The Theosophic Messenger

Issued monthly by direction and under authority of the American Section of the Theosophical Society
Address all communications to the office of the General Secretary, 103 State St., Chicago
Entered as Second Class matter Nov. 3, 1903, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois.
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

VOL. XI. | CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1910. | No. 5.

Thine Eyes

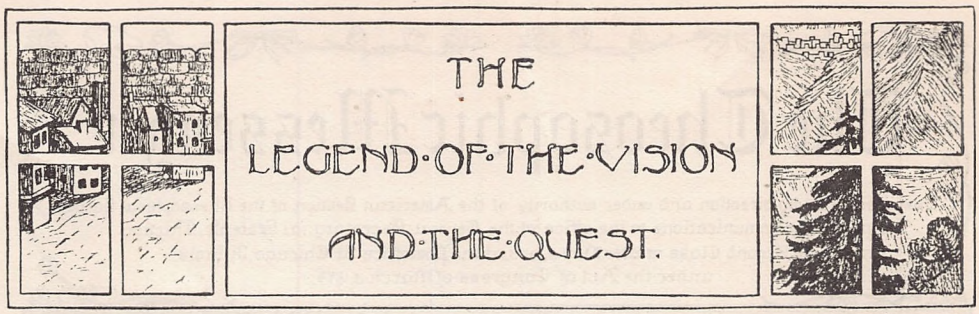
Thine orbs, Redeemer, like archangels' eyes,
Wide stand, liquid, pure, deep, far-seeing.
Into the dark future to Time's end they look
Reading, for man's weal, Fate's adamantine book.

Tenderly Thine eyes gaze into each soul,
Studying his history, searching well his goal.
What would we learn, O Christ, were those eyes read?
Tell us what Experience to them has said!

Like the sweet eyes of Hubert's stag
Innocent are Thine, yet wise, all knowing!
Those color harmonies where sky meets sea they flash
Nor shadow lies where sweet Nirvana's light-waves dash!

Ages hast Thou watched Man's slow evolving,
In Thy great heart and mind vast plans revolving!
Thou art God's perfect Son, All-wise,
And from Thine eyes streams light of Paradise!

W. V-H.



PART I.

THE WALL.

The stony blackened wall.
It shut the Sullen City in,
Frowning, hard, and tall.

THE SULLEN CITY.

The Sullen City strangely built,
Of houses dark and grim,
With windows sealed, the sunlight barred,
The rooms damp, dark and dim.

THE SULLEN CITY FOLK.

But stranger still than wall or town,
The Sullen City Folk
All bearing burdens, large or small,
O'erhung with sable cloak.

THE BURDENS.

Here one was bowed 'neath Avarice.
On one cold Hate was hung,
While to a third, hard Greed for gold
With choking clasp there clung.

THE AGONY.

Bleak, cold Despair, dread fearfulness
Each trembling soul, his eyes cast down,
Around the Sullen City loomed
Were burdens that were borne.
With Agony was torn.

THE YOUTH.

Save one! a Youth, no burdens bore
And high he held his head;
His cloak was blue, with clasps of gold
Full light his bounding tread.

THE HATRED DEEP.

Yet as he passed along the street
The grown-up city folk
Cold turned aside, with Hatred Deep,
Nor kindly greeting spoke.

THE CHILDREN SWEET.

But he was loved by every child.
Where'er the Youth might be,
There straightway scampered Children Sweet
To cluster 'round his knee.

THE DUMB CREATURES.

Four-footed Creatures, Dumb and Meek,
His heels would follow near,
Trembling in ecstasy beneath
His touch, so fond and dear.

THE FIELDS.

Without the sullen city's walls
The dew-bathed fields green gleamed,
Wherein at sunset, dusky, still,
The gentle Youth oft dreamed.

THE MOUNTAINS TALL.

'Twas his delight, when all was still,
Save bird with swelling throat,
To gaze upon the Mountains Tall
Their forms majestic note.

THE GOLDEN GLOW.

One evening when the nightingale
Was crooning soft and low,
Upon the mountain's towering peak
He saw a Golden Glow.

THE CITY FAIR.

In thrilling wonderment he gazed,
Watching the thick clouds fade,
And low! he saw a City Fair
Of jasper, gold and jade.

THE WONDROUS FACE.

And as he gazed, his ardent look,
Two glorious eyes could trace.
Shining and heavenly blue, they gazed
From out a Wondrous Face.

THE VOICE.

And then he heard a Voice that seemed
Sweet as a heavenly bell;
It bade him climb the mountain steep
And in the city dwell.

THE CLOUDS.

Then lo! the Clouds, dark, gloomy, thick,
Enclosed the mountain vast;
The Youth in sorrow cried aloud,
As swift the vision passed.

THE LONG NIGHT.

That Long Night through he sobbing lay
Beside the mountain's base,
Crying in anguish that he might
Once more behold the Face.

THE SILENCE.

Yet naught but silence, vast and deep,
Made answer to his prayer.
The dew, like pearls of pity fell
And glistened in his hair.

PART II.

THE BREAK OF DAY.

At length the long, sad night was passed
The pale moon crept away;
A rosy flush, like dawn of hope,
Proclaimed the Break of Day.

THE RESOLVE.

Then sudden in the Youth's heart sprung,
As though 'twere heaven sent,
A brave Resolve, that raised his head
And strength and power lent.

THE RETURN.

Across the fields, with flying feet,
His homeward way he sped,
And as he fled, his pure, sweet face,
A tender radiance shed.

THE MESSAGE.

Into the sullen city bleak
His hopeful path did trace,
Crying aloud to all he met
The Message of the Face.

THE SCORN.

But ah! the sullen city folk
Withdrew with Scorn and Sneer,
And from his face the radiance
Full swift did disappear.

THE PLEADING.

The Youth soft pleaded, begged and prayed,
Of wondrous city told,
Crying unto the sullen folk
To seek the city gold.

THE EARS OF STONE.

Thus passed the long, the dreary morn,
And thus the day wore on;
Some turned away, most laughed in scorn,
For all had Ears of Stone.

THE START.

At length, when hope had all but fled,
A few believed his tale,
And these set forth at early morn,
The mountain high to scale.

THE FOLLOWERS.

A strangely ill-assorted group,
That crossed the fields that day:
A Poet, Artist and a Child,
Young, middle-aged and grey.

THE LEADERS.

The Poet, Artist and the Child
Full blithely led, and gay
The Poet sang, the Artist smiled;
The Child danced on its way.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT.

On every fainting, wearied soul
The Youth Compassion bent,
Firm guiding faltering, tired feet
With sweet Encouragement.

THE FAINT-HEARTED.

But when the mountain's base was reached,
And all beheld its height,
Full many turned to seek their homes,
Fearing its cold, hard might.

THE BLIND.

"We see no golden glow," quoth they,
"We see no wondrous face;"
And hugging close their sable cloaks,
Their slow steps did retrace.

THE CLEAR-EYED.

Not so the poet, not the child,
Nor artist, smiling soft,
These joyous cried, "We see the glow,
Soft shining there aloft!"

THE BARRIER.

Thus heartened, those who had held firm
Were led to climb on high,
But midway up the mountain's side
A blank wall towered nigh.

THE NARROW GATE.

Yet when the Youth cried out, "O, Face!"
Straightway a gate appeared—
A Narrow Gate, a slender gate,
That narrowed as they neared.

THE CHILD PASSED IN.

Full easily the child passed in,
With him the poet, too;
The gateway seemed to spread and grow
As these sweet souls passed through.

THE PORTAL VAST.

But when the gentle Youth essayed
And through the slim gate passed,
So wide it seemed, so high, so grand,
'Twas like a Portal Vast.

THE LAD.

The others, then, tried each in turn.
Alas! the narrowed gate
Could not admit a Lad who bore
A burden labeled "Hate."

THE FOOLISH LAD.

And, sadder still, the Foolish Lad
Refused to cast aside
The burden which he bore, and he
Passed down the mountain side.

THE OTHERS.

The Others, wiser than the lad
Their burdens flung away,
When through the narrow, straightened gate
Full easily passed they.

THE LIGHTENED CLOAKS.

And, see! as through the opening stepped
These others, wiser made,
Their sable cloaks grew light and seemed
To wear a fairer shade.

THE CITY.

And as all journeyed on and up,
Intent to view the Face,
Nearby they saw the city shine,
Each glittering spire could trace.

THE GRACE.

Then suddenly the child cried out,
"The Face, I see the Face!"
And lo! 'twas even as he cried,
For all beheld its Grace.

THE YOUTH.

But, ah! it shone not far away
On mountain-top. In truth
It was the Face of One they loved—
Their friend and guide—The Youth!

THE MEMORIES OF PAST LIVES.

"You are the first person who claims to know anything of a past life, who has not claimed to be the reincarnation of some prominent historical character," was the remark made to a person in my hearing recently, and it started a train of thought.

Ridiculous as such claims are, it would be hasty to conclude that they are made with intentional dishonesty. There must be a reason for such a common phenomenon, and a probable reason seems quite simple.

Keep in mind two laws: first, that we never do anything of our own volition until it has been done for us repeatedly. The babe is held on its feet by its mother and put through the motions repeatedly before it can walk; and we cannot ascend to Devachan till nature has swept us there times without number. We cannot see at will in the astral light till it has been shown us repeatedly. Briefly put, external impact leads up to it, whatever it is. Second, our feeling of separateness increases with the number of sheaths through which we are working. Let us now take three examples and examine them; first, a person listening to a lecture; second, a dream; and third, a person viewing a flash of a picture of the past. In the first place, the observer thinks he has new ideas which he will look upon as his, awakened by the speaker. On the morrow he will likely find these ideas have largely escaped him. He will not identify himself with the speaker, nor the speaker with himself, but he has, misunderstandingly, identified some of the speaker's ideas with himself. In the second case, suppose the same person, out of his body in sleep, hears the lecture. The separating veil between the two egos is less than in the former case and a close identity is established and when fragments are brought to the physical plane as a dream, it looks like complete identification from the standpoint of ordinary physical plane consciousness, and as he remembers his dream, he was the lecturer.

The third case is much the same. The picture of the past is thrown up before him by some external power beyond his control. We are told by C. W. Leadbeater that the observer may identify himself with the actors of the scene before him and come to know his thoughts and emotions. Still further, remembering the first law mentioned above, the untrained seer may be projected into an actor without his knowledge or will, and so imagine him to be himself. The seer may be shown himself meeting an enemy of ages ago and his consciousness may be thrown back and forth between himself and his old time enemy in a way most thoroughly bewildering.

Pictures as above are not necessarily memories of past lives at all, or scenes in which the observer took any part at all.

We can see how an untrained seer may be altogether uncertain of his own identity and that the whole thing is not even a proof of reincarnation at all. It does, however, give a plausible reason why so many people think themselves to be the reincarnation of important persons of the past, having viewed scenes in which these personages took prominent part. While the person's claims may be based upon correct facts, there are many chances that he has misinterpreted the scenes viewed. X.

WAYSIDE LILY.

Out of the path I strayed to pluck thee, Wayside Lily,
Little I dreampt of beauty among those sad green leaves.
Only a flower, I thought, to brighten one dark moment,
To kiss and cast aside, after the fancy was dead.

In thy heart, as I looked, the great world's heart lay mirrored,
All its sorrow and suffering, all its joy and tears.
Never I thought to find in one small wayside Lily,
Whatever I sought and seek, gleams of the great white Light!

Blessing and blessing upon thee, God's beloved Lily,
Growing out of the earth, among poisonous weeds.
If none but He and I shall see His ray within thee,
I love thee, Wayside Lily, for that radiant gleam!

G. K.

HOURS WITH MR. LEADBEATER.

The Devil.

"The devil," said I. One has to say something, you know, to attract attention.

"Never mind him," said Mr. Leadbeater.

"One must," I replied, "when duty bids." I held up, with a gesture of explanation, three badly-written letters. "This gentleman wishes to know what are the benefits to be derived from a personal acquaintance with his majesty, and what the dangers of such association."

"The devil," said he,—and then meditatively, and with the decision of a final word, "er—— is a gentleman of purely hypothetical existence." He bent over his writing with determined and obvious inaccessibility of mood.

The situation was tragic. "The mail goes in an hour"—I swear it was the plutonic autocrat who whispered in my ear—"and my khaki messenger will collect today before the proper time." The khaki-clad postal peon, with his capacious, rapacious bag rose before my vision, and I fancy I saw a pair of horns protruding through his scarlet ready-made turban, and a leer spring out from his features that put a fire to the mischief in my veins.

"Blood," said I, intensely. I flourished a sheaf of pages filled with a muddy red scrawl!

"You don't say so. Surely no one would be so foolish——" He took the letter from my hand and spelt out solemnly, "Dear Mr. Leadbeater, Many years ago I suffered from a red spot on my nose. I was recommended to take Doctor Potter's round pills for red-nosed people. This I did, and am glad to inform you that the spot entirely disappeared, leaving my nose behind. But unfortunately, the red spot now appears before my eyes, whether open or shut, and much interferes with my reading and meditation. An old member of our section, a very kind lady, tells me that it is probable that I have made a blood-covenant with the devil on the astral plane during my sleep, and that he will torment me with this spot, which will grow larger until I am enveloped in fire. Even now it seems to be growing larger. Please cable at once. Can you break this compact for me? I am in a most distracted condition. I think I shall go mad. . . ."

"Hum— Hum—" He looked at it critically. "No, it is not blood," he mused, fingering the paper. Then, suddenly handing it back to me, he added, "Explain things to him a bit, and assure him that he will be all right very soon. He may give up taking the pills, and go and dig the garden for one hour every morning and evening."

"But what becomes," I ventured, "of a man who, by means of a pact signed with his own blood, has sold himself to the devil, or imagines he has, for twenty years of happiness and wealth?" Another correspondent had kindly furnished this question.

"As the devil is non-existent," he answered, with emphasis, "it seems to me that this would depend largely upon what sort of entity happened to personate him for the occasion. There are plenty of entities of various sorts, who would hugely enjoy such a joke at the expense of a man; but no such entity, whatever he may be, could possibly have any use for the 'soul' of a man,—nor would the 'soul' of anybody foolish enough to make such a compact be likely to be of any use, either to the owner or anybody else. All these absurd superstitions are disproven by the fact that the man is the Ego, and therefore cannot sell himself, and also that there are no buyers in such a transaction, and that the whole thing is nothing but foolishness. There are many entities who may be both willing and able to arrange twenty years of material prosperity for a person. They are generally willing to do it in return for some material consideration, such as the sacrifice of babies, goats or fowls. I dare say you have heard of such things while touring in the moffusil?"

"Amply," said I. "They sometimes sacrifice buffaloes, eat the flesh, and smear the image with the blood. It appears to be a sort of legalization of flesh-eating, for the purpose of surrounding it with a certain amount of difficulty, in the shape of observances, so that people will not do it too often. Primitive people, Mrs. Besant told us, are thus led upwards from cold butchery to sacrifice, and thence to the ideal of kindness to all living things. But please continue. Has the Ego any share in these pacts?"

"No. Neither in such rare individual cases, nor in general fetish worship. These entities cannot possess the human Ego; nor, to be a little Irish, could they use it if it did come into their possession. A human body is some-

times convenient for them, and, for the sake of being permitted to obsess it they will sometimes enter into an arrangement. The making of a compact of this nature, of course, gives the entity a strong hold upon the man; but as soon as he discovers the folly of his action the proper course for the man to take is to resist such obsession to the utmost. Childish ceremonies, such as signing with his own blood, would, of course, make no difference whatever."

An angry squirrel in the palm outside shrieked piercingly and persistently; a small lead-blue lizard darted across my table and snapped his flat face upon an unsuspecting fly; the fishermen in the Adyar River cooed an uncouth song to call the gentle fish; the Sanskrit pandit on the veranda entranced himself with weird and sonorous mantras, while the monsoon-wind rustled like rain in the heavy palm-fronds, and a weighty cocoanut fell with a thud upon the small branching grass. I sat in the octagon room, looking at Mr. Leadbeater, surrounded with papers and letters, taking down his words, and preparing my next question.

"There is, then, in reality, no being corresponding to the Devil of some of the great religions, no typical evil one, nearly equal to the highest being in any cycle? Is there nothing in the nature of a hierarchy of evil, side by side with that of good?"

"Of course there is no hierarchy of evil. There are black magicians, certainly. But the black magician is a very unimportant being; merely a single, solitary entity. He is working for himself, as a separate entity, and for his own ends. You cannot have a hierarchy of people who distrust one another. In the White Brotherhood every member trusts the others; but you cannot have trust with the dark people for the very simple reason that their interests are built upon self.

"You must, however, take care what you mean when you speak of evil. The principle of destruction is often personified, but the fact is that old forms are merely being broken down to be used as material for building new and higher ones. Here, in India, there is Shiva, the Destroyer, but no one would think of Him as evil; He is one of the highest manifestations of the deity. The principle of the destruction of forms is necessary in order that life may progress. There is a Great One, a part of whose function it is to arrange when the great cataclysms shall take place—but He works for the good of the world; these things are not to be thought of as in any way evil. The notion of a supposed angel who revolted and was turned out of heaven is very much based upon John Milton."

"The conception is rather different," I ventured to put in, "in the Book of Job." There he is apparently regarded as being on familiar visiting terms with the Deity. On one occasion he turns up at a sort of reception, and the Deity condescends to have a chat with him. The Deity says to him, "I have a first-class servant,—Job. He is a fine fellow. Just you go and try him. But take care that you don't kill him." Then, you know, the devil makes a very determined effort to upset Job.

"Quite so; though your description may disturb the equanimity of the orthodox. In that story the devil is rather a different person from the gloomy hero of the Miltonic conception," he went on, "Then, as you know, the Buddhists have Mara—a personification of the karma of the past descending upon the man at once and taking many forms. There is an instant working-out of karma upon the attainment of enlightenment."

"And what about the notion that all matter, all differences and limitations, are evil?"

If by evil you mean evil, and not some other and quite different notion of an abstract kind, then matter is not evil. Spirit and matter are equal. Matter is not in opposition to spirit. We find matter troublesome because of the bodies we have to use; but we are here in order to learn what without it could not be conveyed to us. The physical plane experiences give a definiteness and precision to our consciousness and power which we could never acquire on any plane unless we had spent the necessary time on this. But," he broke off, "why do people bother about evil? There is plenty of good in the world, and it is better to think of that, for your thought strengthens that of which you think." He turned to his papers, and refused to be drawn out again.

I went to the door to take a few breaths. An old crow hopped towards me and regarded me enquiringly with one round eye.

"You are a wicked old rascal," said I, admiringly.

"Eh, what?"

"I was addressing the feathered representative of the monarch of the regions of plutonic darkness," I apologized humbly.

Then the old crow went away and brought six others, who stood in a row, eyed me with one eye each and cawed derisively.

Ernest Wood.

CREMATION IN NORTH AMERICA.

Through immemorial ages it has been the custom, more or less constant, with the races of mankind to burn the bodies of their dead. And this custom is universal in many countries today. But among western nations it has not been practised for many centuries, until now people have forgotten that it ever found favor with their ancestors. Nevertheless, this was the fact and the present effort to establish cremation in Europe and America may be looked upon rather as a revival than an innovation.

Isolated examples of writings setting forth the dangers of earth-burial have been published in Europe and America for more than a century, but it was not until about 1850 that agitation became general and practical. The subject was discussed in health congresses, and by 1870 experiments had been made and a model of incinerating apparatus placed before the world.

The first known discussion on the subject in America occurred in 1801, when there was published in New York City a pamphlet entitled "Methods of Counteracting the Mischief Occasionally Arising from the Interment of the Dead in Cities," by Samuel Mitchel, M. D. Other writings continued to appear at long intervals as well as tokens of a more convincing sort, showing that interest was alive. In 1816 the body of a gentleman in South Carolina was, by his own wish, burned in the oriental manner in the open air. His example was later followed by a Mr. Barry, an open-air pyre being used in this instance also.

But there was no concerted action taken to establish the practice of cremation by scientific methods until the year 1874. I cannot do better than quote here from Mr. John Storer Cobb's "A Quartercentury of Cremation in North America." "The first organized attempt to bring the subject of cremation to the notice of the public, with a view to the taking of measures for its practical introduction into the United States, was made in the city of New York in the year 1874. . . . Prior to the year mentioned there had been considerable private discussion among a few of the city's residents who, from considerations both of health and sentiment, were impressed with its superiority to burial in the earth. Late in 1873 some of these affixed their signatures to a statement that, in their judgment, the prevailing method of dealing with the dead was fraught with danger to the living, and that the public welfare would be subserved by its discontinuance and substitution of incineration as carried out by modern methods. This was followed by an undertaking to form themselves into a society for the purpose of giving practical effect to their declaration, and an engagement that each should do everything possible to promote the interests of such an association and aid in the furtherance of its avowed objects. During the early months of the year 1874 occasional meetings were held at the homes of some of the signers of this paper, and the matter was more openly and freely debated. The numbers attending these meetings gradually increased, until it was deemed advisable to discuss the subject in a larger and more public assembly. Accordingly, on the 24th day of April, 1874, a meeting for the purpose was held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. . . . Additional names were appended to the beforementioned declaration, and it was formally resolved to take immediate measures for the formation of a joint-stock company, whereby might be raised the funds necessary to the erection and equipment of a crematorium in the neighborhood. Beyond this very little was accomplished. . . . And it was not until seven years later that an endeavor was made to resuscitate the movement." The statement referred to is no longer in existence, but we know from his own evidence that Col. Olcott's signature was placed thereon. We find the following in "*Old Diary Leaves*": "A dilettante sort of body calling itself the New York Cremation Society had been formed in April, 1874, and I had enrolled myself as a member, and been elected a member of the Legal Advice

Committee. But beyond passing resolutions and issuing pamphlets the members had done nothing to prove the faith that was in them." But Col. Olcott had an opportunity to prove his faith, and it was in connection with this that the first cremation in a properly constructed crematorium took place.

This opportunity was brought to him through his position as President of the Theosophical Society. Attracted by this, his acquaintance was sought by a German named Baron de Palm, who proved an adventurer, disowned by his family, a man, as the Colonel tells us one of the newspapers of the day wittily remarked about him, "had been principally famous as a corpse." Soon after the acquaintance came about the Baron became very ill, and as he was quite without friends, Col. Olcott came to his assistance. Before his death he gave consent that his body should be disposed of as the Colonel saw fit, expressing a preference for incineration. Here was a chance to put before the public a practical illustration of the much needed reform. Col. Olcott decided that the best way of furthering the interests of cremation was to give the widest and most judicious publicity to the epoch-making event and issued invitations liberally to scientific men and newspaper reporters. The invitations were accepted and the affair went off most successfully. All present were favorably impressed. And there can be no doubt that by his action Col. Olcott gave a forward impulse to cremation, bringing it to the attention of many who had never before heard of it and causing others to regard it in a more agreeable light than hitherto.

This first incineration, by modern methods, in America occurred December 6, 1876, at Washington, Pennsylvania, in the pioneer crematorium of our country. This crematorium was built by Dr. LeMoyne, with the distinct purpose not only of providing a place for the disposition of his own discarded vehicle, but to prove to the doubters that the new method was the best, cleaner, perfectly feasible under right conditions, and that these conditions could be provided far cheaper than the cost of the usual method. This last named point he certainly carried, to the satisfaction of even the most prejudiced, for Col. Olcott tells us that the whole expense of disposing of the body of Baron de Palm amounted to only ten dollars. All credit should be given to Dr. LeMoyne, as a man who lived up to his convictions and promoted the public interests in a deeply vital matter. "The effort of Dr. LeMoyne," says Mr. Cobb, "was the first practical endeavor to uproot a system which was looked upon, from the hygienic standpoint, as fraught with danger to the living, and to supplant it with a method that should be free from sanitary objections. He should be regarded as the doyen of incinerations in our land." The crematorium was used first for the body of de Palm, as has been stated, and second for that of Mrs. Ben Pitman, on February 6, 1877. "It was not brought into service again," writes Mr. Cobb, "until October 16, 1879, when the mortal frame of its founder was confided to its care. This seemed to give somewhat of an impulse to the general interest, for during the next six years thirty-six bodies were reduced to ashes here; while in other parts of the country three crematoria were erected and forty-nine bodies were incinerated therein." This crematorium, having fulfilled the object of its being and superseded by others of more elaborate design, is now no longer in use.

Since these initial cremations progress has been slow and fluctuating but sure. Not much was done until the year 1884, when three buildings were put up. A society was formed in New Orleans, and a piece of land was bought, but proceedings went no further in spite of that, owing to the peculiar and unsanitary method of burial. On account of its swampy situation the digging of graves is impossible and the bodies are placed in brick apertures above the ground, there to remain until these "ovens," as they are called, become so crowded that removal is necessary to make room for new occupants. And at the present date no other provision has been made. After 1885 progress was more speedy. Every year since has seen the erection of at least one crematorium, and some years three and four. During 1909 four more were being constructed. The middle and far western states have overbalanced the Atlantic coast in progress, California alone possessing six crematoria, with two more in process of construction. New York is a close competitor, having seven, while Massachusetts is the only other eastern state owning crematoria, though another is being built, situated at Springfield. In the west the

movement has made itself felt in business circles, two crematoria in California being owned by undertaking firms, and at Portland, Oregon, is a firm dealing exclusively with articles employed in any sort of crematory work. This firm, called "The Gibson Company," was in 1909 the only one in the world engaged exclusively in the line. Their circular states that they will send the latest crematory information to any person applying to them. For the benefit of any desiring such information their address will be appreciated. It is, "The Gibson Company, Portland, Oregon, P. O. Box 636."

Canada has not shown the same interest in incineration as has the United States. It boasts but one crematory, that being situated in Montreal. It was opened in 1902 and in that year nineteen cremations occurred. In 1909 the number had arisen to one hundred and forty-five.

The future of cremation can, perhaps, be best judged by its past. In the year of its institution but two incinerations took place. During 1909 this total was increased to forty-eight thousand three hundred and ninety-nine. We may reasonably expect a much larger proportion of increase in the coming thirty-four years. The ground is now broken, the seed planted, and with judicious care cannot fail to come to fruition. A more systematic and extended advertising would no doubt materially advance the cause. The Massachusetts Cremation Society advertised during the past year in the daily newspapers and received five hundred answers—an encouraging return. The most intelligent and public-spirited of our citizens believe in cremation, and if they would but shake off inertia and band together in a propaganda movement, wonders would be accomplished. Failing this, let each Society follow the example of that of Massachusetts, and much good could be done.

But cremation being a progressive movement, necessary to the best interests and therefore the evolution of the human race, it must, in the nature of things, become in time an established custom of society. And the sooner this comes to pass, the better for us all.

Theosophical readers need not be reminded of the advantages of incineration over decomposition in the earth. To them, as to all, must appeal its superiority in matters of cleanliness and health for the living, as well as the blessed fact that it does away with that horror that goes on beneath the ground after the burial of a cadaver. In addition to this, Theosophy teaches, to quote Mrs. Besant, that "If the dense body be buried, the etheric double floats over the grave, slowly disintegrating, and the unpleasant feelings many experience in a church-yard are largely due to the presence of these decaying etheric corpses. If the body be burnt, the etheric double breaks up very quickly, having lost its nidus, its physical center of attraction, and this is one among many reasons why cremation is preferable to burial as a way of disposing of corpses."

List of Places Which Contain Crematoria.

1. Washington, Pa. LeMoyne Crematory (closed to public).
2. Lancaster, Pa. Lancaster Cremation Society.
3. New York, N. Y. U. S. Cremation Co.
4. Buffalo, N. Y. Buffalo Cremation Co., Ltd.
5. Pittsburg, Pa. H. Samson, Funeral Director, 433 Sixth Ave.
6. Cincinnati, Ohio. Cincinnati Cremation Co.
7. Detroit, Mich. Michigan Cremation Association.
8. Los Angeles, Cal. Cremation Society of Southern California.
9. Philadelphia, Pa. Philadelphia Cremation Society.
10. St. Louis, Mo. Missouri Crematory Association.
11. Swineburn Island, N. Y. Staten Island Quarantine and Health Dept.
12. Baltimore, Md. Baltimore Cremation Cemetery Co.
13. Troy, N. Y. The Gardner Earl Crematorium, Oakwood Cemetery.
14. Davenport, Iowa. Davenport Cremation Society.
15. Waterville, N. Y. Waterville Cemetery Association.
16. Chicago, Ill. Graceland Crematory, Graceland Cemetery.
17. San Francisco, Cal. San Francisco Cremation Co., Cypress Lawn Cemetery.
18. Boston, Mass. The Massachusetts Cremation Society.
19. San Francisco, Cal. The I. O. O. F. Crematory and Crematory Association.
20. Pasadena, Cal. Pasadena Crematorium, Reynolds and Van Nuys, Owners.

21. Milwaukee, Wis. Forest Home Cemetery.
22. Washington, D. C. J. Wm. Lee, Funeral Director, 332 Penn. Ave., N. W.
23. Fort Wayne, Ind. Lindenwood Cemetery Association.
24. St. Paul, Minn. Forest Cemetery & Crematory Association.
25. Cambridge, Mass. Mount Auburn Association.
26. Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland Cremation Co., Collinswood, Ohio.
27. Los Angeles, Cal. Los Angeles Cemetery Association, Evergreen Cemetery.
28. Portland, Ore. Portland Cremation Association.
29. Montreal, Canada. Crematorium (Ltd.), Mount Royal Cemetery.
30. Oakland, Cal. Oakland Cremation Association.
31. Indianapolis, Ind. Indianapolis Crematory, Flanner & Buchanan.
32. Denver, Colo. Denver Crematory, Riverside Cemetery.
33. Seattle, Wash. Cremation of Washington, Mount Pleasant Cemetery.
34. Los Angeles, Cal. Los Angeles Crematory Association.
35. Honolulu, H. I. Oahu Cemetery Association.
36. New York, N. Y. Rosehill Cemetery & Crematory, Linden, N. J.
37. New York, N. Y. New York & New Jersey Crematory Co., N. Bergen, N. J.
38. Chicago, Ill. Montrose Cemetery Association.
39. Tacoma, Wash. Oakwood Crematorium, Oakwood Cemetery.

Under Construction.

Minneapolis, Minn. Lakewood Cemetery Association.

Los Angeles, Cal. Inglewood Park Cemetery Association.

Springfield, Mass. Springfield Cemetery Association.

Spokane, Wash. Greenwood Cemetery Association.

Sacramento, Cal. East Lawn Cemetery Association.

Helen G. Crawford.

TRANSIENTS.

Many devotees of Theosophy are so imbued with the validity and importance of its truths that they wish to go on to the utmost limits of devotion to its service, believing that its unseen Sponsors are to do for the world such things as will enormously hasten man's evolution and diminish his suffering to a great degree. These people are going on with an energy and a determination which nothing can arrest, staunchly clinging to the society and carrying its burdens. They bring to the consideration of its problems all the intellectual light they can get and are trying to develop within themselves the deepest intuition. They will be in successive lives the aids and supports of the Masters on the lower planes.

It is often urged that we ought carefully to discriminate cautiously in the admission of new members, taking in as far as possible only those who are likely to become permanently associated with the organization during the incarnation. Similarly, it is often stated that lodge charters ought not to be granted except where there is strong assurance that they will be of permanent character.

Yet in both cases we may take a modified view of the matter. We may be sure that our fair-weather friends and our easy-going lodges will disappear with the storms and troubles which our pioneer organization is sure to meet, and that they will not seriously encumber our voting-list to the permanent detriment of our society's hardihood and directness of purpose. Meanwhile a wonderful opportunity has been given to those who have temporarily served. In future lives by virtue of their devachanic experience with the thoughts and feelings with which they have been provided, they will come into closer and stronger touch with the divine wisdom in some form. The lodges, short-lived as they were, will have some kind of return to physical plane life. Their members will combine again in some new effort for the divine wisdom.

We would strenuously disavow the advocacy of hasty entry into the society, or the premature formation of lodges. But the error of discouraging admission into the society for fear the new members may not remain or that the lodges may not be permanent organizations must be avoided with equal care.

CAGLIOSTRO.

By Dr. Franz Hartmann.

One day in the year 1884 I was talking with H. P. Blavatsky in her room at Adyar. We spoke about reincarnation and other things, and in the course of conversation I expressed a wish to have her portrait. Without answering she went to a drawer and produced a picture of Cagliostro. Her whole manner made upon me the impression that the picture represented her as she was in her previous incarnation; but before I could ask her about it, our conversation was interrupted by another visitor.

The history of Cagliostro and that of H. P. Blavatsky have many similar aspects. Of the lives and characters of each many accounts have been written, and nevertheless both have remained a mystery. Both used to perform occult phenomena whose genuineness could not be disputed by those who were eye-witnesses; both were admired as great Adepts by their friends and denounced as swindlers by their enemies. Cagliostro became a victim of the "holy inquisition" and was imprisoned in the fortress San Leone. Blavatsky was persecuted by the protestant clergy in India and went into voluntary exile to London. About the death of Cagliostro nothing certain is known.

In 1882 a man by the name of Marco Perazzoni died at the age of 96 years. He left a written account giving his version about the burial of the body of Cagliostro. According to it Perazzoni was a boy of nineteen years when on a very hot day in August he saw four men carrying the body of Cagliostro, tied upon a board, down the narrow staircase of the fortress of San Leone at Montefeltro. The body was not covered and everybody could see its features, while the carriers left the corpse at the foot of the stairs near a small fountain and went to a little inn to get some refreshments. After a while they returned and, lifting the corpse upon their shoulders, they carried it to a burial place in the vicinity of the fortress. There they deposited it in a grave after putting a brickbat under the head of the corpse and an old handkerchief over its face. A few years afterwards when the Polish legion under the command of General Dombrowsky took possession of the fortress, some soldiers opened the grave of Cagliostro, filled the skull with wine and drank it in honor of the patriots.

Contrary to this statement H. P. Blavatsky in one of her books (Secret Doctrine, Vol. III) chides Eliphas Levi for saying that Cagliostro perished in the fortress of San Leone and asserts that Eliphas Levi "knew better." Moreover she told the writer of these pages, that Cagliostro escaped from his prison; that long after the supposed time of his death (1795) he was met by different persons in Russia and that he remained for some time at the house of Count Hahn von Rottenstein at Ekaterinoslaw (father of Madame Blavatsky). Moreover she claimed that he then and there, in the midst of winter, produced by magical power a plate full of fresh strawberries for a sick person who was craving for it.

Possibly these two statements may not appear irreconcilable to an occultist, for it is said that an Adept has the power to leave his physical body and to clothe his astral form with another material or to take up another physical body. Cagliostro's body may have been buried, but not Cagliostro himself. Moreover we may distinguish in Cagliostro two distinct personalities. He called himself "Count Cagliostro," and it was claimed that he was a son of Emanuel de Rohan, the 68th Grand Master of the order of the Knights of Malta. Others claim that his real name was Josef Balsamo and that he was born at Palermo on June 7, 1743. He, like the Count de St. Germain and others of that kind, claimed to have already existed for centuries and been personally acquainted with certain people known in history, who lived in olden times. All this may be true, if we take into consideration that a person may remember his previous incarnations. The personality of "Joseph Balsamo" may, for all we know, have been only a vehicle in which a very old Ego was incarnated. According to the writings of the Buddhists, Gautama Buddha remembered his experiences in all of his previous incarnations. If we regard the Divinity as our own real Self, we find that we all are as old as the world, and by becoming conscious of that divine state, we may well remember our experiences in bodies which we occupied before our present incarnation.

It is hardly necessary to rehearse in these

pages the different accounts which have been written about the life of Josef Balsamo, called Count Cagliostro. His history may be gathered to a certain extent from descriptions given in the encyclopaedias; but these have been mostly collected from the writings of his enemies, while the book containing his defence has been destroyed by the clergy and it seems now very difficult to obtain a copy of it.

There is one in the library at Adyar. It appears certain that in the year 1766 he and his teacher, the sage Althotus, were residing as guests at the house of Pinso de Fonseca at Malta, and occupying themselves with making alchemical experiments.

In 1770 Cagliostro went to Rome, where he met Seraphine Feliciani, a very beautiful woman, and married her. Afterwards he became acquainted with the celebrated Count St. Germain who initiated him into the mysteries of the Rosicrucians. He then traveled extensively in Germany, France, Spain and Portugal, associated himself at London with the masonic fraternity and strove to inspire spiritual life into the decaying body of masonry.*

It is very remarkable that the enemies of Cagliostro while denouncing him as an impostor, are at the same time forced to acknowledge his wonderful gifts and the admiration which he received wherever he went. Among all classes of society he was regarded as a newly arisen prophet and benefactor of mankind. He sought the company of no one; but all were attracted to him. Innumerable were the cures he performed by means of his personal influence; he had a hospital full of cripples and a large collection of crutches laid aside by those who were cured, went to show his success. At Strassburg he made the acquaintance of the cardinal Prince Edward de Rohan and was surrounded by persons of high standing and intelligence, doctors and scientists. His conduct of life was without reproach, and when at a later period his enemies attempted to besmirch his character by means of false accusations and calumnies, he publicly requested the authorities and the people to show whether in all of his actions a single fact could be found where he had acted against the laws of morality or religion.

*Neue Metaphysische Rundschau, vol. iii, p. 10.

He left Strassburg on a visit to a dying friend. We meet him again at Bordeaux, where his house was continually surrounded by a multitude of people seeking relief from suffering; men and women, the sick, the halt and the blind crowded around him, but, as may well be imagined, the regular physicians being jealous of his success, arose against him and forced him to depart. He then went to Lyons and afterwards to Paris. There took place the great and historically known scandal about the diamond necklace, obtained under false pretences by Madame de la Motte from the enamored Cardinal Rohan and on which A. Dumas has founded his well-known novel. Cagliostro had nothing whatever to do with this affair; but being suspected on account of his long acquaintance with the accused parties he was imprisoned in the Bastille. His innocence was proved and he was set free; but the government, owing to certain undesired revelations that came to light during the investigation of the case, became afraid of him. He was granted only one day to leave Paris and given three weeks to leave the kingdom. Such was the order of the King. Owing to his enforced hasty departure he lost nearly his whole fortune.

Cagliostro resumed his travels, and went to Rome in May, 1789. He well knew the dangers he incurred and that the clergy, being mortal enemies of freemasonry, were watching for an opportunity to seize him by means of the holy inquisition; but the desire of his wife to visit the country of her birth again prevailed. On December 29, 1791, he was imprisoned in the Castle San Angelo under the accusation of being a freemason. Other accusations were added to it and in April, 1791, he received by his clerical court the sentence of death.

Then, as H. P. Blavatsky tells, something curious happened. A stranger came to the Vatican and demanded a private interview with the Pope. To the cardinal secretary he gave only a certain word instead of his name. He was immediately admitted but remained only a few minutes with the Pope. Immediately after he had left his Holiness gave orders to change the death sentence of Cagliostro into imprisonment for life within the fortress of San Leone and to observe the strictest secrecy in this matter.

The order was executed and Cagliostro disappeared from view. It has been claimed that he died of apoplexy in his prison in 1795; but in the registers of the prison nothing is said about his death. Some people believe him to have escaped from San Leone and be still working for the great cause of mental freedom and enlightenment.—*The Occult Review.*

CO-OPERATION.

Literally, to operate together. By the co-operation of units groups are formed where friction is reduced and effectiveness increased as compared with individual action. Viewed superficially, at least, it would appear that civilization increasing the means of communication and transportation likewise tends to increase competition in all directions, and for protection individuals combine and operate together to increase their efficiency. As yet we find these combinations usually acting as larger units, with all the selfishness and greed of the units composing them, and often using means and methods that the units themselves would condemn. We find, also, that when we attempt co-operation on the plane of the personality it is more often a failure than a success. Yet co-operation from its very nature must mean added effectiveness. Like all the great problems that confront humanity, it must be solved by applying the teachings of the Divine Wisdom. If the Theosophist believes in Divine Wisdom behind the manifest world, that God is all wise, all loving, the Good, then he must in course give up all distinction of good and bad Karma, all idea of reward and punishment, all attempts to dodge this bit of Karma and catch another. He will realize that however desirable or undesirable, a bit of his Karma may be judged from a worldly standpoint, it is really the most desirable thing possible for him at the time. Otherwise we are questioning the love and wisdom of an all-loving and all-wise God. If he so accepts it, and fathoming its meaning acts in harmony therewith, he is co-operating in the broadest sense, for he is co-operating with the will of the Logos. When we look out over the ebulating sea of human life it at first impresses us as being one of great activity, but further examination shows it to be mostly "action in inaction." Not knowing that the pleasant and the unpleasant cannot be separated, the opportunity to co-operate in the great scheme when presented to persons or people is hurled back with all their strength, only to go rico-chetting around, taking on accretions, and changing form, to return with added force, till it would seem that this continued rejection might lead to the final overwhelming of the person or people. If a person deceives me it is not what the person has done that concerns me, but the fact that one of my outstanding deceptions has returned home. If I exile it again I am adding to the amount of deception in the world, tending to blind its people. On the contrary, if I receive it into my own heart and transmute its life energy into truth I am reducing the amount of deception in the world just that much, and when all my outstanding deceptions have returned and been thus treated it will no longer be possible for anyone to deceive me, and I will have acquired a certain added power of spreading truth in the world by co-operating with the law, and so on with other things.

Two facts that lie at the very root of real co-operation stand out clearly, and two innate tendencies clearly related to these facts have to be very carefully guarded against. Our karma is all our own, and we must guard carefully against placing any responsibility for it on others, either in praise or blame. Our own duty (Dharma) alone is ours and we must guard carefully against including another's duty in our own. "The duty of another is full of danger." Our attempts at co-operation fail either from trying to place some of our karma on others, or taking others' duties upon ourselves, or both. This may look like co-operation with humanity left out. It is not so, however. Our duties always include many other things both serving and helping others. We should not attempt, however, when trying to help, to dominate others or forcibly mould them to our ideas, nor criticize, judge, nor condemn because they do not respond. If we recognize the two simple facts above and try earnestly to shape ourselves to them, we will discover that we have a work all our own; we might say even more,—have a realm of our own in which we can work where none can

disturb nor wants to disturb, and in so far as we do our work therein perfectly we are perfect co-operators in the great work. In our relation with other human units we will learn not to turn co-operation into strife when our paths diverge, but will wait until our paths run side by side again. Feeling is the most vital and biggest factor in our existence, and as our will and act fall into line with the Divine Will and Activity and co-operate in the great scheme of things our feelings will reflect the feelings of the great Heart of things, which is bliss, and we will grow to realize the force of that statement of our president to the effect that pleasure and pain are like aspects of bliss. E. H.

OUR ENEMIES, OUR CREDITORS.

By F. Milton Willis.

Why should a man forgive his enemies and refuse to hold animosity?

We owe something to those who are our enemies. At some time, whether in the present life or in some life far past, we have so disturbed the equilibrium between those now our enemies and ourselves that the preponderance of some seeming good has been on our side, and they have felt aggrieved thereat and have come to hate us. Therefore, that the equilibrium may be restored, it is necessary that we bestow upon them something that will benefit them, even though it may not please them at the time. And it is well always that we endeavor as soon as possible to overcome an enmity, lest at some subsequent time—for instance, in some future life—the opportunity will have passed, differences in social rank, et cetera, preventing our so readily paying the debt. If our enemies be far beneath us, we owe them spiritual enlightenment and, too, the knowledge that we do not hate them in return. Enmity should always be repaid with good wishes and good deeds, for we are indeed debtors to our enemies.

A CREED.

I hold that when a person dies
His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise,
Another mother gives him birth,
With sturdier limbs, and brighter brain
The old soul takes the road again.

Such is my own belief and trust;
This hand, this hand that holds the pen,
Has many a hundred times been dust,
And turned, as dust, to dust again;
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.

All that I rightly think or do,
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,
Is curse or blessing justly due
For sloth or effort in the past.
My life's a statement of the sum
Of vice indulged, or overcome.
I know that in my lives to be
My sorry heart will ache and burn,
And worship, unavailingly.
The woman whom I used to spurn,
And shake to see another have
The love I spurned, the love she gave.

And I shall know, in angry words,
In gibes, and mocks, and many a tear,
A carrion flock of homing-birds—
The gibes and scorns I uttered here.
The brave words that I failed to speak
Will brand me dastard on the cheek.

And as I wander on the roads
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;
Dear words shall cheer, and be as goads
To urge to heights before unguessed.
My road shall be the road I made;
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread
In this long war beneath the stars;
So shall a glory wreathe my head.
So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mould,
Be smithied all to kingly gold.

—John Masefield, in The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA.

(Concluded from page 221.)

In dealing with the Gita as a book of philosophy, there are certain elements in the book that are of special interest to us all as students of Theosophy. Everyone who reads the book with some attention will have noticed how often the author insists that certain systems of Hindu philosophy, the Sankhya and the Yoga, do not contradict each other. "Children, not the wise, speak of Sankhya and Yoga as distinct. He who is rightly devoted to even one obtains the fruits of both. That State which is reached by Sankhyas is reached by Yogis also. He sees (rightly), who sees Sankhya and Yoga as one" (V. 4, 5.). In other places also much emphasis is laid on the harmony that exists between the doctrines of these two systems.

Now though many writers have pointed out the eminently psychological and mystical character of the book, no one, as far as I am aware, has laid adequate stress on the fact that the Gita is an attempt to harmonize such important philosophical systems as existed in its day, and that it tries to find the common basis of them all. Had the book no other intrinsic merits, this peculiarly Theosophic standpoint alone would make it worthy of study by students of Theosophy. The doctrines of the Gita are very largely eclectic, and the great influence it has had in India for nearly two thousand years is due just to this eclecticism. The Gita must surely be the earliest instance in history of the study of religion and philosophy with the aim of finding the unity underlying them all. But how this truly Theosophic task was accomplished will only be clear after an examination of what were the leading philosophical theories that the Gita tries to harmonize.

When the Gita was composed three important philosophies were much studied. There was the idealistic philosophy of the Upanishads, which later becomes crystallized into the Vedanta system, and this may be said to be the ground-work of the book. There were also the Sankhya and the Yoga systems. The author of the Gita blends all these three, pointing out their harmony with the help of the new idea of Bhakti or loving devotion. It will be necessary, therefore, to consider, even though hastily, the chief doctrines of these three systems to understand the Theosophic character of the book.

It would perhaps be wrong to talk of the Upanishads as if they were the exponents of a definite scheme of philosophy, for they contain only the speculations and theories of earnest philosophers, and often the ideas of one contradict those of another; far rather should we regard them, as Max Müller has justly said, as "guesses at truth, frequently contradicting each other, yet all tending in one direction."[1]

Nevertheless they contain ideas common to all. By careful reasoning all come to the conclusion that all nature is the manifestation of the one Intelligence called Brahman; that man's Individual Soul, the Jivatman, is in reality the Supreme Soul, the Paramatman, and that man's separated existence is temporary and lasting only till he shall rise above his limitations. Sometimes this Jivatman was "the prana, the breath; or something more subtle than the air, the ether being the atman in nature. Or else the atman was a small being, a homunculus, a purusha, which had its seat in the heart, where it was felt stirring, and from which it directed the animal spirits. Here it sat at its ease, for it was not larger than the thumb. It could even make itself still smaller, for it was felt making its way along the arteries, and could be distinctly seen in the small image, the pupil, which is reflected in the center of the eye. A purusha, quite similar, appeared with dazzling effect in the orb of the sun, the heart and eye of the world. That was the atman of nature, or rather it was the same atman which manifested itself in the heart of man and the sun; an invisible opening at the top of the skull affording a passage for it to go from one dwelling place to another."[1]

Nor is there in the Upanishads any definite theory as to the first cause of manifestation. Some declare that the primordial being, Prajapati, tired of his solitude, willed to manifest and separating himself into male and female produced all that exists. Others hold that the primordial being himself proceeds from a material substratum, and then he is Hiranyagarbha, the "Golden Embryo," or Narayana, "whose abode is the deep." Another theory

[1] Hibbert Lectures, 1878, p. 317.

is that the primary matter extricates itself from chaos, and by its own energies becomes the cosmos, the asat becomes the sat,[2] without the direction or interposition of a personal agent.

In some of the Upanishads we get a foreshadowing of the theory of Maya, which makes all manifestation an illusion, the one reality being Brahman, who never changes. This idea gets developed little by little, and later in the Vedanta system as formulated by Shankaracharya it becomes the prominent feature of the modern Vedanta.

Generally in the Upanishads the first cause, the Absolute, is called Brahman, or by the pronoun That, and sometimes Ishvara, the Lord, the material cause, who, however, is not looked upon as a *personal* god; and the sages do not depart from this abstract notion of the first cause. In a late Upanishad, however, the Shvetashvatara, we find it personfied as Rudra, and with it expressions of love and devotion and awe as to a "personal god"—an idea quite foreign to the older philosophers.

The three gunas are not *qualities* of Pra-

Kapila, on the other hand, is remarkable for the fact that it practically ignores the conception of Deity. It attributes all manifestation to material causes, and may be called atheistic, in that there is no need in its scheme for a supreme divine intelligence. It is true that to avoid the charge of atheism some of its adherents do admit an Ishvara, a theoretical Supreme Soul, "a personified Sum of existence," but Kapila declares that the existence of Ishvara is not proved.[1] According to the Sankhya, Purusha and Prakriti, Soul and Matter, exist eternally, Prakriti by its own inherent energies and by modifications of its three Gunas or ingredients, produces all manifestation; Purusha, the soul, producing nothing and never changing, merely contemplates these manifestations, giving itself up to an apparent but not real union with Prakriti to realize individual existence, to experience the pleasures and disgusts due to Prakriti; weary of this, the soul presently realizes that it is radically distinct from Prakriti and so regains its original liberty. All individual souls are eternal and intrinsically equal, and each retains its individuality remaining unchanged throughout its long experiences during many lives. The modifications of matter with which these souls temporarily unite vary greatly, and hence there are beings at different levels of intelligence.

The three Gunas are not qualities of Prakriti (as in the Vedanta), but actual substances that make up Prakriti. From Prakriti as the original producer, seven other producers are evolved, Buddhi, Ahankara, and the five Tanmatras; from the Tanmatras come the five gross elements, akasha, air, fire, water, earth, which are productions only; and Ahankara produces the five organs of sense, the internal organ of the mind, and the five organs of action. Purusha, eternal and unalterable, is neither produced, nor is it productive of anything.

Coming to the Yoga system, whose founder is Patanjali, we find that it admits the Sankhya scheme of cosmogenesis, but differs in that it is not atheistic, and does admit God. According to the Yoga, "God, Ishvara, the supreme ruler, is a soul or spirit distinct from other souls; unaffected by the ills with which they are beset; unconcerned with good or bad deeds or their consequences, or with fancies or passing thoughts. In him is the utmost omniscience. He is the instructor of the earliest beings that have a beginning; himself infinite, unlimited by time."[1]

Such in brief is a bare outline of the philosophical systems of the Upanishads, of the Sankhya and of the Yoga. Now let us see what each had to say as to the realization of the *summun bonum*.

As has been pointed out, all three systems are agreed as to what is the ultimate aim. It is to arrive at that supreme state of consciousness or existence, where the notion of individuality is merged in the realization of the true nature of the Self. Now as long as the individual soul does not realize its real nature, it exists in the world of nonreality, and hence must submit itself to the working of the law of Karma which measures out pleasure or pain as the result of action. After

[1] Barth, *op. cit.* p. 72.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 69.

[1] Aphorisms 92 and foll. Monier Williams, *op. cit.* p. 97.

[1] Colebrooke, "Essays on the Religion and Philosophy of the Hindus," Sankhya, p. 159.

the death of the body the soul may spend millions of years in the worlds of bliss, like the gods, for good works done, or an equally long period in worlds of pain, for sins committed; but as soon as the Karma, good or bad, is exhausted, the soul is born again on earth and once more is bound upon the wheel of birth and death, with the inevitable concomitants of pleasure and pain. Obviously, then, one thing and one thing only prevents the soul from arriving at the goal. It is Karma, the inexorable law of cause and effect.

For every thought, every act, sets in motion forces that must work themselves out on their generator, for good or for evil, and so long as man creates Karma, there cannot be liberation. But is it possible to escape this law? Yes, says Hindu philosophy, and by so doing only will there be salvation.

And to reach this goal the Upanishads lay down many qualifications. Knowledge is the chief of them; but there must be restraint of desires: "When all desires that linger in his heart are driven forth, then mortal immortal becomes, here Brahman he verily wins. When every knot of heart is unloosened, then mortal immortal becomes. So far is the teaching."[1] Purity of life, restraint of the senses, and a calm mind are also necessary. "Not one who hath not ceased from evil doing, nor one whose mind is not at peace, can gain that self by knowledge merely."[1] Profound meditation too must be practiced, and it is said that "the wise should sink sense into mind; this sink in reason, sink in the Great Self reason, this in the Peace Self sink."[2] But at the same time the duties to wife and child and friend must be carefully performed, and the sacrifices to the gods must be carried out, as ordained by the scriptures.[3]

Thus in the Upanishads in general the qualifications are many. "Truth only—says Rathitar, who speaks the Truth himself. Ascetic practices—says Paurushishti, who ever lives himself this life. Study and teaching, verily—Naka Maudgalya says,"[4] but no one definite path is outlined as the one and the only.

The Sankhya emphasized one side of this teaching. Not admitting a supreme divine intelligence, it does not teach man to strive for union with it; it declares that a man has but to realize that he is not the material world with all its fantasies evoked by Prakriti, and the goal is then reached. To do this a man must understand by careful analysis according to the Sankhya method of investigation, how manifestation arises. He must also renounce action, dedicating himself with all his mental faculties to cognize what is the real and what the non-real. The way of Knowledge, says the Sankhya, is the only way to salvation.

The Yoga system emphasized the other side of the same general teaching of the Upanishads. As was pointed out, it does admit a divine eternal consciousness; and hence it declares with the Upanishads that man must strive for union with that Ishvara. But the Yoga does not insist on knowledge, as does the Sankhya, but on contemplation; and then it prescribes that this contemplation is to be practiced according to a special method, necessitating regulation and suppression of breath, states of ecstasy, and special postures of the body and the development of abnormal faculties. The way of ecstatic Contemplation, says the Yoga, is the only way.

These, then, were the paths pointed out by the Hindu philosophies before the time of the Gita; and now we shall be able to see clearly how the Gita unites them all, and, in the light of the new doctrine of Bhakti, loving devotion to God, shows them as not different paths, but one path. For the Gita points out a new way in which man can step outside the working of the law of Karma; and in this path are two stages. Do every act, says Krishna, without thought of reward, here or hereafter, and liberation will ensue; or better still, do each act as an offering to God, and salvation is sure. Knowledge alone will not suffice by itself; it must be sought for with Bhakti, love of God. Renunciation is a means; but only if the actions are renounced as an offering to the Deity. Ecstatic contemplation and ascetic practices are useful to carry a man towards the goal, but he must have knowledge too. No duty must be renounced, but the weariness of action will disappear if

[1] Katha Upanishad (Mead and Chatterji's translation), II. vi. 15.

[1] *Ibid.* II. ii. 24.

[2] *Ibid.* I. iii. 13.

[3] Taittiriya Upanishad, I. 9.

[4] *Ibid.* I. 9.

each act is made a sacrifice. Pursuit of knowledge of divine things, ecstasy, all the virtues imaginable, strict fulfilment of duties, are all necessary for a man for liberation, but above all he must feel within himself the love of God, in whose name he will live and die. And thus the Gita proclaims the one and the only way to be that of Sacrifice, for Sacrifice is the only act that makes no Karma, and hence the goal.

Not only with regard to the path does the Gita show the common basis to the three systems of philosophy, but the same attempt is made for other teachings also. What the Upanishads and the Sankhya and the Yoga say as to the relation between the Individual Soul and the Universal Soul, and what their theories are as to the origin of manifestation, have already been mentioned; and on examination it will be seen that the views of the Gita on the same subjects have a good deal in common with all the three systems; and, as was pointed out, it is just this fact that makes the Gita so interesting to the student of religions.

Equally noteworthy is the attitude of the Gita to the Hindu scriptures, the Vedas, which were looked upon as direct revelation from the Deity. It is quite true that long before the Gita was written there were Hindu philosophers bold enough to declare that the Vedas of the early Buddhists in denying any authority at all to the Veda was only an expression were "a tissue of nonsense;"[1] and the attitude of this same sentiment that rebels against orthodoxy. With these the Gita agrees, and rejecting the "flowery speech" of those that hold that the Vedas are sufficient for all purposes (II. 42), declares that for an "enlightened Brahman" there is as little need to go to the sacred scriptures for the knowledge he seeks, as for a man to go to a tank for water when there is water on all sides (II. 46); and yet, in a spirit of conciliation, the Gita says that these same Shastras are to be the authority in deciding what ought or ought not to be done (XVI. 24).

But all these and many other interesting questions can hardly be discussed within the limits of a paper like this; and the subject must be left here, with the hope that some student will be sufficiently interested to follow out the line of study suggested.

Before concluding this essay, there remains only to consider the teachings of the Gita in the light of Theosophy. A student of Theosophy naturally cannot look upon a scripture of any religion from the standpoint of a sectarian, nor can he help contrasting its teachings with what he finds in Theosophy. If, therefore, any comments are made on the teachings of the Gita, it is not done in a spirit of criticism; but it is because the fuller comprehension we now have of Theosophy shows all the more clearly in contrast that there is that in Theosophy not found in any Oriental religion or philosophy.

And the great difference would seem to lie in this, that we find in Theosophy a far nobler ideal of the spiritual life than what we see in either Hinduism or Buddhism. For in those religions the chief theme is always that man has but one supreme duty, which is to save his own soul. All their moral teaching, the efforts of heart and mind that they prescribe, are bent towards this same end.

One who approaches these religions after a study of Theosophy listens in vain to hear that note of universal sympathy and brotherhood that rings throughout in the teachings of the profoundest of books that speak of the spiritual life, "Light on the Path." Undoubtedly much stress is laid on the Gita that we must see the One Life underlying all forms, and that we must look equally upon a saint, a lump of earth, or stone or gold; but this is hardly the conception of Brotherhood that is the keynote of Theosophy. Hinduism, indeed, does proclaim man's divine nature, and Buddhism, that there is liberty for all men; but in both there lacks the further truth that no man can attain to liberation by attending to himself alone.

Over and over again the Gita insists that we must strictly fulfil every duty into which we are born, but it also warns us not to undertake any new duties lest salvation be delayed thereby. How different is this from what "Light on the Path" teaches: "Remember that the sin and the shame of the world are your sin and shame; for you are a part of it, your Karma is inextricably woven with the great

[1] Yaska's Nirukta, I. 15, 16. Barth, *op. cit.* p. 85.

Karma . . . try to lift a little the heavy Karma of the world: give your aid to the few strong hands that hold back the powers of darkness from obtaining complete victory."

In other ways also does the Theosophical ideal differ from that which we see in the Gita. In the fundamental idea of the evolution of the soul, and that "its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor has no limit," we find in Theosophy a new hope for man that lightens a little the gloom of the misery and the pain of humanity. For though much of Hindu philosophy is profoundly true, yet the lack of just this one conception that the human soul evolves, makes one ever ask—If the Individual Soul, divine and immutable, is identical with the Universal Soul, why then all this evolution, and the struggle and the pain that it involves? That is all Maya, illusion, a dream, an unreality, says the Gita, and

"'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go."[1]

The answer is clear; but has not the answer that Theosophy gives us more of hope in it?

Indeed one cannot but think that we who study Theosophy now see far more clearly than did many of the philosophers of old what is the real ideal to which man is destined. And that ideal is not that man should be a saint nor a wise man, nor that even that his highest happiness lies in his trying to merge his own consciousness with that of Divinity. Far rather does the Divine Wisdom show us that man's aim should be to perfect himself in all ways, that he may be a worker with God, and take his share in helping the humanity of which he is a part.

With this end in view he must have the keen intellect of the sage, and the pure and gentle heart of the saint, and the devotion of the lover; and if he would be more efficacious still in his help, he must develop within himself that other side of the human soul that sees in Divinity not only Power, Wisdom and Love, but also Infinite Beauty; and it is in declaring the necessity of this many-sided development that Theosophy holds out a grander ideal for man than any religion or philosophy, in East or West, has as yet done.

Thus, though there is in Theosophy much that is not to be found in the scriptures of the world's religions, yet so lofty is the philosophy of the Gita, and so profoundly true are its teachings, that all who read the book will agree that every one who studies and ponders over its deep philosophy must become wiser and more serene thereby, and we can therefore well concur in what Sanjaya the seer in his enthusiastic devotion says of the book in its last verse, that "Wherever is Krishna, Lord of Devotion, and Partha the Archer, there in my opinion are fortune, victory, prosperity and eternal justice."

C. Jinarajadasa.

[1] Gita, XVIII. 61: "The Lord dwells in the hearts of all beings, O Arjuna, and by his maya whirls them round, as though mounted on a machine."

I AM THE LOVE OF GOD—I AM THE SWORD OF CHRIST.

I am the Sower and the Seed,
I am the Doer and the Deed,
Within my Mind I am the Might,
Within my Soul I am the Sight,
I am the Giver and the Need.

I am the Seeker and the Sought,
I am the Teacher and the Taught;
Within my Law is grown my Deed,
Within my Heart is sown my Seed;
I am the Thinker and the Thought.

I am the Dawn and I the Day,
The weary Wayfarer and the Way;
Upon my Road I am the Rest,
The shower of Blessing and the Blest,
That which is Precious and the Pay.

I am the Purpose and the Plan,
I am the Matter and the Man;
The Potter and the whirling Pot,
That which is Being and is Not.
Behold! I was, ere Time began.

Over my World is set my Sun;
Within my World my Will is done.
High in my Will my Heart abides,
Within my Heart my Mercy hides.
In Me all Being is Begun.

—*Anonymous.*

A LINK WITH THE EARLY DAYS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Major General Henry Rhodes Morgan, one of the oldest members of the Theosophical Society, passed over at Ootacamund, his home in the Blue Mountains of Madras, last month. He was a very staunch member of the society and rendered it invaluable services in its early days, not only in his capacity as a high Anglo-Indian official, whose word on H. P. B.'s phenomena could be relied upon, but also by his stand on her behalf during the disgraceful attack on Theosophy by the so-called "Christian" missionaries in India.

He was born at Hungerford Castle, Wales, in 1822, of an ancient Welsh family whose members have been in former centuries renowned for their courage and their daring. The famous pirate and buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan, who was such a terror to the Spaniards in the West Indies, and who afterwards became Governor of Jamaica, was an ancestor of his. The general's father owned vast estates in the West Indies and was a very wealthy man, so young Henry was fortunate enough to receive the finest education it was possible to have. He was sent to Winchester School and afterwards traveled all over Europe with a tutor, learning languages and studying philosophy and science. By the emancipation of the slaves, however, his father was ruined, and instead of going on to Oxford, a commission in the army was procured for young Henry and he was packed off to India.

His intelligence was soon noticed by the officials and he was, in due course, gazetted to a staff appointment.

His time was spent almost entirely in various parts of Madras. He was one of the pioneers of those wonderful Nilgiri Hills, about whom H. P. B. writes so picturesquely in the Theosophist. I was born in those very hills, first came into contact with Theosophy in

Major General Henry Rhodes Morgan.

them, so to me they are more than sacred. My mother was one of the general's daughters, and I bless the good karma that has caused me to take birth in such a family. Mrs. Morgan was a wonderful business woman. She ran dairies, farms, coffee and tea plantations all over the hills, for in those days, half the Nilgiri belonged to the Morgans, and she made

a beautiful home on one of those hills, from whose cool heights, 8,000 feet above the sea, the sweltering plains of India could be seen through the shimmering heat-laden air. When I was there some four or five years ago, I saw a panorama from a hill on the estate which will never be effaced from my memory. To the north lay the kingdom of Mysore and the Deccan stretched in softest yellows and greens; to the south Tinivelly and the plains of Madras, clad in a rich purple haze; to the west, the Malabar coast, home of the great Vedantist, Sankhyacharya, whose hills of rich golden-brown were edged with the silvery sheen of the Inidan Ocean, twinkling like liquid moonlight in the rays of the Eastern dawn.

The general went through the Indian Mutiny, though he saw little actual fighting, and it was about 1884, when all India was in tumultous uproar over H. P. B. and her phenomena, that he began to study Theosophy. Being a very open-minded man, he at once invited her up to Ootacamund to stay with him. Although in some ways he was very skeptical, yet the inborn mystical nature of the Celt caused him to take a great interest in this strange woman, who defied every dictate of convention, and told people to their face exactly what they were thinking in the depths of their hearts.

To the so lovely romantic hills came our great H. P. B., half melted by the stifling heat of Madras. With her was the faithful Damodar K. Mavlankar, Babula, her trusted servant, and another Brahmin, about whom the only information I could obtain from my aunts (who were children at this time) was to the effect that he used to "snort up one nostril one day and snort up the other one the next" in his room, teaching the Morgans to do likewise. This, I imagine, to be a reference to the Yoga-breath used in a certain method of psychic development common in India.

The arrival of the Theosophical cavalcade was the signal for an outburst of violent hostility on the part of the general's numerous children, who were horrified at the idea of "niggers" inhabiting their rooms. The daughters of the family were delicately nurtured young ladies, who had received every comfort and luxury their well-to-do parents could give them, were accustomed to regard any native as something little better than an animal, and spent their whole time hunting, shooting and in a round of parties and dances. The Morgans were great people at Ooty, owning a good deal of land, and, owing to Mrs. Morgan's cleverness and skill, far wealthier than the average European who came to the hills; the girls, because of the scarcity of young white ladies in India, were much in demand at social functions. H. P. B.'s arrival was the signal for a distinct coolness in Anglo-Indian society towards the Morgans and all their works. Invitations ceased to come, "friends" dropped away, acquaintances vanished out of sight. "Could anything," said they, "be more appalling than this terrible Russian woman, reputed to be in league with the Devil, and actually edits a magazine called 'Lucifer'!" Goodness gracious! that was bad enough, but that she should actually be encouraged and housed by a full-blown British general and should bring her native friends to eat at the General's table and sleep in his own house, that was too ghastly for words!

It was quite natural that most of the General's family acquired a bitter hostility against Theosophy in general and H. P. B. in particular. He and his wife, and their eldest daughter, Rhoda, who was much attached to Col. Olcott in later days, took up the study whole-heartedly, helped H. P. B. with money in various ways, and generally made themselves useful. The few months that H. P. B. stayed were filled with excitement. The household lived in a whirl of psychic phenomena. Astral bells were ringing, raps were given, all sorts of communications were received. Innumerable séances were held, H. P. B. pretending to be the medium. Needless to say, the scenes at those séances baffle description. Flowers and fruits would be conveyed from distant countries, all sorts of weird lights and sounds were produced, ghostly entities would half materialize, sometimes giving sitters blows in the face with what felt like wet cloths; mischievous nature spirits, acting probably under H. P. B.'s orders, reveled in causing fantastic physical phenomena at the sittings, if one can call dodging jumping furniture and avoiding wobbling chairs a "sitting."

Those were wonderful days when H. P. B. was at liberty to give phenomenal proofs to skeptics. Often, I am told, she would read

some person through like a book and then drop some remark that would cause that person to shiver in their boots. One amusing event in the early life of one of our members shows her characteristic hate of smug self—satisfaction and conventional goodiness. A certain very goody-goody young man, interested in H. P. B., went to visit her. On entering the room and seeing her for the first time, he was much struck by her masculine appearance. "I wonder," thought he to himself, "what it is that attracts people to her; it certainly can't be her beauty." H. P. B. switched her large blue eyes sharply onto him. "Yes," she replied, "I am rather an old hag, am I not?" The unfortunate young man was simply staggered, but when he had recovered himself sufficiently to once more think coherently, he cogitated within himself—"Well, I suppose it does not matter how a person looks—handsome is that handsome does." Again H. P. B. turned to him with a smile and said, "Oh! that's a much finer sentiment!"

Present-day members of the T. S. cannot realize what an enormous amount of curiosity and hostility a person with H. P. B.'s powers aroused. Nowadays we are so familiar with such possibilities—many of us doubtless have friends who are psychic—that the very familiarity breeds indifference.

H. P. B., while at Ootacamund, took great interest in the mysterious Todas. The General had made a great study of them. They undoubtedly possessed powers of some kind or another, as they always cured patients sent to them by Mrs. Morgan, if they were not addicted to alcohol. When I was in Ooty in 1903, I had the good fortune to be taken to see these Todas, and I was very greatly surprised by their beauty and tall and stately carriage. They were rather dirty, but what most struck me was their marked Jewish type of feature, hence the theories that they are remnants of the lost twelve tribes of Israel. For the Morgans they had the highest respect, but gracious as they were to them, the General never managed to find out anything about their religion. The general verdict was to the effect that they were a strangely un-human sort of a people, who did not seem to be addicted to the ordinary vices of humanity. I believe there is a rumor current in the hills that the Todas do not really belong to our human evolution at all, that they are devas of the physical plane who have for some reason or other to incarnate in human forms. It is certainly a fact that the Kama-devas who work in the astral world have wonderfully perfect human forms when they wear them—perfectly proportioned in every detail—and the Todas are the most perfectly proportioned human beings it has been my lot to see during a short but widely-traveled life. Despite all his efforts, the General was only able to get purely physical plane information about these mysterious people.

During H. P. B.'s stay at Ootacamund, a violent controversy as to the genuineness of her phenomena was raging in the Anglo-Indian press. The fact that people like Mr. Sinnett and high officials like General Morgan were entirely on H. P. B.'s side and had irrefutable evidence of their genuineness, made the matter all the more hotly debated.

The Christian missionaries in Madras were meanwhile watching events, preparing to seize an opportunity of attacking H. P. B. as soon as one should offer itself, and so we come to that stage of our society's history known to members as the "Coulomb scandal." They are probably familiar with the outlines of the story. Space does not allow me to give a detailed account of that famous scandal, for that I must refer my readers to the painstaking and accurate account recently published by our President, entitled "H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of the Wisdom," where they will find the whole matter exhaustively dealt with.

Suffice it to say that the strange creature known as "Madame Coulomb," who was a kind of maid and general housekeeper to H. P. B., gradually conceived a fierce hatred for her, and a superstitious terror of her phenomena. She had made several attempts to obtain money from various people without success, so she conceived the idea of approaching the "Christian" missionaries of Madras, and offering for a consideration to show up H. P. B. and her phenomena.

Incredible as it may seem, the missionaries at once jumped at the offer, and actually agreed to pay her Rs. 1,000 (about $300) for various letters of H. P. B., General Morgan and other prominent members. Dr. Patterson of the Madras Christian College, admitted in

answer to a question, that only Rs. 70 had been paid at the beginning, and after tha payment, the various letters were published in the Christian College Magazine for September, 1884. They proved to be the most miserable forgeries, full of comical mistakes of composition and inaccuracies in Indian titles, which neither H. P. B. nor General Morgan could possibly have made. These letters, however, seemed to have influenced Mr. Hodgson, who was sent out by the English Society for Psychical Research to investigate matters, and doubtless formed one of the things upon which he based his subsequent report. The general thereupon published a letter in which he accused Mme. Coulomb point blank of forgery of the most criminal kind.

Madame Coulomb made a great to-do and commenced a law-suit against him, which the General willingly undertook on behalf of the T. S. Things had not gone very far when Mme. Coulomb suddenly dropped her prosecution of the General, owing, it is thought, to the many disreputable dealings which she had been mixed up with coming to light.

Then came the final blow in the shape of Hodgson's report, almost the entire bulk of which was based on a similarity of the writing of certain letters in the correspondence of H. P. B. and the Master K. H. The T. S. dwindled daily in numbers, but General Morgan and a very, very few others stood firm, mindful of the fact that Theosophy was eternal and personalities but temporary.

The general was somewhat affected by the strain of the scandal and retired from Madras to his lovely home in the Nilgiri Hills. His advancing years (he was then over 60) prevented him from taking any prominent part in the activities of the society, so he settled himself down to a life of quiet study, meditation and propaganda amongst friends and relations.

In those Blue Mountains, in the mellow autumn of his long and eventful life, he expounded to me, but a youth of 18 years, on a visit to my birthplace in India, those splendid truths of the Eternal Wisdom, bringing to those that can accept them, the peace that passeth all understanding.

In the autumn of the present year, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, he passed over to the care of the Master he had served in life, and who shall say that he will not soon return?

H. O. Wolfe-Murray.

WORDS OF PEACE.

Oh, ye who have not many tongues in which to set forth the glory of my life, see that ye show it daily, clearly in your own lives that it may be read of all men. I who speak am one who hath no part with self. Be ye also of the free; throw aside your personalities, which, while they may enrich the world as waste matter, are naught but obstructions when cast into that which should be a free channel for the outpouring of the life of God.

Nature is served by all things, yet must each object be in its fitly appointed place, else will it but cumber the place which should be its fellow's—Naught have I more to tell than this, yet when ye will to make this a well-spring in your lives, then shall ye be free, even as those who rush with mighty speed to join the godhead.

They who were from the beginning destined to act as messengers of God were set aside in groups, where there were teachers from the Over-souls, those who had in one dimension measured themselves as gods. By these men were these groups taught, until like little children the precepts became part and parcel of their being, not intellectually perceived, perhaps, but in every fiber of the permanent reincarnating self. Thus when some stimulus applies itself from without, even a trivial cause brings this inner vibration of the self true to its major chord, without effort or apparent reason for differentiation from the herd. Thus are they dotted through the world, acting as bell-weathers to the flocks of sheep. And does a bell-weather, cognate in his mind the use or purpose for which he has been trained? Nay, does he not more normally bend his whole self to the fulfillment of the purpose set upon him by a higher power?

These are good reasons upon which to think, thus letting the mind dwell more upon the all-knowledge and the all-wisdom of that One who hath planned for each atom its own abiding place and use, and less upon the finite mind which we do recognize as all we know of self. Think not of lack nor merit, but feeling the true purpose of our being, move forward smoothly, swiftly, unswervingly, fulfilling the purpose which in creation was.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE SIXTH ROOT RACE.

(Continued from page 214.)

The Education of Children.

As we should naturally expect, very much attention is paid in this community to the education of the children. It is considered of such paramount importance that nothing which can in any way help is neglected, and all sorts of adjuncts are brought into play—colour, light, sound, form, electricity are all pressed into the service, and the devas who take so large a part in the work avail themselves of the services of armies of nature-spirits. It has been realized that many facts previously ignored or considered insignificant have their place and their influence in educational processes—that, for example, the surroundings most favorable for the study of mathematics are not at all necessarily the same that are best suited for music or for geography. People have learned that different parts of the physical brain may be stimulated by different lights and colors—that for certain subjects an atmosphere slightly charged with electricity is useful, while for others it is positively detrimental. In the corner of every class-room, therefore, there stands a sort of varianr upon an electrical machine, by means of which the surrounding conditions can be varied at will. Some rooms are hung with yellow, decorated exclusively with yellow flowers and permeated with yellow light. In others, on the contrary, blue, red, violet, green or white predominates. Various perfumes are also found to have a stimulating effect, and these also are employed according to a regular system, but perhaps the most important innovation is the work of nature-spirits, who take a keen delight in executing the tasks committed to them, and enjoy helping and stimulating the children much as gardeners might delight in the production of especially fine plants. Among other things they take up all the appropriate influences of the light and color, sounds and electricity, and focus them, and as it were, spray them upon the children, so that they may produce the best possible effect. They are also employed by the teachers in individual cases; if, for example, one scholar in a class does not understand the point put before him, a nature-spirit is at once sent to touch and stimulate a particular centre in his brain, and then in a moment he is able to understand. All teachers must be clairvoyant; it is an absolute prerequisite for the office. These teachers are usually members of the community—men and women indiscriminately; devas frequently materialize for special occasions or to give certain lessons, but never seem to take the entire responsibility of a school. The four great types which are symbolized by the temples appear to exist here also. The children are carefully observed and treated according to the results of the observation. In most cases they sort themselves out at a quite early period into one or other of these lines of development, and every opportunity is given to them to select those which they prefer. Here again there is nothing of the nature of compulsion. Even tiny children are perfectly acquainted with the object of the community and fully realize that it is their duty and their privilege to order their lives accordingly. It must be remembered that all these people are immediate reincarnations, and that most of them bring over at least some memory of all their past lives, so that for them education is simply a process of as rapidly as possible getting a new set of vehicles under control and recovering as quickly as may be any links that may have been lost in the process of transition from one physical body to another. It does not, of course, in any way follow that the children of a man who is on, let us say, the musical line, need themselves be musical, as their previous births are always known to the parents and schoolmasters, every facility is given to them to develop either along the line of their last life or along any other which may seem to come most easily to them. There is very full co-operation between the parents and schoolmasters. A particular member who was noticed took his children to the schoolmaster, explained them all to him very fully, and constantly visited him to discuss what might be best for them. If, for example, the schoolmaster thought that a certain color were especially desirable for a particular pupil, he would communicate his idea to the parents and much of the color would be put before the child, he would be surrounded with it and it would be used in his dress and so on. All schools are, of course, under the direction of the Master K. H., and every schoolmaster is personally responsible to Him.

Training the Imagination.

Let me take as an example the practice of a school attached to one of the yellow temples, and see how they begin the intellectual development of the very lowest class. First, the master sets before them a little shining ball, and they are asked to make an image of it in their minds. Some who are quite babies can do it very well. The teacher says:

"You can see my face; now shut your eyes; can you see it still? Now look at this ball; can you shut your eyes and still see it?" and it must be remembered that the teacher, by the use of his clairvoyant faculty, can see whether or not the children are making satisfactory images. Those who can do it are practiced day by day, with all sorts of simple forms and colors. Then they are asked to suppose that point moving and leaving a track behind it as a shooting star does; then to imagine the luminous track, that is to say, a line. Then they are asked to imagine it as moving at right angles to itself, every point in it leaving a similar track, and thus they mentally construct for themselves a square. Then all sorts of permutations and divisions of that square are put before them. It is broken up into triangles of various sorts and it is explained to them that in reality all these things are living symbols with a meaning. Even quite the babies are taught some of these things.

"What does the point mean to you?"

"One."

"Who is One?"

"God."

"Where is He?"

"He is everywhere."

And then presently they learn that two signifies the duality of spirit and matter, that three dots of a certain kind and color mean three aspects of the Deity, while three others of a different kind mean the soul in man. I notice that a later class has also an intermediate three which obviously means the monad. In this way, by associating grand ideas with simple objects even tiny little children possess an amount of Theosophical information which would seem quite surprising to a person accustomed to older and less intelligent educational systems. I notice, also, an ingenious kind of kindergarten machine, a sort of ivory ball—at least it looks like ivory—which, when a spring is touched, opens out into a cross with a rose drawn upon it like the Rosicrucian symbol, and out of which come a number of small balls, each of which in turn subdivides. By another movement it can be made to close again, the mechanism being very cleverly concealed. This is meant as a symbol to illustrate the idea of the One becoming many and of the eventual return of the many into the One.

More Advanced Classes.

For a later class that luminous square moves again at right angles to itself and produces a cube, and then still later the cube moves at right angles to itself and produces a tesseract, and the children are able to see it and to make its image quite clearly in their minds. Children who have a genius for it are taught to paint pictures, trees and animals, landscapes and scenes from history, and the child is taught to make his picture living. He is taught that the concentration of his thought can actually alter the physical picture, and the children are very proud when they can succeed in doing this. Having painted a picture as well as they can the children concentrate upon it and try to improve it, to modify it by their thought. In a week or so, working at the concentration for some time each day, they appear to be able to produce quite considerable modifications, and even a child of fourteen can, from much practice, do it more rapidly than even our President did in the twentieth century, in spite of her extraordinary gifts in that line. Having modified his picture, the child is taught to make a thought-form of it, to look at it, to contemplate it earnestly, and then to shut his eyes and visualize it. He takes, first, purely physical pictures, then he has given to him a glass vessel containing a colored gas and by the effort of his will he has to mould the gas into certain shapes—to make it take a form by thought—to make it become, inside its vessel, a sphere, a cube, a tetrahedron or some such shape. Many children can do this quite easily after a little practice. Then they are asked to make it take the shape of a man, and then that of the picture at which they have previously been looking. When they can manage this gaseous matter fairly easily they try to do it in etheric, and then in purely mental matter. The teacher himself makes materializations for them to examine when necessary, and in this way they gradually

work upward to more advanced acts of thought-creation. All of these classes seem open to visits from parents and friends, and often many older people like to attend them and themselves practice the exercises set for the children.

The School System.

There seems to be nothing in the nature of the boarding-school, and all children live happily at home and attend the school which is most convenient for them. I notice that in a few cases the deva-priests are training children to take their places; but even in these cases the child does not appear to be taken away from home, though it is usually surrounded with a special shell or protective aura, so that the influence which the deva pours in upon him may not be interfered with by other vibrations. A child does not seem to belong to a class at all in the same way as under older methods; each child has a list of numbers for different subjects; he might as it were be in the first class for one subject, in the third for another, in the fifth for some other. Even for quite small children the arrangement seems to be far less a class than a kind of lecture-room. In trying to comprehend the system, we must never for a moment forget the effect of the immediate reincarnations, and that consequently not only are these children on the average far more intelligent and developed than other children of their age, but also they are often unequally developed. Some children of four will remember more of a previous incarnation and of what they learned than other children of eight or nine; and again some children will remember a certain subject fully and clearly and yet have almost entirely lost their knowledge of some other subjects quite as easy. So that we are dealing with entirely abnormal conditions, and the schemes adopted have to be suited to them. At what corresponds to the opening of the school, they all stand together and sing something. They seem to get four lessons into their morning session, but the lessons are shorter and there is always an interval for play between them. Like all their houses the school-room has no walls, but is supported entirely on pillars so that practically the whole life of the children, as well as of the rest of the community, is lived in the open air, but nevertheless the children are actually turned out even after that apology for a room, after each of the lessons, and left to play about in the park which surrounds the school. Girls and boys seem to be taught together quite promiscuously. It would seem that this morning session covers all of what would be called the compulsory subjects—the subjects which everybody learns; there are some extra lessons in the afternoon on additional subjects for those who wish to take them, but quite a considerable number of the children are satisfied with the morning work.

The Curriculum.

The school curriculum seems very different from that of the twentieth century. The very subjects are mostly different, and even those which are the same are taught in an entirely different way. Arithmetic, for example, seems to have been very greatly simplified; there are no complex weights and measures of any kind, everything being arranged on a decimal system; but they seem to calculate very little and the detailed working-out of long rows of figures would be denounced as insufferably tedious. It would seem that nothing is taught but what is likely to be practically useful to the average person in after life; all the rest is a matter of reference. Formerly they had books of logarithms, by reference to which long and complicated calculations could be avoided, so now they have the same system immensely extended, and yet, at the same time, much more compressed. A scheme by which the result of practically any difficult calculation can be looked up in a few moments by a person who knows the book. The children know how to calculate, just as a man may know how to make his own logarithms, and yet habitually use a book for them to avoid the waste of time involved in tedious processes involving long rows of figures. Arithmetic with them is hardly a subject in itself, but is taken only as leading up to calculations connected with the geometry which deals with solid figures and the higher dimensions. The whole thing is so different from previous ideas that it is not easy to describe it clearly, for example, in all the children's sums there is no question of money, and no complicated calculation. To understand the sum and know how to do it is sufficient. The theory in the schoolmaster's mind is not to cram the minds of the children, but to develop their faculties and

tell them where to find facts. Nobody, for example, would dream of multiplying a line of six figures by another similar line; but would employ either a calculating machine (for these seem to be common) or would use one of the books to which I have referred. The whole problem of reading and writing is far simpler than it used to be, for all spelling is phonetic and pronunciation cannot be wrong where a certain syllable must always have a certain sound. The writing has somewhat the appearance of short-hand. There seems to be a good deal to learn in it, but at the same time, when he has learned it, the child is in possession of a finer and more flexible instrument than any of the older languages, since he can write at least as fast as any ordinary person can speak. There is a very large amount of convention about it, and a whole sentence is expressed by a mark like a flash of lightning. The language which they are speaking is naturally English, since the community has arisen in an English-speaking country, but it seems to have been modified considerably. Many participial forms have disappeared, and some of the words are different. But as I have said, subjects are learned quite differently than formerly. Nobody learns any history, except isolated interesting stories, but everyone has in his house a book in which an epitome of all history can be found. Geography is still learned to a limited extent. They know where all the different races live, with great precision, in what these races differ and what qualities they are developing. But the commercial life has dropped; no one bothers with the exports of Bulgaria; nobody knows where they make woollen cloth, nor wants to know. All these things can be turned up at a moment's notice in books which are part of the free furniture of every house, and it would be considered a waste of time to burden the memory with such valueless facts. Once more I say the scheme is strictly utilitarian; they don't teach the children anything which can be easily obtained from an encyclopaedia. They have developed a scheme of restricting education to necessary and valuable knowledge. A boy of twelve usually has behind him, in his physical brain, the entire memory of what he knew in previous lives. It is the custom to carry a talisman over from life to life, which helps the child to recover the memory in the new vehicles—a talisman which he wore in his previous birth, so that it is thoroughly loaded with magnetism of that birth and can now stir up again the same vibrations.

Children's Services.

Another very interesting educational feature is what is called the "children's service" at the temple. Many others than children attend this, especially those who are not yet quite up to the level of the other services already described. The children's service in the music temple is exceedingly beautiful. The children perform a series of graceful evolutions, and both sing and play upon instruments as they march about. The children's service in the color temple is something like an especially gorgeous Drury Lane pantomine, and has evidently been many times carefully rehearsed. In one case I see that they are reproducing the Choric dance of the priests of Babylon, which represents the movement of the planets round the sun. This is performed upon an open plain, as it used to be in Assyria, and groups of children dress in special colors, representing the various planets, and move harmoniously, so that in their play they have also an astronomical lesson. But it must be understood that they fully feel that they are engaging in a sacred religious rite, and that to do it well, and thoroughly, will not only be helpful to themselves, but that it also constitutes a kind of offering of their services to the deity. They have been told that this used to be done in an old religion many thousands of years ago. The children take great delight in it, and there is quite a competition to be chosen to be part of the sun! Proud parents also look on, and are pleased to be able to say, "My boy is part of Mercury today," and so on. The planets all have their satellites—more satellites in some cases than used to be known, so that astronomy has evidently progressed. The rings of Saturn are remarkably well represented by a number of children in constant motion in a figure closely resembling the Grand Chain at the commencement of the fifth figure of the Lancers. An especially interesting point is that even the inner "crepe" ring of Saturn is represented, for those children who are on the inside of the next ring keep a gauzy garment floated out so as to represent it. The satellites are single children or pairs of children waltzing outside the ring, but all the

while though they enjoy it immensely, they never forget that they are performing a religious function and that they are offering this to God. Another dance evidently indicated the transfer of life from the moon-chain to the earth-chain. All sorts of instruction seems to be given to the children in this way, half a play and half a religious ceremony.

The Symbolic Dance.

There are great festivals which each temple celebrates by special performances of this kind, and on these occasions they all do their best in the way of gorgeous decoration. The buildings are so arranged that the lines are picked out in a kind of permanent phosphorescence, not a line of lamps, but a glow which seems to come from the substance. The lines of the architecture are very graceful, and this has a very fine effect. The children's service in colors is an education in colors. The combinations are really wonderful, and the drilling of the children is perfect. Great masses of them are dressed identically and in the most lovely hues, delicate and yet brilliant, and they move in and out among one another in the most complicated figures. In their Choric dance they are taught that they must not only wear the color of the star for spectacular purposes, but must also try mentally to make the same color. They are instructed to try to fancy themselves that color, and try to think that they actually are part of the planet Mercury or Venus, as the case may be. As they move they sing also, and play, each planet having its own special chords, so that all of the planets as they go round the sun may produce an imitation of the music of the spheres. In these children's services, also, the devas often take part, and aid with the colors and the music. Both kama and rupa devas seem to move quite freely among the people, and to take part in daily life.

Living Symbols.

The children's service in connection with the yellow temple is also exceedingly interesting. Here they dance frequently in geometrical figures, but the evolutions are very difficult to describe. I notice one performance which is exceedingly pretty and effective. Thirty-two boys wearing golden brocaded robes are arranged in a certain order, not all standing on the same level, but on raised stages. They seem to represent the angles of some solid figure. They hold in their hands thick ropes of a golden colored thread, and they hold these ropes from one to another so as to indicate the outline of a certain figure—say a dodecahedron. Suddenly, at a preconcerted signal, they drop one end of the rope or throw it to another boy, and in a moment the outline has changed into that of an icosahedron. This is wonderfully effective and is quite a remarkable illusory effect of changing solid figures one into another. All such changes are gone through in a certain order, which is somehow connected with the evolution of the matter of the planes at the commencement of a solar system. Another evolution is evidently to illustrate something of what was described in the recent article on "Revelations." The children represent bubbles. A number of them rush out from the center and arrange themselves in a certain way. Then they rush back again to the center and again come still further out, and group themselves in quite a different way. All this needs much training, but the children seem very enthusiastic about it.

The Underlying Idea.

The education and the religion seem very much mingled, and it is difficult clearly to differentiate one from the other. The children seem to be playing in the temple. Apparently the underlying idea which is kept before them is that all this is only the physical side of something far greater and grander, which belongs to higher planes, so that they feel that for everything that they do there is an inner side, and they hope to realize this and be able to see and comprehend it directly, which is always held before them as the reward of their efforts.—C. W. Leadbeater.

(From *The Theosophist.*)

THE POETRY OF GREECE AND OF WESTERN EUROPE.

A glance at a general memory of the literature of the more recent root-races and sub-races serves to show that the key-notes of their literature have been sounded, in each case, by adepts or by their great and inspired pupils, who in this way have provided the young races with their literary models and with a materies suited to their anticipated needs.

The value of a recognition of this fact lies partly in the knowledge gained that the Divine King and the Divine Teacher are even today not by any means absent from their charges, but that, though not outwardly manifest, their presence behind the scenes can be easily recognized upon the smallest observation.

For the ancient root-races these facts with respect to literature, are, we grant, less easily evident since their possible notions of written or symbolic literature were limited by their own lack of mental development.

For the sub-races the comparison is easiest.

The western sub-races which were destined to inhabit Europe and afterwards America, had their earliest family training-school in Greece. There the Manu apparently had several experiments tried in government to teach the people the art and theory of administration. At the same time the Teacher of the Race, the Buddhisattva, was similarly busy with the mechanism of religions, of philosophy and the arts.

The literary art of the Greeks is in full flower in Homer. The wondrous, dreamy realism of his heroes has charmed men ever since they were written. Like demi-gods themselves, Achilles and Ulysses, Hector and Priam, Ajax, Agamemnon, walked in those epics and have since strode among men. Compare the Homeric tales of Greece with the Sagas of the Norsemen and the Niebelungen Lieder of the German Minnesinger or the feebler epics of our own English early poets and the marble purity, the classic elegance and the dear perfection of those heaven-given works of Homer stand alone beyond imitation in their kind.

Food for thought and dreams, ideals of action were supplied the Greeks and the Romans for ages by these epics. They seem to fit exactly the mythology and the poetic art of Greece.

After Homer came the singers of odes and the dramatists. Far more successful than the former, the dramatists, though but few and leaving no great bulk of treasure for us, seem to belong rather to the age and purpose. Songs expressive of the tenderer phases of feeling must not be sought in Greek literature and art; they seem to be of other races and times.

The historians, actors and philosophers occupy much space in the volumes of our Greek libraries. It was of the national genius seriously to ponder and debate upon the mechanism of human action, thought and fate.

A comparison of the epics of Greece, of Rome and of the Teutons shows the superiority of the former in an incalculable degree. The march of human life can never again be told with the freshness, the vigor and the purity of the Iliad, men and gods never mingle so freely, so familiarly and yet with such preservation of dignity as Homer portrays. The wanderings of Ulysses are told in the child-like beauty of archaic forms, manners and words, and with a simplicity wanting in such imitators as Virgil. The sages of the Norsemen, the Niebelungen songs of the Germans and the still feebler epics of the early English are scarcely to be mentioned in comparison with them.

But when we consider the case of the drama, the weight of favor is to be found with England. Despite the pioneer work of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripedes, to say nothing of their minor Latin imitators, the European west holds supremacy in this field as strongly as does the East of Europe in epic poetry. Though rich in the works of a great group of excellent dramatists such as Marlowe and Sheridan, it is solely to the author of the Shakespearean dramas that we owe our supremacy.

He presents us with such studies of typical characters as, for the moment, of their walking before us, do not seem as later to be types but dear friends. He gives us actions that are the course of lives of ourselves and our neighbors. He presents the range of passions and aspirations that we ourselves might feel in one or another degree. Fate walks among his people and her retribution or reward is the moral of each tale. Nature and God he sees everywhere, while his casual comment upon the philosophy of the whole has given us passwords of values for the world.

The epics of the Greeks, of Homer, gave to them and to the world a mass of poetry which

it was anticipated by the great Adept Teacher of the race, would be suited even to our age and our state of evolution. But they were particularly a gift to the Greeks, whose passion for action, for association with the devas and for beauty of form in the purest simplicity of line and color was at once anticipated and aided. It was as if the young plant of the sub-race were given a trellis upon which to grow. The Greek period of influence was one in which the world's bread-winning power was small and her population correspondingly slight in number, scattered over areas vast in proportion to the known means of transportation. Education was for the few. But it was less the appeal to simple minds than the charm of hero-action, the inter-play between the omnipresent gods and angels on the one side, and men on the other, that made the Homeric poems the cherished treasure of the Greeks and their successors and imitators. It was that the epic of the dreaming Homer best suited the pioneer Greek that made it and him what they were and are.

Where the need exists, then, a great genius is inspired by the Brothers, or one of their numbers, an advanced initiate, is deputed—to give to a nation, a sub-race, or even a root-race an artistic or literary ideal. The same is true of the national ideals of statesmanship, patriotism and of conquest. Conspicuous examples of this shaping of national ideals are to be found in the cases of Ptolemy Soter of Egypt, and of Hunyiades of Hungary. The influence of Shakespeare upon our civilization is boundless, inestimable. His charmed words, the ideal of literary connoisseurs must be mouthed from every stage, be quoted in scraps by workingmen, be imitated by school-boys, translated inadequately into all tongues.

What a privilege it is to have even the faintest glimpse of things as they are behind the scenes, to see how it is possible with the aid of the curious resources of occultism, to shape the destinies of mankind. W. V-H.

THE PHARAOHS.

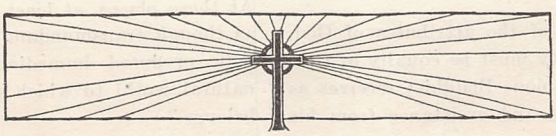
We have a feeling of awe and of wonder when we look at the reconstructions of the strange, huge trees of the carboniferous age, we marvel at their curious forms and their evident adaptation to an existence different from that of our own era. Yet when we learn more of the conditions of their life, we find ourselves better able to regard them as the natural product of their period.

The colossal historical figures of the Egyptian Pharaohs of history gives us a somewhat similar feeling as we consider them. The study of ancient Egyptology has had to be pursued with the most painful tedium and care. The deciphering of the hieroglyphic records upon the monuments left us has been a most fascinating but a most difficult task. Now a number of the great historical figures stand forth with distinctness—the Amenhoteps, the Pharaohs, Seti, the Rameses and the Ptolemies.

Some of these were men of greatness, men placed in incarnation for the carrying out of the great special designs of the hierarchy. We would gladly know more of them from our clairvoyant investigators.

A dignity of a curiously formal kind seemed to mark their carriage and their works. A wondrous massiveness suited the architecture of their time and climate. A broad paternalism characterized their government, a wise restraint limited their wars. We are told that their people's life tended to joyousness. Wealth was not wanting to give opportunities to the rich; the mildness of the climate mitigated the hardships of the poor.

The times, the lives and the works of the Pharaohs have left on the souls of men imperishable records of culture, of happiness. One can scarcely look back to those ancient days of which the almost indestructible monuments still stand, without a sigh that such a quality and type of majestic life is not now somewhere represented on earth. W. V-H.



CONCEPTUAL IMAGES.

It is likely we all know of people whose intellect is not sufficiently developed to grasp an abstract idea. Nor is this cause for wonder, for the abstract is a whole plane or division of Nature above the concrete.

To the developed mind every concept must take form, must express itself as an image. Just as in dreams every thought is an image and the dreamer himself associated with it, so in the dim conceptions of low minds every idea must associate itself with a form more or less familiar.

Personally, the writer may confess that it is hard for him to think in the abstract with any degree of realization. If, for instance, he conceives the idea of glory, it is usually to imagine some resplendent and glorified beauty, perhaps a transfigured Christ. If he thinks of beauty, the idea may image itself as some fair and lovely human form, and if of worship, usually of himself in a posture of humility.

No one will deny that the abstract idea is the essence and that those who can do without such aids to contemplation have reached a higher level of development than those who cannot.

Yet the fact that most people cannot do so makes it quite apparent that the various forms of ritual are necessary institutions, and however distorted and incongruous a form may be, it is not usually wise or kind to try to break it up unless one can substitute an acceptable and a better one in its place. Otherwise the poor devotee is in a pitiable condition, having lost his old vehicle and having no other to use instead of it.

One may often go into a humble Catholic church and derive much real benefit from the ritual observed there.

Although to one who has outgrown the need for these things, they may seem in a sense ridiculous, yet they serve as very great helps to many a poor soul who has not yet learned to do without them, crutches, as it were, to take the place of the wings which have yet to grow.

Beauty being one of the attributes of God, things of equal beauty must be equally of God. For it is reason the pious Buddhist receives as much heavenly grace and assistance from his ecstatic contemplation of the Buddha as does the Christian from his equally devout contemplation of the Christ, since the divine consciousness enfolds all alike.

If anyone has higher illumination he should be careful how he uses these conceptual images of less-evolved souls, for they are sometimes quite fragile, very much regarded, easily broken, and cannot always be repaired or replaced.

Unless we are quite sure that their creators are able to part with them we should remember that they bear attached a sort of unseen warning like those notices tied to the images in some Chinese temples for the benefit of the impious alien—"Keep your hands off."

The Red Man imagined that the sun was a head of wampum on the Great Spirit's garment, a bead of glowing carmine on the vesture of that Great Being as he walked abroad through the heavens at evening time.

Is not that one of the most splendid human conceptions imaginable? For if a single bead should be so splendid, what must be the ineffable glory of the One who wore it?

How dwarfed and stunted are most human conceptions of God! But if we meet with those who cannot do without such little mental idols, let us at least try to help enlarge and ennoble them (since to save would then be better than to destroy); to force wider the point of the funnel, as it were, through which filter a few drops of that great stream of Divine Loveliness called the River of Life.

H. S. M.

"If, then, there be a wider world of being than that of our every-day consciousness, if in it there be forces whose effects on us are intermittent, if one facilitating condition of the effects be the openness of the 'Subliminal' door, we have the elements of a theory to which the phenomena of religious life lend plausibility. I am so impressed by the importance of these phenomena that I adopt the hypothesis which they so naturally suggest. At these places, at least, I say, it would seem as though transmundane energies, God, if you will, produced immediate effects within the natural world to which the rest of experience belongs."

REINCARNATION, ITS NECESSITY.

There are but three explanations of human inequalities, whether of faculties, of opportunities, of circumstances: I. Special creation by God, implying that man is helpless, his destiny being controlled by an arbitrary and incalculable will. II. Heredity as suggested by science, implying an equal helplessness on man's part, he being the result of a past over which he had no control. III. Reincarnation, implying that man can become master of his destiny, he being the result of his own individual past, being what he has made himself.

I. Special creation is rejected by all thoughtful people as an explanation of the conditions around us, save in the most important conditions of all, the character with which and the environment into which, an infant is born. Evolution is taken for granted in everything except in the life of the spiritual intelligence called man; he has no individual past, although he has an individual endless future. The character he brings with him—on which more than on anything else his destiny on earth depends—is, on this hypothesis, specially created for him by God, and imposed on him without any choice of his own. Out of the lucky bag of creation he may draw a prize, or a blank, the blank being a doom of misery; such as it is, he must take it. If he draws a good disposition, fine capacities, a noble nature, so much the better for him, he has done nothing to deserve them. If he draws congenital criminality, congenital idiocy, congenital disease, congenital drunkenness, so much the worse for him; he has done nothing to deserve them. If everlasting bliss be tacked on to the one, and everlasting torment to the other, the unfortunate one must stomach his ill fate as he may. Hath not the potter power over the clay? Only it seems sad if the clay be sentient.

In another respect special creation is rather grotesque. A spirit is specially created for a small body which dies a few hours after birth. If life on earth have any educational or experimental value, that spirit will be the poorer forever by missing such a life, and the lost opportunity can never be made good. If, on the other hand, human life on earth is of no essential importance and carries with it the certainty of many ill-doings and sufferings, and the possibility of everlasting suffering at the end of it, the spirit that comes into a body that endures to old age is hardly dealt with, as it must endure innumerable ills escaped by the other, without any equivalent advantage, and may be damned forever.

The list of the injustices brought about by special creation might be extended indefinitely, for it included all inequalities, it has made myriads of atheists, as incredible by the intelligence, and revolting to the conscience. It places man in the position of the inexorable creditor of God, stridently demanding: "Why hast thou made me thus?"

II. The hypothesis of science is not as blasphemous as that of special creation, but heredity only explains bodies, it throws no light on the evolution of intelligence and conscience. The Darwinian theory tried to include these, but failed lamentably to explain how the social virtues could be evolved in the struggle for existence. Moreover, by the time the parents had acquired their ripest fruition of high qualities the period of reproduction was over; children are for the most part born in the heyday of physical vigor, while the intellectual and moral qualities of their parents are immature. Later studies have, however, shown that acquired qualities are not transmissible and that the higher the type the fewer the offspring. "Genius is sterile," says science, and thus sounds the knell of human progress, if heredity be its motive power. Intelligence and reproductive power vary inversely; the lower the parents, the more prolific they are. With the discovery that acquired qualities are not transmissible, science has come up against a dead wall. She can offer no explanation of the facts of higher intelligence and saintly life. The child of a saint may be a profligate; the child of a genius may be a dolt. Genius "comes out of the blue." This glory of humanity, from the scientific standpoint, seems outside the law of causation. Science does not tell us how to build strong minds and pure hearts for the future. She does not threaten us with an arbitrary will, but she leaves us without explanation of human inequalities. She tells us that the drunkard bequeaths to his children bodies prone to disease, but she does not explain why some unhappy children are the recipients of the hideous legacy.

III. Reincarnation restores justice to God and Power to man. Every human spirit enters into human life a germ, without knowledge, without conscience, without discrimination. By experiences, pleasant and painful, man gathers materials, and, as before explained, builds them into mental and moral faculties. Thus the character he is born with is self-made and marks the stage he has reached in his long evolution. The good disposition, the fine capacities, the noble nature, are the spoils of many a hard-fought field, the wages of heavy and arduous toil. The reverse marks an early stage of growth, the small development of the spiritual germ. The savage of today is the saint of the future; all tread a similar road, all are destined to ultimate human perfection. Pain follows on mistakes and is ever remedial; strength is developed by struggle; we reap after every sowing the inevitable result, happiness growing out of the right, sorrow out of the wrong. The babe dying shortly after birth pays in the debt owing from the past, and returns swiftly to earth, delayed but for brief space and free of his debt, to gather the experience necessary for his growth. Social virtues, though placing a man at a disadvantage in the struggle for existence, perhaps even leading to the sacrifice of his physical life, build a noble character for his future lives and shape him to become a servant of the nation. Genius inheres in the individual as the result of many lives of effort, and the sterility of the body it wears does not rob the future of its services, as it returns greater on every rebirth. The body poisoned by a father's drunkenness is taken by a spirit learning by a lesson of suffering to guide its earthly life on lines better than those followed in the past. And so, in every case, the individual past explains the individual present, and when the laws of growth are known and obeyed, a man can build with a sure hand his future destiny, shaping his growth on lines of ever-increasing beauty, until he reaches the stature of the Perfect Man. Annie Besant.

—From The Chicago Tribune.

"One may say truly, I think, that personal religious experience has its root and centre in mystical states of consciousness."

WHY PEOPLE DO NOT REMEMBER THEIR PAST LIVES.

No question is more often heard when reincarnation is spoken of than, "If I were here before, why do I not remember it?" A little consideration of facts will answer the question.

First of all, let us note the fact that we forget more of our present lives than we remember. Many people cannot remember learning to read; yet the fact that they can read proves the learning. Incidents of childhood and youth have faded from our memory, yet they have left traces on our character. A fall in babyhood is forgotten, yet the victim is none the less a cripple. And this although we are using the same body in which the forgotten events were experienced. These events, however, are not wholly lost by us; thrown into a mesmeric trance, they may be drawn from the depths of memory; they are submerged, not destroyed. Fever patients have been known to use in delirium a language known in childhood and forgotten in maturity. Much of our sub-consciousness consists of these submerged experiences, memories thrown into the background but recoverable.

If this be true of experiences encountered in the present body, how much more must it be true of experiences encountered in former bodies, which died and decayed many centuries ago. Our present body and brain have had no share in those far-off happenings; how should memory assert itself through them? Our permanent body, which remains with us throughout the cycle of reincarnation, is the spiritual body; the lower garments fall away and return to their elements ere we can become reincarnated. The new mental, astral and physical matter in which we are re-clothed for new life on earth receives from the spiritual intelligence garbed only in the spiritual body, not the experiences of the past, but the qualities, tendencies and capacities which have been made out of those experiences. Our conscience, our instinctive response to emotional and intellectual appeals, our recognition of the force of a logical argument, our assent to fundamental principles of right and wrong, these are the traces of past experiences. A man of a low intellectual type cannot "see" a logical or mathematical proof; a man of a low moral type cannot "feel" the compelling

force of a high moral ideal. When a philosophy or a science is quickly grasped and applied, when an art is mastered without study, memory is there in power though past facts of learning are forgotten; as Plato said, it is reminiscence. When we feel intimate with a stranger on first meeting, memory is there, the spirit's recognition of a friend of ages past; when we shrink back with strong repulsion from another stranger, memory is there, the spirit's recognition of an ancient foe. The affinities, these warnings, come from the undying spiritual intelligence which is ourself; we remember, though working in the brain we cannot impress on it our memory. The mind-body, the brains, are new; the spirit furnishes the mind with the results of the past, not with the memory of its events. As a merchant closing the year's ledger and opening a new one, does not enter in the new one all the items of the old, but only its balances, so does the spirit hand on to the new brain his judgments on the experiences of the life that is closed, the conclusions to which he has come, the decisions at which he has arrived. This is the stock handed on to the new life, the mental furniture for its new dwelling—a very real memory. Rich and varied are these in the highly evolved man; if these are compared with the possessions of the savage, the value of such a memory of a long past is patent. No brain could store the memory of the events of numerous lives; when they are concreted into mental and moral judgments they are available for use; hundreds of murders have led up to the decision: "I must not kill"; the memory of each murder would be a useless burden, but the judgment based on their results, the instinct of the sanctity of human life, is the effective memory of them in the civilized man.

Memory of past events, however, is sometimes found; children have occasional fleeting glimpses of their past, recalled by some event of the present; an English boy who had been a sculptor recalled it when he first saw some statues; an Indian child recognized a stream in which he had been drowned as a little child in a preceding life, and the mother of that earlier body. Many such cases are on record of such memory of past events.

Moreover, such memory can be gained. But the gaining is a matter of steady effort, of prolonged meditation, whereby the restless mind, ever running outwards, may be controlled and rendered quiescent, so that it may be sensitive and responsive to the spirit, and receive from him the memory of the past. Only as we can hear the still small voice of the spirit may the story of the past be unrolled, for the spirit alone can remember, and cast down the rays of his memory to enlighten the darkness of the fleeting lower nature to which he is temporarily attached. Under such conditions memory is possible, links of the past are seen, old friends are recognized, old scenes recalled and a subtle inner strength and calm grow out of the practical experience of immortality. Present troubles grow light when seen in their true proportions as trivial and transient events in an unending life; present joys lose their brilliant colors when seen as repetitions of past delights; and both alike are equably accepted as useful experiences, enriching mind and heart and contributing to the growth of the unfolding life. Not until pleasure and pain, however, have been seen in the light of eternity can the crowding memories of the past be safely confronted; when they have thus been seen, then those memories calm the emotions of the present and that which would otherwise have crushed becomes a support and a consolation. Goethe rejoiced that on his return to earth-life he would be washed clean of his memories, and lesser men may be content with the wisdom which starts each new life on its way, enriched with the results, but unburdened with the recollections of its past.

Annie Besant.

—From The Chicago Tribune.

Yet I sympathize with the urgent impulses, both of them so vague yet both of them noble, I know not how to decide. It seems to me that it is eminently a case for facts to testify. Facts, I think, are yet lacking to prove "spirit-return," though I have the highest respect for the patient labors of Messrs. Myers, Hodgson, and Hyslop, and am somewhat impressed by their favorable conclusions. I consequently leave the matter open. . . .

A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

Theosophy is a subject that can be taught in its fulness only to sympathetic and interested people. An inkling of its great truths may be given even the most ignorant. But the serene purity of its subtle truths is so easily sullied by the unhallowed touch that the unconvinced at once pervert, distort and render it hideous.

There are many who wish aid in acquiring a more complete knowledge of Theosophy and who are unable, on account of their environment, to get into touch with proper teachers.

To aid those who wish to undertake work of this character we are establishing a Correspondence School. This Correspondence School will be provided with teachers from headquarters. A single book will be taken as a subject of study and each month questions will be printed in *Messenger* in a department called "The Field," those taking the course being provided with the questions by mail and answers will be returned and corrections and comments made. Questions may be asked by the members taking advantage of the work of the school on any topic connected with Theosophy, although it is especially desired that questions be directed to the subject under immediate consideration.

The first book to be studied will be "*Man and His Bodies.*" Those who wish to undertake the study of "*Man and His Bodies*" by correspondence will please read for the first lesson the introduction. Please write carefully on one side of the paper only, in clear hand, using the typewriter if convenient, answers to the following questions:

1. What do you understand by the relation between Man and His Bodies?

2. What do you mean by Man?

3. What do you mean by Bodies, that is, the Bodies of Man?

4. What is the purpose of different Bodies? Why should Man have more than one Body?

5. Is it possible to conceive of ourselves as separate from bodies?

There are no fees or expenses connected with the work of the school excepting the postage, of course, on your own letters to the undersigned.

It must be distinctly understood that no occult teaching can be given other than that contained in published books.

Address Weller Van Hook, Headquarters American Section T. S., 103 State St., Chicago, Ills.

THE DIVISION OF LODGES.

The ideal of work for lodges is for members to form local groups as large as can conveniently meet and to transact there the business of the lodges in the harmony and strength of a united effort. Within easy traveling distance all members ought to unite for this purpose in one lodge. The ideals and purposes of the lodge's existence ought to be so well understood by the members that there would but rarely be a serious disagreement among the members, and never a rancorous division.

Unfortunately it is only too frequent that members disagree seriously as to the management of the lodge or find personal association difficult, and discover it practically impossible tto meet together in harmony. In such cases every effort ought to be made to adjust differences, to yield in unessential matters and to reunite to further effort. But when all efforts have failed and it is manifest that it will be impossible to reach an adjustment, it is far better that the work shall proceed after division than that personal difficulties should continue to obstruct it. Division may enable the members to reorganize in separate bodies and begin anew.

It would be well if members would recall the fact that the karmic law must be satisfied in these personal matters, that the unresolved forces of hatred or destructive criticism must sooner or later be exhausted by their opposites. Hence members should, above all things, avoid these vices, making their disagreements entirely impersonal. All evil thoughts sent out will surely return to strike us.

It is an almost incredible fact that a member leaving a lodge has sometimes been accused of lack of mental balance or even of insanity.

Divisions of lodges are lamentable in many ways and should not frequently occur, but their evils ought at least to be mitigated as far as possible. W. V-H.

STUDY CLASSES.

The earnest desire of the theosophical student is to give out for the helping of others the knowledge which has been of such incalculable value to himself. It seems to be one of the conditions of gaining knowledge that we in turn share it with others. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." When I returned to Chicago last year, the first bit of class work was given me in the most curious and interesting manner. A few ladies who left our ranks a few years ago have an intense love for the study of Mrs. Besant's translation of the "Gita," and wanted me to meet with them once a week for its study. Last winter we took in connection with it Bible parallels, which we found most fascinating. This little class is my special joy. A few weeks ago, in a little class of beginners and non-members, I had been reading the beautiful preface to Mrs. Besant's "Gita" and giving a slight outline of the meaning and purpose of the book and of India's great mission to the world, first as a "world-model" for a nation, and afterward rising through humiliation and tribulation to "World-Saviour" as given in "Hints on the Study of the Gita." Then followed the message sent from India this year to the western world, of the coming of the Christ, through Mrs. Besant. A lady, a good Methodist, asked, "Is this heathen religion?" "Yes." "Are these the kind of people to whom we are sending missionaries?" "Yes." "Why, it's Christianity." "Yes."

This reminded me of the effect of Madame Bose's talk to the Woman's Club last spring. She told them of her plan for bringing and placing in our universities six lady graduates of a college in Calcutta, that they might have a fuller knowledge and experience of our western mode of life. She wished to place them in private families to board. Her purpose is to fully equip the ladies as teachers in the schools of India. Those of us who had the great pleasure of meeting and hearing Madam Bose at a reception given in her honor by one of our members, can imagine the modifying effect such a talk by such a lady must have had upon a missionary meeting at the Woman's Club shortly afterward.

After our national lecturer had given a short course of lectures in a city west of Chicago, he asked if I would go and answer questions and help their study class. From the 19th of June till the 7th of August the class met three and sometimes four times a week. Until Mr. Jinarajadasa's visit they had never had the devotional side of Theosophy presented to them. We began all our classes with a sentiment from the "Gita" and a moment's meditation upon it. One evening a week we devoted to "Gita" study. One young man sent for a copy of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Song Celestial," and after our lesson from Mrs. Besant's translation, we would read the same in the condensed poetic form, leaving many times a vivid mental picture of the sublime teaching. Often after our Sunday morning class we would go to some of the beautiful parks on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi. We would select the spot commanding the most extended view of landscape and sky, where we could most readily get rid of the consciousness of our limitations and enjoy and study Nature's text book. The last time we thus met I remember the sunset was one of the most remarkable I ever beheld. We read a short selection from "Song Celestial," whose home was always in its owner's pocket, which added the needed element to make the lesson lasting and ennobling.

One day a class for ladies had been arranged for the afternoon and a general class in the evening. The young daughter had gone out in the early morning with her little pony cart and a friend to gather wild flowers for the occasion. The house was profusely and beautifully decorated. This, with the exquisite music given us by our hostess, made the afternoon class unusually impressive. But when the time came for the evening class the heat was too great to think of going indoors. We had to do without the flowers and the music. I read from the "Primer" by the electric light through the window. Comments, questions and discussions followed. Most of these fourteen persons were hearing about Theosophy for the first time. One of these, a business man, remarked, "When I get ready for religion, this is what I shall study."

This line of work is so entirely new to me that I shall be very glad to hear from those who have had more experience as to their methods and successes. I am quite sure the "Messenger" will always be a willing channel for such communication.

I cannot express in any terms at my command the happiness and joy I find in this work. Surely the blessing and help of our Beloved Masters follow the feeblest efforts to do Their work. Julia M. Hyde.

A LEGEND.

Among the mass of ridiculous legends which are to be found in the folk-lore of every people, is occasionally to be met with one of singular beauty in which is preserved some figment of spiritual truth or scientific knowledge.

Such a one is the following, narrated to the writer by Indians belonging to one of the tribes in Arizona:

"There once dwelt in these parts a great medicine-man whose medicine was so strong that all men feared him.

"For long years he lived, and did deeds both good and bad, till in the course of nature he grew old and, in common with all things, died.

"When the hour of his decease drew nigh, like Moses of old, he went out from among the habitations of men and lay himself down to die in the loneliness of the spreading plain.

"So he died, and the great man of magic was heard of no more.

"Many moons and many winters later when all that generation were sitting silent in the little chambers of their graves, came a band of children laughing and playing and happened upon the spot where the dead magician lay.

"His body had never decayed and those solemn sentinels of death, the bare-necked turkey-buzzards had not disturbed the eye-balls in their sockets.

"Dry he lay, his bare breast hard and brown, —a mummy-like Rameses hundreds of years old.

"The children stopped at the sight, full of wonder and dread. But of his history they knew nothing, for in common with all mortal memories, the renown of his deeds had passed away.

"By and by curiosity got the better of fear. With the boldness of childhood they came closer and, seeing him lie so very dry and still, began climbing up one after another onto his flat, bony breast. The skin was hard as parchment; the breast was hollow, drum-like and springy.

"The children began to amuse themselves by stamping upon it and jumping down with the rebound. At every jump a sort of breath or sigh took place within the dead man's hollow lungs. But, observing nothing of the change going forward, in the ardor of their play, climbing up and springing off again, the children continued their sport.

"And so the breath of life came again into the dead man's nostrils. He drew a deep inspiration, opened his eyes, turned upon his side and sat up!

"The children ran away in terror, not heeding his entreaties to stay. But the man of magic lived; his flesh grew soft; the stiff joints supple, and through the windy arteries beat warm blood again."

Here is typified in a poor, imperfect symbol the idea of resurrection if not of re-incarnation—a quite accidental idea it may be, so far as purpose is concerned, but not less beautiful for that; not less illuminative as showing the persistence of the idea of immortality in the human understanding, which a universal instinct continually throws into personification, however distorted and grotesque, to remind us that the personality plunging blindly and madly into matter cannot altogether forget its origin, and in these strange legends seems often to cast a wistful look behind and murmur regretfully:

"Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not my place;
A stranger and pilgrim myself I confess."

There is something marvelously sweet and inspiring in the thought of the radiant beauty and fresh, springing life of childhood calling back animation to the poor, dead frame; the spirit of Life, as it were, exerting its power over palsied matter, and becoming the soul to quaff once more the red wine of life; to drink again the sparkling draught of earthly joy.

H. S. M.

Have we not each one within the Soul a flower? It remains hidden until those conditions which are adapted to its growth culminate about us; then our flower may unfold. We know not when we gaze into another's eyes how fair the garden might be which only waits to be called into life.

LONDON LETTER.

Readers of *Messenger* will be by now familiar with the trend of events on this side of the Atlantic. The extraordinary way in which occult things have recently been forced on the public attention is merely a prelude to an infinitely more amazing matter which will doubtless have come to the light of common day by the time this letter reaches Chicago.

I referred in my last letter to the probability of a great Baconian discovery in the near future. It was recently my inestimable privilege to be present at a meeting of the Baconian Society of England in which was given an account of the present position of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. The lecturer, in the course of his address, gave a short resumé of the controversy up-to-date and concluded his remarks with an account of what had been ascertained by means of a recently discovered cipher. The cipher is a numerical one, and the information which it reveals is astonishing. That mighty soul, far advanced on the path of holiness, whom the world knows as Francis Bacon, gives an account of his life in England. He explains how he wrote what are now known as Shakespeare's plays himself. The danger of putting his own name to the plays was too great, so he paid W. Shakespeare, a London actor, who afterwards lived at Stratford-on-Avon, £1,000 for the use of his name as author of the plays. Some details as to Bacon's birth and early training are given, amongst which is the astonishing statement that he was an illegitimate son of the so-called Virgin-Queen Elizabeth. He then goes on to relate how his fall was brought about. After various triumphs in his profession as a lawyer, he turned his genius to the perfecting of an air-ship. When the vessel was completed, he invited his friend, the Duke of Buckingham, to see it. The latter, who seems to have been a rather superstitious individual, at once came to the conclusion that Bacon was a wizard or devil or some unpleasant being of an uncanny nature. Buckingham straightway went to James and told him of Bacon's wonderful machine, assuring the king that the man was a dangerous person, and must be got rid of at all costs. It was then necessary to work up some charge against him, and it was not long before an avalanche of accusations was roaring about his ears which, after the manner of their mountain prototype, increased in volume as time went on. In truth, it seems that the great Initiate had reached that stage in the Path of Holiness where the aspirant must undergo that great Initiation of Arahatship, which is symbolized in Christian teachings by the Crucifixion. He had to have the whole world against him, to be execrated and vilified even by those who were apparently his best friends.

Nothing is more remarkable than the gross unfairness of the so-called trial. Bacon himself was very unwell and was excused attendance. No evidence was heard on his side, so that his detractors were free to pour out on him a stream of vitrolic abuse which they well knew would arouse no retort from his Christ-like nature.

He scarcely made any attempt to defend himself. He merely begged forgiveness from the king if he had done wrong, and asked to be allowed to retire into obscurity.

Thus he was driven in disgrace from his high office as Attorney-General of England amid the execration of his own people.

The cipher then proceeds to relate how he buried in a certain hill near the river Usk in Monmouthshire, a large number of the manuscripts of his Shakespeare plays and other writings, written under the names of distinguished contemporary poets, which were really his own productions. He gives minute directions as to where to dig to find the boxes, even mentioning the latitude and longitude of the place of concealment, and he also mentions the year in which the boxes will be unearther and the final death-blow given to the theory that the illiterate butcher's-apprentice was the author of the plays. That year is 1910, a year which will have already begun by the time this communication appears in "Messenger," which will show to the world if what he wrote was true. This in itself is astonishing enough, but the most extraordinary part of the whole thing is that the cipher gives the actual personal name of the two men who are to be chiefly concerned in the discovery. Needless to say, such an amazing thing has utterly bewildered the members of the Baconian Society. Members must be reminded that the people belonging to that Society are simply ordinary men and women of the world without the least knowledge of occultism. They have

been for years working entirely on the physical plane, and some of them are positively hostile to occult ideas. This very greatly strengthens their case, as the outside world will not be able to accuse them of collective hallucination, mania or any of the other ridiculous suppositions which are the desperate expedients to which the fast-waning materialism of the day resorts to in order to attack information acquired by occult means.

One piece of information given in the cipher is a remarkable tribute to Bacon's accuracy of prevision. Among the directions given for finding the boxes containing the ciphers, there are minute references as to the scenery surrounding the hiding place. The great author says that the hill near the river Usk, in which the manuscripts are hidden, has a sweet apple tree in a certain place. The investigators were indeed astounded to find the spot exactly in accordance with Bacon's description, and they were still more amazed when the apple-tree hove into sight. It was a somewhat antiquated looking tree, and had more the appearance of the crab-apple variety; all doubt was however dispelled as to that by plucking an apple and tasting it—sure enough, it was of the sweet variety, and so the great Master was again vindicated.

Words cannot describe the excitement of the investigators. They are still digging away, hoping every moment to come upon the precious manuscripts. But as the cipher says, those are not to be discovered till early in 1910.

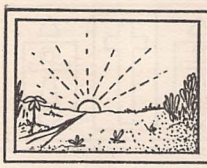
Since writing the above, further corroborations of Bacon's accuracy of description have come to light. The master tells us in the cipher that the cave is situated half way up a steep chalk cliff near the river Usk. It is approached by a ledge the dimensions of which are given. The entrance to the cave is blocked by large stones which he bound together with blue clay, and he explains that great care must be taken by the discoverers in getting at the cave, as when he was burying his manuscripts one of the men helping him fell and was severely injured.

The awkwardness of the situation of the cave has distinctly hampered the investigators, but difficulties are gradually being overcome. The entrance to the cave has been found. It is exactly as Bacon said it was—half way up the side of the cliff—and the stones joined together with blue chalk are still intact, just as described by him. The ledge, by means of which entrance to the cave is obtained, is so narrow and fragile that the investigators are afraid of rolling out the heavy stones from the entrance on to it, for fear it might break and precipitate them all down the cliff.

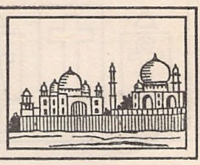
There are no less than sixty heavy boxes full of manuscripts and other things, so Bacon tells us; and if they are found, they will certainly prove a mine of interest to archaeologists.

So many things have now been found to support the accuracy of the cipher that it is without fear I write these facts in my letter. I know that everybody connected with the research will look very foolish if these manuscripts are not eventually discovered. It happens, however, that I know more about this affair than I am at liberty to say, so that I have no fear as to the consequences. It is a curious thing that most of the people connected with these investigations are Americans. I believe there are far more Baconians in America than in England—Mark Twain is the latest—and I think that that is a brilliant tribute to the intelligence of the American people. There is, however, yet another thing which throws a curious light on the whole matter. Our President, in a recent speech, informed us that from 1910 onwards the Theosophical Society would enter on a period of great power and influence, and would be recognized as the standard-bearer of religion. Just why that period of extended influence should begin in 1910 was not quite clear to many of us, but I am sure that these forthcoming Bacon discoveries have something to do with it.

H. O. Wolfe-Murray.



Benares Letter



The annual celebration of Divali occurred last week. It is one of the prettiest of the Hindu festivals, a time of rejoicing, a time for hospitality and the exchange of gifts and courtesies. It occurs in the dark of the moon; how else could the illumination be effective?

In the afternoon thousands upon thousands of little lights are placed everywhere. All surfaces upon buildings sufficiently level to support the little clay saucers of oil have rows of these primitive lamps made ready for the evening. The crows inspect the work, taste of the oil and busy themselves picking out the wicks and carrying them away, holding noisy converse meantime regarding the unusual proceeding. At night the effect is very beautiful. The college, with its numerous roofs, balconies, window ledges and parapet walls is all aglow with lines of light. The student boarding house, section building, book depot and girls' school are similarly outlined and decorated. Private houses share in the general illumination. Everybody seems happy. During the day trays of fruits and sweets borne by servants may be seen on their way to the houses of friends.

A visit to the Ganges in the evening will long be remembered. On the way every little niche and hollow in tree or wall has a light burning. The temples, stone platforms and terraces on the river bank are brilliant. Tiny, thin clay saucers are filled with a spoonful of oil and the wick lighted. These fairy specs of light by thousands are set afloat with a thought of devotion to Lakshmi, the Goddess of Prosperity.

Naturally there is a variety of opinions regarding the real significance of the festival of Divali. Little children say the lights are offerings to Lakshmi because people are happy. There is a wish, too, that the prosperity and happiness may continue and increase during the coming year. Older and wiser people speak of the descent of spirit into matter, the outpouring of the Life of the Logos.

The effect of Divali is to promote good feeling among all classes, and to approach nearer to the ideal of brotherhood aimed at in our philosophy.

The next day the crows amuse themselves by throwing down the saucers from roof and wall, chattering vociferously as crash after crash is heard. The saucers cost a trifle, only two cents per hundred, in this country of cheap labor, so the crows are allowed to have their own little celebration last of all.

S. E. Palmer.

HYSSOP.

O, the wholesome, purging South-West Wind,
And the hilltops where it blows
From over the free
Unsullied Sea
And the stainless sifted snows!
How it strippeth away, like a Surgeon-God
With his knife that cutteth keen,
All the morbid thought
That the day hath wrought,
And leaveth the Spirit clean!

I square me; full-face I meet its sweep,
And the petty life of men,
The foolish prate
And the trivial hate
Drop off; I am born again!
I am born again: with a child's quick love,
See, I turn me to my kind;
And my heart leaps light
As the cloud-rack white
That rides on the riot wind.

Marsyas.

Notes

Mr. David Barr, a charter member of Vivelius Lodge passed out of this life suddenly December 8, 1909.

Miss Mary E. Moody, member of New York Lodge, passed on from this life to the next, January 9, 1910.

A woman living in Chicago wishes care for her three-and-one-half-year-old boy in a theosophical home.

Miss Alma Kunz is now located at 602 Dickson Bldg., Norfolk, Va., instead of 42 West street, Freeport, Ills.

A lady living near New York City wishes to find a lady who would care for her home and daughter in her absence. A small salary would be given.

Mr. Henry Hotchner, of New York City, visited Philadelphia during the last week of November and gave two interesting talks to members in regard to reincarnation and side lights of clairvoyant investigation.

A qualified European is wanted to accompany Mr. J. C. Chatterji on a tour of Cashmir in the summer of 1910 and the subsequent winter, to teach a boy nine years of age.

Among the agenda of the meeting of December, 1909, of the General Council of the Theosophical Society, was the following proposal:

"That the city of Bombay be recognized as a third center for holding the Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society, and that the Convention be held at Bombay every third year in rotation."

Miss Fannie C. Goddard of 87 Avenue D, Rochester, N. Y., will be pleased to hear from any one interested in forming an Anti-Vivisection League in the T. S., membership to consist of the payment annually of $1.00.

Viveka Lodge has rented Room 324 in the Central Trust Building, as a more convenient place for lodge meetings. The rooms will be open daily. Classes will be held and literature will be on sale; also a circulating library may be found here. S. W. Austin.

My Two Gardens, by Claude Bragdon. This exquisite little book is a volume of prose poems by the versatile architect, whose articles have delighted our readers in former days. The book is printed in a pleasing fashion that will appeal to all readers who have a taste for the exquisite in form.

Mr. Axtel Zettersten, First Intendent in the Royal Navy, unexpectedly departed this life on the 27th of November, 1909. Mr. Zettersten was an active and conscientious servant of his section and his loss is seriously felt. As Acting General Secretary, Mr. G. W. Ljungquist, Commander in the Royal Navy Reserve, has taken up the work. His postal address is Hornsgatan 68, Stockholm, S. Sweden.

Many will remember Mr. F. J. Kunz, Freeport, Ills., member of the Executive Committee of the American Section, made the promise at Convention that in case the dues of the members of the American Section were increased to $2.00 by the referendum vote, he would donate to the treasury of the Section the sum of $1,000. Immediately upon the announcement of the result of the vote, Mr. Kunz sent a draft for the sum.

Jan. 10, 1910.

Yesterday afternoon Messrs. Burnett, Unger and Brinsmaid finished counting the votes upon the subjects considered by referendum vote. Subjoined is their report:

Dr. Weller Van Hook, General Secretary.

Dear Sir: The undersigned appointed by you to count the referendum votes on raising membership dues and Convention meeting place, beg leave to report as follows:

Ballots cast for location:

East	162
Middle	316
West	158
Total	636

Ballots cast for month in which to hold convention:

June	28
July	43
August	148
September	212
October	58
Total	469

Ballot cast for raising of annual dues:

For	626
Against	113
Unintelligible	40
Total	779

Ballots for raising to 50 cents	81
Ballots for raising to $1.00	595
Total	626

(Signed) Wm. Brinsmaid,
R. A. Burnett,
David S. M. Unger.

The referendum vote has resulted in the increase of due to $2.00. We believe the great majority of all members will be much pleased with the idea of having the privilege of paying an additional dollar to the treasury of the American Section, enabling us to do some things which otherwise would be quite impossible. It must be distinctly understood that there is no desire on the part of any of the members, including the Executive, to inflict a hardship on any of our members. The sum of the dues, $2.00 per year, is only four cents per week, an amount which cannot burden any one who has the smallest conceivable income. Any child might pay this sum out of its penny savings.

To be sure, those who have no income whatever cannot be expected to pay. It is not a burden for us to pay their dues. There are many members who would be glad to bear the slight additional cost of helping one or more who are unable to pay the small additional charge. On all planes with which we are familiar we are obliged to call upon nature for force, and the physical plane is no exception. On the physical plane we must learn to acquire and use the forces which are represented by money which is accumulated energy, and it is only right that all members of the society should, as far as possible, endeavor to so regulate their affairs as to enable them to aid with their effort in all ways in our work.

A number of requests have been received that Mr. Bragdon's architectural essays, which have been appearing in the *Messenger*, be issued in more permanent form. We are authorized to announce that it is proposed to issue the book from the Manas Press, in sumptuous style, but only in case a sufficient number are subscribed for in advance, at $2.00, to cover the cost of printing, engraving and binding. All persons wishing to subscribe should send their names and addresses to Mr. C. F. Bragdon, 3 Castle Park, Mount Hope Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

No money or checks will be received until the publication is assured.

Francis M. Graham, Bakersfield, California, recently departed this life.

Owing to the great distance from Chicago, at which Mr. Jinarajadasa is working, it is impossible for him to prepare in time for publication the first installment of his new book for the February issue. It will appear in the next number.

Mr. S. C. Gould, the extremely well informed editor of *Notes and Queries*, the well known Masonic Journal, which did so much for the Esoteric side, died on July 19. Mr. Gould's death is a misfortune to Masonry.

The Index of Volume 10 printed in the January number, may easily be detached and bound in that volume.

Lotus Group of Brooklyn, started with the promise of two members, and are doubling our numbers. We named ourselves the Harmony Lotus Group, keeping in mind, first, the significance of the life of the Lotus, and second our adopted object, harmony building. Each bud has taken a flower name with its corresponding tone and color: "Red Rose," "Do" red, meaning life vibration; "Yellow Lily," "Me," love quality, "Blue Pansy," "Sol," true thoughts, and the "Pink Rose," "Do," higher life. Our work during the week is to carry out these vibrations in the world about us. Our lessons are called the "Harmony Series," lessons drawn from music. We have a President, Secretary, etc. We have written to London to ask to be placed in correspondence with another group who are older than ourselves in the work and from whose experience we may learn.

Muriel Wilkie, President.
Barbara Stowe, Secretary.

Pasadena Lodge, Pasadena, California, elected for the year on January 3, the following new officers: Theophile Colville, President; Mrs. Georgia D. Runyon, vice president; Mrs. Delia L. Colville, Secretary, and Mrs. Clara Wharton, Librarian.

Memorandum of the president's tour, receipts and expenses, 1909:

Receipts from lectures	$6939.09
Miscellaneous receipts and donations	969.40
	$7908.49
Expenses	$3405.27
To Mrs. Besant	4503.22
	$7908.49

THEOSOPHY AND LABOR.

The especial work of theosophists lies in the preparation for a universal brotherhood of man, not based on physical plane benefits, but upon the recognition of a community of interest in the realms of spirit. We maintain that before a truly ideal community can be established, a union of mind and of soul must be effected.

But this conviction does not prevent theosophists from being in hearty sympathy with the troubles of all classes of people. It rather gives us a keener appreciation of their ideals and of their restriction of opportunity.

As time passes, the conditions under which all men work undergo great changes and no doubt labor will share in the benefits of zodiacal alterations. But the difficulties and needs of the people who labor with their hands rather than with their minds are far more in the thought and care of Those Who are aiding man's evolution than is usually imagined. Their comparative weakness appeals to them for especial sympathy. The peace of the world aids these younger souls, makes their burdens lighter, and for this the great Brotherhood is always striving. The provision of food and the comforts of life in greater abundance makes existence easier and gives them greater opportunity for education and the cultivation of religion.

Though we cannot all agree with the theories of modern socialism, though there are many socialists among us, the great majority of us believe we can be of greatest service to humanity by aiding the Masters of Wisdom in doing Their work for the consummation of a universal spiritual brotherhood in such small ways as are at hand for us. W. V-H.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MEMBERS OF CHICAGO LODGE.

Dear Friends:

A short time ago I sent to you, as to all members of the American Section, a circular letter in which your aid was requested in the establishment of a book business, to be located in Chicago, which would be conducted in the interest of the American Section.

This letter is addressed to you as a member of the Chicago Lodge in order that the situation may be understood in a somewhat different way. As a member of the Chicago Lodge you have an interest in the Chicago Theosophical Book Concern. It is not the intention or desire of those undertaking the new work to interfere with the work of existing Theosophical book concerns. The only purpose we have to serve is that of the spreading of Theosophical literature and the knowledge of Theosophy and its teachings more widely. It is our intention to gain, if possible, the co-op-

eration of every Lodge in the sale of books, and their distribution for propaganda purposes. Hence, the Chicago Theosophical Book Concern as the organization of a lodge will have our support and aid in every way.

It seems, however, at this moment to be not inappropriate to state, in view of some indications of failure to understand our intent, that should the members of Chicago Branch desire to discontinue the sale of books or should they wish to decrease the extent to which that sale is now being prosecuted, retaining merely a set of samples and a book-list from which local sales could be made, the new corporation would be willing to purchase the books of the Chicago Theosophical Book Concern at their present value at wholesale as they stand in Chicago. The possibility of the purchase of these books will be past in a few weeks when the capital of the new book organization has been invested.

It is especially desired that the members of the lodge should not feel that we wish to take away by purchase the book business of the lodge. This letter is only to make plain our intent and good-will.

Should the Chicago Theosophical Book Concern remain in existence we hope to be able to aid it and other book concerns in spreading theosophical literature in many ways, one of which, we trust, will be by the simultaneous reprinting in America of such Theosophical books as are to be published in English as well as foreign books now printed abroad. Since our object will be the spread of Theosophical literature, we intend to reduce the prices of books to that point where sales can be made with only such a profit as shall represent the actual cost of doing business, and the laying aside of a contingent fund. We intend also to give substantial reduction to all persons who wish to buy books and make use of them in good faith for propaganda purposes.

Should, by any possibility, the members of Chicago Lodge wish to dispose of their book business, the large and beautiful rooms already secured for the work in which the undersigned is interested, could be made use of for the meetings of Chicago Lodge, provided satisfactory arrangements as to the weekly programs of the various lodges concerned, could be made out.

The undersigned has personally secured by lease, large and beautiful rooms in the Fine Arts Building, 293 Michigan Avenue. To the space already acquired can be added additional room as needed. The space already leased is sub-let by the undersigned to the new book corporation, and for certain hours in each week to the three lodges, Central, Adyar and Annie Besant, with the privilege of using the room at certain irregular times for purposes agreed upon by the members of those lodges and the undersigned.

It is hoped that a committee now being formed for the purpose, will be able to secure the co-operation of all lodges in Chicago in a united movement to harmonize all Theosophical activities in Chicago, so that as far as possible conflicting duties will not confront persons who may wish to work in the classes of the different lodges.

It is proper that lodges should be divided to the formation of new lodges wherever advantage to the work can accrue. It is wise, we believe, for lodges to maintain their separate existence rather than to unite where the welfare of the cause can best be subserved in that way. Several new lodges have been formed in Chicago during the past two years, largely for the purpose of enabling the members of the new organizations to do such work as seemed to them to suit their natures, opportunities and ideals of service. These lodges located in the same city, can act largely as committees feeling a certain strong local unity. Each lodge retains its own organization and acting much as would a committee, does its own work in its own way, but without jealousy or unfriendliness, criticism or failure of the most chivalrous courtesy, standing ready to coöperate at a moment's notice with other lodges in any larger work looking to the good of the general cause.

Should your lodge wish to accept the proposition submitted herewith, a reply is requested within two weeks.

Permit me at this time to assure you that no wish can animate the activity of headquarters except the desire to promote the interests of the Theosophical Society and to humbly aid its unseen Guides in the great field of work afforded us in Chicago. Please accept my most cordial good-will. Fraternally yours,

January 19, 1910. Weller Van Hook.

Papers on Elementary Theosophy by L. W. Rogers

BALANCE.

Unbalanced development is such a common thing that it goes almost unnoticed amongst us and the old epithet of "crank" is losing its prestige in our expressive vocabulary. In order to call it out nowadays one must do something quite extraordinary, like wearing purple robes, or eating only what grows in the sunlight, or sleeping only between yellow sheets, or—will it come to that yet?—breathing only when the west wind blows.

To be out of balance is to be out of use to a certain degree; for lack of balance means lack of perspective and understanding, lack of grasp and efficiency. When some incidental thing is so magnified and over-emphasized that it rivets the attention on the detail instead of the subject we become the victims of misdirected energy. We go off in some inconsequential by-path and wander aimlessly about instead of making progress on the main road. From such lack of balance to superstition is a short step. A story is told of a man who was on trial for murder. When asked what he did with the luncheon carried by his victim he replied: "I ate the bread and threw away the meat. It was Friday!" He cheerfully committed murder, but he wished it to be understood that he was not so foolish as to eat meat on Friday.

It was not difficult to see how a virtue becomes a vice when balance is wanting. A quality is a virtue only because it can because it can be used to promote evolution. If it counts against evolution it cannot be a virtue. Certain qualities that are most desirable and useful when in balance are quite the reverse under different circumstances. Enthusiasm, for example, is a necessary motor power; but it must be balanced with judgment or it is only so much force to carry one in the wrong direction. Mrs. Besant, listening to the disastrous report of a lady on an arrangement committee where the largest hall to be found in a great city had been taken for a lecture under adverse conditions, quietly remarked: "Enthusiasm, my dear child, is a dangerous thing."

Sympathy is certainly a virtue, but lack of balance may permit it to play the part of a vice, doing injustice, upsetting the proper order of things, and hindering evolution instead of helping it. People very commonly permit their sympathies to set reason and calm judgment at naught and to become violent partisans for or against a certain question, or person, to the great detriment of everybody concerned. The virtue is thus changed into a vice, for it becomes harmful instead of helpful. The attention becomes fixed on a detail instead of calmly viewing the whole problem. Everything in relation to the subject is therefore seen out of proportion, and reason fails to perform its office.

Intense sympathy for a murderer's victim often leads people to hate the murderer and to long for vengeance. For the time being not a thought is given to the extenuating circumstances, to the ignorance, the stupidity of the offender, or to the unfortunate environment in which he may have lived from birth. The imagination pictures the victim as a saint without a moral blemish and the idea that nothing but actual justice can come to anybody is not thought of at all. Other people select the murderer as the object of sympathy, think only of the unfortunate situation he is in, regard him as the ignorant and hapless victim of public vengeance, and proceed to vociferously denounce those whom they consider his "hard and unsympathetic persecutors." How seldom do we find the calm and serene balance that characterizes justice tempered with mercy!

It is when we reflect upon our lack of balance that the beauty and necessity of reincarnation becomes so clear and the hope of final perfection grows strong. We lack balance only because some qualities are not yet evolved and reincarnation furnishes the opportunity to get them. A person may have attained great intellectual development and yet be distressingly out of balance. But wait a few incarnations. In the wonderful economy of nature another side of the man is developed and he who was intellectually cold and heartless has become gentle and compassionate, even as the barren cliff of winter may become beautiful with the trailing vines of summer.

Seattle Lodge held its annual elections for officers Thursday, December 16, 1909. About thirty members were present. Mr. J. Clark was in the chair and Mr. J. Wilson, Recording Secretary.

For over thirteen years Mr. T. Barnes has held the position of President of Seattle Lodge, but for some time previous to the election this year, he declared his wish not to be nominated again and Mr. Ray Wardall was nominated and elected President.

Several members were nominated for vice president and Mr. J. Clarke was elected to that office.

Mr. F. Gilland, Secretary-Treasurer.

Mrs. Annie Clarke, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Blanche Sergeant, Corresponding Secretary.

Mr. Wilson, Librarian.

Mrs. E. M. Wardall and Mr. F. Wald, Executive Committee.

The activities of the lodge are at present in very good working order. Tuesday evening a well attended H. P. B. class is giving to many students an opportunity of growing in thought and expression.

On Thursday evening the regular members' meeting is better attended than it was at the beginning of the year. The "Study in Consciousness" is the study of the class.

Friday evening is the inquirers' class, conducted by Mr. Max Wardall, a most important and helpful task. On other days of the week Mrs. Bush and Mrs. Wardall hold instructive classes for other students.

Every day the reading room is kept open for those who wish to spend their spare time in taking advantage of our library, which contains one hundred and fifty volumes.

Books are being lent out extensively and returned in a very satisfactory way.

The order of service in the hospitals is doing some good work.

Several new members have been added to our list, also members from other lodges have joined us.

We hope that the coming year will show through our work the heed we have taken of Mrs. Besant's eloquent appeal to us last August.

Blanche Sergeant, Cor. Sec'y.

A year ago a study class was formed in Port Huron, Michigan, by two members of Vivelius Lodge, Detroit. The services of Mr. Irving S. Cooper were secured for a course of lectures beginning January 10. "The Unseen World and How We Study It" and "Telepathy and Thought Forms" illustrated, were given in public halls and were well attended. "The Secret of Destiny," "Why Theosophy is Not Anti-Christian," "The Justice of Reincarnation," "Psychic Powers, Their Values and Dangers," were given at the residence of W. B. Robeson to attentive and interested audiences. On the evening of January 13, the Port Huron Lodge was organized with seventeen members. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Vera A. Clarke; vice president, Miss Vera M. Robeson; secretary and treasurer, Miss Pearl E. Spencer. Mr. Cooper's work was uplifting, and the members feel an increased interest in the movement elsewhere as well as at home.

S. A. P.

During the last three months the study has been confined to Mrs. Besant's "A Study in Consciousness," which we finished in due time. We have also been reading and studying Mrs. Besant's lecture, "Spirituality and Psychism." Our meetings are well attended, having held ten meetings with an average of four and two-fifths attendance. We are looking to 1910 when we hope to have the pleasure of hearing our brother C. Jinarajadasa lecture, and to receive instruction from one so well able to teach the truths of Theosophy. We have a field in Santa Cruz that is ready for the right speaker to interest and help. The ministers of some of the churches are interested and we look for an awakening and consequent increase in numbers. Next year we will hold our annual election of officers on the first Friday in January.

Mrs. Fannie Harris.

After Convention, active work commenced in Freeport on October 1. Four public lectures and two parlor talks were given. Although the audiences were only of fair size, the largest numbering about eighty-five, yet they were noticeably sympathetic and attentive. Friday night, October 8, was spent in a vain effort to get a little sleep in a swaying Pullman birth while en route for Fremont, Nebraska. The monotony of the trip was broken by a hurried scramble at Omaha to make connections with a local train which leisurely loafed along to my destination. Here I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Dan V. Stephens. In two weeks' time I managed to lecture nine times in addition to seven class talks. One lecture before the Woman's Club on "The Coming Drama," offered several opportunities to bring in theosophic thought.

The next stop was at Lincoln, where I spent a most strenuous week, delivering five public lectures and nine class talks. A most welcome invitation was received to speak at the High School and so one morning over one thousand pupils listened to a lecture on "Mental Power." If noise is equivalent to enthusiasm, it certainly was a most enthusiastic meeting. Another morning I lectured at the Nebraska State Penitentiary on "The Secret of Destiny." The 430 inmates paid close attention and applauded several times as one thought after another explained to them the logic of reincarnation and the justice of Karma. A comical story which flashed into memory while speaking served to break the ice and put us all in close sympathy. Warden Smith is one of God's noble men and treats the inmates as men, not as snarling beasts.

On October 30, I left for Council Bluffs on another leisurely train which caused me to miss my connection at Omaha by just one minute. Fortunately, electric cars run between the two cities and it was not long before I was safely installed under the friendly roof of Mr. and Mrs. Lynchard. That night it rained and only twenty-two people came out to hear "Why Theosophy is not Anti-Christian." In spite of cold weather the audiences increased. The Lodge was forced finally to rent larger Headquarters, since at one lodge meeting about seventy-five people were present. Over one hundred people attended the lecture in the assembly room of the public library on "The Occult Explanation of Mental Healing." This is a good showing, since the Council Bluffs Lodge has been in existence only about four months. In two weeks fourteen lectures and three parlor talks were given.

On November 12 I left, during a pouring rain, for Minneapolis. The next evening in spite of drenching showers some sixteen faithful members waded to the lodge rooms to listen to a talk. A Sunday afternoon lecture was given next day to a well-filled hall. Five more lectures and six class talks and question meetings followed. At one question meeting over seventy people were present. Minneapolis is a very strong theosophic center and if the lodges remain attentive to their opportunities they should be blessed with great prosperity.

Irving S. Cooper.

Two sparsely attended lectures were given in the room of the St. Paul Lodge.

The night of November 26 was spent in the suffocating atmosphere of an antique sleeping car which the Great Northern runs up to Crookston, a bustling town of about 7,000 population in northwestern Minnesota. As I stepped off on to the snow covered platform the hearty voice and warm hand-clasp of Mr.

Joseph Ball greeted me. A discussion of plans for bringing Theosophy to the attention of the people took place a few hours later, and by four o'clock a hall had been rented, the newspaper given a half-column write-up, and 1,200 programs printed, while an hour later tickets for the paid-admission lecture were ready. The next day, Sunday, was far from being a "day of rest." On the contrary, a public lecture to twenty-five people in the morning on "The Origin of Religions" was followed in the afternoon by a talk to the young men and women at the State Farm. On the way to and from the farm I enjoyed my first sleigh ride. The thermometer was hovering around zero and every twig and wire was buried deep in a thick coating of frost. Owing to my California birth and therefore natural ignorance of the delights of sleighing, my companions took great pleasure in calling me a "tenderfoot." That night another lecture brought out an audience of forty.

Three ministers attended the lecture next evening, and from that time on the attendance increased until at the last free lecture over seventy came out. The newspaper devoted a column each morning to a review of the lecture, and before the week was over Theosophy was the one theme of discussion at every club and card party. The Methodist minister attended nearly every lecture and wrote a very liberal article about the lectures and myself the day I left Crookston. One afternoon while there I had the pleasure of speaking to 250 High School pupils on "The Power of Thought." The young people paid close attention and some of them came out to the other lectures. The Superintendent of Schools was so pleased with the thoughts presented that afternoon that he offered to print the lecture and give a copy to each pupil if I would only write it out for him. This was impossible, however, as I only spoke from brief notes. A class will be started in Crookston after the holidays.

After an all night journey, December 4 found me in Duluth, Minn., where I had undertaken a course of lectures at my own financial responsibility. Six public lectures and two talks were given, one of them before a New Thought Club. The audiences were very small, possibly owing to bad weather and the nearness to the holidays, and I came out behind, financially, even though the lodge graciously gave me a parting gift. The people who did come out, however, seemed very much interested, and it may be that a Beginners' Class which was started will be quite successful. The following week was spent in Superior, Wisconsin, where Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Booth gave hearty and thorough co-operation in making the trip a success in every way. Aided by several self-sacrificing gifts from three or four members, I came out just about even, financially. A good class will be started, however, and I fully expect that Theosophy will again flourish in Superior as it did of yore.

While in Superior I gave a lecture before 340 young men and women in the State Normal School on "The Awakening of the Nations," while in the afternoon of the same day I spoke again to 500 High School students. I consider this sort of work of the greatest importance because it is moulding the ideals of the coming generation. An invitation to speak is usually readily if not eagerly extended to a lecturer, which shows very plainly the changing attitude of the age. It is time for us to drop the foolish thought that Theosophy is unpopular and disliked. Theosophic facts, when tactfully and clearly presented, meet with hearty response everywhere. A spiritual renaissance is upon us and we are not yet aware of our splendid opportunities.

After a long and tiresome ride southwards through the snow-covered reaches of Wisconsin and Iowa, Omaha was reached at noon on Sunday, December 19. Mr. Burd F. Miller met me at the station. The successful visit to Omaha is entirely due to Mr. Miller, who spent time and money in arranging a series of lectures and class talks. A lecture was given in the Lyric theatre that night to a fair sized audience and an invitation extended to the people to attend a series of class talks to be given during the week. To my surprise about fifty to fifty-five people filled the chairs of our room each night, many of them never missing a lecture, even though all the work was done around the holidays. Another lecture on the following Sunday and three more classes completed the series. On Thursday evening, December 30, I had the pleasure of installing a new lodge in Omaha consisting of twenty-two members. I attribute quite a little of the success of this venture to the fact that Benjamin Fay Mills had just finished a three weeks' course of lectures in

Omaha a few days before I arrived. He interprets Walt Whitman and Emerson in a most theosophic manner and had aroused considerable. Mr. Mills is throwing the whole power of his eloquence and long experience as a minister and lecturer on the side of loving fellowship and brotherly service, and the crowds which come out to hear him testify to the awakening spirit of the coming race.

New Year's day was spent on the cars while speeding to Detroit.

To sum up. Between October 1 and January 1, a period of ninety-two days, I gave seventy-two public lectures and thirty-four class and parlor talks, or a total of 106. My expenses were about $385 and were met entirely by individual donations, collections, etc. Ten cities were visited on the trip, one of them twice. I am more than ever convinced of the immense general interest in theosophic facts and still believe that 100,000 people in the United States alone would become our brothers in our beloved society if we but carried the message to them. How long are we going to keep them waiting?

Irving S. Cooper.

Mr. Irving S. Cooper has been with us and gone, after capturing all our hearts. His is indeed a winning personality and he knows how to present Theosophy in a way to attract the multitude. The meetings were well attended and, as it seemed, to be practically the same audience night after night, we have reason to think that his words have sunk deep into the hearts of the people who heard him. The following is a record of his work:

Saturday evening, November 13, a talk to members at lodge room; Sunday afternoon, a lecture on "The Essential Agreement of Theosophy and Religion"; Monday evening, a lecture in the lodge room on "The Necessity for Death." The room was overcrowded, some few people went away and others were standing in the hall outside, so it was decided to secure a larger hall for future lectures; Tuesday evening, question meeting at the lodge room. Wednesday evening, in St. Paul. Thursday evening, a lecture in McElroy hall on "Christ, the Lord"; Friday evening, a lecture in the same hall on "Karma, the Secret of Destiny"; Saturday afternoon, a meeting with children, some five being present. These were organized into a society to meet Saturday afternoons under the leadership of Miss Martha Godfrey. In the evening a meeting for members in the lodge room. Sunday afternoon, a lecture in MDcElroy hall on "The Justice of Reincarnation"; Monday evening, a lecture in McElroy hall on "Methods of Psychic Development." Tuesday evening, question meeting in the lodge room; Wednesday evening, in St. Paul. On Thursday evening, Turkey Day, we gave him a vacation. Friday evening, just before leaving for Crookston, a meeting for members.

The audiences in Minneapolis, on public occasions, numbered respectively 110, 80, 30, 70, 80, 110, 80, 40, approximately. On the occasion of the third meeting there was a very heavy storm. The expenses for hall rent, etc., were raised by passing the hat, besides which individual members made voluntary contributions, thus enabling us to even raise a little purse for Mr. Cooper, to aid him in his future work.

It is greatly to be hoped that many such lecturers may be employed by the Theosophical Society during the years before us. The field is large and the laborers few. Men like Mr. Cooper should be encouraged in every possible way.

J. S.

Mr. D. S. M. Unger has prepared for the use of his class in Esoteric Christianity the following questions bearing on Mrs. Besant's text book on this subject:

Do religions have a hidden side to their teachings?

Has Christianity ever recognized an esoteric side to its philosophy?

Why do religions exert so powerful an influence over those who yield to them?

What two great opinions are recognized generally as to the origin of religions? State the opinion of Comparative Mythologists.

State the opinion of Comparative Religionists.

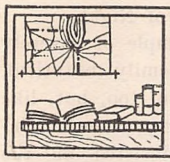
Why the necessity of an esoteric side to a religion?

Has there ever occurred any great misuse of Knowledge?

What plan do the Elder Brothers seem to follow in the giving out of Knowledge?

Give names of a few religions whose esoteric teaching has been recognized in times past.

Did the Mysteries of different religions agree or differ in their general teaching?



Current Literature

THE BLUE BIRD.

A Fairy Play in Five Acts by Maurice Maeterlinck.

The Blue Bird, a play by Maurice Maeterlinck, was recently presented. Its argument is as follows: Once upon a time there were two children, Tyltyl and Mytyl, who went forth hand in hand to seek the blue bird. But first the Fairy Bérylune gave Tyltyl a little green cap with a big diamond in the cockade so that he might be able to see. For ordinary mortals cannot really see. If they could they would see beauty everywhere and know that all stones are precious stones. With Tyltyl's diamond, however, you could see into the inside of things—into the soul of bread or milk or sugar, for instance, and into the hours of the clock, which came out one by one and danced in a ring round Tyltyl and Mytyl. A turn of the diamond, and Tyltyl liberated the soul of Tylo the dog and Tylette the cat; and Tylo was delighted to be able to speak at last—he had so many things to say to his little god—and bounced about with joy; but Tylette, circumspect and ceremonious, said little and what she said was hypocritical. And so they all set out in quest of the blue bird, with Light, a very lovely lady, at their head and the ventripotent Bread carrying the empty cage and bringing up the rear. Fire, an agile tricksy fellow, was forever teasing the weeping nymph Water on the way, and when any one wanted refreshment Bread would cut a nice thick slice off his paunch and Sugar would obligingly break off one of his fingers.

And first they visited the Land of Memory where Gaffer and Gammer Tyl lived. Lived? Yes, indeed; for Tyltyl was wrong in supposing them dead. The dead (Gaffer Tyl did not even understand the world) live again whenever we think of them, and between whiles are happily asleep. And so there were Gaffer and Gammer Tyl wide awake as soon as Tyltyl thought of them, and getting ready the same cabbage soup and plum tart that he used to love. And when he was naughty and upset the soup Gaffer Tyl gave him a sound box on the ear just as he used to do, and they were all as merry as could be. But the blue bird must be found, and so Tyltyl and Mytyl said au revoir to Gaffner and Gammer, promising to think of them again very soon (Gaffer and Gammer falling asleep once more as the children went away), and off they went to the Forest by the light of the moon, the cat leading the way.

Now, the cat was a treacherous cat, a hypocritical cat, an utterly wicked cat. She feared the little god that Tylo, the dog, adored, and hoped to put an end to him by aid of the trees and the animals in the forest. She reminded the oak, monarch of the forest, of the wrongs he and his had suffered at the hands of Tyltyl's father, the woodcutter. And the trees and the animals—or rather their spirits, evoked by Tyltyl's diamond—met in solemn conclave and sentenced Tyltyl and Mytyl to death. Thus all Nature is combined in a conspiracy against Man. The dog alone in the last resort is faithful to him, and it would have gone hard with Tyltyl and Mytyl in the forest had not Tylo been there to keep the assailants at bay until Light came to the rescue.

But the blue bird was still to seek, and this time the children looked for him among the tombs. It was midnight when the dead came forth (for, being in their nightgowns, how could they come out by day?), and Tyltyl, while Mytyl was shivering with terror, bravely summoned them by a turn of his diamond. And then the graves yawned and dense vapors rolled forth from them, and when the vapors cleared away—lo! there were only flowers, rows upon rows of lillies, the madonna lily and lilium longiflorum and pardalinum and the exquisite auratum platyphyllum. But where, asked the wondering Mytyl, are the dead? There are no dead, said Tyltyl.

Thus the children learned the great secret in the Kingdom of the Past. They learned something stranger still in the Kingdom of the Future. This was an azure palace, vaulted in curious curves like the curves of an aeroplane, and guarded by figures divinely tall and (some

of them, not all) divinely fair. And all about, as far as the eye could see, were groups of chattering, singing, romping children—all of the same azure blue, even to the hair—awaiting (so Light told Tyltyl) the hour of their birth. When fathers and mothers on earth asked for children the great doors at the end of the blue vault were thrown open, and the little ones went down, according to their turn. Meanwhile each unborn child was preparing the gift he was to bring into the world. One was inventing a Happiness-machine; another three-and-thirty remedies for prolonging life; a third the wherewithal to find the treasures hidden in the moon. Then there were others who had grown daisies as big as cart-wheels and grapes of the size of pears. One in a corner was going to bring pure joy to the earth. How? asked Tyltyl, and was told, By ideas that people have not yet had. And a tiny one, very serious, sucking his thumb, was, in his time, to efface injustice from the world; while a red-haired one, already blind, was one day to conquer death. But none could go to earth empty-handed, as old Time, with his scythe, very sternly reminded them when by and by the big doors were thrown open and the children appointed to be born on that day were marshalled in procession and embarked on board Time's galley for earth. Not all were glad to go, some, indeed, naughtily crying "I won't be born!" and a pair, who were to be lovers on earth and then torn asunder, weeping pitifully at being separated now. Nor had all the appropriate quality. There were, for instance, too many shepherds ("As though we were still in the days of Theocritus and Virgil!" expostulated old Time), and too many doctors, too few engineers, and only one honest man—a funny fellow this last, and unlikely, thought Time, to live long. And some had forgotten their equipment: one the box containing the two crimes he would have to commit, another the little pot holding the idea for enlightening crowds, a third the graft of his best pear. At last, however, they were all safely aboard and sailed away singing gaily, and as they sang an antiphony arose, a more wailing song—the song, said Light, of the mothers coming forth to meet them. Then Time, having finished his day's work, had leisure to look around, and "spied strangers"—whereupon Tyltyl and Mytyl, just skipping clear of Time's scythe, sped off to the Palace of Night.

The Palace of Night, a temple of severely classic architecture, was gloomily beautiful, and night herself was beautiful too, but, like the doctor in Pickwick, "werry fierce." Undismayed, however, Tyltyl insisted on the surrender of her keys, and with them he opened the door of all her terrors. And out of one door came grisly phantoms, grinning skeletons, and dead pirates in chains and monsters with their heads in their hands—all rather glad of a little fresh air, for they were terribly bored since mankind gave up taking them seriously. But the barking Tylo (as Johnson said he would have done had he played Hamlet) "frightened the ghost," and the transient embarrassed phantoms retired again in confusion. Then Tyltyl went in and inspected the cave of maladies—sickly themselves, since the doctors had found out microbes—and only one, little Cold-in-the-Head, seemed really vigorous. But now from another door came out a troop of night-scents and will-o'-the-wisps, and glow-worms and dews, and, last of all, the stars, and they all danced rhythmically round Tyltyl and Mytyl. Finally the great door at the back was thrown open—and there—at last!—were blue birds, hundreds of blue birds, flying round a golden fountain. Tyltyl and Mytyl and the rest caught dozens of them; but, alas! when they were brought into the light they all died. For the blue bird, as everybody knows, stands for happiness, and the happiness of the night cannot survive in the light of day. So the place was all strewn with dead birds, and Tylo, sniffing round them, wondered if they were good to eat.

And now the time was come for all these adventures to end and for Tyltyl and Mytyl to part from their good friends Light and Bread, and Sugar and Milk, and Fire and Water—that is to say, in their talking form. Poor Tylo was the one who felt the separation most—he had been so glad to express his affection for his little god in words; but it had to be, and Light took them all off to the Land of the Silence of Things. And when Tyltyl and Mytyl woke up in their beds at home and talked about blue birds and other wonders their good parents, the woodcutter and his wife, thought they must be daft. But the strangest thing of all was that Tyltyl's bird, hanging up as usual in its cage, had really

turned blue in the night, and when he gave it to the sick daughter of old neighbor Berlingot (oddly like the Fairy Bérylune), the girl was at once cured and happy as the day. True, a moment later the bird flew away, but Tyltyl felt sure he could catch it again whenever he chose, and advancing to the footlights —for all these wonderful things happened last night on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre —he cried cheerily, "If any of you find it please give it us back—we shall want it to be happy later on."

We can answer at any rate for one member of the audience. We found it. For Maurice Maeterlinck had given us an evening of unalloyed happiness. What an exquisite blend of fancy, wisdom, speculation, poetry, tenderness, and pure beauty is this Blue Bird! It brings tears to the eyes and then chases them away with laughter, plunges you into reverie and then startles you with some joyous surprise. How beautiful are the thoughts on death! What a thrill runs through you at those lilies and the cry "There are no dead!" Here is a work that, on one side a mere children's game, a merry romp and pantomine, belongs on another side to that best of all literature, the literature of consolation. It is not the first time that M. Moeterlinck has consoled us—one thinks of him, with gratitude, as spending his life in doing that—but it is the first time that he has done it so light-heartedly, with so airy a grace, with so fresh and pure a fantasy.

And yet we have a bone or two to pick with him. He loves dogs (Tylo is the "sympathetic personage" of the piece), and that is good; but he evidently detests cats, and that is unpardonable. Tylette is a libel. We confidently appeal from M. Maeterlinck to Théophile Gautier, to Pierre Loti, and to M. Anatole France's Sylvestre Bonnard—aye, and to Dr. Johnson, who would not even hurt his cat Hodge's feelings by disparaging him in his hearing. Then, again, the Kingdom of the Future exhibits M. Maeterlinck as a bad horticulturist and a worse pomologist. Daisies as big as cart-wheels! Grapes as big as pears! But that is just the blunder that our most commonplace gardeners are making—the eternal pursuit of size. No, not that way lies the future for flowers and fruits—for *les ames bien nées*!

Altogether the production counts for honor to the present Haymarket management . . . and we are still dreaming, like little Tyltyl, of blue birds, and whispering to ourselves, with visions of lilies, "There are no dead!"

—London Times.

Mr. Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, has lately written a book on "The People of the Polar North." The critic of the London "Times" thus speaks of Mr. Rasmussen's descriptions of the beliefs of the Eskimos:

Picturing to one's self the waste and frozen places of the North, with their endless plains of snow and ice, devoid of human life, one is disposed to think that the people who inhabit them must live without the sense of wonder which makes surrounding nature delightful to the Southerner; but to them it is all full of mystery and color; it is during the interminable moonlit night, silent and lonely, that they see visions and dream dreams. They picture the wastes as full of strange folk, and tell Herodotean tales of curious nations inhabiting them; of people who rush from their houses on to the ice as if they always expected the attack of an enemy, of Apygoi and men with dogs' legs, of others who are covered with feathers instead of clothes, and always these coast men have a superstitious fear of the mysterious "Inland Dwellers," people who have no dogs or sledges, no bows and arrows, practice magic, live in holes in the ground, are very timid, and so fleet of foot that they catch foxes by hand.

Mr. Rasmussen has a great deal to tell us of a most interesting kind about their religion, and, thanks to the more tolerant spirit of our day, he does not find it necessary to treat it as if it were childish nonsense imposed on a credulous and ignorant people by greedy and fraudulent old sorcerers. When the wizard, preparing to work himself upon into the necessary state of furor or trance, grins and shouts to the traveler "It is all foolery, humbug," that is merely a part of Eskimo good manners and a safeguard against failure. He and the people believe firmly in the whole performance, and there seems no doubt that they achieve a clairvoyant condition such as is universally known as "having communion with spirits." Several well-authenticated cases are given of

predictions which have come true. In one case a magician led an expedition for two years by the light of divination through an empty and unknown country to join another tribe. The magicians are not decrepit elders good for nothing else; but achieve their position in the prime of life, and are as a rule the boldest and most successful hunters of the nation. The description which the author gives of the Angâkoq possessed by the spirits seeming to wrestle and fight, while a friend stands by and shouts encouragement, bidding him hold on and get their secret from them, would fit any Siberian Shaman, and strikingly resembles the description of a Bulgarian vampire-killer struggling with a vampire. The performances of mediums are always of a dramatic character and present the aspect of word and action with outside personalities; it is not, therefore, by reason of any fraud or humbug that they are said to hold communion with spirits; however incorrect, it is the only sincere and unsophisticated way of expressing what really happens. Such religion as the Eskimos have is based entirely on spiritualism. It is the whole purpose of their life not to offend the spiritual powers which have the ordering of natural phenomena; this makes them slaves to their traditions, for they ascribe the most conservative notions to the spirits, and it gives the magicians an indisputable power over the rest, because they alone can command the spirits. There is no prayer in their religion. The supernatural force must either be obeyed or subdued.

The greater part of the book is devoted to the Polar Eskimos, the rest to the Christianized Southerners, of whom Nansen gave so excellent an account. Here, again, we have the sad story of the first destructive influence of the Europeans when they come in contact with primitive people. Whether it is that the approach of the European has some subtle influence for evil, or whether it is that the adoption of Christianity makes them take a darker view of their past than the reality would justify, the period just before complete Christianization is recorded everywhere in history as a period of terrible depravity. The awful stories which missionaries and natives tell in other parts of the world are faithfully reproduced in the account which the East Greenlanders give of the period which preceded their migration and their entering into the Christian fold. But even in this dark period they never seem to have lost those beautiful manners which so much endear them to us in Nansen's account of them. When a Christian murdered poor Katiaja the people, who were terribly shocked and grieved, said to him, "Thank you, now she is out of our thoughts," in order not to hurt his feelings. When a man says, "I am sorry, I have killed your grandmother," could anything be politer than the answer, "It is of no consequence, she was very old and wrinkled"?

An important article on "Pythagoras and the "Doctrine of Transmigration," by A. Berriedale Keith, appears in the July number of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of London. After examining all that has been said by the orientalist scholars of Germany, England and America, he sums up as follows: "It seems to me that the following results are established by the evidence adduced: (1) there is no historic evidence that Pythagoras ever visited India or Persia, or came into contact with persons cognizant of and competent to explain Indian philosophy to him; (2) that the doctrine of transmigration as held by him can be most easily explained from the religious history of Greece, and in particular from the tenets held by the Orphic societies; (3) that the mathematical doctrines of Pythagoras were a direct outcome of his arithmetic studies and of his practical knowledge of the Egyptian methods of measurement; (4) that the Pythagorean doctrine of the five elements was not due to Pythagoras himself, but was adopted by his school, partly from Empedokles, who had experimentally proved the existence of a substance air, and in part from Pythagoras' own theory of an extra-mundal breath; (5) that the Pythagorean philosophy generally shows no real trace of connection with the Samkhya, even assuming that the Samkhya can be deemed old enough to render any comparison chronologically possible; (6) that the tabus and other characteristics of the Pythagorean brotherhood were not borrowed from India, but occurences in Greece of customs world-wide in character.

Book Reviews

Saint Francois d' Assisi, by Professor Johannes Joergensen. Translated from. the Danish into French by Teodor de Wyzewa. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

A new and scholarly work on the life of Saint Francis of Assisi is always an event worthy of note. To the occultist Saint Francis is always fascinating. Such an exquisite soul as he, did he but stand alone, would have left a mark in any country or age; but surely behind Saint Francis as he ushered in a great spiritual revival in Christianity there must have stood Someone greater, the Christ Himself. That is evident as we read his life. How interesting it would be to know who Saint Francis had been in his life before, and who, too, Saint Claire was that helped him so loyally to the end.

Probably the most popular book on the life of Saint Francis is Sabatier's. Professor Joergensen's book lacks Sabatier's charm, but perhaps its heaviness is due to its historical value. If it should presently be translated into English, no theosophist who wants to be "in it" should miss reading it, and familiarizing himself with the incidents of the life of one who, when he returns again, will certainly play a more beautiful role still than as Saint Francis.

Any modern library will have a life or two of the Saint, as also the "Little Flowers of Saint Francis." They seem often childish, those pious exaggerated events in the Saint's life, and yet through them we can sense a certain beautiful spirituality. One very graphic incident in Francis' life, as he was ceasing to be the young man of pleasure and becoming the follower of Christ, is his meeting the leper.

"In the middle ages, the lepers, more than the other poor, were the objects of pious care. A special knightly order, the Knights of Saint Lazare, had been expressly founded to take care of them. All over Europe leper-houses were erected—in the beginning of the 13th century there were 19,000 of them—where the lepers were lodged and fed. Yet, spite of all this care, their existence was utterly miserable, they were excluded from the society of men, and severe laws were enacted forbidding them any intercourse with the world.

As in other parts of Italy, a hospital for lepers had been founded in the outskirts of Assisi; in fact, the lepers of Assisi were the first to be segregated in hospitals. This leper house was half-way between Assisi and Portioncula. Often Francis, in his walks, had passed in front of the house, and always the sight of it alone filled him with disgust. Willingly he accepted the charge of giving aid to the leprous, but only on the condition that some one else might take his charity to them. When the wind blew from the direction of the hospital, and young Francis smelt the horrible odor of the lepers, he fled, turning away his face and holding his nose with his fingers.

Here, then, was his principal weakness; it was here that he gained his greatest victory.

For, one day, as he prayed to God, behold a voice answered in response! And it said, "Francis! If thou desirest to know My will, thou must scorn and hate those things thy senses have desired and loved. When thou shalt have entered the Way, all that till then seemed sweet and agreeable shall become bitter and insupportable; what thou hated, shall change, for thee, into great sweetness and abundant joy!"

In this message Francis received a clear programme of action, an indication of the road he would have to travel. No doubt it was on these words he was meditating one day, during one of his solitary rides in the shady valley, when, as his horse suddenly swerved, he saw before him, hardly twenty feet away, a leper, easily recognized by his habit.

Francis, like the horse, was aghast, and his first impulse was to turn the horse around and fly as quickly as possible. But there sprung up clearly before him those words, "What till now has been hateful to thee, that shall change for thee into sweetess and joy."

What more horrible in the world could he find than a leper? Now had come the time to obey the mandate of the Lord, to show at last his real earnestness.

Controlling himself with a mighty effort, the youth descended from the horse, drew near to the leper with his rotting nose and mouth, placed the coin in the outstretched palm; then, full of horror, precipitately he bent down and kissed the loathsome fingers covered with sores. The next moment he flung himself on his horse, hardly aware how he did it. His heart was beating to bursting, he was trembling violently from head to foot; he fled, not caring whither he went. But the Lord had kept faith with him.

For sweetness, happiness and joy coursed in him in great waves, filled him through and through to overflowing, as the spring fills and fills the vessel with sweet and pure water ever new.

Next day, of his own desire, Francis went the same route as the day before (which till then he had so carefully avoided), till he came to the leper house. He knocked, and when the door was opened went in. From the cells on all sides the lepers came around him, faces half eaten away, blind and bleeding, with swollen and bound feet, and hand without fingers. The odor from them was so awful that at first Francis could not help closing up his nose with his fingers. But soon he controlled himself and took from his pocket a full purse and gave alms to all. And on each horrible hand that was stretched out to receive his gift, he pressed his lips, as on the day before.

And so Francis won the greatest victory a man can, that over himself. Thenceforth he was master of himself, not, alas, like most of us, the slave."

Rudolph Eucken's Philosophy of Life, by W. R. Boyce Gibson. London: Adam and Charles Black. 2 shillings and sixpence.

This is the stiffest book I have read for many a day. It can be recommended as useful for only those in whom the philosophic sense is well developed. Rudolph Eucken, professor at the University of Jena, is one of the great living philosophers of Germany today, and has largely contributed to the spiritual awakening taking place in that country. Germany has been the western home of philosophy, but that philosophy has been mostly intellectual and has little changed the current of the national life. In the storm and stress period it was perhaps more the art ideals of Goethe, Schiller and Lessing, and the patriotism of Koerner and others rather than the philosophies of Kant and Hegel that made modern Germany possible. Today Germany stands leading the scientific and industrial world, but her spiritual life has hardly yet begun. If the aim of philosophy be to make men and nations spiritual, one might say that it has so far little succeeded in Germany.

The work Eucken is attempting to do is to link the intellectual conception of the world that philosophy and science give with the realm of the spirit. It is here that Eucken's standpoint is that of a great Theosophist. Though he may know nothing of the detailed scientific analysis of the phenomenal world as we theosophists study it, nevertheless following a different path he comes to the some conclusions. Action is his watchword. "Light on the Path" calls on us to remember the heavy karma of the world, and help to make it less; the Gita calls on the devotee to act with loving devotion. It is the same message that Eucken, in the technical terms of philosophy today gives to his hearers. And the manner he gives it is most attractive to deep thinking minds.

It is, nevertheless, pathetic to see how a great mind like Eucken finds one problem without solution—the problem of death. The determination to ignore the thousand and one facts of the great Invisible around us, the horror of taking into consideration anything "abnormal" like psychic and spiritual experiences, continually drives Eucken and other western philosophers like him into a corner. Face to face with the problem of death and immortality they only talk round it, and have no consolation to give but to point out that now we must act as though we were to live forever. But shall we? To that direct question there is only silence. The pity of it is that men like Eucken have themselves put the barriers in their way to solve that problem. If only they would let themselves go, not hold themselves back to be normal, and proud of it! Not be like the mediocre souls they preach against, then they would realize that the problem can be solved now. There is an immediacy of spiritual experience awaiting all aspiring souls, but for it they must make the great renunciation—the belief that man has only five senses and a mind, and that the universe must be measured by these alone. The solu-

tions to all problems lie not in this world, but beyond the border-line. Some day the world will realize that while German professors were building up explanations to comfort men against the horror of death and the unknown, a few theosophists had quietly all the time been exploring and describing the realms of no death. While reading this magnificent book on Eucken one cannot help often repeating to one's self, "If only he knew—what we know!"

C. J.

Oh! Christina, by J. J. Bell. New York, Revell.

I have often wondered what kind of karma Mark Twain has earned this life by his writings. How many thousands, millions almost, are there not in the world, who look back to hours of pure, unalloyed happiness as they read Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn! I shall never forget my introduction to them. I was about twelve, and was sent on an errand to the "English book shop" in Colombo to buy for Mr. Leadbeater those two books. I remember to this day the picture on the cover of the book, of Huck, with his broad grin, holding up the rabbit he had shot. Later I read both books, and all others (I hope all!) of Mark Twain.

The question of humor is a big and intricate one—almost as puzzling as that of love! What is humor? How is it different from wit, or the sense of the comic?

One thing is quite clear, that is, that as the soul evolves the sense of humor is not eliminated from his composition. What little we have heard of the Adepts is still enough to show that. Indeed, it would seem that a keen sense of humor is only possible with high general development.

But humor is not wit, nor the comis sense. Recalling our theosophical conception of man's composition, we might perhaps say that the comic sense is the mere keen response of the astral body, fully personal, with the self strongly predominating. We gloat over with our astral natures, a situation that is unpleasant to another; but for the time we forget him, and think only of our enjoyment at his expense. A tinge of malice does not interfere with our enjoyment. There is no lasting effect on our higher natures. The comic theme may be harmless but inane, or harmful buffoonery.

With wit, however, we seem to find more the mind body at work. Some one has defined wit as saying an unpleasant thing in a pleasant way, or an indelicate thing in a delicate way. Wit may stay at the purely lower mental level, or it may also utilize the astral nature. Wit sometimes may be almost impersonal, in bright repartee; or it may be malicious, keen as a dagger. Wit gives us a power to hurt with or to help.

When we come to humor, one thing is clearly marked in humor worthy of the name. And that is a certain sense of sympathy. We may smile, but there is half an understanding of the other side of the case, a vague sympathy with the victim even while we smile at him. The Buddhic element shines through in humor. That element will shine through a wit that is impersonal, of the higher and not the lower mind; it will reflect itself, too, through astral things that are refined and pure.

One writer has lately pointed out that it is the function of humor to uncover the truth that is buried in lies. The truth is already there. There is nothing humorous in showing a truth all know. It may be reiterated as buffoonery or tinged with malice as wit. But humor uncovers what we all might have seen had we looked in the right direction.

It is interesting to study the wit and humor of different temperaments and nations. Surely a monograph could be written comparing the evolutional value of the "irony" of the Greeks, the wit of the French, the humor of other nations.

In this regard "Wee MacGregor," by the same author as of this "Oh! Christina," is interesting. Wee MacGregor was a "body" that played on our sympathies, for the world of children is as full of tragedies and comedies as is our more complex and weighty world. Indeed, in MacGregor the author rose to a universality in his humor that removed barriers from even the ungainly Scotch dialect. "Oh! Christina" is less successful. It may excite our risibilities, but the divine sympathy will hardly respond. It is in fact more comic than humorous. But that does not mean that it will not be enjoyed keenly by some. Reverting to our own terminology, though it is astral, still it is pure astral, better by far to read than hundreds of jokes and tales that spoil the newspapers of this land.

But I still wonder how I shall pay my debt to Mark Twain in a future life. He and Colonel Olcott were great friends; perhaps this will bring him into the Society in his next life, and then I may be able to show him the humor that appertains to the higher realms!

C. J.

Quotations for The Changing World and Lectures to Theosophical Students. Fifteen Lectures delivered in London during May, June, and July, 1909, by Annie Besant. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society. 1909. $1.75 and postage.

I do not mean that we are not to continue spreading abroad more spiritual ideas, but that the work has been done so effectively already that it is almost passing into the hands of the religions themselves. The clergy are now preaching so much Theosophy that it hardly seems necessary to continue preaching the parts they have adopted. The Theosophical teaching as to the nature of the Christ in His birth in the human form, and His growth into Divine Manhood—how common a doctrine that is now within all the churches of the West. The fact of Reincarnation is also becoming more and more widely accepted—a doctrine no longer to be laughed at, but to be carefully argued over, and forming a part of the deepest thought of the Christian world. So that while we must still go on with that part of the work, there are other parts of our work now that we ought to be ready to take up. That religion of the future, which is to include all the religions as sects within itself, all of them going on into the future, but recognizing themselves as a Brotherhood, that is, to be the dominant religious thought of the great sixth Root Race, and in the sixth sub-race we shall find it spreading everywhere. Now, how mighty will be the advantage; because the moment all religions are seen to be branches of one stock, then each religion can share with others the specialty which it has been its duty to develop in the world. And nowadays, when the Christian goes to India, instead of trying to convert the Hindu, which he can never do, what he ought to do is to offer to share with him that great special characteristic of Christianity, the principle of self-sacrifice, and the helping of the weaker by the stronger—the dominant note of Christianity. It is the doctrine of the Cross, the emblem of self-sacrifice, of the coming down to the depressed in order to lift them, leading them up side by side with ourselves. That is the noblest thought of Christendom, typified in the mystic Christ.

* * *

"Those, roughly, then, are the conditions: meditation for the consciousness, purity for the evolution of the instrument. If you are willing to accept those conditions, then the path of the higher evolution opens before you, and according to your courage, your perseverance, and your ability will be the rapidity with which you can tread that path. The object before you should be the helping of others, the gaining of these powers in order that you may be more useful, not in order that you may be greater than your fellowmen. Of the purity of your motive there is only one test: are you using the powers you have now for the helping of your race? If you are not, then no profession that you will use the higher powers for good will be effective in bringing you help in their unfolding. I have met many a man, many a woman, who is anxious to be an invisible helper—that is, a worker on the astral plane—but I do not always find that those people are visible helpers as far as their present powers go. And I do not understand why people should want to go about in astral slums when they keep carefully away from the physical slums which are already within their reach. So far as you can go by your own power you have a right to go, but if you ask for help from those more highly developed—from the great Teachers of the race—then you have to bring in your hands the proof—and that proof is life, and not words—that as you are using well the latent you have you deserve to be helped in the gaining of others. There is the underlying meaning of those strange words ascribed to the Christ, that he who has much, to him shall be given. Those who have used well that which they have, those alone have claim to be helped in gaining more; for by their life they have shown that they do the best with what they possess, and that is the guarantee that with more they will utilize that also for the race. And so in the old rules of discipleship it was said that when the disciple

came to the Teacher he must bring with him in his hands the fuel for the fire; it was the fire of sacrifice, and the fuel was everything that the pupil possessed in mind, body, and estate; and he brought that in his hands as offering to the Teacher, and then alone was he accepted by the one who knew. And so in these days also that higher evolution, quickened by the power of the great Ones, can only be opened up to those who bring in their hands the fuel for the fire of sacrifice; you must be willing to give up everything you have, and own nothing, material or immaterial; you must hold everything you have and everything you are at the service of the great One from whom you ask the gift of knowledge. When that is brought, the gift is never refused; when that door is thus knocked at it never remains closed. True it is that the gateway is narrow; true it is, now as of old, "Straight is the gate, narrow is the way, and few there be that find it." But the fewness does not depend on the grudging of the Teacher—it depends on the want of self-surrender by the disciple. Bring all you have and all you are, lay it at the feet of the Master of the Wisdom; He will open the gateway, He will gide you along the path. But dream not that words are heard in that high atmosphere where the Master lives and breathes; only high thoughts can reach Him, only noble acts can speak the thoughts you have conceived; for voice there is the life that is lived, and only the life that speaks of sacrifice can claim the teaching at His hands."

* * *

I tell you a truth when I say that not by the uprising of the miserable, but by the self-sacrifice of the comfortable will the future society be realized on earth.

* * *

In Ireland you have a strange mingling of the remains of the fourth sub-race of the fifth; a great deal of the Atlantean influence still exists, many of the tutelary deities of Ireland, the gods of the mountains, being largely they who mingled with Atlantean life and thought, and are still exercising their potent influences over the younger though still ancient Keltic subrace.

* * *

. . . What you profess does not make one scrap of difference. You do not believe unless you live what you say you believe. And if you believed it, you would know that no slander could wrong you, no injury hurt you, and that the words of the Christ on His way to His Passion were absolutely true: "You could do nothing at all against me except it were given you from above." That is the secret of the patience of the Christs; they know the Law, and therefore the recognition of duty, that is another of the great marks of the race that is to be. Every one of you who works that out now in life, who, in face of an apparent wrong, is calm and receptive, who takes an injustice as a debt that is paid and canceled, that man or woman is a candidate for the coming subrace, and for the Root Race that shall be gathered out of its midst.

* * *

Theosophy, in the first place, as its name implies, is the declaration that man as a spiritual being can directly know God, who is Spirit. It is the proclamation of the ancient Gnosis as against the agnosticism of the closing years of the nineteenth century. Secondly, it is a body of doctrines which we find explained, more or less perfectly and fully, in every great religion of the past as well as in every great religion of the present; a collection of teachings, spiritual in their nature, universal in their spread, endeavoring to guide man along the way to perfection, training him in life, illuminating him in the hour of death. It does not deal with any special rites, any special ceremonies, any special part of the teaching of religion which is not universal, which is not everywhere to be found. So far as those are concerned, the specialties of every religion, it studies them, it explains them, it shows the occult meanings which often lie behind the outer garment of ceremony, behind the ordinary rites of worship, behind the symbols that you find in every faith; but while it explains them, illuminating them, enforces their real value, it does not strive to persuade people to adopt one religion rather than another, but, instead of giving up their own religion for another, it counsels them to find in that religion the deep truths that all faiths have in common. Hence it endeavors, where religion is concerned, to bring peace instead of war, to make religion a healer rather than a divider, a peacemaker rather than a battle-cry among men. And in searching out these

essentials of every religion, and drawing these out and setting them before the minds of men, it justifies its claim to its name of the Ancient Wisdom, of that Divine Wisdom in which all the great religions have their root.

"Train yourself, in your ordinary thinking, to see, first, the good of a person or thing, and only afterwards allow yourself to see the weakness or evil." Then you will get all the good of your critical spirit, and be guarded against much harm. But if you see the bad side first, you are likely not to see the good side at all. These things test our members, and show whether we are fit to go along this great path or not—show whether we are so wedded to our own opinions that outside those we can see nothing good.

Let us pause for a moment and see what the word "superstition" means. I do not think I can give a better definition than my old one: "superstition is the taking of the non-essential as the essential." I think that you will find that that covers all the cases which you would call superstitions—a truth originally; but in every truth there are necessary and accessory parts. As the understanding of the truth is clouded, the accessories take on too large a value in the minds of people, until at last the accessory is everything and the essential nothing.

What is the future religion of humanity in this sense? It differs from all that have gone before. It is no longer an exclusive and separatist faith, but a recognition that in every religion the same truths are found; that there is only one true religion, the Divine Wisdom; and that every separate religion is true just so far as it incorporates the main teachings of that Divine Wisdom. The one supreme religion is the Knowledge of God; to that everything else is subsidary. Just in so far as any special religion puts within the reach of its followers the means for rising to that supreme knowledge, in so far is that religion worthy of its place.

Only step by step do you learn by experience to distinguish between the true and false, between the thought-forms created by yourself and the inhabitants of other worlds into which you are penetrating with half-opened eyes. But remember that distinguishing does not do away with the reality of the thought-form.

Your own thought-forms, which surround you when you first pass on to the astral plane are real forms in astral matter. They deceive you, yes, because they are your own creations, and only give back the things you are thinking about. They repeat to you your own thoughts, and there lies the element of danger. But you can only outgrow that by experience, exactly in the same way that the baby learns. Your are content that he shall learn by the very mistakes he makes. Why not be as philosophical about yourselves? You know that he will grow out of his ignorance by experience. So will you. Those who always want to be right are people who will never make Occultists. The Occultist must be ready to plunge forward, and possibly tumble into a bog, but be ready to go on again afterwards, learning by experience to understand.

There is another danger, one especially seen here—the dependence upon another. I have often been asked: "How can you develop independence and judgment if you are always trying to do the will of another, whom you call your Master? The answer is simple. You look to your master for direction, and He may point you to some work to be done. You take the work because He told you to do it. So far you are the obedient servant; but your judgment, your reason, all your thought-power, all your initiative, are taxed to the utmost in the achievement of the task. A sensible Occultist never goes running to his Master and asking, "How shall I do this?" He knows that is not the Master's work. The Master has done his part in saying "Do that." How you do it tests you, and brings out your strength and weakness. And the Master is far too wise to prevent your bringing out your strength and discovering your weakness by doing for you what He has told you to do. Hence the Occultist develops all his faculties in the attempt to do his Master's will. The two things work well together, and he does not become weak but strong in realizing that the Master is greater than he, and knows far better the plan of the work, while he himself, in carrying out his own portion of it, finds full employment for every faculty of brain and heart.

Children's Department

Conducted by Laleta, 4730 Malden St., Sheridan Park, Chicago.

THE MOON IS MY PLAYFELLOW.

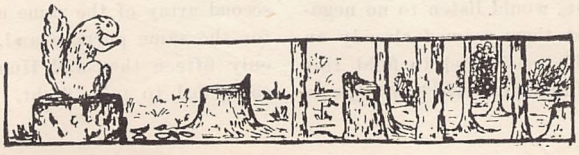
The moon is my playfellow—
Over the trees,
Through my window he'll peep,
And laugh as he sees
Me there fast asleep.
He'll call and he'll beckon,
With silver, white hand—
He'll dance with white footsteps
Along the wan strand—
Along the pale willow,
And call me to follow—
We'll dance and we'll sing and we'll play!

The moon is no bigger
Than just you or I—
Through my window he sees—
And laughs when I spy
The drove of white bees
He's sent to me humming,
To lure me along
The path of white diamonds
He's strewn with a song.
He's such an old singer!
We'll laugh and we'll dance and we'll play!

He's such a droll fellow—
Into the dells
Where the moonbeams are swept—
He makes silver wells,
Where the fairies are kept.
He'll call and he'll beckon
With white, silver lips,
To dance to his footsteps,
Along on the tips
Of his light—and the shadow—
Of his light—and the shadow—
But the glade is all shimmer and hollow!
We'll sing and we'll dance and we'll play!

I'd rather sail up through the willow—
Over the trees—
Along the wan path—
Behind the white bees—
Where the moon-urchins laugh—
And touch the white lips of the fellow.
He'll twink with his eye,
Where pigwidgeons dance,
And call me to try—
Along the dark shadow—
He's such a droll felley!
We'll dance and we'll sing and we'll play!

—Laleta.



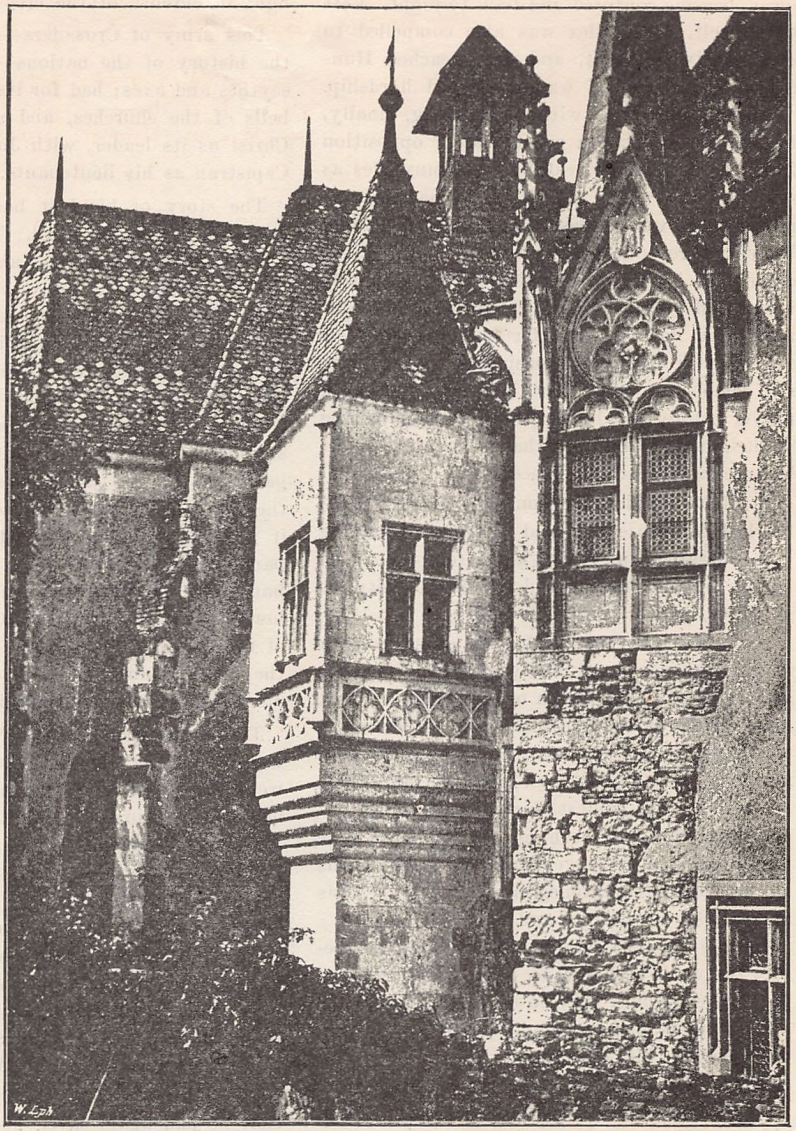
HUNGARY'S GREATEST HERO.

Modern minds are often loath to give due credit to a man of blood—for such Hunyiades was—and such are fast losing favor; but the Hungarian hero was so much more than simply a red-handed warrior, that we can even now pay homage to so great a man. Of his grandfather we do not even know the name; his father was a Wallach, a common soldier; and the place of his own birth is in doubt. But he was the greatest of Hungarian heroes, and to his son he left no less a heritage than the throne of his country.

In view of the fact that John Hunyiades' life fell in the aristocratic middle ages (1386-1456) this rapid elevation was almost a miracle and one that points to exceptional abilities. The circumstances in Europe at that time were also exceptional, and an exceptional man was needed to pilot the nations safely through them. The Mohammedans, with their war cry, "God and his Prophet," and with the one idea that Mohammed be proclaimed the apostle of God, were beating upon the bounds of Catholic Christendom. Hungary, standing first in their path, was the first to feel their assaults; and upon Hungary the Turks rushed like a sudden storm, burning, murdering, robbing, and carrying off into captivity, preferably those for whom they might obtain a rich ransom, or children whom they might bring up as Mohammedans and janissaries for their army.

Then began a long series of desolating inroads into Hungary. The Turks, thirsting only for war and conquest, would listen to no negotiation, and to resist them seemed already an impossibility. In this crisis and to fight this enemy came John Hunyiades. He had hitherto been attached to the court of Sigismund and in the king's train he had visited the countries of Western Europe, Germany, England and Italy. He had now nearly reached the age of sixty, but the fervent faith of his youth remained unshaken when he was ordered by the emperor to the south of Hungary to organize the resistance to the Turks.

Hunyaides was not a soldier of the modern, nor of the common type. In his heroic soul burned a faith equal to that which impelled the Mohammedan soldier and to it was united the tenacious energy of youth and a singular talent for leadership in war. As was to be supposed the nobility at first looked upon him with scorn because of his obscure origin and refused him their support; but of the lesser nobility and the immense forces which gathered from Transylvania, South Hungary, and the Great Hungarian plain, he soon became the idolized leader. A succession of victorious battles won for him among the Turks a reputation so great that his name was to them an object of terror. They were persuaded that were Hunyiades out of the way the rest of Hungary would be easily dealt with and the sole object of their battle was often to get him out of the way. On one occasion the Turkish sultan sent an army of 80,000 men into Transylvania with no other aim than to kill or capture Hunyiades. The attempt failed and twenty thousand Mohammedan corpses were left on the field to attest to the failure. A second army of the same number was sent out for the same purpose and, though opposed by only fifteen thousand Hungarians, were again compelled to take flight.



Naturally all of Europe was filled with joy at such successes. Christendom again breathed freely, feeling that Providence had raised up a champion for her cause. But Hunyiades was not content. He and his companions felt, with the people, that they were especially appointed to protect Europe against Ottoman aggression, and neither their patriotism nor their religious enthusiasm wavered. With careful consideration he planned to carry the war into the enemy's country. Through his exertions Vladislaus, the young king of Poland, had been elected king of Hungary, and by gaining the new king over to his plans, the cooperation of the aristocracy was secured. Hunyiades also counted upon the assistance of Europe, the Popes, Venice, the Poles, and the people of Christendom in general. Most of these expected reinforcements failed him but, nevertheless, he was so successful that the Turkish sultan sued for peace, a thing which had hitherto been deemed incredible.

The peace treaty gave back to Hungary the dependent South Slavonic provinces and apparently undid all that the Turks had accomplished in many years. But the sultan soon repented of his promise and neglected the fulfillment of it. Hunyiades hesitated to take up the war again but finally, considering that it was necessary, he entered into it with his whole heart. The first battle was really a success, but the young king Vladislaus was killed, and the Hungarians, shocked at the

sight of their king's head on the point of a spear, became confused and took to flight. Left to himself, Hunyiades was also compelled to seek safety in flight, and only reached Hungary after weeks of wandering and hardship.

The nation, left without a king, finally, though not without a great deal of opposition from the aristocracy, established Hunyiades as sole governor. By this time he had become possessed of vast riches on his own behalf, and his yearly revenue was employed wholly in the defense of his country. His sole object in life was the destruction of the Turkish power; he recognized no other use for money; and it is said that in the early morning, while his suite still slept, he was wont to spend hours in prayer before the altar in the church, imploring the help of the Almighty that his mission might be successfully accomplished.

In 1453 Ladislaus, son of King Albert, reached his majority, and Hunyiades, having first liberated the young king from his uncle, by force of arms, laid down his dignity as governor, in behalf of the king.

As needs must be in the life of so great a man, Hunyiades had many powerful enemies and many attempts, both openly and in secret, were made to murder him; but he bore the charmed life of a man who knows no such thing as fear and the most skilfully laid plans, as well as the boldest daring were alike unavailing. He knew nothing of, or at least gave no thought to, revenge; and when the clouds of war again threatened his country, he was at his post, as resolute and energetic as ever.

150,000 Turkish warriors were stationed before the walls of Belgrade, but the greatness of the danger seemed only to make Hunyiades the stronger and his sixty-eight years of age only to increase his forethought and mental resources. He sent John Capistran, an Italian Franciscan, a man animated by a burning zeal akin to his own, to preach a crusade against the enemies of Christendom, in the towns and villages of the greater Hungarian plain. This Capistran did to such effect that in a few weeks he had collected 60,000 men ready to fight in defense of the cross.

This army of Crusaders—it was the last in the history of the nations—armed itself with scythes and axes; had for its gathering cry the bells of the churches, and acknowledged only Christ as its leader, with John Hunyiades and Capistran as his lieutenants.

The story of his last battle is almost too dreadful to give in detail. The resolution and ability on each side was about equal, though the numbers were not. Finally Hunyiades, with a strategem unsurpassed in history, allowed the janissaries, the picked troops of the enemy, to penetrate within the fortification. Then, when ten thousand had swarmed into the place he ordered fagots soaked in pitch and sulphur to be flung into their midst. The loose garments of the janissaries caught fire, and the whole body was soon a sea of flames. "Then it was that Hunyiades sailed out with his picked band, while Capistran with a tall cross in his hand and the cry of 'Jesus' on his lips followed with his crowd of fanatics; the cannon of the fortress played upon the Turkish camp; the Sultan himself was wounded and swept along by the stream of fugitives."

The battle was won. Forty thousand Turks were left dead upon the field; four thousand were taken prisoners, and three thousand cannon were captured. In all the important cities of Europe Te Deums were sung at the news of the important victory, and the Pope wished to bestow upon Hunyiades, in compliment, a crown. But, as though his task and his life were one, he lay down the one, just as he finished the other. The vast number of unburied and imperfectly buried bodies gave rise to an epidemic in the Christian camp, and of this Hunyiades died, in August, 1456. His death was made glorious by the knowledge that he had again saved his country from imminent ruin, by the consciousness that he had fulfilled his mission, and by the adoration of his followers.