europe in his time. Notice in this connection the wonderful words in his Psalm: "This vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed that it might have the first and the latter rain, and stretch its branches to the seas and floods." The vine is the ancient symbol for the wisdom teaching—compare its use by Christ—"I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman." And if he was this and was also the real Shakespeare, we may be prepared to find that Mrs. Pott is also right in attributing to him, as she does, after full research on her own industrious and scientific method, the authorship of "Paradise Lost." On hearing this, the writer naturally asked: "What about 'Paradise Regained'?" but her answer was to the effect: "That may be, but I cannot say because I have not made the minute examination that I have as to 'Paradise Lost,' about which I am certain."

To return to the "Essay on Man." Having satisfied himself that it was S. Alban's, the writer extended his study of Pope's works, fully expecting to find that the rest were of a very different order, but to his surprise, was quite unable to draw the line at the "Essay," and, also to his surprise, Mrs. Pott, when asked, expressed the opinion that Pope did not himself write anything of any value. Here is really a vast field of research—big enough for several earnest workers—and attention is called to it, in the hope that a reader here and there may possibly be attracted to it. If so, it can be promised,—from personal experience—firstly, that the excellence of S. Alban's work and the very unusual kind of knowledge which it betrays are such that, after a little study, he is pretty easy to recognize, and one acquires considerable confidence in deciding whether or not a composition is his; and secondly, that, in virtue of that excellence and knowledge, the enquiry soon becomes profoundly interesting for its own sake and quite apart from any discoveries that may be made. One obvious question which suggests itself is whether Dryden, slightly earlier than Pope, but very similar, may not have been another

"mask." For instance, the poem entitled "Alexander's Feast," or "The Power of Music," is strongly suggestive of S. Alban—though he must have been in the S. Germain body when it was written.

If, as some assert, the Count has been living in the same body from 1670 to the present day (in the case of a Master of the Wisdom, such a thing is quite possible) and if he had previously been the real Shakespeare, it would, indeed, be surprising if he had not continued to use his divine gifts for the helping of the Race —seeing how supremely easy to him such work evidently was—and once people generally become aware of the existence of this literary mystery, we may hope that eager and enthusiastic workers will not be wanting. By way of contribution, some other works and authors already known or strongly suspected as his by some people, may be mentioned, viz., Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Don Quixote," some beautiful collects in the book of Common Prayer, which were not taken from the Roman Mass at the Reformation, and some supposed writings of the Elizabethan Divines. Ernest Udny.

To Nettleship, true mysticism is the belief that everything in being what it is, is symbolic of something more; or as Luthardt says, "Nature is a world of symbolism, a rich hieroglyphic book: everything visible conceals an invisible mystery and the last mystery of all is God."

All art constantly aspires towards the conditions of music . . . because in its ideal, consummate moments the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; and to it, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire.
—Walter Pater.

* * * To approach such men elevates us, and in talking with them we feel the touch of the eternal: nay "even though they sleep they seem to purify the air and their houses seem to adorn the landscape and strengthen the laws."

A just man leaves not off to pray unless he leaves off to be just. He always prays who always does well, the good desire is prayer, and if the desire be continued, so is also the prayer.—St. John Chrysostom.

PATISENA.

The Story of the Devotion of a Disciple of Buddha.

In olden time when Buddha was residing at Sravasti, there was an old mendicant called Patisena, who, being by nature cross and dull, could not learn so much as one Stanza by heart.

Buddha accordingly ordered 500 Rahats day by day to instruct him, but after three years he was still unable to remember even one stanza. Then all the people of the country, knowing his ignorance, began to ridicule him, on which Buddha, pitying his case called him to his side, and gently repeated the following stanza: "He who guards his mouth, and restrains his thoughts, he who offends not with his body, the man who acts thus shall obtain deliverance.

Then Patisena, moved by a sense of the Master's goodness to him, felt his heart opened, and at once repeated the stanza. Buddha then addressed him further: "You now, an old man, can repeat a stanza only, and men know this, and they will ridicule you, therefore I will now explain the meaning of the verse to you."

Now at this time there were 500 nuns dwelling near, who sent one of their number to Buddha to request him to send them a priest to instruct them in the Law, on which Buddha desired the old mendicant to go to them for this purpose.

On hearing of this arrangement, all the nuns began to laugh and agreed on the morrow, when he came, to say the stanza backward, and so confuse the old man and put him to shame. And on the morrow when he came, all the nuns went forth to salute him, and as they did so they looked at one another and smiled.

Having eaten and washed his hands, they begged him to begin his sermon. The aged mendicant ascended the elevated seat, and sitting down, began: "Sisters, my talent is small, my learning is very little. I know only one stanza, but I will repeat that and explain its meaning. Do you listen with attention and understand."

Then all the young nuns attempted to say the stanza backwards, but lo! they could not open their mouths, and, filled with shame, they hung down their heads in sorrow. Then Patisena having repeated the stanza, began to

explain it, head by head, as Buddha had instructed him.

On the day after this the King invited Buddha and the whole congregation of priests to assemble at his palace. Buddha, therefore, recognizing the superior and reverend appearance of Patisena, desired him to bear his alms-dish and follow him as he went.

But when they came to the palace gate, the porter, knowing his antecedents refused him admittance, for "We have no hospitality," said he, "for a priest who knows but one stanza, "there is no room for such common fellows as you—make place for your betters and begone." Patisena, accordingly, sat down outside the door.

Buddha having now ascended the platform, after having washed his hands, lo! the arm of Patisena, with the alms-dish in its hand, entered the room. Then the king, ministers, and all the assembly, seeing the sight, were astonished, and said, "Ah, what arm is this?" on which Buddha replied, "It is the arm of Patisena, the mendicant. He has but just obtained enlightenment, and I desired him to bear my alms-dish behind me, but the porter has refused him admission, and so his arm has appeared with my alms-dish in the hand." At this he was admitted and entered the assembly.

Then the king, turning to Buddha, said, "I hear this man Patisena is of small ability, and knows only one stanza, how, then, has he obtained the supreme wisdom?" To which Buddha replied, "Learning need not be much, conduct is the first thing. Patisena has allowed the secret virtue of the words of this one stanza to penetrate his spirit. His body, mouth, and thoughts have obtained perfect quietude, for though a man know ever so much, if his knowledge reach not to his life, to deliver him from the power which leads to destruction, what benefit can all this learning be?" and then Buddha repeated the following stanzas:

"Although a man can repeat a thousand stanzas, but understand not the meaning of the lines he repeats, this is not equal to the repetition of one sentence well understood, which is able when heard to control thought. To repeat a thousand words without understanding, what profit is there in this? But to understand one truth, and hearing it, to act accordingly, is to find deliverance. A man may be able to repeat many books, but if he cannot explain them, what profit is there in this? But to explain one sentence of the law and to walk accordingly is the way to find supreme wisdom."

A CHILD'S SONG OF WISDOM.

In ancient Greece, during the days of the great King Agathos, there existed a ruined village in a hollow among high mountains. Everything in it had become broken-down and decayed. The houses were old and mean, and bare; grass grew upon the streets, and the inhabitants were ignorant and sad and poor. One morning early in spring, a stranger entered the village. It was noticed that he walked from one end of the main street to the other, looking to this side and to that, at the houses; but more eagerly into the faces of the people who were passing by.

The laborers began to come out from their homes to go into the fields; the stranger examined every face as it passed. A little while after the young women came out to the wells for water; the stranger went up to these and questioned them one by one. By and by he turned aside to a blind old man who sat at his door to enjoy the heat of the morning sun, and he put many questions to him; but neither the old man nor the young women could give him the information he wished.

A look of disappointment and distress came into his face. The villagers saw him turning away into a back street that had long since been deserted. Then they noticed that he sat down on the stones of an old wall, with his face towards a roofless cottage, which had neither window nor fireplace, nor door.

This was the cottage in which the stranger was born, and in which he had spent his early years. As he sat gazing on its ruins the old forms he had known so well in his boyhood seemed to come back again. He saw his father working among the flower-beds in the garden, and his mother, now knitting and now cooking, beside the kitchen fire. The very laughter of his brothers and sisters, as he had so often heard it long ago, seemed to come back again and fill his ears like a song. And there came also the memory of a day when that laughter was stilled, when the form of a beautiful sister was carried out to her grave. Tears began to trickle down his cheeks.

Behind the cottage rose up the great sides of the hills among which the village was nestled. Far up, the shepherds' huts could be

seen like little dots scattered here and there, and in the green pastures, flocks of sheep. As the stranger was gazing across the roofless and broken walls of his early home, his ear caught little snatches of a song which some one was singing among the hills behind. Then he beheld the singer, a little girl, stepping down, as if she were coming from the shepherds' huts. Her feet were bare, but she stepped downwards as if she had wings. Her yellow hair was blown out behind her by the wind. She was coming directly toward the stranger, and almost before he knew, she was at his side, singing the song he had heard:

"Friend and brother, wouldst thou find
Hearts of love around thee bind?
Be thyself a heart of home;
To gentle hearts, hearts gentle come."

Then she stopped singing and fixing her eyes earnestly on him said, "You are in pain, my brother?" And although she was but a little child, and one he did not remember to have seen before, the stranger could not help opening his heart to her.

"I have come from the distant shores of our king's country to find my brothers and sisters, and they are not here. When I left this village I was poor; I am now rich, and would share my riches with them." While the stranger was speaking, the little girl seemed to grow more and more beautiful. Her eyes shone like bits of the blue sky, and sent their glance into his very soul. As the morning sunlight fell on her hair, it seemed like a crown of gold around her head.

And then as she stood before him, in her exceeding beauty, it flashed upon him that somewhere or other, in bygone years, he must have seen that face. In a moment more, he knew that this was the very face of the dear sister who had died. She said, "Come with me, your brothers and sisters are found." She took him by the hand and led him back in to the main street of the village and said, "Do you see that blind old man whom you questioned? That is your father."

"But my father is dead these many years." Without stopping to answer him the beautiful child went on: "Do you see those young women you spoke to, coming from the well with water? They are your sisters."

"But my sisters must be old and grey-headed now." Once more, without replying to him, the child said: "Do you see those laborers in the field, whose faces you looked into so eagerly? They are your brothers." "But I had only one brother." While he was saying this the children began to go to school. "And there," exclaimed his young companion, pointing to them, "are your children." The stranger was perplexed. Everything about him seemed to swim in the morning light. The children, the young women, the laborers, and the blind old man appeared as if they were drawn up into the same light, the beautiful form of his child-sister also passed, smiling towards her brother with a tender grace, and singing her gentle song. Then everything disappeared.

When he came to himself he was still sitting on the stones of the broken wall. The roofless cottage was on the other side of the way, but the little girl was gone. From where he sat he could see neither children nor grown people of the village. He was never quite certain about what had taken place. Sometimes he fancied he had fallen asleep and had dreamed a happy dream. Sometimes it seemed as if he had seen a vision, and as if the beautiful child stepping down the hillside while singing her song of wisdom had been real. But nobody had seen her, and the shepherds in the huts did not know such a child. Whether what he saw and heard was real or only a dream, it was at any rate the turning-point in the life of the rich stranger. The song of the fair-haired child took possession of his heart, and by means of it God changed his heart and made it gentle and neighborly, and the light of the neighborly heart came into his eyes, and he saw in the ruined village a new world, and new duties there for himself. Long afterwards he used to tell that he saw that day what John had seen in the isle of Patmos, "a new heaven and a new earth." He knelt beside the ruined cottage, and lifted up his heart to God and said, "Oh, my Creator, all I have is thine; from Thee it came, to Thee it shall return. Help me to fulfill Thy will." He rose up a new man. He said to himself, "I will abide in this village, and build up its ruined walls, and make the people of it the sharers of my wealth." So he abode in the village, and he became a neighbor to old and young. The inhabitants he adopted as his children, his brothers and sisters and his parents. Light arose in their dwellings, and prosperity came back into their streets, and songs to their lips. The rich man was happy and the poor were blessed.

In his old age, when young people were setting out in life, and came to him for his blessing, he used to repeat to them the song which the fair-haired child of his vision had

sung to him, and call it "the secret of a happy life." Long years have passed since those things took place. The ruined village is now a large and prosperous city; but in the center of it stands to this day a granite cross with the portrait of a beautiful child cut on the stone and underneath the words of the song:

"Friend and brother wouldst thou find
Hearts of love around thee bind?
Be thyself a heart of home;
To gentle hearts, hearts gentle come."

This is the monument of the rich stranger who shared his riches with the people of the ruined village. His name is unknown, but in the histories of the city you will find that the founder of its prosperity is described as "the man with the neighborly heart."

Adelia H. Taffinder.

LETTER FROM ADYAR.

After storm comes a lull, after a heavy rain the shining of the sun, after busy work a quiet peace. So one thought that when the hourly meetings and the hurly-burly of the convention had come to an end there would follow some quiet and the workers be given some breathing time. But our beloved head would not have it. Hardly a week was over when off she went to west coast lodges for a fortnightly tour. The visits to different centers have been of course fruitful; lodge buildings, existing on the mental plane for long days, at length saw their physical foundation-stones well and truly laid by our president; Sons and Daugnters of India multiplied at all places rallying round their respected Chief; addresses of welcome and praise, on shining satin or handsome parchment, came round in abundance; and, as if lovely roses of love and sweet jessamine of devotion were not enough, fragrant flowers were heaped round the neck of Mrs. Besant. Processions were formed, men taking the place of horses pulling her carriage, tom-toms and music in front and hundreds following her—it all showed the place our dear president occupies in the Indian heart. The Theosophist and the Adyar Bulletin contain a full report of work from her own pen.

And while she was away, Adyar was not idle. The Theosophist with quite an exceptional content and with the Annual Report coming to a volume of more than 360 pages was got ready and it goes out this week. All our workers were busy and our students well occupied. The physical quiet of Adyar is like all other physical things, after all an illusion; for there is great activity in inner Adyar; perhaps it is one of the busiest places on earth.

The age of phenomena is not over. Wonderful things happen at Adyar and our American brothers must hear of them. They are, however, not of the nature of those scores of genuine wonders worked by our revered H. P. B., which, in their days, raised so much hue and cry. Those whose love of the marvelous stops short at raps and fairy bells will not perhaps be satisfied with the phenomena I am referring to; and yet they are as romantic and as instructive as those of early days. To some of us it seems that, dropping of a letter from the sky of Adyar is not more exciting than the dropping in, as quietly and as straight, of a living human being, on its soils; and that many genuine human beings are dropping in at Adyar, I assure the readers of the Theosophic Messenger! Of late they have dropped on the fertile soil precious seeds in the persons of Prof. E. A. Wodehouse, Mr. Ernest Wood and Miss Maud MacCarthy; New Zealand sends Miss Browning, M. A. and Miss Christie. Mr. Van Manen comes from Holland. These phenomena convince one more of the inner power of Theosophy. The production of an elegant piece of good porcelain from "nothingness" does not prove the inherent truth of Theosophy; but the coming in of people who once were in the ranks of scientific materialism, or religious sectarianism, men and women, some on the very threshold of life, others of mature age with experience, consecrating their lives to work and service—this seems to the thoughtful a phenomenon better than the spooky messages that interest many in the American world.

The president is delivering a course of five lectures under the general heading of "The Changing World: A New Heaven and a New Earth." The sub-titles are (1) The Present Deadlock in Religion, Science and Art; (2) The Present Deadlock in Social Conditions: Luxury and Want Face to Face; (3) The New Doors Opening in Religion, Science and Art; (4) Brotherhood Applied to Social Life, and (5) The Coming Race. These are delivered on Sunday evenings to the public while on Sunday mornings she is giving to the Madras Branches talks on "The Constitution of Man."

B. P. W.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY MR. C. W. LEADBEATER.

Question—What causes the astral counterpart to assume the particular shape of the physical body? Is it possible to see, hear, etc., upon the astral plane by means of the astral counterpart of the eyes, ears, etc.?

The best way of understanding the peculiarities of the astral body is to try to comprehend the whole of what may be called the physics of the astral plane. There are seven sub-planes (that is, seven different degrees of density) of astral matter, and these have a close correspondence with the seven sub-planes of the physical. We read constantly that all physical matter is interpenetrated by astral matter, but our members do not always seem to understand that each sub-plane of physical matter has a very strong attractive power over, and is therefore always interpenetrated by, astral matter of the corresponding sub-plane. Take the case of a glass of water—the tumbler (being solid matter) is interpenetrated by astral matter of the lowest sub-plane; the water in the tumbler (being liquid matter) is interpenetrated by astral matter of the second sub-plane, counting from the bottom upwards; while the air which surrounds both (being gaseous matter) is interpenetrated by astral matter of the third sub-plane, counting from the bottom upwards. We must also realize that just as all these things, the tumbler, the water, and the air are interpenetrated by physical ether, so are their astral correspondences further interpenetrated by the variety of astral matter which corresponds to the different types of ether; but we may put that consideration aside for the moment.

When the ego descends into incarnation, he draws round himself a mass of astral matter, not yet formed into a definite astral body; this takes, in the first place, the shape of that ovoid which is the nearest expression that we can realize of the true shape of the causal body. But when the further step downward and outward into physical incarnation is taken, and a little physical body is formed in the midst of that astral matter, it immediately begins to exert a violent attraction over it, so that the great majority of the astral matter (which previously may be thought of as fairly evenly distributed over the large oval) now becomes concentrated into the periphery of that physical body. As the physical body grows, the astral matter follows its every change, and thus we find man presenting the spectacle of an astral body, 99 per cent of which is compressed within the periphery of his physical body, only about the remaining one per cent filling the rest of the ovoid form. In the plates in "Man: Visible and Invisible," we have sketched in the outline of the physical body merely in pencil, because my especial desire in that book was to emphasize the colors of the ovoid, and the way in which they illustrated the development of man by the transfer of vibrations from the lower bodies to the higher; but in reality that astral counterpart of the physical body is very solid and definite, and quite clearly distinguishable from the surrounding ovoid.

Note, therefore, that the astral matter takes the exact form of the physical matter merely because of the attraction which the latter has for the former. But we must further realize that although we may speak of the lowest sub-plane of the astral, as corresponding to solid physical matter, it is yet very different in texture, for all astral matter bears to its corresponding physical matter something the same sort of relation that the liquid bears to the solid. That is why the astral plane is frequently symbolized by water. Therefore the particles of the astral body (even the finest part of it) are constantly in motion among themselves, just as are the particles of flowing water; and it will consequently be seen that it would be quite impossible for the astral body to possess specialized organs in the same sense as does the physical body. No doubt there is an exact counterpart in astral matter to the rods and cones which make up the retina of the physical eye; but the particles which at one moment are occupying that particular position in an astral body may, a second or two later, be moving through the hand or the foot. One does not, therefore, see upon the astral plane by means of the astral counterpart of the physical eyes, nor does one hear with the astral counterpart of the physical ears; indeed, it is perhaps not exactly correct to apply the terms "seeing" and "hearing" to astral methods of cognizance, since these terms are commonly held to imply specialized sense organs, whereas the fact is that every particle in the astral body is capable of receiving and transmitting vibrations from one of its own type, but its own type only. Thus when one obtains a glimpse of astral consciousness, one is surprised to find oneself able to see on

all sides simultaneously, instead of only in front as one does on the physical plane. The exact correspondence of the astral body to the physical, therefore, is merely a matter of external form, and does not at all involve any similarity of function in the various organs. But the attraction, continued all through life, sets up a kind of habit or momentum in the astral matter, which causes it to retain the same form even while it is withdrawn temporarily from the attraction of the physical body at night, and permanently after death; so that even through the long astral life the lineaments of the physical body which was put aside at death will still be preserved almost unchanged. Almost—because we must not forget that thought has a very powerful influence upon astral matter and can readily mould it, so that a man who habitually thought of himself after death as younger than he actually was at the time of that death would gradually come to present a somewhat younger appearance.

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Question—I have never been able fully to understand the problem of the higher and the lower self; we are told there is only one consciousness, and yet we often clearly feel two. What is the real relation between them? Is the ego entirely dissociated from its physical body, and has it an existence of its own among its fellows on its own plane?

Answer—the problem of the lower and the higher self is an old one, and it is undoubtedly difficult to realize that there is, after all, only one consciousness, and that the apparent difference is caused only by the limitations of the various vehicles. The whole consciousness works on its own higher mental plane, but in the case of the ordinary man only very partially and vaguely as yet. So far as it is active, it is always on the side of good, because it desires that which is favorable to its evolution as a soul. It puts a portion of itself down into lower matter, and that portion becomes so much more keenly and vividly conscious in that matter that it thinks and acts as though it were a separate being, forgetting its connection with that less developed yet far wider soul-consciousness above. So sometimes it seems as though the fragment worked against the whole; but the man who is instructed declines to be deluded, and reaches back through the keen near-consciousness of the fragment to the true consciousness behind, which is as yet so little developed.

Undoubtedly the ego is only very partially expressed by its physical body, yet we should not be accurate in speaking of it as dissociated from that body. If we figure the ego as a solid body and the physical plane as a surface, the solid body, if laid upon that surface, could manifest itself to that surface only as a plane figure, which would obviously be an exceedingly partial expression. We can see, also, that if the various sides of the solid were laid upon the surface successively, we might obtain expressions which differed considerably, though all of them would be imperfect, because in all cases the solid would have an extension in an entirely different direction which could by no means be expressed in the two dimensions of the superficies. We shall obtain a nearly accurate symbolism of the facts as far as the ordinary man is concerned if we suppose the solid to be conscious only so far as it is in contact with the surface, although the results gained through the manifestation of such consciousness would inhere in the solid as a whole and would, therefore, be present in any later expression of it, even though that might differ considerably from previous expressions.

It is only in the case of those already somewhat advanced that we can speak of the ego as having a conscious existence among his fellows on his own plane. From the moment that he breaks off from his group-soul and commences his separate existence, he is a conscious entity; but the consciousness is of an exceedingly vague nature. The only physical sensation to which it is at all comparable is that which occasionally comes to some persons at the moment of awakening in the morning. There is a state intermediate between sleeping and waking in which a man is blissfully conscious that he exists, and yet is not conscious of any surrounding object, nor capable of any movement. Indeed, he sometimes knows that any movement would break the spell of happiness, and bring him down into the ordinary waking world, and so he endeavors to remain still as long as possible. That condition—a consciousness of existence and of intense bliss—closely resembles that of the ego of the average man upon the higher mental plane. He is wholly centered there only for the short time which intervenes between the end of one

life in the heaven-world and the commencement of his next descent into incarnation; and during that short period there comes to him the flash of retrospect and prospect—a glimpse of what his last life has done for him, and of what his next life is intended to do. For many egos these glimpses are his only moments of full awakening, and it is his desire for a more perfect manifestation, his desire to feel himself more thoroughly alive and active, which drives him into the effort of incarnation. He puts down what is very literally a portion of himself into the lower planes, drawing round himself in each of them such matter as is necessary to be an expression of him upon them. Full consciousness comes to him at first only in the lowest and densest of his vehicles, but as that consciousness increases and widens its scope, it gradually begins to work more and more in matter one stage higher—that is, in astral matter. At a much later stage, when it has attained to clear working in astral matter, it begins to be able, also, to express itself through the matter of its mental body, and the end of his present effort is achieved when it works as fully and clearly in the matter of the causal body on the higher mental plane as it does now for us on the physical plane.

These stages of full development of consciousness must not be confounded with the mere learning to use to some extent the respective vehicles. A man is using his astral body whenever he expresses an emotion; he is using his mental body whenever he thinks. But that is very far from being able to utilize either of them as independent vehicles through which consciousness can be fully expressed. When a man is fully conscious in his astral body, he has already made a considerable amount of progress; when he has bridged over the chasm between the astral consciousness and the physical, day and night no longer exist for him, since he leads a life unbroken in its continuity. For him death, also, has ceased to exist, since he carries that unbroken consciousness not only through night and day, but also through the portals of death itself and up to the end of his life upon the astral plane. One step of further development lies open to him—the consciousness of the heaven world; and then his life and memory are continuous during the whole of each descent into incarnation. Yet one step more raises the full consciousness to the level of the ego on the higher mental plane, and after that he has always with him the memory of all his lives, and he is capable of consciously directing the various lower manifestations of himself at all points of his progress.

It must not be supposed that the development of any of these stages of consciousness is ever sudden. The rending of the veil between two stages is usually a fairly rapid process—sometimes even instantaneous. A man who has normally no memory of what happens on the astral plane may unintentionally by some accident or illness, or intentionally by certain Yoga practices, bridge over the interval and make the condition so that from that time onward his astral consciousness may be continuous, and his memory of what happens while the physical body is asleep will, therefore, be perfect. But long before such an effort or accident is possible for him, the full consciousness must have been working in the astral body, even though in the physical life he knew nothing of it. In exactly the same way a man must have been for a long time thoroughly practised in the use of his mental body as a vehicle before he can hope to break the barrier between that and the astral, so that he can have the pleasure of continuous recollection. By analogy this leads us to see that the ego must have been fully conscious and active on his own plane for a long time before any knowledge of that existence can come through to us in our physical life.

There are, then, many in whom the ego has already to some extent awakened from the condition of mere bliss which was described above, and is at least partially conscious of his surroundings, and, therefore, of other egos. Usually before this stage is reached he has already come under the influence of a Master, and his first clear consciousness of anyone outside himself is his touch with that Master. That tremendous power magnetizes him, as it were, draws his vibrations into harmony with Himself, and multiplies manyfold the rate of his development. It rays upon him like sunshine upon a flower, and he evolves rapidly under its influence. For the earlier stages of progress are so slow as to be almost imperceptible, but when the developed man bends his will to aid in the work, the speed of his advancement increases in geometrical progression.

Question—Is a man's "father-star" (i.e. that one of the Seven Logoi from which a man's

Atma comes) the one which rules the horoscope?

Answer—The Seven Logoi, sometimes called planetary, through whom the life of the Solar Logos is outpoured, have nothing whatever to do with planets and chains. The assigning to them the name of certain planets is purely arbitrary, as may be seen from the fact that among the astrological planets appear the names of the Sun and Moon, neither of which is now a member of the scheme of seven chains. Each one of these Logoi permeates the whole solar-system, and in every man's various vehicles there is matter belonging to each one of them. Take the astral body, for example. Every particle in it is also part of the astral body of one or other of these great planetary Logoi. The same is true of the mental body and all other vehicles, but we are taking the astral body simply as an example, because that is the easiest one to understand. In each astral body probably the amount of matter belonging to one of them will decidedly predominate, and, therefore, each man may be described as attached to one particular Logos. The preponderant characteristics in him will be those of the Logos through whom he came forth, but they will be tinged to some extent by the qualities peculiar to all the other Logoi. That chief characteristic indicates the ray, or line, or type, to which the man belongs, and the principal influence which affects it indicates what is called the sub-Ray. We, therefore, see that any modification of the consciousness of any one of these Logoi must necessarily affect each man, because each man is actually part of Him; and he will be most of all affected by any modification in the consciousness of that Logos through whom he came forth, who is most fully represented in the matter which composes his vehicles. Any number of combinations or modifications is possible, and no two men are absolutely alike in all their vehicles. It is because of this that there is a difference of chord, so that any man may be found by the clairvoyant in any part of the three worlds.

What Lord Tennyson has called the most beautiful line in all English literature, as representing the abiding in the transient, is that of Wordsworth, in which he speaks of the unseen spirit,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

God is not conceived of as an all-powerful creative force only. A sovereign intelligence must have established the admirable order which exists everywhere in the universe.

Just as a fine machine presupposes a good workman, and an excellent clock is the creation of an able clock-maker, so this universe, where all is so well ordered from the course of the stars and the succession of the seasons even to the smallest details of the life of plants and animals, is without doubt, the work of a wisdom without compare of an all-embracing Providence.

But, should the sight of these things not reveal to us a God, our conscience would further proclaim Him and cry out to Him with all its might.

For, if we did not recognize His power and His intelligence in the great laws of nature, why should we not recognize His supreme authority and the majesty of His will in that law of duty which speaks so loudly within us?

When we see the wicked triumph and the good suffer contrary to all justice, when innocence is misjudged and persecuted, hypocrisy honored, right crushed by might, can we believe that the cry of the feeble will ever be heard and that a day will come when it shall be done unto each one according to his work?

Without that belief in the final triumph of justice, how dark and desolate this life would be.

But our reason does not admit for an instant that the world is thus abandoned to brutal force or to blind chance. That is why, since there are men who think, humanity believes in a hidden justice and bows istelf before a Divine Will.—[From the French of "Marion."—Translated by K. G. H.]

"Everybody has heard of loyalty; most prize it; but few perceive it to be what, in its inmost spirit, it really is,—the heart of all the virtues, the central duty amongst all duties."

"Lord," said St. Catherine of Sienna, after a period of spiritual dryness, "where hast Thou been these many days that I have sought Thee sorrowing?" "My daughter, all the time I was hidden in thy heart."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

An interesting article on "The Music of the Future" by Louis Laloy appears in the Paris "Mercure de France" of December 1. The writer says, among other things, as follows:

"We know that the method of dividing the octave into twelve noticeably equal intervals was recommended at the beginning of the eighteenth century by Bach and Rameau. Today our music is based on a series of equal semitones, extended to six or seven octaves. It is very nearly the system of the twelve Chinese liu which were fixed thirty centuries theless it is a mine of fascinating information before our era by a wise emperor and his minister. But Chinese music lacked the means of proper adjustment and could not use it.

Greek music knew only three sonorities, voice, lyre, and flute. Music in the middle ages and in the Renaissance is richer but mediocre as to quality. What is sung is also played, and a composer rarely marks his music for one instrument rather than another. Such instruments as were to be had were utilized—a harp, three trombones, a clavicord, several guitars, violas and cornets; no law of interdependence was observed.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the orchestra is coördinated, but except in certain passages when one or two instruments were isolated, only differences of intensity were sought to be produced. What was written for a big symphony was the same for a small concert or for a harpsichord. Music existed only in notes; sonority was accidental in character and could be neglected.

A keen sense for tone quality, already strong in Rameau, becomes stronger, and Wagner produced great effects therefrom. But still he works only by mass effect, blending the instruments somewhat as a painter mixes the colors to spread them at once with big strokes of the brush. Today the feeling is for greater nuances.

String instruments are more numerous than ever in the orchestra, because hitherto they alone were capable of executing everything desired; but wind instruments can rival them in pliability and nimbleness. Hence there is an attempt now to increase their number and the importance of their roles; the result is that the gray uniformity existing up to Wagner's time is slowly vanishing in Borodine, Balakirev, Rimski-Korsakov, R. Strauss, d'Indy, Debussy or Dukas. The lights and the shadows are colored. At the same time with these tone qualities there are mass effects which, if less vast, are still more varied. There are sounded, together or separately, flute, oboe, clarinette, coranglais, bassoon, horns, trumpets, trombones, cornet a piston. The colors btcome more numerous and precise.

There remains still much to be done, and no doubt the efforts in the years to come will be in this direction. First, there must be an equipoise of the orchestra; the composer must have at his disposition complete instrumental families, as is the case today with the strings and oboes; an ensemble of six or eight clarinettes ought to be possible like a trio of first violins, second violins and cellos. An attempt will then be made to mix the tone qualities in definite proportions, and for this to fix the number of instruments as well as the shading which must exist between them. It will be necessary for each player to know exactly his role; at present, except with a few soloists marked out specially, each man counts on his neighbor and all obey the sign of the conductor only.

In the orchestra of the future there will only be soloists, and probably a conductor will be useless, as is the case today in chamber music. Henceforth our composers will demand a personal initiative from each executant; it is this that makes it difficult to get a good interpretation of "Pelleas et Melisande," or "la Mer," or "Jet d'eau" of Debussy. The eighth second violin or the fourth horn or the sixth cello must fully understand his value, listen to the others and calculate his sonority to obtain the total effect desired.

Will the music of the future have recourse only to instruments, or will it also call upon the voice? The voice is one of the earliest instruments known, because it has no external mechanism. But it is not the surest, since both its accuracy and tone quality vary with the subject and the circumstances. We see furthermore, since Wagner, that more and more it is made the weakest and less beautiful part. As ever our civilization substitutes an instrument for the individual, perhaps the singer, too, will disappear like the hand-baker and the spinning maiden of romance.

But what is true of the singer and his song is not perhaps the case with the mere voice; the voice today has two roles at the same time, to articulate syllables and to sing notes. These two functions will be separated; there will be kept for certain passages, a wordless

declamation, a kind of melodrama, when the pure voice joins the orchestra like a new instrument. This has already been tried by Debussy in his "Printemps" and his third Nocturne, and by d'Indy in the third act of "L'Etranger." Freed from the bother of words, special artists will certainly arrive at a precision of tone and nuance not known today.

If the musical prophet sees in the music of the future an orchestra without a conductor, the occultist may perhaps go a step further and prophesy that in this ideal orchestra of soloists, there will nevertheless be a conductor, but he will not be visible. He will be one of the great musical devas of the heaven-world, who will envelope the whole orchestra within himself, giving to each player his inspiration, and thus will sound for our ears the many dimensional qualities of the music of the Logos.

C. J.

Students of Theosophy well know that in our studies we take into account two planets outside Neptune. These two, with Neptune, make one of the seven "Schemes of Evolution," and the Neptume scheme, like our earth "chain," is in the fourth chain. Some astronomers have positively denied that there could be any planet outside Neptune. But that the occult view will presently be proven correct will be seen from the following telegram lately in the press:

Vallejo, Cal., Jan. 11.—In regard to the recent report from the observatory of Harvard college that Prof. W. H. Pickering is searching for a new planet beyond Neptune, Prof. T. J. J. See, the officer in charge of the naval observatory at Mare Island navy yard, made this statement today:

"July 14, 1908, I succeeding in proving conclusively by a difficult course of mathematical reasoning in regard to the mode of formation of the solar system, that one or more new planets revolve beyond Neptune. My investigation has since been before a learned society, but is not yet published.

"January 1, 1909, I sent a communication on the subject to the Astronomische Nachrichten, Ankiel, Germany. January 30 I will make a more detailed public announcement to the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. This public announcement was to have been made January 9, but had to be delayed owing to a misunderstanding as to the date of the meeting.

"The results of my investigations have also been communicated to the leading astronomers of Europe and to several astronomers on this coast, including Prof. Burkhalter, president of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific."

The developments which have recently taken place in long-distance direct telegraphic working show that progress has been made in telegraphy. The direct transmission of public messages between London and India was put into operation last week, and messages were sent at the rate of forty words per minute between London and Karachi. Direct working with Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras has been successfully established, the experiment of direct transmission to the first-named center being attempted for the first time January 23, when a world's record was established of about 7,000 miles.—Nature.

The statement made by Professor Nichols and endorsed by Professor Willcox that "the men who have laid the foundations upon which civilization is built have nearly all been teachers and professors" appears to be more correct for Germany than for England. Darwin did not teach, and not one of the five scientific members of the Order of Merit—Hooker, Huggins, Lister, Rayleigh and Wallace—is a teacher. It is a remarkable fact that while Germany has excelled in the quantity of research work accomplished since the development of its universities, England has produced the greatest leaders. The elementary teaching required in our collegiate universities not only absorbs time and energy, but also tends to develop a superficial omniscience and a dogmatic attitude unfavorable to investigation. If we add to this the clerical, administrative and missionary work, which the university president crowds on the university professor, and the distracting need of earning enough money to support his family, there is perhaps reason to wonder that he accomplishes as much research work as he does accomplish.—Science.

From Prof. Haberlandt's laboratory at Graz there has been issued another paper on the perception of light by plants, that is published in the "Sitzungsberichte der kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften," Viena

(vol. cxvii., part ii.). The author, Dr. K. Gaulhofer, has studied the epidermal cells of the leaves of certain plants that take up a fixed light position, and suggests that an explanation may be found in the presence of pits or clefts in the cell walls acting as light distributors, in a similar manner to Prof. Haberlandt's "lichtsinnesorgane." The rays of light impinging on the edges of the pits are deflected, and consequently, underneath the pits, shadows are produced. Good instances of such pits occur in Aporrhiza paniculata and Banisteria splendens, while Hyperbaena laurifolia and Abuta concolor show well-marked clefts. The combination of pits and curved cell wall in Cocculus laurifolius will repay examination. dynamical theory of this medium which does not admit of modification in the light of new discovery cannot be regarded as final.

The University of Philadelphia has undertaken a series of excavations in the Isthmus of Hierapetra, in Crete, the results of which for the year 1906, and so far as the site of Vasiliki is concerned, are described in the second volume of the Transactions by Mr. R. H. Seager. The remains extend over the second and third stages of the early and the first of the Middle Minoan periods. Though the ground has suffered much from denudation, some valuable discoveries have been made—a beehive tomb at Hagios Theodoros, believed to be the second of its kind belonging to the Bronze age that has been found in Crete; a series of houses, and much fine pottery. In connection with this last Mr. Seager makes the interesting statement that the mottled ware of the third Minoan period is of a type commonly in use at the present day in south India from Tuticorin to Madras, while that of the fourth period strikingly resembles the modern domestic ware of the Rajput States. The writer, in agreement with Profs. Ridgeway, Bosanquet, and others, regards as an early form of currency a number of curious axes, these weapons being obviously too small and weak to serve any industrial or military purpose.

The well-known writer, Prof. Ferrero, whose works upon Roman history have lately become so popular, has just visited America and in a lecture in Chicago is reported to have made some interesting observations:

"The ancient world was too scattered and too thinly populated, its means of communication were to limited to permit of the growth of fads," said the savant. "They are a distinct fruit of our own day. Our great and populous cities, our newspapers with their great circulation and their multiple agencies for newsgathering and the formation of public opinion, our tremendous outlays of advertising, these form the conditions necessary for the birth of fads. Without these conditions their existence would be an impossibility.

"Take, for instance, a great popular current like the present craze for automobiles. Hundreds of factories are at work manufacturing them, millions of dollars are spent in advertising them, the newspapers talk about them, the men in the street cars talk about them and the first thing we know everybody who can afford it is hurrying to buy one.

"Conservative people, who under the old state of affairs would have resisted the innovation to the last, are forced to give in. Public opinion is too strong for them. The radicals and neurasthenics are not alone in their adoption of the 'horseless carriage,' as the automobile was satirically called only a few years ago. The most staid and the most dignified are caught up in the current and swept away.

"In a few years, doubtless, the number of automobiles will have greatly decreased. But the fad will have done its work. It will have brought this new invention into practically every department of life, tiding over the period of its infancy until its exact sphere of usefulness to society can be determined.

"Thus civilization, this great, whirling never-ceasing civilization of modern times, unprecedented in its rapidity, in the facility with which it makes its advances, sweeps ahead.

"So with the moving-picture machines, or cinematographs. They are the greatest invention for the amusement of the people that the world has ever known. As soon as they are properly censored, their power for education and entertainment will be practically unlimited. If it were not for the proclivity of the modern world for fads, it might have been decades before they had won their proper place in the ranks of our modern enterprise.

"With ordinary amusement fads, however, it is different. They change continually. They have always been changing. The best are revived, but soon die out again. It is a law of

man's nature that in his play he goes ever from one thing to another. Now it is bridge whist, now euchre, now roller skating and next ballooning, I suppose. But always change."

It will thus be seen that Prof. Ferrero refuses to believe in the notion that those harmless furors of interest, small material things, which commonly sweep the world are valueless. He recognizes, as do Theosophists, the value of those fancies which, perhaps more or less childish in character, have nevertheless the tendency to draw men away from the thoughts of personality, to give them something which takes them away from the narrow confines of the home, or gives them the opportunity to contract more closely something of art, something of nature, or something of a form of idealism new to them.

On December 16 Mr. Clifford Bas gave the last lecture of the year before H. P. B. Lodge, London, taking for his theme the poems and stories of "A. E.—Poet and Seer." A. E. is, or ought to be, well known to Theosophists as the only considerable poet who belongs to the British Section of the Theosophical Society. Mr. Bas opened by suggesting that through a study of the world's poetry one may read the history of the human soul in all its deviations, and said that in his opinion such a history holds a greater interest than even the most fascinating narrative of deeds. In the writings of "A. E.," the Irish poet, one may discern, he thought, the breaking of that spiritual dawn which has been preceded by the dark night of materialism. He then gave many illustrations of the exalted thoughts and no less exalted moods which have been worded with such beauty by the great mystic and visionary. This part of his paper, the central part, remains beyond the scope of our report, but the audience appears to have appreciated the beauty of much that the lecturer repeated or read. In conclusion, Mr. Bas referred to "A. E.'s" paintings, which he affirmed to be of an interest and a charm as unique and as profound as those of the poems and stories. He said that no one could reasonably resent the scientific method of dealing with mystical experience which is now so popular among Theosophists, and is possibly the most necessary method for our time, but that, personally, he could not but deplore the almost complete absence of that poetic presentment of the highest achievements of the soul which one may find in the earliest Theosophy of the world, and now again in the work of our solitary poet "A. E.

On Wednesday, January 13, Dr. Baraduc again visited the Lodge and delivered a lecture illustrated by some more of his remarkable photographs which reproduce emotional effects or disturbances not visible to ordinary sight. Before proceeding to exhibit, by means of an oxy-hydrogen lantern, his very numerous slides, Dr. Baraduc introduced the subject by briefly recapitulating the explanation he had given at his last lecture. He recalled to his audience his description of the ordinarily invisible force or atmosphere which surrounds the physical body, and which if concentrated in moments of emotional excitement will be so intense as actually to make an impression on a carefully prepared photographic plate. If, he said, you take such a plate, and put it over the heart or other principal nerve centers, at a moment of great emotional excitement, you will see portrayed the force that I describe. Over the head, for instance, in a moment of intense mental concentration, will be seen a globe of light ("boule mentale"), a projection from the mentality of the subject, and connected by a delicate line ("lien psychique") with his forehead. The best results are obtained from persons under the influence of recent strong disturbance, and the nature of the disturbance, whether mental, emotional, or physical, will be indicated by the position in the body from which these psychic bands proceed.

Dr. Baraduc then proceeded to illustrate his remarks with photographic slides representing various persons accompanied by round or pointed "boules," or balls of light over the head, floating in the air above them, connected with the body in all kinds of ways by straps or lines of light. These "liens psychiques" are produced, he believes, when we polarize our mental and emotional vibrations by intense concentration.

The "boules mentales" are formed of material which is flexible and receptive, and which can spread itself about in the atmosphere and attach itself to certain points. By astral imaginings we create our maladies. A photograph taken at Lourdes showed masses of soft cotton-wool-like balls of an indefinite character which were poised over the heads of the expectant sufferers waiting and praying for relief. Another showed a medium asleep, above whom was a cross, formed of four light

balls, two round and two pointed; the result in the lecturer's belief of a strong output of mental force. A photograph of a girl asleep with a beautiful ball of light above her forehead, had been taken from a young girl who was accustomed to say that she "met her good angel when asleep."

Another series of slides of interest represented ancient stones and crosses in France, Scotland and Ireland, as well as rude inscriptions from ancient Nineveh and from the Catacombs, on which are discernible these same mysterious lines and globes—showing, in the lecturer's belief, a knowledge in far-off times of the phenomena which he is investigating today.

The hearty applause at the close of an hour and a half's lecture showed with what interest Dr. Baraduc's illustrations and explanations had been received by the members of the Lodge and the numerous visitors present.

On January 20, Mr. B. Krishna lectured on "The Religion and Philosophy of the Jains."

The religion of this small but influential sect is, he said, similar to Hinduism.

The Founders were the twenty-four Tirthankaras, of whom the chief one obtained the Truth while incarnated as a lion. In the ninth incarnation he attained liberation.

The Jains use images to attain calmness and concentration. The chief principle is not giving pain. One must not think, utter, or do anything which would hurt others.

The philosophy debates whether God is Creator or not. If Creator, He possesses intention and is subject to Karma. Sunshine and shadow have not intention but they do things to men. So God is some great Power through which everything exists, but there is no intention as with man. He is therefore non-creator; and also creator, because He causes results.* Jiva the Great Spirit, and Jiva in the body of man, are one.

Matter is coarse and fine. The coarse matters are Earth, Water, Fire and Air. The fine are Dharma, Movement; Adharma, Stoppage; Akasha, Space; Kala, Time. Coarse matter cannot move itself; a force without makes every movement possible; that force is Dharma. Without Adharma everything would be in perpetual motion. A room is an illustration of Space being fine matter. There are walls, ceiling and floor, but the chief thing really used is the space. If Akasha were absent, nothing would be divided. Time is a fine matter; it exists in everything as a "capacity of duration." Mind has no power of consciousness, therefore is matter. It is impossible to think of more than one thing at a time; this shows that mind is not consciousness. Mind presents things, and only those are we conscious of.

*Note.—See Bhagavad Gita, 3, 22-25.

Leaflet of London Lodge.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard in the prison journal "Lend a Hand," speaks of the warden of Jackson, Michigan, penitentiary and his work in such ways as will encourage our readers interested in prison reform to take a brighter view of the possibilities of this kind of work and the actual realization in numbers. He says: "Warden Vincent has devised ways whereby his prisoners may earn money for themselves. There are men in the penitentiary at Jackson who send regular remittances home to their families, and parents. One man, a marble-cutter, has saved as high as three hundred dollars a year, and sent it to his wife. Vincent hopes to see the day when every man who is in a penitentiary will be paid for his labor and encouraged in every way to lay up a competence that will stand him in good stead when he gets outside."

The Rev. Johnston Myers of Immanuel Baptist Church of Chicago is preparing to invade the medical field after the manner of Bishop Fallows and the Emmanuel Church of Boston. Citing biblical authority, he proposes to inaugurate a psycho-therapeutic class with the assistance of physicians for treating the sick who have such diseases as he feels may come within the province of psycho-therapeutics.

Recognizing the value of this movement, we are in hopes that our brethren of the cloth will not carry the matter too far and bring themselves and their great cause into disrepute by undertaking more than they are able to carry out. The limits of psycho-therapeutics in the absence of those powers which are used by the Adepts with the aid of the Devas are very closely fixed as Theosophy will easily explain.

All art constantly aspires towards the conditions of music . . . because in its ideal, consummate moments the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; and to it, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire.

—Walter Pater.

NOTES.

During the Fifth Theosophical Congress to be held in Budapest it is proposed to open an exhibit of works of art having a mystical import.

Mr. Robert Nadler, 71 Andrassy St., Budapest, Hungary, invites those who possess such works to communicate with him respecting their use at that time.

Under the auspices of The Anaconda Branch a lecture was given by Mr. Edwin B. Catlin on March 4, in the Christian Science Hall on the subject "Why Races Die Out."

Mrs. Besant has been extremely liberal with the readers of "Theosophist," giving them in the February number of that excellent review a complete report of the proceedings of the annual meeting at Adyar.

This is a great improvement over the former practice of limiting the issuance of the report to a separate volume. Indeed, the 190 pages which are required to include the report constitute an excellent volume by itself.

We have quoted elsewhere extensively from the report, but urge our readers to get and read the entire number of "Theosophist" for February.

We cannot too strongly urge upon the members of our section the very great importance of subscribing personally for "Theosophist." Its cost is now but $3.00 a year and as it is the official organ of the Society every one who can possibly afford it ought to subscribe for it. Its pages contain more and more of excellent material well selected and often of extremely high value as months pass by.

For Sale, "Writings of the Fathers," 24 volumes, price $40.00; original cost $60.00.

Wanted, second-hand copy of "Secret Doctrine, Glossary."

"Theosophical Review" has discontinued publication with its number of February, 1909.

Mrs. S. E. Van Winkle, 11 Milton Road, Brookline, Mass., has been elected president of Huntington Lodge, and Mrs. E. W. Farley of the same address, secretary.

The following is a list of lectures which are in the possession of Mrs. West, 5487 East End avenue, Chicago, who will be pleased to lend them to Theosophic readers on terms which she will disclose upon writing her a note: (53) Atomic Consciousness; (54) The Four-fold Lower Man; (55) Occultism in Daily Life; (56) The Higher Self; (57) The Soul and Its Faculties; (58) Selfishness the Root of All Evil; (59) Self Control; (60) States after Death; (61) From Death to Birth; (62) States of Consciousness; (63) Altruism and Egoism; (64) Spiritual Will and the Ordinary Action of Will; (65) Conscience; (66) Heredity, Personality and Individuality; (67) Matter and Force; (68) What is Mind; (69) The Astral Light; (70) Civilization and Destruction of Fourth Race; (71) Theosophy and Christianity; (72) Duty and the Karmic Tendency; (73) Occultism the Science of Life; (74) Theosophy and Occultism; (75) The States of the Soul after Death; (76) The Over Soul; (77) Our Relation to Animals; (78) Annihilation of Individuality; (79) The Vestures of the Soul; (80) Cycles; (81) Theosophy and Suicide; (82) Consciousness; (83) Pantheosophy.

PRESS WORK.

To Members:

1. With the management of what newspapers have you such relations as would enable you to have published articles of a theosophical nature?

2. Of what general character should articles be in order to enable you to get them published in these papers?

3. Please send exact copies of or references to all articles; stories; bits of poetry; books; monuments; etc., pertaining to Karma and reincarnation.

4. Will you aid personally in spreading the basic doctrines of Theosophy—*Karma and reincarnation as such*, without, as well as with, direct reference to our organization?

5. Will you write articles; stories; comments; etc., illustrating and enforcing these doctrines?

Estas jam du grupjo de Teosofoj preparantaj registrojn de vortoj Teosofiaj en Esperanto esti enhavota en la elveno a Esperanto Teknika Vortaro, kiel estis proponata anataŭ ne longe de Sro. A. P. Warrington. Unu de tiuj chi grupoj estas en Chicago kaj la alia en Bostono. Chu estas aliaj, kiuj shatus kunigi en la entrepreno?

Teosofoj kiuj estas interesataj en Esperanto devus legi la Februara numero de la AMERIKA ESPERANTISTO, precipe la parto pri la malinda disigo nomata Ildo. Chia grand entrepreno havas khian Ildon!

BRANCH REPORTS.

Austin Branch, T. S.—On October 31, 1908, our Branch was organized with the undersigned as President; Dr. H. E. Baxter as Vice President; Fred H. Smith, as Secretary-Treasurer-Librarian, and Mrs. Grace F. Davis, Assistant Secretary-Treasurer-Librarian at Weatherford, Texas. The charter members were Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Davis and E. C. Fain, of Weatherford; Mrs. Lilla Terrell Rector; Miss Grace DeVere; Fred H. Smith; Harry E. Baxter; and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. D. Dawkins, of Austin, Texas—nine in all.

To date seven members have been added to the original nine; one being in Weatherford; two being theatrical people; the remaining four being residents of Austin.

Beginning February 14, 1909, the meetings are being held in the Odd Fellows Hall, centrally located and provided with ample chairs to accommodate all comers.

The newspapers have been anxious to get articles on any phase of the subject, although it has not been thought best to have an article in each week, at the start.

Quite a number of books have been sold to local people through one of the newsdealers, who also has the Messenger for sale.

Meetings are held Sunday at 11 o'clock, and isolated members of the study class, about half of them being non-members, study the same lesson with us. Resumes of the lesson are prepared here each week and mailed to the remote ones, to be read just before beginning the lesson for each Sunday.

The class went through "Outline of Theosophy" early in January, and will complete "Man and His Bodies" on Easter Sunday. We will then take up "Reincarnation" to discuss until vacation time, although we may not take the usual summer vacation. It seems good to take up the "Manual Reincarnation" at this time, as that is to be made prominent. Not less than three of the members of the Branch count on being in Chicago at Convention, and it is hoped we will be entitled to that many delegates when time for electing them comes around.

A study class on Thursday nights meets at the residence of one of the new members in the vicinity of the State University. This is attended by one of the University instructors who is an earnest member of the Society.

Thos. D. Dawkins, Pres.

An elementary study class and question meeting of the Central Lodge of Chicago is conducted by Mr. Thomas Prime of London, Thursday evenings at eight o'clock. Chas. Ludovic Gutmann, Sec'y.

Since the New Year Chicago Branch activities have shown a renewed energy that is very gratifying. Perhaps first and foremost should be mentioned a series of classes held on Wednesdays from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m., with lunch and dinner intermissions. The morning and afternoon classes are a direct result of the T. S. Order of Service work begun in our Branch last year by Dr. Mary W. Burnett. One of the leagues formed by her gave itself the name of National Education Council. Its primary object is the establishment of a Theosophical University in America, Chicago if possible. These Wednesday classes are all in charge of members of this Council who are thus gaining valuable experience in educational work. Following is list of the classes which are all well attended and are open to non-members. Teachers' Training Class; Order of Service League. Parent body, Mrs. West; Psychical Research and Yoga. Mrs. Felix, Dr. Burnett; Correlating Modern Science and the Secret Doctrine. Mrs. Hill, Mr. Alling; Theosophy and the Beginning of Literature. Dr. Bonggren; Parliamentary Law. Mr. Hardy; Astrology—in the Light of Theosophy. Miss Sommer.

The most popular of all the classes is one just preceding the Branch meeting on Wednesday evenings. This class is making a study of the devotional side of world religions and is at present using as a text-book "In the Outer Court." The leader of this class is Mr. David S. M. Unger, a man exceptionally fitted for this kind of work.

Besides the Wednesday classes there is an elementary class in Theosophy studying the Manuals and led by Dr. Mary Connor, which meets on Saturday afternoons; also a Tuesday evening class in Physical Culture and Platform Expression conducted by Mrs. Robertson.

Although not a Branch activity, mention should also be made here of a Saturday afternoon class just started by our general secretary, Dr. Van Hook. This class, for members only, meets at the Branch Rooms and has for

its subject, "Theosophy as Applied to Daily Life."

Just before the annual meeting in December last the Branch voted to begin a new line of study more suited to the members who had joined during the past year or two, the "Study in Consciousness" being too difficult a book for such. Accordingly an outline was prepared for the study of "The Ancient Wisdom." The chief aim of this outline of study is to compare "our knowledge of the ancient wisdom with modern scientific, philosophical and religious ideas" in order that "we may thereby gain a richer and more thorough understanding of our own philosophy." Thus far this new study work for the Branch proper has proved a success in spite of the difficulty in abstract thinking, necessary for a comprehension of the opening pages of the first chapter in "The Ancient Wisdom."

The Branch has also been fortunate in having for its Sunday evening public lecturer, Mr. Thomas Prime, well known to American Theosophists, especially in the West.

Julia K. Sommer, Secretary.

During the year past we have moved into a larger and better locality; have purchased a small library and our treasury is not empty. We are studying at present the "Secret Doctrine." Mr. A. L. Williams of Superior is helping us very much by giving lectures.

Gus. A. Sigismund,
Sec'y Duluth Branch.

The Iron City Branch of the T. S. at Pittsburgh, on December 9, 1908, took out a charter of nine members, since which time it has increased to eleven. It has held regular meetings Sunday and Thursday evenings. On Sunday evenings a reading has been given by Mary V. Jones, the president. On Thursday readings from "The Ancient Wisdom" and discussions, proving altogether most enjoyable and profitable. The attendance has been especially good and much interest shown.

Marie C. Seeley.

The New England Theosophic Union began its existence last August, at which time it was organized as a result of the growing feeling among the Theosophists of Boston and its suburbs that there should be more unity in our work.

Up to this time we had three active branches in Boston and two others in our suburbs, each carrying on its own line of work, but with very little co-operation, although all meetings were held in the same part of the city, and the majority of the members were only slightly acquainted, if at all, with those in other branches. Occasionally union meetings would be planned, generally when we had special lecturers with us, but for the most part our activities were entirely separate, and the time had come when we felt that if we could work together in greater unity we could serve our Great Cause much more effectively by having a permanent headquarters where we could have a Theosophic home for all members as well as for those who were searching for the truth.

With this end in view the Union was formed and very desirable headquarters were found at the New Century Building, 177 Huntington Avenue, where a large and pleasant room was leased as a permanent home for the Union, which has been nicely and conveniently furnished, our books and pictures giving a true Theosophic atmosphere to the room. We also arranged to have our Sunday evening meetings at Sewall Hall, which is situated upon the same floor, and is a large and pleasant hall accommodating about two hundred.

The Union has now a membership list of about seventy-five names, including among its members Theosophists from all of the Boston and neighboring branches, members at large, and some who have not yet joined the Theosophical Society, but who are much interested in the work.

The situation in Boston is ideal for co-operation of this kind, and even more so at the present time than ever before. We have in the same part of the city five branches, Alpha, Besant, Boston, Huntington and Dharma, the last having transferred its center from Newton Highlands to this place. Then there is also Melrose Highlands Branch in a nearby suburb, so that it is able to work with us to a great extent.

At the beginning of the season these different branches were invited to co-operate with us in the work of the Union by taking charge, in turn, of some of our activities. On Sunday evenings we have Union meetings, conducted in this way by the different branches, each branch providing its own speakers and music. By joining in this way we have had better opportunities to hear a great variety of lecturers and have at the same

time given the public greater advantages to investigate our philosophy.

The lodge meetings of Besant Branch are held at our rooms on Thursday evenings, and those of Alpha Branch upon Friday. On the third Friday of the month this latter branch omits its regular work to give the Union an opportunity for a monthly meeting, at which its activities, as apart from the purely executive business, are discussed so as to give all members a chance to bring forward any plans or matters in which they are interested. Then follow music, readings and remarks along Theosophic lines.

On Wednesday evenings the Esperanto Class holds its meetings at the Union room. The attendance at this class has been very good, and it is most successfully doing its work, reporting great progress, and allowing no other language to be spoken at this time. The class is now engaged in the work of translating into Esperanto, Theosophic terms for the Esperanto dictionary.

On Thursday evenings, as it has done for some years, the Senior Training Class holds its meetings at the home of Dr. H. E. Dennett, 226 Newbury Street, and a Junior Training Class which was started in November meets at the Union room on Tuesday evenings. Both classes have been very well attended and have been doing excellent work in bringing out the latent possibilities of their members along the lines of public speaking.

Every Saturday afternoon from four to six, teas have been given in our room for members and friends of the Union. They are a most enjoyable feature of our activities and have brought together in a social way the members of the different branches, their friends, and others interested along these lines. The branch that conducts the Sunday evening meeting takes charge of the tea preceeding it. We have had many pleasant and varied additions to these afternoons by music and sometimes readings.

Besides the regular officers of the Union, we have a finance committee to attend to its material welfare, and a hospitality committee who, with its sub-chairman, attends to the following activities: entertainment, care of rooms, which provides attendants to keep them open at the hours agreed upon; social, which supervises the Saturday teas, and attends to refreshments as required at other times; and reception, which provides ushers as needed, and whose members endeavor to greet strangers and make them welcome. The entertainment committee began its activities in October by a reception to Mr. Irving S. Cooper. It has arranged with the different branches that they take charge of socials which occur once a month, and also gave a concert on December 10, at which over two hundred were present, the proceeds going to support the work of the Union. Another concert is to be given in March. Another committee, the correspondence, takes up especially the matter of propaganda work, for one of the purposes of the Union is to extend its activities by sending out members from the training classes to spread the teachings of Theosophy. This work the Union now proposes to definitely start, and has already written to all branches in our vicinity asking them if they would like to have speakers from the Union take charge of one of their meetings, also furnishing music if desired, and asking them if they know of any persons interested in Theosophy in nearby suburbs, where there are no local branches. We have already had most favorable and encouraging replies, and feel confident that we shall meet with much success in this work.

So much good has been done by the formation of the Theosophic Union that we feel that the thought which prompted it was most truly an inspiration, for, as an outcome of this idea we have a pleasant Theosophic center, desirably and centrally located, such as we have never before found possible to maintain. Our room is kept open daily from one to five by different members, who are glad to give their services, and so someone is always in attendance to answer the questions of inquirers.

As a result of our many and varied activities, all have been brought into closer touch with one another, have become much interested in the work, and have entered into the different departments with great enthusiasm. We have also thought of new ways by which we can be of service and have thus come to realize that truly "In union there is strength."

Now at this time when a wave of spirituality is sweeping over the world, it seems fitting that we, as Theosophists, should form ourselves into larger centers that we may meet this ever-increasing demand of humanity for more enlightenment. If movements of this sort could be established throughout the world wherever there are two or more branches who are situated near enough to co-operate in their

work, the cause of Theosophy would be served as never before.

We have the Theosophical Society including the whole world, then we have the Sections, geographical divisions of the Society which facilitate its executive work, and then we have the branches, groups of people who band together, as centers throughout the world, where the light shines out, centers from which emanate the forces which are sent out by those Great Ones, the Guardians of humanity, and which serve as a power to uplift the whole world. As the Lodges do this great work, unity must wonderfully increase their power for good and helpful service. Each branch does in its own way its own work with all of the power and more than it has ever before had, for, besides its own special center, it is playing its part in another one larger than itself, and that center is, in its turn, one of a still higher order. This system is noticeable throughout nature, both in her physical and higher aspects. Those who can work harmoniously in this way are hastening the time when unity, which is the keynote of Theosophy, shall be able to manifest itself upon the physical plane as a living reality. The hardest test of what we actually are and hence, in a sense, the truest, is shown by what we can accomplish in the physical world, and we, as Theosophists, should strive to bring these ideals into actuality by endeavoring to live by the principles which we know are true. As we succeed in doing this the lower then becomes the efficient vehicle for the higher, its perfect manifestation upon the lower levels.

Grace E. B. Jenkins,
Secretary New England Theosophical Union.

During February and March the New York Branch is giving the following lectures: "The Relation of Virtue and Vice to Self-Development," Dr. F. M. Willis; "The Origin of Evil," Mrs. E. D. Lockwood; "The Eye and the Heart Doctrine," Mr. T. R. Prater; "The Philosophy of Accidents and Catastrophes," Mr. M. J. Whitty; "The Closing of the Gates of Eden," Mrs. M. M. Dunn and "Rebirth and the Possibility of Controlling It," Dr. F. M. Willis.

The library and class rooms of the New York Branch are Rooms 6 and 7, in the Genealogical Society's building, 226 West 58th Street. These rooms are open every afternoon, except Sundays, from 3 to 5 p. m., and Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 8 to 9:30. Visitors are welcome. Books may be borrowed on payment of a small deposit, and a supply of books for sale is always kept in stock.

The Saginaw Branch of the T. S. is still holding itself in due and steady balance, seemingly unaffected by the many changes and disturbances that seem to have affected the membership in some of the other Branches of this Great Teaching.

We enter this new year firm and determined to keep the Light of Theosophy before the attention of our fellowman here, and eager and ready to be of such help and assistance to them as will enable them to come into closer consciousness with the glorious truths that underlie Theosophic Teaching.

Our activities consist of the regular study-class Friday evenings, the public lectures Sunday evenings, and the H. P. B. training class Wednesday evenings.

The attendance at all these meetings has been very good, the interest shown has been quite promising, and some few members have been added to the Branch.

Our membership is now thirty-one members, four of whom have been added recently.

Since the beginning of our meetings after the summer vacation of last year, it has been easy to discern the beginning of greater activity, the commencement of more zealous labors by membership of this Branch.

We are all looking forward to the great pleasure and profit of having our beloved president and teacher, Mrs. Besant, visit this Branch during her American tour the coming summer and fall. We hope for a general revival of public interest by reason of her public lectures. H. C. Warrant, Sec'y.

A large number of "bunco" men are taking advantage of our attempt to live the life of brotherhood and charity by telling all sorts of heart-breaking stories to induce members to part with a little money. No less than four such schemers have shown up in Berkeley during the last few months, three of them claiming to be members of the London Lodge. They go from member to member and sometimes obtain nice little sums. The following plan as a means to stop this is suggested for the consideration of the Lodges.

Let each Lodge appoint a Relief Committee composed of two or three of the most experienced members. All the other members are warned

never under any circumstances to give any money but always to refer the applicant to the Committee. The Committee can then investigate carefully and if the case is judged worthy call on the members for money. Furthermore a genuine applicant will not hesitate to appear before a committee, while a bogus one will. I. S. C.

In order to get unity and co-operation between the different branches in Boston, an organization known as the New England Theosophic Union was founded and rooms were engaged at 177 Huntington Avenue, where a Public Reading Room is open, and Lodge meetings are held, as well as a public union meeting every Sunday night. One of the chief objects of the Union is to form centers for theosophic teaching in and about the different cities of New England. Much difficulty was found in starting for there were many heterogeneous minds to harmonize, but eventually the Union was formed and the boat launched. As now constituted it consists of about seventy members, many of whom are not members of the T. S., but who are anxious for its welfare.

Sunday evening, public services are held regularly under the auspices of the different branches, but these will evidently soon come under the care of the H. P. B. traininly classes in extemporaneous public speaking, of which there are now two. Books are for sale; monthly meetings and Saturday four-o'clock tears are held at the rooms and everything bids fair that we in Boston will have an organization worthy of the Theosophical cause. The two H. P. B. training classes are well attended and show splendid results, and delegations are now ready to speak for the Master's work whenever called upon. Any one in the vicinity of Boston who is desirous of learning of Theosophy and who can get a group together, can call upon us for speakers. Our ranks are open to all who wish to serve or who wish to prepare for service and all who apply are doubly welcome. Applications for membership or for speakers from the training classes should be addressed to Mrs. Grace Jenkins, 23 Hollis Street, Newton, Mass.

We have chosen for our motto this year, those famous words of Abraham Lincoln:

"I am not bound to win,
But I am bound to be true;
I am not bound to succeed,
But I am bound to live up to what light I have;
To stand with any one who stands right—
Stand with him while he is right,
And part with him when he goes wrong."

W. Bryant Guy.

It is with deep sorrow that the Philadelphia Branch announces the death of Mr. Alexander W. Goodrich. He was the first president of the branch, which was organized in 1897. But even before this date he had served in the same capacity in the early days of the society. The breach now left in the ranks by his passing away from this plane will not soon be filled.

While for many years his health was poor, and exertion was painful, his life in the Theosophical Society was one of unswerving devotion. When not president he served faithfully as vice president, as a teacher of different classes, as a lecturer on Sunday evenings, as a member of many different committees. He contributed, also, articles for the Theosophical Lecture Bureau. Even when he had assumed heavy burdens for the society he loved, he never hesitated to add more.

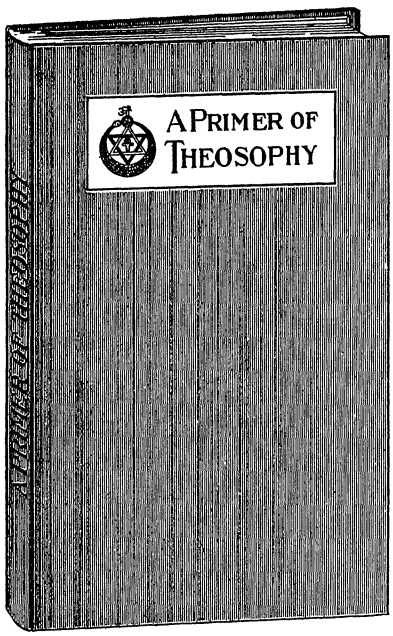
The points of his beautiful character are strongly marked—orderliness, diligence, persistence of purpose, integrity, loyalty, purity of mind, and self-government. Mr. Goodrich was truly a gentleman of the "old school," with the genuine courtesy that belonged to the gentleman of the past generation. While he was with us in our daily struggles we knew and felt his true-hearted, gentle, gracious kindliness. Now that he has gone out from among us we realize that these traits have a larger spiritual significance and his life was that of a light bearer.

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech is that fine sense which men call courtesy! Wholesome as the air! Genial as the light! Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers! It transmutes aliens into trusting friends, and gives its owner passport around the world."

Every matter has two handles, one of which will bear taking hold of, the other not. If thy brother sin against thee, lay not hold of the matter by this, that he sins against thee, for by this handle the matter will not bear taking hold of. But rather lay hold of it by this, that he is thy brother, thy born mate; and thou wilt take hold of it by what will bear handling.—Epictetus.

OUR NEW PROPAGANDA BOOK.

"A Primer of Theosophy," issued by the American Section of the Theosophical Society as a propaganda book; 128 pages bound in cloth; price 15 cents, postage free to any point in the World's Postal Union. No profit is made on this book by any one who handles it. It is not issued for the sake of making a profit.



For the purpose of spreading Theosophy as widely as possible, this little book has been written and compiled and is now presented to the public. It defines Theosophy and explains its mission, presents a sketch of its chief doctrines, tells something of the higher planes of nature, gives a brief but exact account of the history and organization of the society, the methods by which it does its work and those by which one may join it.

A copy of this book will be mailed to every member of the American Section. The cost of the book and of mailing it will be fifteen cents. It is requested that those receiving the book aid us in one of the following ways:

I. Return the price of the copy received;

II. If possible, at the same time return sufficient money to pay for sending copies of the book to friends not members of the society whose names are supplied by the donor;

III. Send money with which we may place the book in the hands of many who thus far have no knowledge of Theosophy at all.

This book is issued at fifteen cents printed on beautiful paper, handsomely bound and sent out in good envelopes on account of the fact that the cost of the plates for it was specially donated by Mr. F. J. Kunz of Freeport, Ill., and Mr. Eliott Holbrook of Kansas City, Mo. It will be seen then that each copy of the book issued is sent out at a loss, which, however, does not fall upon the Section. Five thousand copies of the book constitute the first edition; an additional 5,000 sets of printed sheets are made from the plates at the same time and these will be laid away to be bound, we trust in a short time, to supply further needs.

We earnestly desire to place this book, first, in all general public libraries that will promise to catalog it and place it where their readers can get it. Members and others interested are requested to purchase copies and give them to such libraries as will do this, notifying headquarters of their action. Secondly, we desire to place the book in all railway cars having libraries, all steamboats in the United States and all steamships in the world which will agree to place it in their libraries and care for it. Jails, penitentiaries, hospitals and all eleemosynary institutions of all kinds having libraries should be provided with one or more copies. Hotels and other public institutions having libraries we hope eventually similarly to supply. We will send copies to all newspapers and other periodicals that will review the book.

Branches will find this book most useful, we believe, in presenting theosophy in its simplest form to enquirers. It is believed that thousands of copies can be sold or given away to those who attend lectures. The subject of profit being entirely left out of consideration, the thought of money will not be unpleasantly obtruded. Copies to any number may be ordered but the invariable price *will be fifteen cents each, delivered. The selling price will be the same.*

Members and branch officers are urged to give all possible aid in distributing this book. New methods of distributing it, new ideas about its usefulness will occur to many. We ask, therefore, that suggestions be given us as freely as possible and especially that money be donated for the distribution of the work.

We have translations into Swedish, German and French already in view but funds for that work will have to be especially provided.

HEADQUARTERS THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

All members ought to have a few copies laid away to give to friends or enquirers about Theosophy. If aid is given us in such ways as those suggested, it is easy to see how, within a year or two, an enormous number of these little books can be circulated. We have the plates and can duplicate editions with great facility.

"The Age of Shakespeare," by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1908. $2.00.

This work of Swinburne's is written in the brilliant vein of the author. The first of his essays is upon Christopher Marlowe; then follow the names of the other great writers of the age: John Webster, Thomas Dekker, John Marston, Thomas Middleton, William Rowley, Thomas Heywood, George Chapman and Cyril Tourneur.

Mr. Swinburne takes a very high view of the value of Marlowe as a leader among English poets, whom, he thinks, it is almost impossible for historical criticism to over-estimate. "To none of them all, perhaps, have so many of the greatest among them been so deeply and so directly indebted." We cannot but think, however, that he over-shoots the mark when he says that "He first, and he alone, guided Shakespeare into the right way of his work. After his arrival the way was prepared, the paths were made straight, for Shakespeare."

It is most interesting to see that so many of those who have written about Shakespeare have found that his predecessor and, as it were, his parent, was this, that, or the other one. Each writer finds somewhere a prototype of Shakespeare but this is quite natural, since Shakespeare surrounds and contains them all. The fact is familiar to our readers that the author of the works of Shakespeare was an initiate who wrote with such power because he had a supernormal vision of the lives and souls of men.

This volume of Swinburne's is well worth reading and study.

"Shakespeare Proverbs," by Mary Cowden-Clarke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1908.

Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke has selected from Shakespeare's works in this little volume a large number of proverbs and wise saws which may well be placed on the book shelf of any person of taste and literary tendency. It is such a book of chosen quotations as will please the heart of almost any Theosophist. The quotations are selected with taste and well-arranged.

The book-making is of the most charming; the pages are tastefully gotten up and the entire little work preceded by the most charming picture of the motherly collector. The notes at the end touch upon the proverbs selected.

"Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land," by Henry Van Dyke, Illustrated: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1908, New York. Price $1.50.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke is so well known for his interesting books which involve at once a touch of religion and a good deal of out-of-doors, has written a book in that referred to at the head of this column which is attractive and interesting. The book, though small, contains much to suggest the Holy Land. Travels among the reputed haunts of the Master are described with hints as to climate, the people and the calm oriental atmosphere of the place. The art of the book-maker is shown to excellent advantage in the beautiful illustrations which are, many of them, reproduced in color from drawings by the well-known artist, Harry Fenn.

"The House in the Water," by Chas. G. D. Roberts, Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., 1908, Boston. Price $1.50.

This book consists of several stories by the well-known writer, Mr. Roberts, whose forte lies in the discussion of nature and particularly of her fauna from the animal's point of view. Trying to put himself in the position of the animal, trying to feel the interests of the animal in life, he presents us frequently with stories that are of charming interest, showing us particularly the love of the animal for the young and the methods chosen for defense and offense.

"In the House in the Water," he particularly endeavors to portray the lives of some beavers.

"One Immortality," by H. Fielding Hall. Macmillan Company, New York; Price $1.50.

The widening circle of readers who find interest and enjoyment in the books of Fielding Hall will welcome this new volume. While apparently in different vein, Mr. Hall's knowledge of the wisdom love of the East ever finds expression in dainty imagery or pearls of truth from the storehouse of the ages. The "One Immortality" is love.

There are three loves that make and keep the world—the love that binds man and woman into one flesh and soul; the love that draws families into nations; the love that lifts the world to God. Each love is justified in its own immortality. This book is about the first form of love. The thread of the story is slight and delicately outlined.

"Venice at sunset, and a ship that came in from the open sea." The meeting of some half-dozen people, a night and a day in Venice, then the close intimacy of ship life from Venice to Bombay. "The ocean sang its everlasting song, I know what love is. Who shall know but I? He who would learn must ask me. I am love; the sea that rolls about the world and beats on all the shores is love incarnate, love and hate, and hope and fear, and birth and death for all are one. Myriads of drops have died in me and from them I am born. Alone what life is in a drop of water; in a man, a woman. Each must die and win thereby a wider life, and so the sea is born, the sea of immortality. Love is that force that drains two drops to one and in the end all to the sea."

As the characters come and go, gems of philosophic thought are woven into the story, there is "The Eastern way of looking at the world. They see it whole. We all belong to one great life, as all water drops are of the sea. Therfore every one and all life is part of our wider self. Everyone is part of a great whole. The life of everyone has in it some special meaning. The meaning may be great or small. We may have many talents or but one. All of us have at least one talent and the world has need of that." "There are forces that no one knows of; there are mysteries that no one has ever solved nor will do. There is the power of the will upon the body, of one will on others; there is sometimes a power to catch from the future a reflection of what is within there. For to the soul there is no East, no West, no North, no South; for the souls of all are part of the World-Soul that lives forever."

Gradually the minor characters become less evident; the girl and the man are the center of interest; stronger beats the tidal wave of attraction—until the lesson is learned.

"God calls with many voices. The voice which says, 'Go to the sick and friendless, to the poor; help them and love them,' that is God's voice. The voice that says, 'Work hard; cultivate the talent that you have, for your work will help your family, your nation, or humanity,' that is God's voice. And if a man says to you 'Come to me' and you know that you must go, that is God's voice also."

To all this the Theosophist adds the monitor's word—dharma! M. A.

"Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy."
B. T. Francis Bumpus. Illustrated.
L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $2.50.

This work, which is one of a series which is being issued by the Page Company, is an extremely good example of the series. It deals in such a way with these cathedrals that one is brought into a sort of personal touch with them through the sympathetic efforts of the author and one can enjoy the work whether he has previously seen the cathedrals or not.

The beautiful make-up of the book is equal to that of the other works of the same series, while the subject matter is the most fortunately chosen, in our opinion, of the entire series.

The cathedrals of England, of the Rhine cities and of France have their own special value and interest but for us the cathedrals of Northern Italy are those of the greatest charm in all the world.

The two opposed styles of architecture represented by the cathedrals of St. Marks and that of Milan,—the one representing the Byzantine type; the other the Gothic—are of extreme interest.

The cathedral of St. Marks has a charm that no other cathedral can possibly have in its antiquity, its origin, its history and the peculiar combination of its somewhat oriental architecture and the marvelous coloring, with its walls and ceilings set forth, together with the curious facts associated with the numerous number of relics and precious objects of art which it contains. Of all these qualities that attract notice and hold attention always, that of the coloration is the most curious, the most striking and the most interesting, for, while there is a certain numerical simplicity and order about the mysteries of architecture which can, to some extent, be penetrated with the activity of the lower mind, the associations of color appeal apparently to the higher forms of genius or inspiration for their conception and application. If we could imagine that the devas of the air have something to do with the conception and expression of beautiful forms of architecture, we might imagine that those of the fire were concerned in artistic expression with the aid of colors.

Any one who has attempted to arrange the simplest series of colors into harmonious wholes, can realize what the projection and the carrying out of the great color scheme in the painting would be; how, not only every tone must harmonize with its neighbor and not only must be set in contrast to it, but how also the entire scheme of the picture would be carried out, must feel that gigantic color work of this cathedral and that a mighty genius must have been in charge in order that so great an effect could have been produced. This is especially the case, in view of the fact that the whole cathedral is full of different kinds of coloration which one would almost, at first sight, feel to be impossible of such arrangement as would finally harmonize. But upon entering the cathedral, the equisite golden lights that seem to fill it absolutely harmonize all the interior and leave nothing to desire in the way of concord. The boldness with which this work has been carried out has been the despair of later periods.

Inasmuch as all the great cathedrals of the world have required many decades and even centuries for their completion, so that no individual architect could carry out the entire scheme under his own personal supervision, it would seem that there was a supernormal control of these mighty paradigms of architecture exercised through the long sweep of time required for the completion of the work in order that the old Latin phrase, which one sees sometimes upon the old-world churches, might be justified "Ad majoram gloriam Dei" and so that men might have those marvelous ideals of beauty, of persistence of effort, of national concentration of thought, effort and sacrifice always before them. For who can think that a woman who had given her jewels to aid in the erection of a statute or a man who had brought from Africa a block of pure marble for this temple, would not have in his devacon much force of spiritual life poured in upon him as the result of his feeling.

So there are many ways of looking at these great works of art besides the narrower one of puritanism, the view that the precious ointment should be sold and the money given to the poor.

No European cathedral can compare with that of Venice. The effect is surprising and even magical. The first impression conveyed is that of a cavern of gold encrusted with precious stones which are at once splendid and sombre, sparkling and mysterious. Cupolas, vaults, architraves and walls are carved with little cubes of gilt capitals, of unique form, among which the rays of light sparkle like the scales of a fish. Where the gold ground terminates at the height of the columns, commences a clothing of the most

precious varied marbles, porphyries and alabaster, relieved by pure white marble, sculptured in panels, string-courses and the like. The various marbles are arranged in broad upright bands, alternating so that one color enhances the effect of the one next to it.

"Magic and Religion," by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green and Co., London, New York and Bombay.

In this work Mr. Andrew Lang has shown himself in a somewhat different light from that in which he has been seen in earlier works. He is known as a literateur and critic, a man of letters far more than as a student of religion. His work, however, has gradually taken him from dreams and ghosts to the subject of mythology and finally to the relationship between mythology and religion.

In this book he takes a rather sensible view of his subject and manages to divine something of the truth as we see it.

The most important thesis which Mr. Lang presents and which he defends with credit is this, that there are certain races now living on the globe which, without ever having come in contact with white men, have systems of religion which embody the principles of a presiding Deity, the reincarnation of the soul and the idea of worship.

To account for the occurrence of such conditions among primitive men, Mr. Lang does not make an effort. He strives throughout his volume, however, to show that magic and religion have an origin among natives entirely independent of the teachings of religionists who visited them from older and civilized countries.

The most of his volume is devoted to quasi learned discussions pertaining to the magic and fetishism of primitive races.

Mr. Lang is open-minded and does not too easily destroy the cherished works of those he studies; he does not cast aside as unworthy the well-authenticated cases of magic which are described in standard works as witnessed by persons who are competent to make everyday observations.

He is quite free to admit the facts with reference to fire-walking, quoting freely from a number of observers who had actually seen in different parts of the world this remarkable feat performed.

"Science and Immortality." Sir Oliver Lodge, F. R. S.; Moffat, Yard and Company, New York, 1908.

Among those who have taken a stand for the actuality of the things beyond the physical plane life, though from the view point of science as demonstrated in the ways which all civilized men now regard as valid, is Sir Oliver Lodge. Through many years he has been a staunch supporter of the Society for Psychical Research, a society which, we have remarked elsewhere, was founded with the purest and best motives for the purposes of studying those phenomena which, though observed but by a few, are yet of interest to all —the phenomena of the so-called supernormal world.

The position taken by Sir Oliver Lodge in his study has been one of great conservatism and yet he has ever been inclined to admit the validity of certain observations which have the utmost importance for the study of the occult. In this book Sir Oliver discusses a number of topics indicated by the following headings: "Science and Faith"; "Corporate Worship and Service"; "The Immortality of the Soul" and "Science and Christianity."

No one interested in the progress of the reunion between science and religion which must soon be brought to fruition can fail to be deeply concerned in this book, which represents the groping of the man of science, apparently unendowed with any of the faculties which are considered supernormal by the non-Theosophist, for an explanation of the relation betwen the seen and the unseen.

We believe that the position taken by Sir Oliver can best be presented to our readers by some quotations and perhaps some comments upon them.

"It may be legitimate to recognize that a human being of specially lofty character may, perhaps inevitably, be endowed with faculties and powers beyond the present scope of the race: faculties and powers fully intelligible neither to himself nor to any one else."

"Genius combined with sainthood may achieve what to ordinary men are marvels and miracles."

"Even without sainthood, and without genius, some abnormally constituted species of the human race—possibly anticipating future development as a kind of premature sport, or possibly displaying the remains of ancestral powers now nearly lost to the race—are found to possess faculties unusual and incredible,

faculties which in fact are widely and vigorously disbelieved in by nearly all who have not studied them."

"Either there are modes of existence higher than that displayed by our ordinary selves, or there are not. If there are, it is the business of science to ascertain their existence and what they can do in the way of interaction with our material surroundings; it is not necessarily the business of religion at all, though like everything else, it will have a bearing on religion. But, because it is a nascent and infantile branch of science, is it therefore of little importance or small interest? By no means. All these things are essentially worthy of investigation, and they will be investigated by those who feel called to the work, although they are looked at askance by some of the scientific magnates of today. The gain of realizing that they are unessential to religion and to human hopes and fears, is that their investigation can be conducted in a cool, calm spirit, without prejudice and without preconception, with no object in view but simple ascertainment of truth. The atmosphere of religion should be recognized as enveloping and permeating everything, and should not be specially or exclusively sought as an emanation from signs and wonders."

"Strange and ultranormal things may happen, and are well worthy of study, but they are not to be regarded as especially holy. Some of them may represent either extension or survival of human faculty, while others may be an inevitable endowment or attribute of a sufficiently lofty character; but none of them can be accepted without investigation. Testimony concerning such things is to be treated in a sceptical and yet open-minded spirit; the results of theory and experiment are to be utilized, as in anw other branch of natural knowledge; and indiscriminate dogmatic rejection is as inappropriate as wholesale uncritical acceptance."

"Uniformity is always difficult to grasp—our senses are not made for it; and yet it is characteristic of everything that is most efficient. Jerks and jolts are easy to appreciate, but they do not conduce to progress. Steady motion is what conveys us on our way, collisions are but a retarding influence. The seeker after miracle, in the exceptional and narrow or exclusive sense, is pining for a catastrophe; the investigator of miracle, in the continuous and broad or comprehensive sense, has the universe for a laboratory."

"It is not likely that we are the only, or the highest, intelligent agents in the whole wide universe, nor that we possess faculties and powers denied to all else; nor is it likely that our own activity will be always as limited as it is now. The Parable of the Talents is full of meaning, and it contains a meaning that is not often brought out."

"Miracles lie all around us; only they are not miraculous. Special providences envelop us; only they are not special. Prayer is a means of communication as natural and as simple as is speech."

"Existence need not make itself conspicuous; things are always difficult to discover when they make no impression on the senses; the human race is hardly yet aware, for instance, of the Ether of space; and there may be a multitude of other things towards which it is in the same predicament."

"What we can assert is this, that the facts of 'telepathy,' and in a less degree of what is called 'clairvoyance,' must be regarded as practically established in the minds of those who have studied them."

"It has even been conjectured that by special exertion of psychical power a temporary organ of materialization can be constructed, presumably of organic particles, sufficient to enable some interaction between spirit and matter, and even to display some personal characteristics, through the utilization of a form partially separate from, though also closely connected with, and as some think, even borrowed from, the bodily organism of the auxiliary person known technically as the 'medium' of communication, whose presence is certainly necessary. In favor of such an occurrence there is much evidence, some of it of a weak kind, some of it quite valueless; but again some of it is strong, evidenced by weighing, and vouched for by experienced naturalists and observers such as Dr. A. R. Wallace and Sir W. Crookes, as well as by the eminent physiologist, Professor Richet, and by Professors Schiaparelli, Lombroso, and other foreign men of science."

"The reproduction of a thought in our world appears to demand distinct effort on the part of a transcendental thinker, and it seems to be almost a matter of indifference, or so to speak of accident not determined by the thinker, whether it makes its appearance here in the form of a speech or writing, or whether it take the form of a work of art, or of unusual spiritual illumination."

"To suppose that we know and understand the universe, to suppose that we have grasped its main outlines, that we realize pretty completely not only what is in it, but the still more stupendous problem of what is not and cannot be in it—as do some of our gnostic (self-styled 'agnostic') friends—is a presumptuous exercise of limited intelligence, only possible to a certain very practical and useful order of brain, which has good solid work of a commonplace kind to do in the world, and has been restricted in its outlook, let us say by Providence, in order that it may do that one thing and do it well."

"The Essential Life," by Stephen Berrien Stanton, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1908.

This volume, written in a somewhat poetical vein, is evidently the fruit of the thought of a man who, while filled with more or less of the spirit of poesy and of mysticism, nevertheless wishes to keep himself, if possible, firmly upon the basis of every-day things.

It is the theosophist's aim to maintain his strong hold upon the material plane. The word 'mysticism' does not mean anything vague, uncertain or incoherent; for us it means something definite. It denotes something almost concrete; indeed, in one sense it is concrete. It is the effort of poets and the avowed writers upon mysticism to bring into the language of our three dimensional worlds, something of the feeling of those higher planes, which we fain would visit and in which we would gladly dwell. But it is almost painful for us to read those who, while living at times in the higher planes, carried thither by poetry, by beauty, by the order and sweetness of nature, would continually cast denials into the midst of their writings, denials of the reality of that of which they have had experience, denials of its rational association with everyday life. It is painful to us to see that a just and normal connection between the worlds of consciousness cannot be felt and for themselves demonstrated by many of those who have no faith in Theosophy.

We cannot help longing for that time, which is not far distant in the future, when all such men as Stanton will find themselves able at once to descant upon the things of the higher planes and to feel themselves at the same time standing upon firm ground without apology for either phase of life. Mr. Stanton is one of those who laboriously write in epigrams. This is a style quite common in the authorship of today but in the main it is most unfortunate; it is a trick of manner as was the antithetical form of the period of Gibbon and his more graceful successor, Macaulay. It is a trick which leads those who use it to indulge in many a fantastic statement which contains but the smallest germ or kernel of truth. In fact, in many instances the writer says that which is quite the opposite of the truth and, as we suspect, contradicts even his own sense of propriety. We need only open the book, at almost any page, to find such a statement as this: "We laugh at the exaggeration of caricature; but from a true portrait we all flinch." Such a statement is manifestly absurd, for we are more frequently pained by the exaggeration of caricature than led to enjoyment. And it is certainly not true that we flinch from true portraits. We cannot think that the body or soul of any man truly portrayed might not be looked upon and studied by any one of pure heart. The most hideous objects of God's creation have a definite purpose in their existence, serve a definite end and are recognized by us to be but transitory things, to be substituted later by the products of growth which shall be beautiful and almost perfect.

It would be unfair, however, to say too much in this vein for Mr. Stanton has really some beautiful ideals, has really presented some exquisite thoughts, has really gathered together many pictures, and many thoughts that we may well note and study with high interest. The following quotations are interesting:

"When we begin to round off our thought its creativeness is at an end; because the very essentials of growth are formlessness and expansiveness. Man's grandeur lies in his incompleteness."

"All new Romes are Vandal to the old. Each generation dwells upon the debris of its predecessors' ruins and builds with the fragments of its fathers' structures. Over the earth nature spreads periodically a fresh surface and bids man make a new impress upon it. Likewise the reticence of history forever gives the race another chance."

May the Master's Grace and Unity be to all those that rightly love Him, to all those that they love, to all those that love them and so on and on until all are at one with Him and with God.

Children's Department

This department is conducted by Laleta, 3291 Malden St., Sheridan Park, Chicago.

MA-NEE'S DREAM.

Some years ago wnen little Ma-nee was quite a baby she awoke her mother one morning and said she had had such a strange dream. It seemed so different from all her dreams she wanted to tell it right away. She dreamt that she and her little playmate, Rob, had been invited to a party, and that they had had just the nicest kind of time, playing all sorts of games and eating all kinds of good things. Then the time came to go home and she and Rob started off; but instead of going straight home, they wandered into a beautiful woods. Presently they began to notice that it was getting darker and darker, and then they thought about home; but when they tried to find their way they only seemed to get deeper and deeper into the woods. Soon they came to a path that led down to a deep, muddy place, and when they got there it was very dark. Rob then began to cry, when suddenly there appeared before their eyes two fingers, pointing. Ma-kee said, "Don't you know what they are, Rob?" And Rob said, "No!"

"I'll tell you," she said. "One is the finger of your mother and the other is my little mother's Let's follow them and I am sure they will take us home." And sure enough they followed the fingers, and just as they reached home Ma-Nee woke up to tell her mother the dream.

THE AURAS.

One cool evening we were
Gathered 'round the grate.
The children begged: A story,
Please, it isn't late.

I looked around the party
Of smiling faces near
They were telling the story
'Twas this, I'll tell it here.

We are pretty bubbles
Rolling about the globe,
Tiny little ripples of light
Make us each a robe.

Every time a person
Thinks, or even feels
Around this dome or mantle
A brilliant colour steals.

Laughter adds to brightness,
And when songs you sing,
Waves of red and blue and gold
Go circling 'round the ring.

I see many bubbles,
One of brightest blue.
And I now shall call her
Miss Devotion Hue.

One exquisite bubble
Of deep rosy pink
Rolls across my pathway.
She is LOVE, I think.

One I call "The Yellow Kid,"
For he shines like gold.
He's a tiny fellow,
But his intellect is old.

If you should see a bubble
Be sure to cheer this brother
And lift his drooping head.
That's turning brownish-red,

Now, off to bed you bubbles!
And when you're sound asleep;
Remember you're still weaving
Your robes of colour deep.

—Minna K.

The Front Garden,
Outpost of Fairyland, No. 777.

Dear Children—

Last time, I told you how you might perhaps see some fairies, but now I'm going to tell you of the different kinds you could see and what each kind does.

We'll begin with the little gnomes who live way down in the earth because they are some of the easiest to see. They are sometimes seen in mines and coming out of the side of a mountain or cliff. Very cautiously they come when they think no human being is near, and if a man comes upon them suddenly, down they dive into the ground. If the man isn't used to the habits of fairies and sees one disappear in that way, he rubs his eyes and thinks he is either crazy or dreaming. Men are so stupid sometimes! They will not believe in fairies if they even see them with their own eyes, yet they wouldn't like to do without the gold and silver and other metals that the gnomes in the earth help make. But when a gnome has been very good and has worked hard underground, he can come up and live on the surface of the earth and become a garden fairy or a woodland elf or some other kind of nature spirit. Yet many surface fairies have been bees or beautiful birds instead of gnomes, so you see, we don't all grow in the same way.

We surface fairies are the ones who live in all the quiet meadows and forests and who have such fun dancing in sunshine and moonlight and playing games, besides doing a great deal of work for our kings. Flowers and birds are especial delights to us and you can imagine how badly we feel when horrid men come and shoot the dear birds and turn our lovely homes into smoky cities. No wonder we run away from people or even play tricks on very bad ones. However, we don't always run away from a person who thinks beautiful thoughts, but often follow him. Such a person, if he has the gift of clear sight, sometimes sees one of our kings or devas with troops of fairies working under his direction. Or he may see us garden fairies as we play in pansy beds and help the flowers to grow.

Then, besides the gnomes and surface fairies, there are the water spirits who live in lakes, streams and oceans and take care of the corals and sea flowers. Sometimes they are seen rolling in to the shore on waves and playing in waterfalls. Then, too, there are the fairies who are half water, half air spirits, who arrange the clouds in beautiful shapes and who ride in the mists.

All these fairies I have told you about live not in the real Fairyland,—the starry, astral place where you go when you sleep,—but in a sort of outpost. There are also others, many of them fairies who have been promoted from surface or water spirits, who do live in Fairyland. Those fairies can see and do ever so much more than we can and they have still lovelier times. The only difference is that, although outpost fairies are right in Fairyland, they can't see and feel it always, and don't know what is going on there. That is very strange, isn't it? Yet it is the same with you human beings, except that it is worse with you than with us. Fairyland is all around you, but your physical bodies can't see all the beautiful colors and sights that make it different from the everyday world. But when you sleep, you use your astral bodies and then you see Fairyland till you wake up. Now, the outpost fairies live in etheric bodies that are finer than air yet not as fine as astral bodies, so, although we see more than you do, we are not quite in Fairyland. But when we have learnt everything that outpost fairies should know, our etheric bodies will turn gradually into astral ones and then we shall live in the real Fairyland.

Now do you understand why fairies aren't often seen? It is because most people can't see air, you know, so how could they see fairies who are finer than air? But many small children and some older people have such keen eyesight that they can easily see us. Once in a while, a nature spirit is able to draw air and mist around his etheric body and then anyone can see him, and whenever we are seen, it is either because we do this, or because the person who sees us has naturally clear eyesight.

But do you know that if you can see and play with us, love us and get us to love you, you can help us get a soul? That is what Angela did for the little nature spirit in the story I told you a while ago. It is what every fairy, and animal, too, needs most, so you see how much good you can do. And if you can't see any of us at first, keep on trying and thinking beautiful thoughts and the gift of clear eyesight will come after a while.

With love to you all from

Busywing.

Theosophical Society---American Section Directory

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