

The Theosophic Messenger

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No. 6.

THE WHITE LOTUS

A MASQUE

Sensa.....A boy, beginning temple life.
Mother.
Seboua.....A Priest.
Agmahd.....A Priest.
Helper.....An astral visitor.
Nuncius.....A fairy.

Place: The city of Karnak.

Time: Four thousand years before Christ.

TO ANCIENT EGYPT

*Egypt of the time of old, oft have I felt thy life mine own
As I had lived before, thy child! What brings this thought?
All ancient human things suggest thee and Atlantis,
Thy parent, now buried 'neath the Ocean's flood!*

*Thy tombs, the relics of thy strange majestic worship
Those temples on thy loved river's banks which partly stand
Mute records of thy glory and thy love of God,
Fill modern hearts with deepest reverence.*

*How over thy interminable plains wandered thy rich caravans,
Long ago, hoary Egypt! Seas of sand, islands of green,
Worn, weary, ancient mountains and the curious Nile
Made up thy land, gave us in life experiences bizarre!*

*Black neighbors dwelling in the South, yellow in the East
Or brown, of manners at variance with thine own
Were conquered, filling thy slave-pens with human goods,
Or drove thee, grimly wrathful, from their borders back across thy sands!*

*How did thy happy people, orderly, obedient,
Regard thy kings, thy culture, priests, dream life away?
Docile was their spirit, pastoral their tendency,
Ponderous and weird their thought, costumes, architecture!*

THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER

*Thy records stand, thy monuments, old Egypt, almost imperishable!
Like some withered being that will not die thou art!
'Mid those heavy temple columns, solemn pyramids and graceful obelisks
To have wandered was rich life, valued experience.*

*Egypt of old, thy days completed are and gone!
Thy grace is of the past. We rise again
To live anew 'neath other skies. But thy odd life, methinks,
Will scarce return, thy sleeping genius scarce awake again!*

Boatmen's Song. (Prelude.)

I, the ferry man!

*When summer droughts are here, water's low!
Easy the passage of the Nile; peace has the traveler!
When overflow is here, with bottoms buried deep
Hard must I pull my heavy boat to earn my bread!
I, the ferry man!*

I, the row-boat man!

*In, about, around and out, among the heavy boats,
I row my easy craft! Sometimes I fish,
Sometimes I hoist a tiny sail! And then again
For ladies fair in quiet nooks I seek the lotus blossoms!
I, the row-boat man!*

Mine the heavy sail-boat!

*With heavy three-point sail outspread
With dhurra grass or goods from caravans,
My curious boat I steer o'er flood or ebb
Of Nile's wide waters! Storms cannot give me fear!
Mine the heavy sail-boat!*

Styx' murky flood,

*'Tween life's shore and heaven's bourne, a river flows—
Across its acrid waters we are borne
In Charon's bark. Be sure you bear upon your palm
The boatman's fee! If dark the water, bright that shore!
Sure boatman thou, O Charon.*

Act I.

NUNCIUS.

*They know not I'm here, I'm forbade
To do this thing. Nuncius am I of fairy court.
Of such a longing is my heart
All forbidden to impart
I will not be denied!
All secret thoughts and deeds supplied
I seek about to tell them!
Now I'll describe what you see not!
This is Karnak's temple wall, of hollow sound! (Taps on wall)
It should be hard and solid like the cliff-side.
Strange, in our world if we but thought 'twere
So-and-so 'twould be that way, at once,*

*But here 'tis not! I'll tell them of it
 When I'm home again. But now
 Comes a sad, brave mother. I can
 See her foolish human heart is
 Broken quite! What does it mean
 That men should suffer and fair grovel
 In their pain? Heigh-ho, 'tis tiresome but 'tis so!
 Now I would just not see or think it so
 And then 'twould not be of pain or woe!
 The tired mother and the trotting boy
 Have traveled many a mile. Their home
 I visit in a trice. I think I'm there
 And then, I'm there! There's nothing nice
 In all the world but thinking makes it so!
 I'm almost tempted now to think I'll go!
 But I'll tell you ere I do, though
 Sweetly I'm forbade! She brings the boy
 To leave him in the temple with the priests!
 She suffers. What's pain? I fain would know!
 I'll go to old Seboua's garden till they come.
 The lilies there are drooping just a bit.
 I'll raise their heads! They're foolish things!
 Then back I'll come and listen.
 The boy I'll 'ware! He sees! The mother's blind.
 Most mothers are! They come. I'm gone!*

(Exit.)

SCENE.—A shepherd's wife and son; the latter about to enter the Temple Gate.

They sit upon wayside stones to talk.
 MOTHER.
*My son, take seat with me and rest
 And talk with me once more of this
 Thy resolution fixed to pass
 The temple's mighty pylon, leaving thy home
 Amid the desert hills, the flock which thou hast loved
 And thy parents' gentle care—and join with those
 Who swing the heavy censers, chant sweet hymns,
 Tend and feed with sacred oily smelling herbs,
 The consecrated fires upon the carven altar slabs,
 Or aid the heavy-bearded priests to hold their garments,
 Stiff with massive, beaten gold,
 And all embroidered with glittering gems.
 Do these things draw thee on that thou must
 Leave forever thy quaint home amid the rocks,
 The wild flowers thou hast loved, the young gazelle
 Thy father lately caught for thee, the she-camel
 He hath given thee for thy very own to start an herd?
 And what of thy cousin, there across the little vale,
 She'll miss thee sorely and the boys thy playmates!
 And then, when thou startest suddenly in the night
 And strange dreams come and visions torture thee,
 Who light-clad shall hurry in bare feet to thee and give that comfort*

THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER

Which thy tender heart doth crave far more than life?

SON.

*Mother, She will not be denied! Her call
Is irresistible. Not the temple's yawning
Gate, the tones of heavy-pealing bells,
The chanted hymn, magnificent ceremonial,
Not the power to sway men's hearts
And minds with easy eloquence to do
A bidding not their own nor magic spells
That bring strange specters saying sooth of other times
Can cause me to forget my childhood
And my parents fostering tender care or leave
The simple life with home and many happy loves.
'Tis She that will not be denied,
The Lady of the Lotus Flower!
She whispers to me that I am no boy but man,
That I have lived full many a life before,
Using bodies of many types and climes!
Often have you and I in other times
Lived close-linked by love's bands of steel
Traveling with grief or fortune's smiles
Along the well-trodden ways of men. Now Fate calls!
I must go, must leave the easy, happy way for Her
And seek out for me, for thee, for him, for her,
The narrow, holy Path that leads to God!
Then thou shalt follow me and thy renouncement
Made this day shall be writ' in Heaven's records.
And, ere long, thy duties done in this fair form I love,
Thou, too, shalt come, in other form, to tread that way
That leads men on at swifter pace to God.
Now, Mother, Comrade, my brave Brother,
Bless me ere my heart grow faint,
Ere resolution fail and I fall back
To be again no man but that small boy
I fain would be—thy child—but may not be!*

MOTHER.

*My son, mine only son, thee give I unto God,
The God of Mercy and of Love,
To learn the way to Him if haply
Thou mayst find and tread it, teach it then
To others. To thyself I give thee that thou
Mayst feel that thou in this body and this time
Hast had thy chance nor been denied
In any smallest way thy will to serve the Lord.
Once more, my child, my heart, remember,
Dear, oh remember, Sin dwells in
Those mighty walls, not righteousness
Alone. Beware her smooth approach, her
Oily words, her easy ways. Think then
When she approaches of Mother, of the
Lotus Lady thou hast seen at the pool.
Oh, son, beware, and think of sacred things,*

*Seek out the pure, the humble, learn of them
 Wise counsels. Remember, too, the great feast-day, Horus' Birth,
 'Tis not far off! then I'll come to thee.
 Now I shall live but by waiting
 Till that time, waiting, longing.
 Who lives not so, ever seeking, searching
 That which he has not but will have!
 Ye Gods, your ways we know not, yet
 We feel your love, your equal pressing
 On us all, your making for that
 Perfect day of sweet eternal peace!
 Now, Sensa, go, put to the test the
 Prowess of thy soul and, perhaps, it may be given
 By the Lady or by Her servants bright
 That we may sleep yet wake while sleeping
 And work together, then next morn remember
 All that chanced in that loved fairy-land. (Knocks.)*

SENSA. *Mother, I cannot, will not leave thee!*

MOTHER. *Quick, the door opens! The black slave! Enter!
 (Door closes, She falls fainting. Quick curtain.)*

ACT II

Lotus Song. (Interlude.)

*Where spring-floods overflow, where waters rich accumulate,
 There no current stirs thy buds, thy leaves spread out immaculate,
 Through cooling deeps thy stems reach down to thy strong bulb.
 Reflected is rare Egypt's sky in thy petals fair!
 O Lotus blue of the Nile!*

*Brilliant as the leopard's skin, gorgeous is thy coloring!
 There where Sun-God straight o'erhead stands at noon
 Is thy home, thy native land!
 Tropics flower art thou, God's dainty pictured thing,
 Gorgeous golden Lotus.*

*Brilliant as the evening sky glow thy purple flowers,
 Wide their petals spread abroad, lazy floating on the wave!
 Thick thy stems, huge thy leaves, life's rich flowering,
 Heart's desire thou dost suggest, thou radiant thing,
 O purple Lotus, bold!*

*In clearest pools, 'mid garden scenes,
 Where temple walls sometimes protecting shade cast down
 Spread thy appealing leaves, O richest, fairest flower,
 Joy of Chemi's sons, sacred symbol of the soul,
 Rare white Lotus of the Nile.*

NUNCIUS. *Within this court, surrounded by grim temple walls
 Mighty of thickness flows this grateful fountain,
 Stands this pool of pearly water. How I love*

THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER

*To come here daily as do all air-sprites
 To cheer those lotus flowers whose hearts are sad.
 Perhaps they need some heavenly balm
 We know grows far away. We fetch it!
 We know well the needs of flowers. Seboua,
 Ancient gardener, is so strange! We scarce
 Know why he's sad always except just when,
 Raising a rose or lotus up he looks into its heart
 And seems to feel some peace steal in upon him,
 Some cheer prolong his life and sweet
 Gentle ministrations aid. We never come when
 Agmahd's here. He and his train are dark;
 They use the people for their own vile
 Purposes, I'm told. Strange world. What luck
 That I may serve the Law; yet be a Puck!*

(Exit.)

SEBOUA. *Sensa, 'tis now some weeks thou hast been here;
 The temple duties of the boy thou knowest,
 Canst hold the censer, light the sacred altar fires,
 Lift the priests' robes, attend upon the ceremonies
 And, too, canst rarely sing the ancient hymns.
 Tell me why thou 'rt sad, disconsolate.
 Why dost thou not more consort
 With the other temple boys in talk and play?*

SENSA. *Thou knowest, Seboua, how my heart is torn
 With suffering in this temple. Save thee
 None here serves God alone thinking
 To cheer and aid His creatures.
 Themselves alone they serve. Dark forms
 I see hovering in the shadows
 Even near the altars—no wholesome things!
 What thinkst thou these can be? In my mountain home
 Beautiful forms I saw near always.
 About the house itself came child-like sprites
 To cheer with happy nods and sweetest smiles.
 On hill-tops wild they oft appeared, tall, patient,
 Gentle things, watchful, with wide eyes sensitive as those of does;
 Like eight-foot men they'd stand, all green or yellow, robed
 With graceful flowing garments reaching earth.
 Low-flying clouds sometimes bear most dainty forms
 Of air-fairies, in feminine draperies;
 But near the quiet pools in mountain-hollows
 Saw I the fairest forms, most human,
 God-like in mien, gentle, tender, watchful
 But most friendly. If one sat still and talked
 To them in his heart and silent mind, then
 Would they speak back replying in happy
 Feelings without words, unspoken invitations
 To join with them in play or bathe
 In waters clear about the heavy lily-pads*

Or dive about their roots. Of course this play
 Was all in sleep, my body lying there
 Upon the grassy bank watched carefully
 By one of them. Sometimes they spoke
 In words about their world, their friends
 The birds and animals. There, Seboua, I oft
 Was most happy. Here, 'tis only when
 I'm by this pool I sometimes feel an influence
 Like those I then knew well. And, then, one day, as I lay here
 Half sleeping, came the Lotus Lady of my early dreams.
 Quite clearly did I see her. Plainly
 Heard I all her words and I remember well
 What she said to me. Not sleeping, yet my body
 Lightly lying here I gently rose and sat upon
 The brink gazing at yon gorgeous blossom white
 When suddenly there grew around it and
 A lady—O, so fair! Such dignity,
 Rose up from it a vision of supernal beauty,
 Such queenly majesty, such tender gentleness
 Shone from her face, worship only could I give
 And such swift love as babes reflect into their mothers' eyes.
 O Seboua! Would you might have seen that vision!
 You shall, if she'll but heed me when I see her next!

SEBOUA.

Boy, do not give me such pain as this. I'm blind
 To all such things. Since childhood have I longed to see
 With cloudless vision what lies all about us
 In higher realms of life and thought. Much do I feel
 Of all that haps about us. But to see—that is denied!
 Sensa, forgive that I did interrupt, go on, pray, child,
 What did she say, what message give for our sad kin?
 Well know I who is she—the Lotus Lady fair—
 The watchful Goddess, taking such form to charm our hearts
 And aid us to feel her fostering care! Thee she's chosen
 To send us in our night of dark ambition,
 Hatred black and sacrifice to lust of power
 The erstwhile happy children of the Nile, staunch worshippers of Horus.

SENSA.

She bade me think of her in all dark times,
 Draw from that thought strength, hope and peace
 In which to work and wait for that sweet hour
 When service shall be purer and perhaps again
 Egypt's happiness in God's worship be restored.
 This temple now is so defiled with Agmahd's selfishness
 And strife for power that no fair flow
 Of grace may leave these walls but only
 Dark and sensuous forms spread out
 Upon the land and lend their baneful aid
 To swell the universal horror lying o'er the land
 Like a great mantle of grief and wrath.
 Perhaps if I can serve as She would have me serve

THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER

*There yet may come happy changes that will bring
To all our land the aid she sorely needs.
More I scarce know to tell. She made me feel
Far more than I can say. I am but a child.*

SEBOUA.

*Remember well her words. Boy, thou hast
The open eyes, that strange gift of gazing
Into the dark night of times long past,
Of peering into future ages, seeing there
The happiness and peace of men restored.
Now thou wilt feel and suffer much
Of what takes place in these dread walls.
Come here to me when e'er thou canst.
I'll aid thee as I may, telling thee
About the past and the plans the Gods have made
To aid fair Egypt's people.
Thou has such a chance to aid mankind
As few can have, dear boy.
Strive to remember Her always.*

(Curtain.)

ACT III

Chant of the Priests.

(Interlude.)

*Long is the way, from far we've come,
Man's journey's long!
Happy is that voyaging, sweet the dear companions' love!
Dangers, sorrows have we passed, life's lessons learning daily.
Beautiful God's way!*

*Solemn our ritual, yet the service happy!
Love we our Gods!
Hierophants lead us in our joyous call
For angels' aid, the harbingers of peace,
Come, devas! Aid!*

*Hark, mayst hear and feel whirring of their wings,
Telling their approach! Solemn awe fills every heart!
We see them not, yet know they're here, all about!
Messengers of God!*

NUNCIUS.

*This is a wide barge
By Nile's water side.
Up and down she rocks
Now and then though lashed to land.
There the wide waters lie
Dark save for star-light
And the flickering torches bright
Of half Egypt's folk
Gathered here at Agmahd's word.*

Soon from yonder temple door
 Their solemn file shall pour
 And 'neath glare of sacred lamps
 Here they will stand.
 Myriad souls are gathered,
 Myriad angels fill the air.
 Evil spirits skulk about.
 Solemn eyes of devas wise,
 Wondering, look upon this scene
 Knowing scarce if Goddess dark
 This hour shall win
 And steal the hearts of Chemi's men
 Or if the fair Lotus Goddess
 Shall be wooed by saving love
 From her far mountain home.
 Wise men shall shudder,
 Women feel in their hearts that woe or weal
 Now shall be tried.
 Who shall this strange thing decide?
 We who see both dark and bright
 Angels flying in this light
 Dread to hear which side he'll choose.
 If he recalls the Lady's word
 Egypt's sons will hear her chide
 Note her firm command to hearken
 To those old ways and wise charges
 Long ago she gave them on such barges
 And within the temple's veiled hall.
 Quiet words She'll speak; wise, simple things She'll say.
 But if that dark astral Goddess speak
 She will talk, with fulsome promise,
 Of the things that shall be done in her name.
 Then will men and women shout with mad joy!
 But here they come! I'll stand aside.

AGMAHD.

Tonight, Sensa, is the hour of our great triumph,
 Tonight shalt thou speak to these our people.
 Now, shalt thou tell how each shall be
 Blessed beyond his dreams and gain what he holds dear
 Of life, of goods, of chattels, crops;
 How each may easily pursue his way
 'Mid happy, easy scenes of joy and light.
 Tell them what thou canst see! The moon
 And stars are set aright for us!—
 All is propitious! No influence but does point
 To full success in this our plan to rule
 This nation, to give laws, to exploit her policies
 And set war-ships once more upon the tide, armies afield
 That wealth and power may flow more strongly
 To her worthy shores now long accursed
 With the half indolence or the driveling weakness

Of her effeminate Pharaohs. But let us once,
 Her wise priests, control her fortunes and we'll show
 What magic spells, what power of thought
 Can do for men to bring to all prosperity.
 Now, Sensa, take seat upon this ancient slab of stone
 Long since dropped hotly from some star
 A mighty portent of strange meaning for all men—
 Sit here and, dreaming, think of those fair forms that swing
 Before our eyes, though we see not, but you
 Whose eyes are opened, you will see and
 She whom we would serve, she'll come and cast
 Over them a mighty spell; these thousands
 Then shall feel her presence, many
 Shall see and fair flowers and bright favors
 Shall seem to fall on them. Sweet music shall they inly hear
 And each shall have his desire, each possess his fancy fair!
 Now play soft music, let the censers swing!
 Appeal, then, Sensa, to the goddess fair; invoke!

SENSA.

Agmahd, scarce do I feel the influence
 Of her presence. She comes—but slowly—
 What resistance does she overcome
 Here in my heart? I wonder what my mother does—
 If she is here or if she feels the strain
 'Neath which I have lived so long, 'neath which
 I now am bowing! Child, swing your censer
 Slowly, more slowly and in wider curves.
 There! (sighs) In that smoke I see faintly
 Forming, her stern, dread face! She speaks!
 'Neath her carven features, I see the mocking skull!
 Silent she stands now, but 'gins to swing
 From side to side a little and to speak.
 She says, "Tell my children, tell them well
 My promises, my will. Great Agmahd and his aids
 Have wrought well in these years of service. See
 How now the temple stands glorified in men's eyes,
 How all look to her and me, how all obey
 The words of Agmahd spoken from me and carry out
 My plans for Egypt's weal! All men have had, shall have
 Their need supplied, all shall see what power will do
 What foresight is that makes the nations' fortunes sure.
 Tell them, Sensa, that victory shall be theirs in holy wars;
 That wealth shall come to them in streams,
 That watchful guardians of the season's turns
 Shall guide the husbandmen, shall aid all managers
 Of flocks. Caravans shall swiftly move across the desert drear
 Without the loss of precious freight.
 Children shall multiply upon the land, your population
 Grow and great increase of happiness shall be yours.
 Look to them well, Sensa. Speak of these things
 In lingering terms. Each man shall have his heart's desire;

*Each man shall have his will; each woman home
And dear possessions all about! Speak, Sensa!"*

(More and more faintly.)

*Now has the goddess veiled her face in filmy clouds.
Now does her form grow dim. But, Men of Egypt, see
How she will shower her blessings bright upon you,
Think how she'll order for us all good things!*

(Sinks lethargic on the meteorite.)

NUNCIUS.

*See how Sensa sinks down upon the stone!
See how anxiously the attendants stare!
The people stand aghast! But Agmahd shows
'Tis but a sort of spell well-known;
It comes to temple seers. Now the crowd
Murmurs. Now all feel her mighty
Charm o'erspread their hearts and minds.
They think she's spoken true. Now whispers she
To each one in his own lower consciousness.
"Desire, thy will, shalt thou have," she says.
They dream, they babble of all sweets.
She tells them each shall have his craving
Satisfied, shall feel his nature grow,
His powers expand and each be blessed.
Now the murmur grows, soon a shout arise.
I wonder how each feels in inmost heart!*

AGMADH.

*See, ye people, think of all that she has said.
No heart's desire shall be unfed. She'll succor us
In all our works. Give heed to each command!*

SENSA.

(Arises tottering.)

*'Twas strange I spoke most of material good for Egypt!
Some influence malign has long possessed me—
'Twas that dark goddess of the Illusion-world.
Now more light comes upon that inner field of life
Where man truly dwells in inward being.
Now, I begin slowly to feel that swift whirring
Of the insistent presence—of that supernal Being
Who, dwelling in high places, guards the Wisdom Ancient.
Come, Lotus Lady Fair, whisper, if I may hear Thy voice,
Breathe gently as Thou wilt, so I but hear.
What is Thy lofty will for Thy children!
How different from that heavy charm this dainty spell!
How exquisite, her subtle influence! Easily might one thrust her out!
Yet while she's here high wisdom does she speak!
Sooth says she, bids me tell you her commands!
People! To you directly would she speak, pause, feel in your hearts
What is the deeper hidden truth! Do your consciences approve
All or part of what's been said by me
For that dark goddess whom, these many years,
Agmahd has served! Do you not feel the futility,*

THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER

*The childish vanity of her small fair promises?
 Think, feel, that Egypt, now leads the world's worship of the Most High
 Since ocean's floods o'erswept the plains and hills
 Of fair Atlantis where once God's Wisdom ruled through Kings
 Of His own Sons' appointing. There knowledge spread,
 There all fair benefits, most wide outpoured, first gave
 The people ease of life and opportunity to think and feel
 What is Man's essence, what the soul, and what
 Its life, its origin and its glorious traveling
 Onward to knowledge and experience beyond the bar
 Of our small outer senses! Base venal priests
 Seeking their own lower real, misused their powers transcendent!
 Centuries rolled by in dark abasement till at last
 A saving remnant of the Bright Goddess' priesthood
 Sought Egypt's shores, made fair approach
 For our forefathers' families who laid
 In wisdom's strength the clean foundation of a nation blest.
 Meantime Atlantis, doomed by her own selfishness,
 Was sunk beneath the seas.
 Long did our Lotus lady give commands for her abstemious sons.
 But luxury begins to engage the people's thoughts.
 Well is it that time be given by ease for men
 To think of science, Nature, God and that high path
 That leads to Him! But now proud Agmahd and his haughty priests
 Serving the forces of the selfish Left, disdain
 Philosophy, the knowledge of God's wisdom and the slow tutoring
 Of His people in the simple ways of grace, of charity,
 Of worship. Men, women of Egypt, She charges you
 Arise, throw off the burden of venal priestcraft!
 Pull from the altar bars these seekers of the lower self!
 Cleanse well your sanctuaries! Leave naught unclean!
 Restore the Ancient Wisdom's priests, small remnant
 You will find! Let them control! And remember
 The truths equal, sacred, old, that God
 Is, and He is good, that each man shapes his own destiny
 And that there is prepared for us a future bright,
 So none may dream of its effulgent glory!
 Returning to your homes, write these things down
 On brazen tablets that your descendants may not lack
 The truth at any time in form of words, though
 They shall find it in their own hearts' depths.*

(Curtain.)

 ACT IV.

Altar Song.

*Swing, censers, swing!
 Balmy odors rising weave wreaths all above,
 Pass to elementals, call fair devas hither,
 Aid in breaking boundaries set towards fairy world!
 Swing, censers, swing!*

*Ye bronzen altars burnished
 Bear great burdens of pure flowers, fresh prepared,
 Heavy lilies, fair acanthus! Roses red and white,
 Banks of wild flowers everywhere! Dainty vines climb your sides
 Fair altars jewelled!*

*Come spirits fair and pure!
 From mountain crags and glades come down!
 From fountains cool, lakes, streams and oceans vast!
 From airy heights, from swift consuming fiery furnaces!
 Come all angels good and true!*

*Speak, Goddess, tell, disclose!
 Guardian of high heaven's record, tell us truth!
 Tell how our fathers are beyond the tomb's embracing!
 What shall be of weal or woe for Egypt's folk
 Call, enquire, reveal!*

NUNCIUS. *Now comes this sad enactment soon to end.
 Sensa's mother will appear before the temple's gate,
 A helper in the world "invisible" you'll see.
 For you shall have the gift of higher sight
 To view what happens in both worlds.
 By this gate I'll stand and watch what falls
 To tell if need be what doth hap within.
 (Enter Helper.)*

HELPER. *Each night we're sent on missions rare,
 Messages to carry, the distressed to aid,
 Men, women, children are we, as you know.
 Asleep our bodies but we are wide awake, indeed.
 With His power, and in His name we go about
 Doing good. Tonight, a task is given me
 So sad, so difficult! But He's so strong,
 So dear, so human and so god-like!
 If I begin to faint a tiny bit He'll come
 And lift the burden from me! So I'm here!
 Sensa, the young priest, has had a strange career.
 Entering the temple years ago, he found within
 Its mighty, prison-like walls, no love
 For pure, unselfish worship at the shrine
 Of our Lotus Lady Fair; the aged gardener
 Seboua stood alone, his silent heart weeping
 At the things he saw enacted, 'gainst Her will,
 She, retiring from the astral shrine, waited for their hearts
 And minds to turn to thoughts of pure devotion.
 Agmahd seeking power o'er Egypt fair
 Gave to the dark Goddess all his wealth
 Of higher self; gave o'er his love of purity,
 Sold all his priests and acolytes for lower gain,*

THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER

Teaching them the way to gratify their passions gross
 That he and his dark astral queen
 Might gain control of them and wield great power.
 Sensa's clear sight and hearing Agmahd knew,
 All arts he used to draw away this youth
 From virtue's way. At last he yielded
 Left the holy fane and tarried in the city
 Many a day. But She, bright Goddess,
 Knew to touch his tender heart in many a way,
 At last, though conscience brought him here again, he came
 'Neath Agmahd's magic! Last night it was
 The famous feast, great portents fell.
 Agmahd planned huge feasts and celebrations.
 Sensa should give the word from Agmahd's dark goddess.
 This he did, but ere he'd finished a great change
 Came o'er him. Deep in his heart he felt the call
 Of that Lotus Lady Fair. He knew Her will,
 Then changed his speech, altered his very look.
 He spoke of Her and Her great plan
 For Egypt's future weal. Awe'd were the people.
 Surprise turned cold their hearts. The new prospect
 (Enter Mother. Helper sees her but goes on.)
 Saddened them at once. Yet loud outcries grew!
 At last a great acclaim showed how they inly felt.
 Agmahd, stern, implacable, deeply wroth at heart
 Seeks now revenge. He'll compass Sensa's death!

MOTHER.

Sensa is it who shall die? My son?

HELPER.

Thy son shall lose his body, true, but wait!
 The Goddess, Lotus Lady, She shall care for him.
 Those great Adepts who for long centuries
 Have guarded Egypt's higher life
 Will save him by Her grace for wondrous things.
 Sensa's coming hither. Wearied with the struggle
 For his life he seeks to breathe a purer air;
 Now come throngs of people to save him. I've called them
 In their hearts, telling them the danger for the youthful priest.

SENSA.

(Tottering) Mother, art thou here? What brings thee?
 They've sought to take my life. I'm wounded here a trifle!
 Mother, this moment I shall have with thee, again,
 (She supports him. He partly leans against the wall.)
 My love and deep respect for thee have never failed.
 Well, thou knowest it. My thoughts have gone
 To thee in streams continually. No wrong-doing
 Has kept me from thinking of thee always
 Within my heart where lies the well-spring
 Of our deepest, holiest desire that shall at last
 Bring all upon the way. That strong motive,
 That deep-seeded plant is of God's growing!

Whence came I? Whither do I tend? Mother,
 Thou art the symbol of the Earth, of one phase
 Of the creative power. From thee I sprang, O worthy!
 But thou hast taught me to look forward, too
 Toward indivisible union with the One
 From whom all came, toward Whom all go!
 In one moment they will come for me!
 Boldly, I shall tell them of the truth,
 That the White Lotus Lady would have them worship Her.
 The dark goddess, terrible, will ruin them,
 Their country, and all her devotees!
 Mother, thee I love with an affection that shall endure
 Through all returns of life to bodies!
 Thee, dear soul, I'll draw next with me, on the Way
 If I shall find It first. Then shall our love
 Be of eternity. They call! Farewell!
 (The helper comforts the mother.)

NUNCIUS. He's gone within! She's almost swooning
 With the horror and the grief of life
 And his approaching death which she can feel;
 She may not follow him. The people come!
 Great crowds would rescue him. They know,
 Now 'tis too late, that he presents
 For Her, the Lady White, the vision true
 And prophecy sublime of wise and pure development
 For Egypt and her sons! Agmahd and his priests
 May be destroyed in that madness born of passions
 Raised by their dark goddess of desire!

MOTHER. (Very slowly speaks at intervals,
 seeming to be clairvoyantly watching the struggle.)
 Help me! What is this? I see with vision clear!
 The priests are killing him! The crowd by force
 Entering by a side gate attacks the priests!
 Sensa! They've killed—(staggers, rises)—thy body—
 But thy soul they have not killed!
 Triumphant in Her strength he stands!
 She floating in the air holds him with Her will!
 Some rare great fate of privilege to serve
 Awaits my son! Her will be done!
 (Falls exhausted. Helper aids.)

NUNCIUS. Her higher vision failed or she would see
 That now Sensa enters the pure body of his friend
 That young priest who, full of vile desire,
 Yet broke not the letter of the law,
 Struck down he leaves the body in swift flight,
 Now, Agmahd dies! His strong dark soul
 Like bird of prey puts forth to distant quests.
 The mother may not know what body Sensa has,

THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER

*She shall not know but feel always the worthiness
Of his sacrifice! She shall have the calm
That comes to those who join the Self with God!
She shall feel his spirit here. 'Ware shall she be
Of his holy joys. In patient, lowly service
Will she wait till comes her time
To join the Band with him, of those Sons
Of the Most High, Those Mighty Ones, whose joy it is to serve!
(Invisible Choir sings Anthem.)*

ANTHEM.

I.

*In all hearts glows
Some spark of life divine. Seek ye that fire!
Deep in the heart it lies—fire of love's sacrifice.
Oft hidden by man's ignorance 'neath earthly joys.
Christ in all hearts!*

II.

*Servant of God's love,
Sensa, shalt ever be. Christ now is born in thee!
Brothers stood all about as Thou wert slain,
Brothers of the holy Grail, born long ago.
Seek Christ within!*

III.

*All men shall seek Christ!
First see they Him far off in ancient times,
Seek for surcease of sorrow, kneel at His feet.
Sacrifice shalt offer Him of thy heart's fire!
Christ born within!*

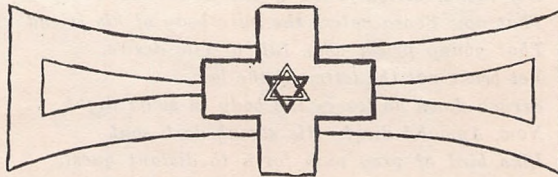
IV.

*Joy in Christ's service
Shall all men find! Peace sacred shall they know
In the Universal Law, tending God's altar fires!
New joys forever Master gives without. In God's image
Christ grows within.*

(Curtain.)

FINIS.

WELLER VAN HOOK.



A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Benares City, January 11, 1910.

Dear Friends: The new cycle of life opens for the world today with the strange planetary conjunction to which our good brother, G. E. Sutcliffe, drew attention in this month's Theosophist. These rare conjunctions ever pre-
sage great events, and whatever may be the troubles through which the world may have to pass, none the less has the cry gone forth, "Lift up your heads, for the day of your redemption draweth nigh." It may well be that some convulsions will accompany the beginning of the new era, but when the end is sure, these need not disturb the heart. As the old Hebrew singer has it: "The Lord sitteth above the water-floods," and though the torrents may surge wildly, and fling high their foam, the vessel of Manu, the Ark of Safety, will none the less be steered safely to its appointed haven.

The Theosophical Anniversary of 1910 was a remarkable one; no less than 600 delegates signed their names in the Sectional Register as attending, and an unusually large number of members from outside India bore witness to the cosmopolitan character of the Society. They added their voices to the written testimony of the reports from all parts of the world, re-echoing the glad cry: "All is well." It was not only the numbers—equaling those of last year, which was itself a record—which made the Anniversary remarkable. It was the sense of joy and peace, the perfect harmony, the feeling of an over-arching Presence, beneath whose blessed shadow all felt a benediction.

The Convention lectures, given by Babu Bhagavan Das, proved to be a rare combination of deep learning and felicitous phrasing. Readers all over the world will enjoy seeing how the wisdom of our fifth Race Lawgiver might be applied to the solution of the problems that harass the minds of His children today. They will probably be applied perfectly only in the seventh sub-race of our fifth Race, its culmination in evolution. My own two lectures severally opened and closed our meetings. The public Anniversary meeting was very well attended; the languages used were English, Bengali and Hindi, and I hear that the innovation of introducing the two vernaculars was

These analogies may, perhaps, be more readily much appreciated, a number of Indian ladies who were present being able in this way to enjoy part of the proceedings.

The Convention of the Indian Section re-elected the outgoing Council, and the Council has re-appointed its former officers, so all runs easily forward. The Section had had a very successful year both as to increase of numbers and as to finances.

A new departure was the holding of an Educational Conference immediately after the Convention, and its transactions are to be published.

Our minds, just now, are much occupied with the question of Races and sub-Races. While the fourth and fifth of the large and small racial cycles are obviously respectively dominated by desire and mentality, it is not so easy to trace the analogies of the first, second and third with the corresponding stages of the unfolding of the individual consciousness, recognized if we think of the sub-races as arranged in an arc like globe A to G in our chain. We have then three pairs on each side of the fourth. The first sub-race would be the arche-typal, and would contain the germs of all which was to be developed in the whole Root Race; these germs would be worked out into completed types—the possibilities becoming actualities—in the seventh sub-race. The second sub-race would have the task of developing the form, i. e., the powerful yet sensitive nervous apparatus through which the perceptive faculties could play; and would be paralleled in a completer and finer form in the sixth sub-race, its analogue with the discriminative Reason as its quality. The third sub-race would specially draw in and fix Prana, vitalizing the nervous system; and its analogue, the fifth, would use the highly vitalized nervous instrument for the brilliant manifestation of the concrete mind. (The resemblance between the Parsi and the Teuton is very obvious, and their minds work along similar lines.) The fourth sub-race would show out the desire-nature in its lower types and the poetic, artistic, and emotional faculties in its higher, linked on one side with the third, on the other with the fifth.

The subject would repay careful thinking out, for the laws of correspondence and of recapitulation are our clues in threading the labyrinth of nature. I present it to our mem-

bers as a fruitful topic for thought, discussion and meditation. Your faithful servant,

Annie Besant,
President of the Theosophical Society.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF THEOSOPHY.

INTRODUCTION.

Theosophy is the wisdom arising from the study of the evolution of life and form. This wisdom already exists, because the study has been pursued for incalculable ages by properly equipped investigators into nature's mysteries. The investigators, the Masters of the Wisdom as they are called, are those human souls who in the evolutionary process have passed beyond the stage of man to that next higher, that of the "Adept." As man is evolved to Adept, he gains knowledge by investigation and experiment. The knowledge so far gained by an unbroken line of Adepts is Theosophy, the Ancient Wisdom.

As man becomes Adept, he ceases to be merely an item in the evolutionary process, and appears as a master and director of that process, under the supervision of a great Consciousness called in Theosophy the Logos. He is enabled, as a co-operator with the Logos, to see nature from His standpoint, to some extent survey her not as a creature, but with her Creator. Such a survey is Theosophy today.

These Masters of the Wisdom, the agents of the Logos, direct the evolutionary process in all its phases, each supervising his special department in the evolution of life and form. They form what is known as the Hierarchy or the Great Brotherhood. They guide the building and unbuilding of forms on sea and land; they direct the rise and fall of nations, giving to each just so much of the Ancient Wisdom as is needed for their welfare and can be assimilated by them. Sometimes that wisdom is given indirectly through workers in quest of knowledge, by inspiring them all unseen to discoveries; sometimes it is given directly as a revelation. Both these ways are observable now in the twentieth century.

Indirectly the Masters of the Wisdom, in charge of the evolution of all that lives, are giving the Wisdom, the science of facts, through the invisible guidance and inspiration of scientific workers; directly they have given

it in a body of knowledge known by the term Theosophy.

Theosophy then, in a sense, is a revelation, but it is a revelation of a knowledge to those who have not yet discovered it by those who have already done so. It can not but be a hypothesis at first to whomsoever it is offered; it can become one's own personal knowledge only by experience and experiment.

In Theosophy today we have not the fulness of knowledge of all facts. Only a few broad facts and laws have been told us, sufficient to spur us on to study and discovery, but innumerable gaps remain to be filled in. They are being filled in by individual workers in our midst, but what we have of knowledge is as a drop in the ocean to what lies undiscovered or unrevealed. Nevertheless the little we have is of wonderful fascination, and reveals new inspiration and beauty everywhere.

Theosophy today, in the modern theosophical literature, will be found to be concerned mostly with the evolution of life. But the knowledge concerning the evolution of forms, gathered in every department of science, is equally a part of the Ancient Wisdom. In both are gaps to be filled in, but when both are correctly viewed each is seen to supplement the other.

As in every work of science, so too in this exposition of Theosophy there are bound to be two elements. An author will expound what has been accepted as fact by all or a majority of scientific investigators, but at the same time he may include the result of the work of a few or of himself only that requires corroboration or revision. As he proceeds, purposely or through lack of true scientific training, he may not separate these two elements. Similarly while the leading ideas of this work can be considered "theosophical" as a correct exposition of the knowledge revealed by the Masters of the Wisdom, there will be parts that will not deserve that dignity. But as truth is after all a matter of discovery each for

himself, what others can do is merely to point the way. Truths, half-truths, and what may be personal erroneous views, must all be tested by the same standard.

Though in its fundamental ideas Theosophy is a revelation, yet there is no authority in it to an individual unless he assents to it. Nevertheless, as a man must be ready to stand or fall by the noblest hypothesis of life his heart and mind perceive, this work is written to show that such a hypothesis is found in Theosophy.

CHAPTER I.

* THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE AND FORM.

There is no better preparation for a clear comprehension of Theosophy than a broad, general knowledge of modern science. For science deals with facts, tabulating them and deducting laws; Theosophy deals with the same facts, and though they may be tabulated differently, the conclusions are in the main the same. Where they differ, it is not because Theosophy questions the facts of the scientist, but simply because before coming to conclusions it takes into account additional facts that modern science either ignores or has as yet not discovered. There is but one Science, so long as facts remain the same; what is strictly

of the phenomena of existence as factors in a great process called Evolution. Let us understand in broad outline what evolution means, according to science, and we shall be ready to understand what it means according to Theosophy.

Let us consider first the great nebula in Orion (Fig. 1.) It is a chaotic mass of matter, in an intensely heated condition, millions and millions of miles in diameter. It is a vague, cloudy mass, full of energy; but so far as we can see it is energy not performing any useful work. What will happen to this nebula? Will



Fig. 1.

scientific is theosophical, as what is theosophical is entirely in harmony with all the facts.

The greatest achievement of modern science is the conception offered to the thinking mind

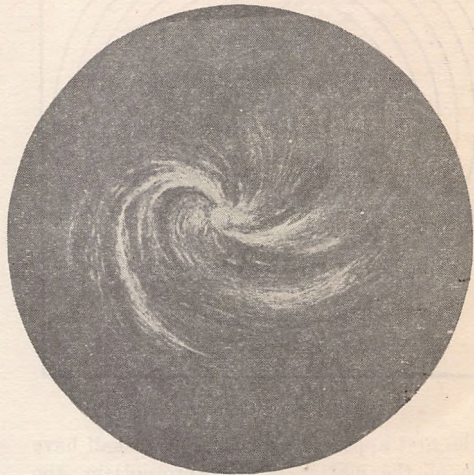


Fig. 2.

it continue forever chaotic, or will it undergo some change? The probable change, its next step, we can construct in imagination as we look at the nebula in Virgo (Fig. 2).

The nebula now is spiral. The mass has taken on a spiral motion. It revolves, and the matter tends to aggregate round a nucleus. In course of time, the spherical mass will flatten; as it contracts, ring after ring of matter will break off from the cooling central nucleus. As millions of years pass, these rings of matter too will break; each will aggregate round some nucleus, and instead of a ring we shall have a planet, retaining the original motion of the nebula and revolving now round its nucleus. The original chaotic nebula will then have become an orderly solar system, with a central sun and planets circling round it, like the solar system in which we live (Fig. 3).

What will be the next stage? By this time,

within the solar system, there will have appeared the lighter chemical elements. Hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, calcium, iron, and others will be there; they will enter into certain combinations, and then will

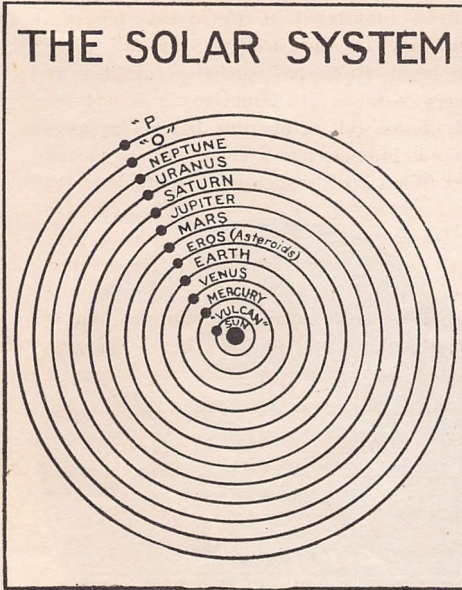


Fig. 3.

be the first appearance of Life. We shall have some of the matter now as protoplasm, the first form of life. What, then, will be the next stage?

This protoplasm too arranges itself in groups and combinations; it takes the form of organisms, vegetable and animal. Let us first watch what happens to it as it becomes vegetable organisms.

Two activities will be noticeable from the beginning, one that the organism desires to retain its life as long as possible, by nutrition; the other, to produce another organism similar to its own. It will evolve, that is, we shall see the simple organism taking on a complex structure. This process will continue, stage by stage, till slowly there will arise a vegetable kingdom on the planet, such as we have on our own (Fig. 4). Each successive stage will be developed from its predecessor; each will be so organized as to be able better to prolong its existence and to give rise to offspring. Each will be more "evolved" than what has gone be-

fore. From unicellular organisms, bacteria, algae and fungi, will be developed spore plants, able to disseminate offspring in a new way; later a better method of propagation will be evolved, by means of seeds; later still will come the stage of flowering plants, where the individual organism, with least expenditure of energy, will retain its own life while at the same time giving rise to a large number of offspring. Stage by stage the organism increases in complexity, but that very complexity enables it to "live" more satisfactorily, that is, to prolong its life and also give rise to offspring with the least expenditure of force.

A similar process of evolution takes place with protoplasm as it gives rise to the animal kingdom. From protozoa, simple unicellular organisms, we have step by step the various

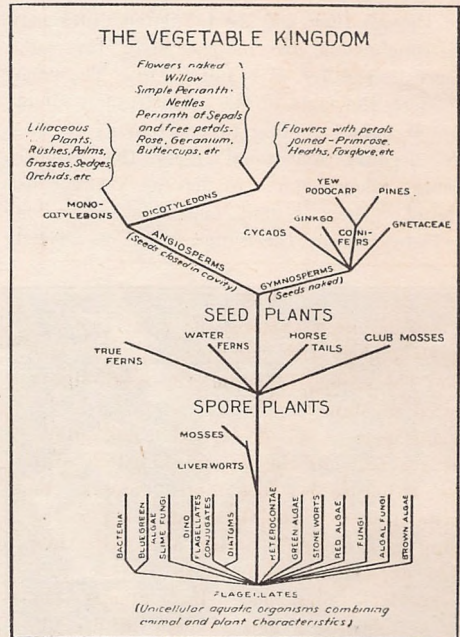


Fig. 4.

groups of the invertebrates (Fig. 5). From unicellular to multicellular organisms with tissues, with a nervous and circulatory system, complexity increases group after group. Then comes a new step in the building of organisms, with the sheathing by vertebrae of the central nerve trunk, giving rise to the vertebrates. From one order of vertebrates, the reptiles,

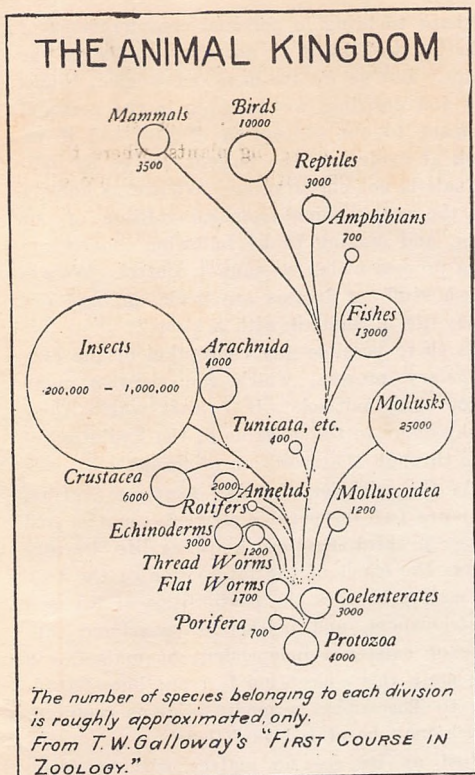


Fig. 5.

come the mammals; among the highest of the mammals appear the primates. Of this last order of the animal kingdom, the most highly organized is Man.

The instincts of self-preservation and propagation are seen in the animal kingdom also. As the structure becomes more complex, the organism is better fitted to adapt itself to the changing environment, better able with less and less expenditure of force to live and produce similar organisms. But among the higher vertebrates a new element of life appears. "If we contemplate life at large in its ascending forms, we see that in the lowest creatures the energies are wholly absorbed in self-sustentation and sustentation of the race. Each improvement in organization, achieving some economy or other, makes the maintenance of life easier; so that the energies evolved from a given quantity of food, more than suffice to provide for the individual and for progeny: some unused energy is left. As

we rise to the higher types of creatures having more developed structures, we see that this surplus energy becomes greater and greater; and the highest show us long intervals of cessation from the pursuit of food, during which there is not an infrequent spontaneous expenditure of unused energy in that pleasurable activity of the faculties we call play. This general truth has to be recognized as holding of life in its culminating forms—of human life as well as of other life. The progress of mankind is, under one aspect, a means of liberating more and more life from mere toil and leaving more and more life available for relaxation—for pleasurable culture, for aesthetic gratification, for travels, for games." (Spencer, Life I. p. 477.)

From the chaotic nebula once to man today, thinking, playing and loving—this is the process called Evolution. A chaos has become a

THE PRINCIPLES OF EVOLUTION		
SPENCER		
From		To
Homogeneous		Heterogeneous
Indefinite		Definite
Simple		Complex
Low Organisms and	} composed of many like parts performing like functions	High Organisms and
Low Types of Society		High Types of Society
		composed of many unlike parts performing unlike functions
A series of like parts simply placed in juxtaposition		One whole made up of unlike parts mutually dependent
CHAOS		COSMOS
ADHARMA		DHARMA
DISORDER		ORDER

Fig. 6.

cosmos, with orderly events that the human mind can tabulate as laws; the unstable, "a-dharma" has become the stable, "dharma." Let us see the principles observable as the one becomes the many, as disorder becomes order (Fig. 6).

True, no mind of mind saw the beginning of the process and has continuously watched it to the present day, and so can describe from direct observation each step in evolution, and say evolution is a fact. We can only reconstruct the process by observing different kinds of nebulae, by studying the structures of extinct and living organisms, by piecing to-

gether here a bone with there a wing. None can say that the universe did not arise in all its complexity a few thousand years ago, just before historical tradition begins; and none can say that the universe will not tomorrow cease to be. But man cannot be satisfied with taking note only of the few brief moments of the present which his consciousness can retain; he must have some conception of nature, postulating a past and a future. Such a past and a future is propounded, purely from analogy, in the process called evolution. In a sense it is a hypothesis, but it is the most satisfactory hypothesis so far in the history of mankind, one which when once accepted shows Evolution everywhere, for all to see.

Fascinating as is the survey of the cosmos in the light of evolution as taught by modern science, there is nevertheless one gloomy element, and that is the insignificant part played by the individual in the timeless drama. Nature at work, "evolving," lavishly spends her energies, building form after form. A terrible spendthrift she seems, producing far more forms than she provides sustenance for. Time is of no account, and the individual but of little, only indeed so long as he lives. During the brief life of the individual, nature smiles on him, caresses him, as though everything had been planned for his welfare. But after he has made the move she guides him to make, after he has given rise to offspring or has slightly modified the environment for others by his living, death comes and he is annihilated. That "I am I," that impels us to live, struggle, to seek happiness, ceases to be, for it is not we that are important, but the type.

"So careful of the type she seems,

So careless of the single life."

Where today is Nineveh and Babylon, "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome?"

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:

Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,

And one by one back in the Closet lays.

From this aspect evolution is terrible, a mechanical process serene in its omnipotence and ruthlessness. It is a process after all, and

perhaps to bring in personal considerations of whether we like it or not may not be to the point. But as we are men and women, thinking and desiring, we do bring in the personal element to our conception of life, and if we look at evolution, the outlook for us as individuals is not encouraging. We are as bubbles on the sea, arising from no volition of our own, and ceasing to be following movements in a process which we cannot control. We are "such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Is there possible any conception of the evolutionary process, which can show a more encouraging outlook? It is that which Theosophy offers in the doctrine of the Evolution of Life through the evolution of forms.

As the scientist of today examines nature, he notes two inseparable elements, matter and force; a third, that we know as life, he considers the effect of the interaction of the two. In matter he sees the possibilities of life and consciousness, and neither is considered capable of existence independent of matter. In the main this conception is true; but, according to Theosophy, a modification is required, which may be stated as follows.

Just as we see no matter without force, and no force that is not affecting matter, and just as one is not the product of the other, so, too, there exists a similar relation between life and matter. They are inseparable, and one is not the product of the other.

In the universe there are types of matter finer than those recognized by our senses or ponderable by the most delicate of instruments. Many of forms of energy, too, exist, of which but a few have as yet been discovered by man. One form of energy acting in conjunction with certain types of ultra-physical matter is called Life. This life evolves, that is, it is becoming slowly more and more complex in its manifestation.

The complexity of the life activities is brought about by building organisms in such matter as we know by our senses. (There are other modes of life activities, but for the moment we shall confine our attention to their activities that our senses can perceive.) It is the life that holds the chemical elements for a certain period as a living organism. While so holding it, that life gains a complexity by

means of the experiences received through its receptacle. That which we see as the death of the organism is the withdrawal of the life, for a while to exist dissociated from the lowest forms of matter, though it is still linked to ultra-physical kinds. In withdrawing from the organism at death, such experiences as were received through it are retained as new habits learned by the life, they are transmuted into new modes of form building, to be utilized with its next effort to build a new organism.

If we look at Fig. 7 we shall be able to grasp clearly the theosophical conception of the Evolution of Life. When we consider structures only, we are looking at but one side of evolution. For behind each structure is a life. Though a plant dies, the life that makes it live, propels it to react to environment, does not die. When a rose withers and dies and disappears in dust, we know that none of the matter is destroyed. Every particle of it still exists, for matter cannot be annihilated. So is it, too, with the life that made out of chemical elements a rose. It merely withdraws for a time, to reappear building another rose. The experiences gained of sunshine and storm, of the struggle for existence, through the first rose, will be slowly utilized to build a second that shall be better adapted to live and propagate its kind.

As an individual organism is a unit in a

TYPES OF EVOLUTION						
1 HUMANITY	2. DEVA EVOLUTION	3	4	5	6	7
Perfect Man	"Angel" or Deva					
Human	Nature-spirit (astral)					
Animal	Nature-spirit (etheric)					
Vegetable	Animal					
Mineral	Vegetable					
Elemental Essence	Mineral	Cell-Life	Chemical Elements Atoms			

Fig. 7.

larger group, so is the life behind a part of a "group soul." Behind the organisms of the vegetable kingdom, there is the vegetable group soul, an indestructible reservoir of those life forces that are attaining complexity by building vegetable forms. Each unit of life of that group-soul, as it appears on earth in

an organism, comes to it endowed with the sum total of the experiences of the past organisms built by the group soul; each unit as it returns at death to the group soul contributes what it has gained in power of new ways of reacting to environment. The same is true of the animal kingdom, each species, genus and family having its own part of the animal group soul. With man, too, the principle is the same, but he has passed the stage of belonging to a group soul. Each man is an individual life, and though he is linked in

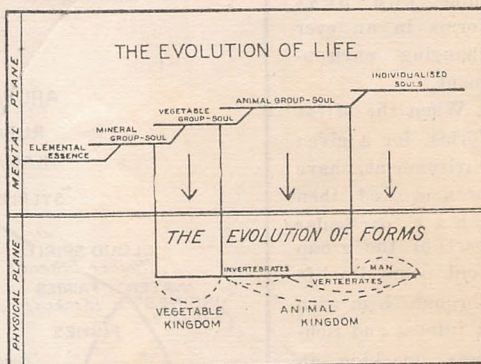


Fig. 8.

mystic ways to all his fellows in a Brotherhood of Man, he treads his own path, carving out his own future. He retains his experiences, not sharing them with others, unless he shares them of his own volition.

There is no such thing as death in nature, in the sense of a resolution into nothing. The life withdraws into its ultra-physical environment for a while, retaining as new modes of form building the experiences gained. Though form after form comes and goes, they are but the entrances and exits of the same life in the evolutionary drama. Not a fraction of experience is lost, as not a particle of matter is destroyed.

Furthermore, this life evolves, as already mentioned. The method of its evolution is through forms. The aim of a given part of the group soul life is to manifest through such forms as shall dominate all other forms through the greatest adaptability to environment, while at the same time they shall be capable of the most delicate response to the inner promptings of the life itself. Each part

of a group soul, each type of life, each group and class and order, has this aim, and hence ensues the fierce warfare of nature. She is "red in tooth and claw with ravine," but the struggle for existence is not the wasteful thing it seems. Forms are destroyed, but only to be built up into new forms. The life comes and goes, but step by step it comes nearer to the form it seeks. No life is lost; the waste is but a seeming, and the struggle is the way to determine the best forms in an ever changing environment.

When the fittest forms, for a given environment, have been evolved then that particular part of the group soul pours its life through them with a fulness and richness, marking an epoch with its domination; and as the environment again changes, once more the quest is resumed for the next fitter forms. So all parts of the group souls of the vegetable and animal kingdoms are at war in a struggle for the survival of the fittest. Yet in that struggle not a single unit of life is annihilated, and the victory achieved by one type is not for itself but for the totality of life that has been seeking that very form as the best through which to unfold its dormant energies.

Life as it evolves has its stages. First, it builds forms in ultra-physical matter, and then we name it elemental life. Then, with

the experiences of its past building, it "ensouls" chemical elements, becoming the mineral group soul. Next, it builds protoplasm, ensouls vegetable forms, and after, at a later period, animal forms. Then we have the next stage as man, building individuals, able to think and love, capable of self-sacrifice and idealism.

" . . . striving to be Man, the worm

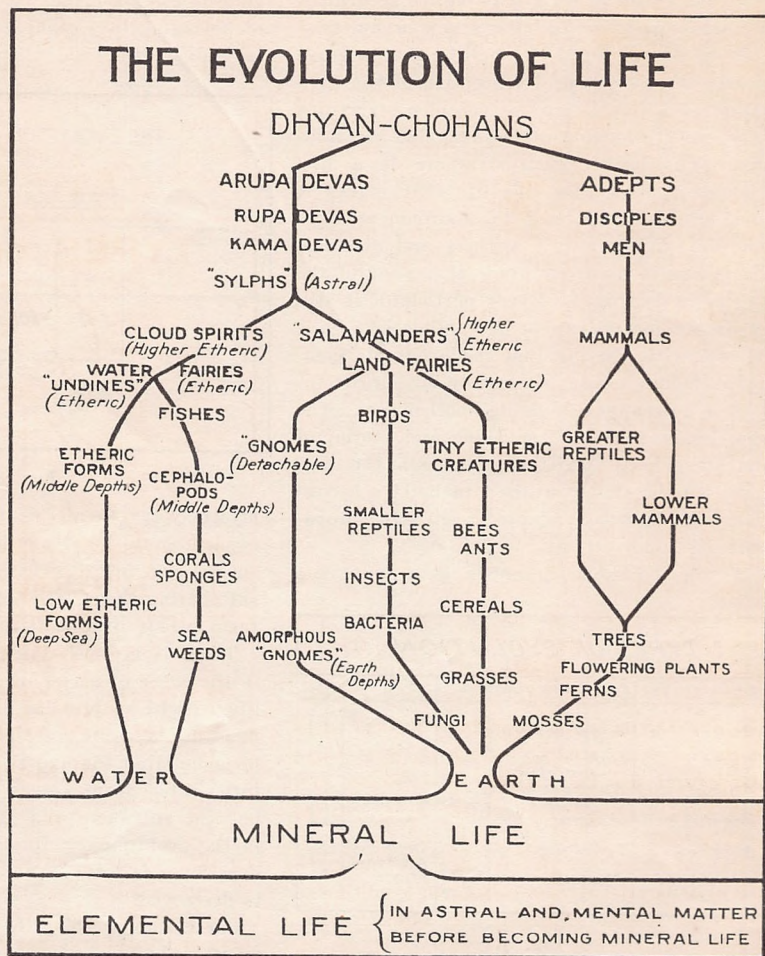


Fig. 9.

Mounts through all the spires of form." And man is not the last link in the chain.

In all this cosmic process from atom to man there is one element which must be taken into account if we are to understand the process correctly. Though matter evolves from homo-

geneous to heterogeneous, from indefinite to definite, from simple to complex, life does not so evolve. The evolution of matter is a rearrangement; the evolution of life is an unlocking and an unfoldment. In the first cell of living matter, in some incomprehensible fashion, are Shakespeare and Beethoven. Nature may need millions of years to rearrange the substance, "selecting" age after age, till the proper aggregation is found, and Shakespeare and Beethoven can come from her bosom to be the protagonists in one scene in her drama. Yet all the while, throughout the millions of years, the life held them both mysteriously within itself. The evolution of life is not a receiving but a giving. For behind the very life itself, as its heart and soul, is something greater still, a Consciousness. From His fulness of Power, Love and Beauty, He gave to the first speck of life all that He is. As in one invisible point may be converged all the rays from the glorious panorama of a mountain range, so each germ of life is as a focal point of that illimitable Existence. Within each cell He resides in His fulness; under His guidance, at the proper time, Shakespeare and Beethoven step forth, and we call it Evolution.

If the study of the evolution of forms, according to modern science, has enlarged and adjusted our previous conceptions of the universe, the study of the evolution of life is more striking still in its consequences. For new elements of complexity appear in the life side of evolution and their consideration means a new valuation of the evolutionary process. The first factor in the complexity is that within the forms as studied by the scientist there are several parallel streams of evolving life, each mostly independent of the others in its development.

Two of these streams is that of Humanity and of a parallel stream called the evolution of Devas or Angels (Fig. 8). As already mentioned, human life has its earlier stages of animal, vegetable, mineral and elemental life. From that same mineral life, however, the life diverges into another channel, through stages of vegetable forms, animal forms, then forms of "nature-spirits" or fairies of tradition into Angels or Devas. Another parallel stream, but about which little is known, is the life of

cells, with its earlier phases and those to come. A stream of life through electrons, ions and chemical elements is also probably distinct. Yet other evolutions exist on our planet, but for lack of sufficient information, they may for the moment be left out of consideration.

The ladder of evolving life through forms in our midst is seen in Fig. 9. The life utilizes organisms built up of solid, liquid and gaseous matter; but it also uses forms built of more tenuous matter in a "fourth state" of radiant matter (called "etheric" by the theosophist), and also in types of matter still more rarified, "astral" and "mental" matter. Ascending from the mineral, six distinct streams will be noted, converging into Adepts or Perfect Men, and Arupa Devas or Higher Angels, and culminat-

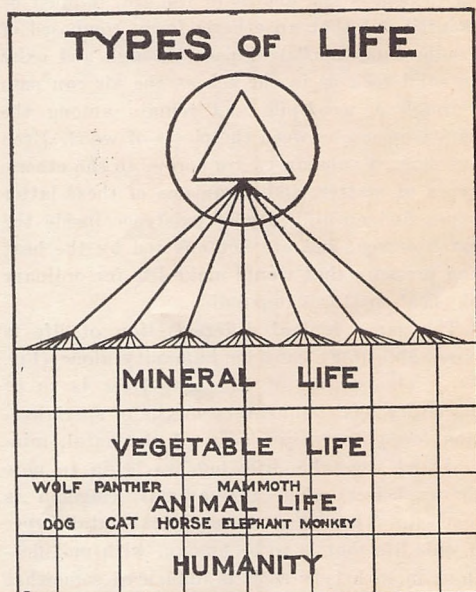


Fig. 10.

ing in a type of lofty entities called Dhyana Chohans. Of the six, two utilize physical matter only in its finer physical or "etheric" states (first and third columns in the diagrams), and then build forms in astral matter as "sylphs." One stream builds organisms living in water, while three use forms living on land. Only one of the six streams of life leads into humanity, the other five passing into the parallel evolution of the Devas.

It must be carefully noted that the evolu-

tion of life has its antecedent phases, its heredity, as it were, sometimes distinct from the heredity of the forms. The fact that mammals and birds have been developed from reptilian forms only indicates a common ancestry of form. While sea-weeds, fungi, grasses and mosses have a common physical heredity from unicellular aquatic organisms, the life nevertheless follows through four separate streams. Similarly, while birds and mammals have a common physical ancestry, the life of birds has for its future stages in etheric creatures, the fairies on the surface of the earth, then in higher etheric fairies, and so to astral fairies and devas; but the life of mammals passes into the human kingdom.

Before passing from these etheric forms in earth depths and depths of the sea, it must be pointed out that an etheric form, composed of "radiant matter," will pass through and exist in solid rock or in the sea as the air can pass through a wood-pile and remain among the empty spaces between the pieces of wood. Even our densest substances are porous to the etheric types of matter, and organisms of these latter types find no difficulty of existence inside the earth or sea, and are not affected by the heat and pressure that would make life for ordinary physical creatures impossible.

The same general differentiation of life is observable if we consider humanity alone (Fig. 10). The stream of life that later is to be humanity has rudimentary marks of specialization, even its early phases of elemental, mineral and vegetable life, but we begin to note them clearer when the animal kingdom is reached. There are seven fundamental types in this life that is to be human, with modifications in each type as it is influenced somewhat by the others. They persist throughout all the kingdoms preceding the human. The life of dogs is distinct from that of cats, that of the elephant from both. The dog life evolved in forms of wolves and jackals and other canidae previous to its highest embodiment in the domesticated dog. Similarly other types of animal life like cats, horses, elephants, monkeys, had their earlier "incarnations" through more savage and prehistoric forms of the same family. (This subject will be dealt with fuller in the chapter on the Evolution of Animals.)

When we come to study these types as they

appear in humanity, a most fascinating view of mankind opens before us. It requires but little imagination to see the canine life on its entrance into humanity appearing as the devotional type of soul. The classification in Fig. 11 is in no way final; it is given more by way of suggestion than as an absolutely correct clue to the mystery of temperaments. The seven types are clearly marked; one is not

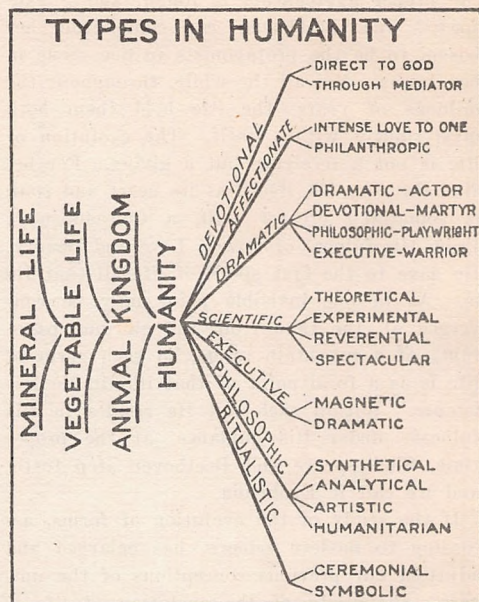


Fig. 11.

better or higher than another; they are all needed in the great evolutionary drama and each is great as it contributes to the whole that development of the one divine life and consciousness arranged for it by the Logos.

If we examine devotional souls round us, we shall note those who go to God direct in their heart and mind, and others to whom God is vague unless conceived in the form of an Incarnation or Mediator, such as Jesus or Krishna. There are also devotional souls who are influenced by the dramatic wave of life, and then they will covet martyrdom, not out of conceit or desire of posing, but because a life of devotion is unreal unless it is continually dramatic. Love of God and the desire to live the Christ-life in the mind of a Tolstoi will meaning identifying himself in outward ways with the poor and the down-trodden, playing

a role in a dramatic situation; the Christ-life must be dramatic for these souls to be full of meaning.

The affectionate type, too, has its many variants. There are those to whom all life is concentrated in the love of one soul, the Romeos and Juliets among us, ready to renounce all for one. There are others, capable of less intense love, but delighting to send it out to a wider circle of parent, child and friend, and attracted by philanthropic schemes of activity.

The dramatic type, one variant of which has been mentioned above, is interesting, as it is often misunderstood. To them life is not real unless it is a tragedy or a comedy. Happiness is not happiness unless it is in a drama in which the soul is playing a strong part; grief is grief only if it is "like Niobe, all tears." One variant will be drawn to the stage, developing a dual conception of life as the self and the not-self; influenced by the philosophic type of life, another soul will develop into the playwright; while the dramatic soul with executive tendencies will find life as a warrior or leader fascinating.

Among the scientific type the theoretical and experimental variants are easily recognizable. A third, the reverential, is less common just now, but it is the soul, full of zeal in scientific investigations, but continually feeling the universe as the habitation of God. The scientist who is spectacular in his methods has the dramatic type influencing him; his behavior is not necessarily the result of vanity or of a desire to occupy the center of the stage.

Of the executive type, there is the dramatic variant, seen in many a political leader, and another magnetic type, able to inspire subordinates with deep loyalty but not at all spectacular, if anything, preferring to keep in the background so long as the work is done. Little need be said of the philosophic type; the differences of method of developing their conception of life by the various philosophers are due what they are, within themselves, as expressions of the one life. Herbert Spencer and Haeckel, Ruskin and Carlyle, Aristotle, Plato, Spinoza, and others well represent a few of the many variations.

Of another type much misunderstood are those to whom symbolism strongly appeals. To

these life is not real unless it is an allegory. An example of this type would be the author of Revelations, revelling in symbols and allegory. A modification of this type is seen in those who find religion real only when ritual accompanies it. The vestments and processions, incense and genuflections are a part of the being of this type.

In many ways the Logos trains His children to help Him in the common work, and all are equal before Him. To each He has hewn a path; it is for each to tread his own path, joining hands with the others in theirs.

The subject is full of fascination, but enough has been said to show something of the evolution of life, and to suggest a line of thought and observation that will be productive of much wisdom.

This rapid survey of creation from Orion to man shows then an evolutionary process ever at work, the One becoming the many. It is not the many with each striving for itself, but each slowly realizing that its higher expression is dependent upon serving others. Not a series of like parts simply placed in juxtaposition, but one whole made up of unlike parts mutually dependent is the keynote in the evolution of form; not one temperament, not one creed or mode of worship, but a diversity of temperaments and creeds and ways of service, all uniting to co-operate with the Logos to bring to realization what He has planned for us, is the keynote of the evolution of Life.

C. Jinarajadasa.

[Note. Most of the diagrams in this chapter and in those to follow in "First Principles of Theosophy" have been prepared by Mr. Ralph E. Packard, of Adyar Lodge, T. S., Chicago, to whom my sincerest thanks are due. C. J.]

"SINCE LIFE IS MONARCH OVER DEATH."

Since life is monarch over death,
And sin must yield to sanctity,
What fear of death or sin can be?

Since ignorance is wisdom's thrall,
And dawn leads darkness unto light,
What change our senses can affright?

—Helen G. Crawford.

WE PROCLAIM HIM.

It is the Theosophical Society which has the inestimable privilege to proclaim the early coming again among men of the Christ, the Great World Teacher—Teacher of Gods and men—the Founder of religions, the Planetary Guardian of the Wisdom-Truth—Himself the Wisdom-Truth—Bodhisattva. Again and again has that holy office found expression in the outer world, when a child race required the guiding hand of the divine incumbent, again and again has He withdrawn from view, that the infant steps might be more freely taken and growth might come through self-reliance. As Hermes Thrice Greatest came He and gave to Egypt and Chaldea the impulse that led to their greatness. And then the cycle rolled slowly around and next He came to Persia as the original Zoroaster, and blessed the world with the religion of purity. Again the wheel turned and then to Greece He came, as Orpheus, and endowed the world with song and beauty. But ere the cycle should once more revolve, a great event took place, an event that vacated the holy Bodhisattvic office to be filled by the Great Master next in order in the world Hierarchy, for He, its divine holder, pressing onwards in His sublime evolutionary progress, had now come to the portal of Buddhahood, and passing inward, as Gautama, left His sacred office to the keeping of Him, who a few centuries later, when the Bodhisattvic cycle should again come round, came to the Jews, taking, at the baptism, the body of His disciple, Jesus, and as the One known in the East as the Blessed Maitreya, and in the West as the Christ, fulfilled then His first ministry as World-Teacher in the outer world, and gave to the nascent Teutonic stock its manasic impulse. And now, in this age in which we live, the race-cycle will soon again bring to birth another race-type, a new sub-race, and He, the sublime Maitreya, the Christ who came before, will come again, to be present at the cradle of the race now forming and give to it its ideals and its stimulus. Many centuries ago the Herald of this world event was planned and established, and faintly through the intervening centuries has it lived in changing forms, until in our own time H. P. B. and her co-founder, Colonel Olcott, established it in the present form—the Theosophical Society—the

gatherer-in of those servants of the Lord whose pioneer hearts and hands are ever needed at the fore. What has been the duty of this Herald, what must be its activities ere He comes? To maintain inviolate a vital channel throughout the world, in which pure brotherhood shall exist, and through which shall flow an impulse toward universal unity; to spread broadest truths long forgotten, and whose realization contains the promise of a higher civilization,—truths such as karma and reincarnation, the power of thought, the reality of the unseen worlds. These are among the very foundation stones of the spiritual temple to be builded by Him when He comes, and so, since it is the special care of the Theosophical Society to make firm the basis of that future sacred edifice, it is not only its privilege to proclaim His coming, but also to make ready the Way. How happy we can all be in the conscious knowledge that we are doing definite, useful, necessary work for Him, and that His watchful eye is ever upon us, pleased when we do well, patient and helpful when we do ill! Interested must He be in every activity that either helps or hinders the way of His coming, and strong links of love do we forge with Him, abiding for all time, when we throw ourselves into His service at a time when the laborers are so few and the day is so short. Realizing this, let us bury all the merely personal, and work, work, work, with buoyancy and love, making every sacrifice, doing every act for Him, and taking these two words ever as our rallying-cry and inspiration: "For Him."

Albert P. Warrington.

ON FIRST HEARING OF RE-INCARNATION

O strange new thought. This heart has leaped to life

In other forms than this. This soul has waked 'Neath other skies, some stern, some fortunate. This mind has groped o'er other problems, fleeting

Even as these. Hooded and veiled they pass, The rich, dim pageant of the sequenced lives; A string of jewels on a golden thread, Each gem of different hue, some rare, some common,

Some dull, some brilliant. Or a great music-piece,

With here a phrase of dreary monotone,
Here a sweet lilting melody; and here a note
Flung octave-high with passion, harmony and
discord;

And Self the master-player guiding all

Through maze of varied motif cunning blent,
Into the final chord of perfect peace—
The great lost chord of Spirit freed and
crowned.

—Helen G. Crawford.

A VISITATION.

A woman sat alone. The hour was late; almost midnight. She was waiting for one who should have been her comforter and protector, and to whom she had been married seventeen years—how long the time seemed. She had passed through all the stages of a periodical drunkard's wife, first the bitter grief of the young wife, the hopefulness that it would never occur again, the mute despair and sorrow, together with the neglect and poverty, and finally the surrounding to a higher power on Whom she leaned in faith, believing He would yet save this man whom she loved in spite of all his faults.

"Why do you stay with him?" asked her friends. "Because I took him 'for better, for worse,' and if it is worse, I may not set aside the bond."

Tonight she felt unusually hopeless, and a dull, heavy pain filled her heart. Once again she turned to the Master Jesus, He who had comforted and strengthened her many times, for was He not a "Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief"?

"Oh, Master!" she cried, "why am I allowed to suffer like this? I have always sought to do my duty, and even as a child I gave my heart to Thee. Then why must I waste my life in this way? Surely I have not merited so much of suffering." As she sat pondering over this problem she realized a calm, serene, but compassionate Presence, and a voice spoke to her inner consciousness, "Accept this lesson, dear child, the dross must be purged away ere the gold can be pure, and you have desired to be as pure gold, have you not? Nothing can come to you which is not best, and, hard as it may seem, which you have not earned, for know, this one short life is but one of the many lives on earth, and many others you have yet to live. All the love, faith, and patience you

have shown is not wasted, but is being stored within your soul, and sometime you will reap the good, as you are now reaping the evil of your past lives. Be not discouraged; your husband is learning lessons, too, he will never forget, but his lessons are much harder than yours. Help him all you can and in due season 'you will reap if you faint not.'"

She listened wonderingly and tried to understand the Master's words. Then she saw a mental picture. It was a living scene. Through gates which opened by an unseen hand, came a chariot and seated therein were an old woman and a young man. The vehicle stopped in front of a beautiful residence standing in the midst of an immense lawn. Flowers and shrubbery were there in abundance. The house was built in Grecian style, and it seemed as though everything had been done to make a work of perfect art. The young man alighted, and as he looked over the beautiful grounds he said, "Are you not happy, mother, since so much of effort has been expended for you?" But the woman, whose face showed discontent and unhappiness, answered, "If I could gain one hour of happiness I would not consider any effort too great to attain it. The scene passed, but the woman's soul remembered; she knew it was she in a former life, she had lived in a most selfish manner, careless of others, taking everything, giving very little. She it was who had been the means of leading the man now her husband astray. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Nevertheless, he who turns his face in the right direction and seeks to atone for his wrong-doing, will find help and strength to do the right. Sometime the Master will make Himself known to him, and from this Source of Strength will come the desire to try again after each fall, until he can say, "I have overcome." J. V. A.

CONCERNING THE EGO.

After reading Mr. Wood's interesting letter which has appeared in several theosophical papers, containing the substance of a conversation with Mr. Leadbeater about the Ego: it is instructive to note what Subba Row remarks on the same subject in his "Notes on the Bhagavad Gita." On page 54 he tells us "The Karana sarira is primarily the result of the action of the Light of the Logos, which is its life and energy, and its source of consciousness on that plane of Mulaprakriti, known as Sutratma, its physical or material basis. Out of the combination of these two elements, and from the action of the energy of the Light emanating from the Logos upon the matter that constitutes its physical frame, individuality is evolved. In producing this result several subsidiary forces, generated by the conditions of time, space, and environment, co-operate with this One Life. The Karana Sarira is the product of these forces. When once that plane of consciousness is reached in the path of progress that includes the voluntary actions of man, it will be seen that these not only preserve the individuality of the Karana Sarira, but render it more and more definite as birth after birth further progress is attained, thus keeping up the continued existence of the Siva as an individual Monad. So in one sense the Karana Sarira is the result of karmic impulses. It is the child of karma, as it were; it lives with it, and will disappear if the influence of karma is annihilated."

It is by killing out desire which, whether it receives its reward in this world or in subtler spheres, must be prepared for here, and then by the removal of that obstacle bringing about a perfect balance of karma, that the aspirant for Moksha succeeds in reaching the Ego and remaining there, till another chain of worlds brings him back to complete the progress he abandoned in his present life, the Ego of such a man persisting. The destruction of it alluded to by Subba Row results from building a higher vehicle of consciousness, developing the buddhic body, into which is worked a Tattva from the arupa level, in preparation for the still more exalted stage when the buddhic body is merged in the nirvanic, and the consciousness is that of the Master, capable of contracting to the minutest point or ex-

panding to embrace the universe. It follows from a comprehension of these facts that in meditation our thoughts should not center on the Ego, but strive to realize the Source whence it springs, that Light of Brahma which, working through our own Solar Logos differentiates into what is known as the Nirvanyagartha, on the mental level of the buddhic plane. There it draws round itself individuality, and as the Universal Ego first enters Samsara, forming the nucleus of the causal body standing above it, the channel through which it receives illumination. It is this Principle which the Stayzas of Dyzan represent as saying to the body it ensouls, "Thou art Myself, My image and My shadow, I have clothed myself in thee; thou art my Vahan till the day be with us, when thou shalt rebecome Myself and others, thyself and Me."

So we understand the Ego of every man as the materialization in him of that Light of the Logos from which all worlds proceed, for as the Srimad Bhagavad tells us: "Before creation the Maya of the Self being indrawn this manifested universe was of the nature of the Self, and there was no one to see nor anything to be seen." His is the One Life pervading the whole Cosmos, ever seeking to express itself in highest and lowest organism, and the illumination man brings into his physical brain must depend on his efforts to control the bodies into which its Light is poured, the permanent atoms reflecting it, that the Ego stores. In its nature, though all powerful, this Light is colorless, acting only in conjunction with Prakriti, and from this arise our difficulties, for all concrete matter tending to crystallization, as man becomes immersed in the idea of separation arises, and the I is seen as distinct from all other I's, the personality, a distortion of the great Cosmic Ego, whence he proceeds. The abandonment of this false conception, the merging of the individual in the Universal Consciousness is the aim of evolution, and it is to this, and not to self identification with the Karana sarira that all our energies should be directed. Indications of the course to be pursued are not lacking, methods are given in all the scriptures of the world; especially does the Eastern Wisdom explain in minutest detail the correspondences

existing between God and man. "the One Consciousness appearing in the differentiated form of Siva or Ishvara, according as It is or is not associated with egoism. There is little danger of our Ego declining to influence his personality, if the mind appertaining thereto is striving to comprehend its origin, seeking to awaken the memory which meditation alone can restore, regain the divine attributes temporarily laid aside on each plane in its descent into matter, to be claimed on the reascending arc by the awakened soul. Separation proceeds solely from the lower mind, that which concerns itself with objects of perception, the interests of this transient world.

Governed by the senses, lured from its rightful path by desire, it isolates itself in this pursuit of sensation, assuming the form of the self or knower, identifying itself with the Maya we are to transcend in our return to the Great Self who is the manifested Universe.

Aham Atma—I am self—the recognition of this supreme truth will ever keep open the channel between the Ego and his personality. We repeat the words and our intellect endorses them as the only possible solution of being, we adopt and promulgate them as our profession of faith: then the countless activities of life intervene, and in the turmoil surrounding them the lower Manam holds us and our belief not being of the self, in the time of trial we fall away.

Aham Atma—of the wonder of the thought! But to grasp its full significance it must be the fruit of experience, the outcome of moments when, after continued effort, our consciousness has been quickened by the attempt to draw near to the mighty Being of Atmas Lord. The whole life must pulsate in unison with this glorious harmony, endeavor to reflect it, not as a beautiful conception too ethereal for human needs, but as a divine reality, shedding Its Light in dark places, making crooked things straight, the ever present testimony of an illimitable future, gathering even now all that understand the promise into Its own supreme peace. Through the sacrifice of the Logos in His aspect of Universal Ego, man came into being, shrouding the individual Ego destined to reflect His Light, in darkness born of the heresy separation; ascending the same Ray, separation overcome, the lesson of incarnation mastered,

he shall return to Him, unity realized, the many blended in the One. Alice C. Ames.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

In our admiration for Theosophical leaders and in looking to that future when we too may do worthy things, let us not forget to do the small things that come in the every day life of the humblest. Our gifted writers and lecturers give out the teachings of Theosophy to the masses and as a mass, humanity is enlightened and encouraged. Out of the mass, however, are those who are eager, but the brain is not alert; the perceptive faculties respond slowly and in spite of their eagerness to understand, the Theosophic teaching seems abstruse and indefinite. It is those in need of special and personal aid that we, who are less gifted, can lend a hand. The larger and specific work of Theosophy, does not claim us, therefore we are free to do the work of the Master under no precisen ame. Qualify with precision in study and in self discipline—but let the channels of our service be broad and their direction be determined by the territory in need. Robert Louis Stevenson has somewhere written "Two things I must do—make myself good and my neighbor happy." If volumes were written on the subject, no better rule for conduct could be given than this. To be a sympathetic listener to our brother's story of how he came to fall behind in the march of life; to listen patiently to his personal narrative, remembering that while it is an indication of his weakness to wish to repeat his woe to another, there are others who, quite advanced in altruism, do the same thing—perchance even you may stumble now and then, when self-pity gains the mastery.

Some of the best opportunities of introducing the ideas of Reincarnation and Karma in their most helpful and inobstrusive forms come during the relation of these personal experiences, and instead of feeling himself a victim under an avalanche of adverse circumstances, we are able to show our brother the dignified position he holds as master of his own destiny. Because we have are lights for our streets does not make the more intimate light of our houses less a necessity. We cannot all be large lights to illuminate great areas, but our lights can be true and steady however small.

S. K. L.

OF GARDENS.

God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year; in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season. For December and January and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter: holly; ivy; bays; juniper; cypress-trees; yew; pine-apple-trees; fir-trees; rosemary; lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue; germander; flags; orange-trees, lemon-trees, and myrtles, if they be stoved; and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon-tree, which then blossoms; crocus vernus, both the yellow and the gray; primroses; anemones; the early tulippa; hyacinthus orientalis; chamaris; fritillaria. For March, there come violets, specially the single blue, which are the earliest; the yellow daffadil; the daisy; the almond-tree in blossom; the peach-tree in blossom; the cornelian-tree in blossom; sweet briar. In April follow, the double white violet; the wall-flower; the stock-gillyflower; the cowslip; flower-delices, and lilies of all natures; rosemary flowers; the tulippa; the double piony; the pale daffadil; the French honeysuckle; the cherry-tree in blossom; the dammasin and plum-trees in blossom; the white-thorn in leaf; the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush pink; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honeysuckles; strawberries; bugloss; columbine; the French marygold; flos Africanus; cherry-tree in fruit; ribes; figs in fruit; rasp; vine flowers; lavender in flowers; the sweet satyrian, with the white flower; herba muscaria; lilium convallium; the apple-tree in blossom. In July come gillyflowers of all varieties; musk-roses; the lime-tree in blossom; early pears and plums in fruit; ginnitings; quadlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit; pears, apricocks; ber-berries; filberds; musk-melons; monks-

hoods, of all colours. In September come grapes; apples; poppies of all colours; peaches; melocotones; nectarines; cornelians; wardens; quinces. In October and the beginning of November come services; medlars; bullises; roses cut or removed to come late; hollyokes; and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived, that you may have ver perpetuum, as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow. Rosemary little; nor sweet majoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet; specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year; about the middle of April, and about Bartholomewtide. Next to that is the musk-rose. Then the strawberry-leaves dying, which [yield] a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower of the vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth. Then sweet-briar. Then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window. Then pinks and gillyflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gillyflower. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three: that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed prince-like, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts: a green in the entrance; a heath or desert in the going forth; and the main

garden in the midst; besides alleys on both sides. And I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green; six to the heath; four and four to either side; and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures; the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden. But because the alley will be long, and, in great heat of the year or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun thorough the green, therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden. As for the making of knots or figures with divers-coloured earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys: you may see as good sights many times in tarts. The garden is best to be square; encompassed, on all the four sides, with a stately arched hedge. The arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work, of some ten foot high and six foot broad; and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches let there be an entire hedge, of some four foot high, framed also upon carpenter's work; and upon the upper hedge, over every arch, a little turret, with a belly, enough to receive a cage of birds; and over every space between the arches some other little figure, with broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt, for the sun to play upon. But this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently slope, of some six foot, set all with flowers. Also I understand that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave, on either side, ground enough for diversity of side alleys; unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you. But there must be no alleys with hedges at either end of this great enclosure: not at the hither end, for letting your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green; nor at the further end, for letting your prospect from the hedges, through the arches, upon the heath.

For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device;

advising, nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into, first, it be not too busy or full of work. Wherein I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff: they be for children. Little low hedges, round, like welts, with some pretty pyramids, I like well; and in some places, fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish also, in the very middle, a fair mount, with three ascents, and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast; which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments; and the whole mount to be thirty foot high; and some fine banqueting-house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.

For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures: the one, that sprinkleth or spouteth water; the other, a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without fish, or slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images gilt, or of marble, which are in use, do well: but the main matter is, so to convey the water, as it never stay, either in the bowls or in the cistern; that the water be never by rest discoloured, green or red or the like, or gather any mossiness or putrefaction. Besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand. Also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it, doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty, wherewith we will not trouble ourselves: as, that the bottom be finely paved, and with images; the sides likewise; and withal embellished with colored glass, and such things of lustre; encompassed also with fine rails of low statuas. But the main point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain; which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under ground, by some equality of bores, that it stay little. And for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in

several forms (of feathers, drinking glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness.

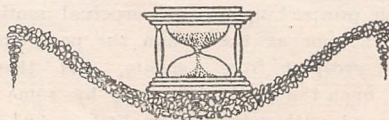
For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed, as much as may be, to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it; but some thickets, made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses. For these are sweet, and prosper in the shade. And these to be in the heath, here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme; some with pinks; some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle; some with violets; some with strawberries; some with cowslips; some with daisies; some with red roses; some with liliun convallium; some with sweet-williams red; some with bear's-foot; and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly. Part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without. The standards to be roses; juniper; holly; berberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom); red currans; gooseberries; rosemary; bays; sweet-briar; and such like. But these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.

For the side grounds, you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade, some of them, wheresoever the sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp, you may walk as in a gallery. And those alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends, to keep out the wind; and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet. In many of these alleys likewise,

you are to set fruit-trees of all sorts; as well upon the walls as in ranges. And this would be generally observed, that the borders, wherein you plant your fruit-trees, be fair and large, and low, and not steep; and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive the trees. At the end of both the side grounds, I would have a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields.

For the main garden, I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys, ranged on both sides with fruit-trees; and some pretty tufts of fruit-trees, and arbours with seats, set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick; but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day; but to make account that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year; and in the heat of summer, for the morning and the evening, or over-cast days.

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them; that the birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear in the floor of the aviary. So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing, not a model, but some-general lines of it; and in this I have spared for no cost. But it is nothing for great princes, that, for the most part, taking advice with workmen, with no less cost set their things together; and sometimes add statuas, and such things, for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden. —From the "Essays of Lord Bacon."



THE WRECK.

He sat there, in that cheap eating-house, with his head resting on the table, and to all appearance he was one of life's failures. A discolored hat lay on a chair by him; his overcoat was frayed and dirty, and his hair looked as though it had not been combed for many a day. He surely must have been tall and strong in his youth, but now the whole body had an air of being tired and worn.

The sallow-faced restaurant-keeper came up shambling and stood beside the man. He raised his head wearily and gave his order. As he raised his head you could see in it misery and utter discouragement. The face was handsome once, that of a soul born to lead; it was now wrinkled and old, and the beard was grimy and ragged. But there was an unusual softness in his eyes, and the look of a hunted deer. It was a face that wrung your heart for sheer pity.

And his was a pitiful tragedy indeed. For he was a man with an over-mastering vice, with which he fought day after day, year after year. The battle was still raging, but he was utterly tired out. There seemed to be no ending to it. He was no stronger today than years ago; his failing was no weaker for being withstood, though unsuccessfully, all these years.

Three noisy youths, self-satisfied and aggressive, stumbled into the eating-house with loud jests and laughter, and sat at a table behind him. Their laughter was coarse and loud, and in their talk every other word was an oath. The air was full of meaningless profanity. Every object was "God-damned," "Curse it," "O hell," and other exclamations came from them all the time. They had no idea of being profane and they were merely having a good time in their own way.

The profanity was nothing new to the man; indeed, it was the common speech of men he had worked with for years. It was one of the counters in the game of life in his underworld. But somehow tonight it jarred him. Perhaps it was because he was so tired.

Then as he lay there with his head on his arms, he seemed to want to look on the past, his own past. He was so near the end, he felt, and it gave him a serenity and a desire to

contemplate what he once had been. And this is what he saw.

A happy childhood, and vivid memories of his mother. How clear the picture of himself as she tucked him in bed and kissed him good-night! Then youth and manhood, brilliant and successful as the world saw them, but with them the slow growth of his failing. It seemed to come all unseen, and at first he thought nothing of it. So many others had it! But slowly it grew and grew till he was its slave. If only he could have condoned it, as did so many others. Why should he consider it so wrong, why should he despise himself for it, when others more charitable called him "a good fellow"? Had he a keener moral sense than they, a more sensitive conscience? He never thought out the problem, but obeyed an impulse to resist and fight. And what a fight it had been!

No one had helped him, no idea or ideal gave him strength. Love of his mother was still strong, but no help came from that. Many a woman he had loved, and for the sake of each in turn he had tried to master his failing. Surely there he would find inspiration! But it was not to be. Religion had little helped him, for God seemed so far away, and what could Christ know, sitting up there in high heaven, of him in the under-world? He had prayed a few times, and it had helped him; but the strength was soon gone and he was once more the same man with a devil on his back he could not be rid of. He had gone down and down, till he was where men now saw him.

Surely death would be a relief. Why had he not sought it? He had; nay, he was seeking it now, but it would not come. Many a dreary night he had stood on the bridge and looked at the dark eddying current below and pitied all the poor devils that had jumped in there to make an end of themselves, of life, of everything, seeking forgetfulness. He pitied himself, too, but he could not go that way, though for no reason that he knew. He was no better than they, no stronger in any way; only he felt that what he wanted, forgetfulness of himself, would not come that way. Ah, but when would it come?

If ever a soul cried out in agony, he did now. The battle had been fought again that

day, and once more he had failed. He felt dead inside, a mere tool of a craving, no longer a soul with self-respect. Henceforth though he might live a few more dragging years, it would be only as a piece of wreckage, driftwood carried hither and thither, but not as a man, for the man in him was dead.

As thus he reviewed his past and future, an old, old memory came vividly before him. It was the picture of himself, as a boy, in a procession of mourners, and the priest led the way, intoning words that stood out in his memory, the most awesome and wonderful words he had ever heard: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

But now that he was dead—indeed, how could he be more dead, beaten as he was?—could there be a Resurrection for him? What did He mean by "he that believeth in Me"?

His train of thought was rudely interrupted. He heard some one opening the door of the restaurant and shouts from the youths behind him.

"Curse it! Here's Jimmy!" cried one of them.

"Jesus Christ! where in hell did you come from?" shouted another.

The old man started as if shot, and slightly raised his head. Jimmy, the new-comer, passed by him to join his boon-companions. The man's head dropped on his arm again, as he softly said to himself, "Ah, Jesus Christ, when will it end?"

A touch then on his arm, so soft that he hardly noticed it, and there spoke a voice that had in it the tenderness of his mother's voice and of every other woman he had loved. "Brother," it said softly.

The man raised his head to look, and there stood by him a figure. Then had you been there you would have seen a wonder, a sunrise on a dark world. For a moment the old man's face was that of a child, but in his eyes there shone unflinching heroism. The figure still kept His hand where it was, and again spoke gently, "Little brother," and was gone.

"O, my God! my God!" whispered the man to himself, as once again his head dropped on

his arm. But life was changed for him from then. He knew that he must still fight on, that death would come to him before victory; but he also knew that there was One who, looking into his heart, saw it was pure, and in whose sight he was evermore a little child, His "little brother."

As he stepped out into the night from that eating-house, the wonder of it was still with him. "My God!" he whispered, "He said—brother—to me! Then it is true, after all. 'Neither do I condemn thee.'"

He looked up at the sky; there was not a star shining, and all was as black as his own future. But he knew within that the dawn was near, that he would some day be free from this weary self of his, and would stand face to face with Him again. He knew, too, of the smile and the greeting that would wait him then—"Welcome, little brother!"

Alone in that darkness he prayed, in his heart of hearts; the words came of their own accord now: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whoso liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Then he went out into the night, but not alone.

Gerald King.

SUDDEN LIGHT.

By D. G. Rosetti.

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell;
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet, keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
How long ago I may not know;
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall,—I know it all of yore.

as this been thus before?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our love restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE SIXTH ROOT RACE.

(Continued from page 285.)

Birth and Death.

The various influences which take such a prominent part in the education of the children are brought to bear upon them even before birth. Once more we must reiterate that when a birth is about to take place the father and mother and all parties concerned are quite aware what Ego is to come to them, and therefore they take care that for months before the actual birth takes place the surroundings shall in every way be suitable to that Ego, and such as may conduce to a perfect physical body. Very great stress is laid upon the influence of beautiful surroundings. The future mother has always before her eyes lovely pictures and graceful statues. The whole of life is pervaded with this idea of beauty—so much so that it would be considered a crime against the community that any object should be ugly or ungraceful. In all architecture this beauty of line as well as of color is the first consideration, and the same is true with regard to all the minor accessories of life, so that even before the child's birth preparation will be made for him; his mother will dress chiefly in certain colors, and will surround herself with flowers and lights of what is considered the most appropriate kind.

It must be understood that parentage is a matter of arrangement between all parties concerned, and that death is usually voluntary. I mean that as the members of this community live perfectly healthy lives, and have surrounded themselves with perfect sanitary conditions, disease has been practically eliminated, so that except in the very rare case of an accident no one dies except of old age, and they do not drop the body as long as it is useful. They do not feel at all that they are giving up life, but only that they are changing a worn-out vehicle. The absence of worry and unhealthy conditions has certainly tended, on the whole, to lengthen physical life. Nobody seems to be getting at all old until at least eighty, and many pass beyond the century. When a man begins to find his powers failing him he also begins to look around him for a desirable rebirth. He selects a father and mother whom he thinks would suit him, and goes around to see them to ask whether they

are willing to take him. If they are, he tells them that he expects to die soon, and then hands over to them his personal talisman which he has worn all his life, and also sends to them any personal effects which he may wish to carry over to his next life. A talisman is usually a jewel of the particular type appropriate to the Ego, according to the sign of the Zodiac to which as an Ego he belongs, the influence under which he attained individuality. This talisman he always wears, so that it may be fully impregnated with his magnetism, and he is careful to make arrangements that it may be handed over to his next birth, in order to help in the arousing in the new body the memory of past lives, so as to make it easier to keep unbroken the realization of life as an Ego. This talisman is always correspondent to his name as an Ego—the name which he carries with him from life to life. In many cases men are already using this, though in others they have perpetuated the name which they bore when they entered the community, carrying it on from life to life and altering its termination so as to make it masculine or feminine, according to the sex of the moment. Each person has therefore his own name, his permanent name, and, in addition, in each incarnation he takes that of the family into which he happens to be born. The personal effects do not include anything of the nature of money, for money is no longer used, and no man has more than a life-interest in houses or land, or in other property. But he may possibly have a few books or ornaments which he wishes to preserve, and if so, he hands them over to his prospective father and mother, who, when they hear that his death is approaching can begin to prepare for him. He does not alter his ordinary mode of life; he does nothing which in the slightest degree resembles committing suicide; but he simply loses the will to live—lets go of life, as it were, and usually passes away peacefully in sleep, within a very short period of time. Usually, indeed, he takes up his abode with the prospective father and mother as soon as the agreement is made, and dies at their house. There is no funeral ceremony of any sort, as death is not regarded as an event of any importance. The body is not cremated, but is

instead placed in a kind of retort in which some chemical is poured—probably a strong acid of some sort. The retort is then hermetically sealed, and a power resembling electricity, but far stronger, is passed through it. The acid fizzes vigorously, and in a few minutes the whole body is entirely dissolved. When the retort is opened and the process is completed, there is nothing left but a fine grey powder. This is not preserved or regarded with any reverence. The operation of disposing of the body is usually performed at the house, the apparatus being brought there when desired. There is no ceremony of any kind, and friends do not assemble for the occasion. They do, however, come around and pay him a visit soon after his rebirth, as the sight of them is supposed to help to reawaken the memory in the new baby body. Under these circumstances there are, of course, no prayers or ceremonies of any kind for the dead, nor is there any need of help upon the astral plane, for every member of the community remembers his past lives and knows perfectly well the body which he is about to take as soon as it can be prepared for him. Many members of the community continue to act as invisible helpers to the rest of the world, but within the community itself nothing of that kind is necessary.

The Manu has a careful record kept of all the successive incarnations of each of the members of His community, and in some rare cases he interferes with an Ego's choice of his parents. As a general rule, all the members of the community have already disposed of such grosser karma as would limit them in their choice, and they also have enough of their own type and of the conditions which they require not to make an unsuitable selection, so that in almost every case they are left perfectly free to make their own arrangements. The matter is, however, always within the knowledge of the Manu, so that He may alter the plan if He does not approve. As a rule, the dying man is at liberty to select the sex of his next birth, and many people seem to make a practice of taking birth alternately as men and as women. There is no actual regulation as to this, and everything is left as free as possible; but at the same time the due proportion of the sexes in the community must be maintained, and if the number of either sex

falls temporarily below what it should be, the Manu calls for volunteers to bring things once more into harmony. Parents usually arrange to have ten or twelve children in the family, and generally the same number of girls as boys. Twins are not at all uncommon. Between the birth of one child and the next there is usually an interval of two or three years, and there are evidently theories with regard to this matter. The great object is to produce perfect children, and no cripples or deformed persons are to be seen, nor is there any infant mortality. It is manifest that the labor of childbirth has diminished almost to vanishing-point; indeed, there seems to be scarcely any trouble, except, perhaps, a little with the first child.

Marriage.

This brings us to the question of marriage. There is no restriction placed upon this, except the one great restriction that no one must marry outside the community; but it seems to be generally regarded as undesirable that people of the same type of religious feeling should inter-marry. There is no rule against it, but it is understood that on the whole the Manu prefers that it should not take place. There is a certain all-sufficing expression which practically puts any matter beyond the limits of discussion: "It is not His wish." People choose their own partners for love—fall in love, in fact—much as they used to do, but we must never forget that the dominant idea of duty is always supreme, and that even in matters of the heart no one would permit himself to do anything or feel anything which he did not think to be for the best for the community.

The great motive is not passion, but duty. The ordinary sex passions have been dominated, so that people now unite themselves definitely with a view to carrying on the community and to creating good bodies for the purpose. They regard married life chiefly as an opportunity to that end, and what is necessary for the production would be a religious and magical action which needs to be very carefully directed. It forms part of the sacrifice of themselves to the Logos, so that no one must lose his balance or his reason in connection with it. When people fall in love, and as we should say, engage themselves, they go to the Manu Himself and ask Him for a benediction on their union. Usually they also arrange with a pros-

pective son or daughter, so that when they go to the Manu they say that such and such a man wishes to be born from them, and ask that they may be permitted to marry. The Manu examines them to see whether they will suit each other, and if He approves He pronounces for them a formula, "Your life together shall be blessed." Marriage is regarded so very much from the point of view of the prospective offspring. Sometimes it is even arranged by them. One man will call on another and say,

"I am expecting to die in a few weeks, and I should like to have you and Miss X. for my father and mother, as I have some karmic ties with both of you that I should like to work off; would that be agreeable to you?"

Not infrequently the suggestion seems to be accepted, and the plan works out very well. One man whom I took up at random for the purpose of investigation was found to have three Egos desiring to incarnate through him, so that when he took his prospective wife to the Manu he asked,

"May we two marry, with these three Egos waiting to take birth through us?"

And the Manu gave His consent. There is no other marriage ceremony than this benediction given by the Manu, nor is a wedding made the occasion of feasting or the giving of presents. There is nothing in the nature of a marriage contract. The arrangements are exclusively monogamous, and there is no such thing as divorce, though the agreement is always terminable by mutual consent. People marry distinctly with a view of furnishing a vehicle for a certain soul, and when that is safely done it seems to be entirely at their option whether they renew their agreement or not. Since the parents are selected with care in the majority of cases, the agreement is renewed and they remain as husband and wife for life; but there are cases in which the agreement is terminated and both parties form other alliances. Here, also, as in everything else, duty is the one ruling factor, and everyone is always ready to yield his personal preference to what is thought to be best for the community as a whole. There is, therefore, very far less of passion in these lives than in those of the older centuries; and the strongest affection is

probably that between parents and children. There are cases in which the unwritten rule as to not marrying a person of the same type seems to be abrogated, as for example, when it is desired to produce children who can be trained by the devas as priests for a particular temple. In the rare case where a man is killed by some accident, he is at once impounded in the astral body and arrangements are made for his rebirth.

Apparently large numbers of people desire to be born as children of the members of the council; these, however, have only the usual number of children, lest the quality should be deteriorated. Birth in the family of the Manu Himself is the greatest of all honors; but, of course, He selects His children Himself. There is no difference of status between the sexes, and they seem to take up indifferently any work that is to be done. On this matter, I will tell you the opinion of a mind into which I am looking. He does not seem to think much of the difference between man and woman. He says that there must be both, in order that the race may be founded, but that we know there is a better time coming for the women. He feels that the women are taking a harder share of the work, and are therefore rather to be pitied and helped and protected. The council, however, is composed entirely of men, and, under the direction of the Manu, its members are making experiments in the creation of mind-born bodies. They have produced some very respectable copies of humanity, but have not yet succeeded in satisfying the Manu.

Racial Characteristics.

In appearance the community is still very like the sixth sub-race from which it sprang—that is to say, it is a white race, although there among it people with darker hair and eyes and a Spanish or Italian complexion. The stature of the race has distinctly increased, for none of the men are under six feet, and even the women are very little short of this. The people are all muscular and well-proportioned, and it would appear that much attention is paid to exercise and equal development of the muscles. It is noteworthy that they preserve a free and graceful carriage even to extreme old age.

Houses.

The houses built for the community before its foundation were all on the same general plan, and though a good deal of individual taste has been shown on those erected since, the broad principle is still the same. The two great features of their architecture much differentiate it from almost all that preceded it, are the absence of walls and corners. Houses, temples, schools, factories, all of them are practically roofs supported upon pillars—pillars in most cases as lofty as those of the Egyptian temples, though far lighter and more graceful. There is, however, provision for closing the spaces between the pillars when necessary, something distantly resembling the patent automatic rolling shop-blinds, but they can be made transparent at will. These devices, however, seem to be very rarely employed, and the whole of the life of the people, night and day, is practically spent in the open air. Domes of many shapes and sizes are prominent features. Some of them are of the shape of that of St. Peter's, though smaller; some are low and broad, like those of San Giovanni degli Eremiti, in Palermo; some with the lotus-bud shape of those of a Mohammedan mosque. These domes are full of windows, or perhaps are themselves built of some transparent substance of various colors. Every temple has a great central dome, and every house has one at least. The general scheme of the house is to have a sort of great hall, under the dome, which is the general living room, and is usually circular or oval. Fully three-fourths of its circumference are usually quite open, but behind the fourth part are often built rooms and offices of various kinds, which usually rise to only half the height of the columns, having above them other small rooms which are used as bed-rooms. It will be understood that all these rooms, though separated from one another by partitions, have no outside walls, so that in them also people are still practically in the open air. There seems always to be some part of the roof upon which it is possible to walk. Every house seems full of flowers and statues, and another striking feature is the abundance of water everywhere, fountains, artificial cascades, miniature lakes and pools in all directions.

The houses seem always to be lighted from

the roof. No lamps or lanterns are seen, but the dome is made to glow out in a mass of light, the color of which can be changed at will, and in the smaller rooms a section of the ceiling is arranged to glow in the same way. All the parks and streets are thoroughly lighted at night with a soft and moonlike but penetrating light—a far nearer approach to daylight than anything previously secured.

Furnishing.

Furniture is principally conspicuous by its absence. There seem to be no chairs in the houses and there are no seats of any sort in the temples or public halls. The people recline upon cushions somewhat in the oriental style, or rather, perhaps, like the ancient Romans, for they do not sit cross-legged. The cushions, however, are curious, entirely vegetable products stuffed apparently with some very soft fibrous material, not altogether unlike cocoanut fibre. These things are washable, and, indeed, are constantly being washed. When going to the temple, the library or to any public meeting, each person usually carries his own cushion with him, but in the houses large numbers appear to be lying about which may be used by anybody. There are small, low tables—or, perhaps, they are rather to be described as book-rests which can be so arranged as to be flat like a table. All the floors are of marble, or of stone polished like marble—often a rich crimson hue. Beds made of the same vegetable material as that used for the cushions are laid upon the floor, but no bedsteads are used. In the few cases where there are comparatively permanent walls, as, for example, between the bedrooms and offices and the great hall, they are always very beautifully painted with landscapes and historic scenes. Curiously, all these things are interchangeable, and there is a department which is always prepared to arrange exchanges—a kind of circulating library for decorations, as it were, through the medium of which any person can change the wall-panels or statues which decorate his house whenever he wishes to do so.

Dress.

The dress of the people is simple and graceful, but at the same time strictly utilitarian. Most of it is not unlike that of India, though we sometimes see an approach to the ancient Greek dress. There is no uniformity about it,

and people wear all sorts of different things. But there is nothing inharmonious, all is in very good taste. Colors both brilliant and delicate are worn by both men and women alike, for there seems to be no distinction between the clothing of the sexes. Not a single article is made of wool; it is never worn. The substance employed appears to be exclusively linen or cotton, but it is steeped in some chemical which preserves its fibres so that the garments last for a long time, even though all are washed daily. The chemical process imparts a glossy satin-like surface, but does not interfere in the least with the softness or flexibility of the material. No shoes or sandals or any other foot-coverings are worn by the members of the community, and very few people wear hats, though I have seen a few something like the panama, and also one or two small cloth caps. The idea of distinctive clothes for certain offices has disappeared; no uniforms of any sort are worn, except that the officiating deva always materializes round himself robes of the color of his temple while conducting a service; and the children, as before described, dress themselves in certain colors when they are about to take part in the religious festivals.

Food.

The community is, of course, entirely vegetarian, because it is one of the standing rules that nothing must be killed. Even the outer world is by this time largely vegetarian, because it has been begun to be recognized that the eating of flesh is coarse, vulgar, and, above all, unfashionable! Comparatively few people take the trouble of preparing their own meals, or eat in their own houses, though, of course, they are perfectly free to do so if they wish. The great majority go to what may be called restaurants, although, as they are practically entirely in the open air, they may be supposed rather to resemble tea-gardens. Fruit enters very largely into the diet of the period. We have a bewildering variety of fruits, and centuries of care have been devoted to scientific crossing of fruits so as to produce the most perfect forms of nourishment and to give them at the same time remarkable flavors. If we look i nat a fruit-farm we shall see that the section devoted to each kind of fruit is always divided into smaller sections, and each section

is labelled as having a particular flavor. We may have, for example, grapes or apples, let us say, with a strawberry flavor, a clove flavor, a vanilla flavor, and so on—mixtures which would seem very curious from the point of view of those who were not accustomed to them. This is a country where there is almost no rain, so that all cultivation is managed by means of irrigation, and as they irrigate these differe ntsection they throw into the water what is called "plant-food" and by variations in this they succeed in imparting different flavors. By varying the food, growth can be intensified or retarded, and the size of the fruits can also be regulated. The estate of the community runs up into the hills, so they have the opportunity at different levels of cultivating all possible kinds of fruit, almost.

The food which is most eaten is a sort of substance somewhat resembling blanc-mange. It is to be had in all kinds of colorings, and the coloring indicates the flavor. There is a very large selection. Perhaps the choice of different flavors in the food may to some extent take the place of many habits which have now disappeared, such as smoking, wine-drinking, or the eating of sweets. There is also a substance which looks like cheese, but is sweet. It is certainly not cheese, for no animal products appear to be used, and no animals are kept in the colony except as pets. Milk is used, but it is exclusively the vegetable milk obtained from what is sometimes called the cow-tree. Knives and forks do not appear, but spoons are still used, and most people bring their own with them. The attendant has a sort of weapon like a hatchet with which she opens fruits and nuts. It seems to be made of an alloy which has all the qualities of gold, but has a hard edge, which apparently does not need resharpener. It is possibly made of one of the rarer metals, such as iridium. In these restaurant gardens, also, there are no chairs, but each person half-reclines in a marble depression in the ground, and there is a marble slab which can be turned round in front of him so that he can put his food upon it, and when he has finished he turns this up and water flows over it. I think on the whole people eat distinctly less than in the twentieth century. The usual custom seems to be to have one regular meal in the middle

of the day, and to take a light refection of fruit in the morning and evening. Everybody seems to be at breakfast just after sunrise, for people are always up then or a little before. The light evening meal seems to be about five o'clock, for most people go to bed fairly early. So far as I have seen, no one sits down to a heavy meal in the evening, but there is complete individual freedom with regard to all these matters so that people follow their own taste. I do not notice the drinking of tea or coffee; indeed, there seems to be but little drinking of any sort, possibly because so much fruit is eaten. Plenty of water is available everywhere, even though there is almost no rain. They have enormous works for the distillation of sea water, which is raised to a great height and then sent out on a most liberal scale. It is worthy of note, however, that the water specially sent out for drinking is not the pure result of the distillation, but they add to it a small proportion of certain chemicals—the theory apparently being that pure distilled water is not the most healthy for drinking purposes. The manager of the distillation works tells me that they use natural spring water as far as it will go, but they cannot get nearly enough of it, and so it has to be supplemented by the distilled water, but then it is necessary to add the chemicals to these in order to make it fresh and sparkling and really thirst-quenching.

Libraries.

The literary arrangements are curious but perfect. Every house is provided free, as part of its permanent fittings, with a sort of encyclopædia of the most comprehensive nature, containing an epitome of practically all that is known, put as tersely as possible and yet with great wealth of detail, so as to contain

practically all the information that a man would be likely to want on any subject. If, however, for some reason he needs to know more, he has only to go to the nearest district library, of which there is one connected with each temple. There he will find a far fuller encyclopædia, in which the article on any given subject contains a careful epitome of every book that has ever been written upon it—a most colossal work. If he wants to know still more, or if he wants to consult original books printed in the old languages or the ancient Roman type now disused, he has to go to the central library of the community, which is on a scale commensurate with that of the British Museum. Translations into the English of the day printed in this shorthand-like script, are always appended to these originals. Thus it is possible for a man to study to the fullest any subject in which he is interested, for all instruments of research and books are provided free in this way. New books are of course being written all the time on all conceivable subjects. I notice that the fiction of the day is almost entirely based upon reincarnation, the characters always passing from life to life and exemplifying the working of karma, but a novelist in these days is writing not with a view to fame or money, but always to the good of the community. Some people are writing short articles, and these are always on view at their own district temple hall. Anyone may go and read them there, and anyone who is interested has only to go and ask for a copy and it is given to him. If a man is writing a book, it is exhibited in this way, chapter by chapter; the whole life is in this way communal, the people share with their neighbors what they are doing while they are doing it.—C. W. Leadbeater. (From *The Theosophist*.)





The book called "*My Two Gardens*," to which reference was made in February *Messenger*, was not written by Mr. Bragdon, but by an anonymous author.

Members are requested to bear in mind that we are always desirous of obtaining the names of persons likely to be interested in Theosophy, in order that we may supply them with literature in order to meet their anticipated needs.

Please note the following corrections in the poem appearing in the January *Messenger*, "The Moon is My Playfellow": Second verse, tenth line, should be "So I cannot linger." Third verse, eleventh line, should be omitted. Last verse, eleventh line, should read fellow instead of felley.

The 23rd of February, 1910, will be remembered as the date on which a Chinese army of 25,000 trained men entered the "mysterious land" of Tibet, and its capitol of Lhasa. The Dalai Lama, head of the papal hierarchy, fled with his ministers to British India. Thus ends the temporal rule of the Tibetan pope, and begins the practical sway of the Chinese government in its policy of "China for the Chinese."

Mr. Jinarajadasa's work in California is mapped out as follows: Los Angeles, February 10 to March 16; San Diego till March 31; San Francisco till April 2; Santa Cruz till May 3; Oakland and Berkeley, June 3; Santa Rosa till June 7; Stockton till June 9; Sacramento till June 12. Lectures will also be delivered in San Jose and Palo Alto.

Mr. Jinarajadasa is lecturing under the auspices and direction of the Executive Committee of the American Section. His traveling and other expenses are paid by the Section funds, and lodges utilizing his services are not obliged to contribute to his expenses. Mr.

Jinarajadasa is the only national lecturer whose activities are directly supervised by the Executive Committee.

Miss Julia M. Hyde wishes us to make the following corrections:

On page 293 in February *Messenger* we read "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." It should read, "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."

The increasing interest in Theosophic literature in London is gratifying. The books sold at a Queen's Hall lecture a few weeks ago amounted to \$37.50.

The following visitors recently called at Headquarters:

Mr. Breeze, of Newark, New Jersey, who is soon to locate his residence in Detroit, Michigan;

Mr. Chas. W. Hoyt, of Galesburg, Illinois, who is one of our most energetic and enthusiastic workers, although no branch exists at Galesburg;

Mr. P. M. Cooley, who makes light of his dharma of continually travelling about the country, utilizing it as an opportunity for the spread of Theosophic truth; and

Mr. Augustus F. Knudsen, of Hawaii. Mr. Knudsen addressed members of the Annie Besant Lodge on some personal experiences, reference to which has been made in the Diary Leaves of Colonel Olcott,

Mrs. Besant is making efforts to have the work of providing Braille-print works for the blind taken over by an International Council of the Order of Service. We trust that our American friends will not hastily begin extensive labors in this line until more is heard from our Indian Headquarters in regard to the plans of the President.

All members should bear in mind that the headquarters of the American Section are at 103 State street, Chicago, Room 1104, where the present executive officer can be seen at 1:30 p. m., each day excepting Sunday, by members. Non-residents of Chicago visiting the city are specially invited to call. Any service which can be rendered will be gladly undertaken.

The Order of Service Mission and Prison League of Greater New York, needs books on theosophy to place in the libraries of the various prisons in the city and state. There is a keen demand for them by the prisoners, far exceeding our ability to supply. Donations of new or second-hand books will be gratefully received. Send to M. J. Whitty, 226 West 58th street, New York City.

We much desire for use at headquarters a list of all articles in the literature of all languages on the subject of Karma and Reincarnation. Of course we have the articles which are of every day knowledge, articles which are of the standard publications of our own movement. Will not members kindly aid us by sending the titles of rare and unusual articles, such as are not commonly seen in our language? It might be possible to let us have translations from foreign languages, of great stories, poems and dramas dealing with Karma and Reincarnation.

The *Lotus Journal* will contain during 1910 the following papers: Verbatim Reports of Lectures by Mrs. Besant; Occasional Contributions from Mr. C. W. Leadbeater; Tales of Heroes from Many Lands, by Mr. E. M.

Whyte; The Bodies We Wear, by Herbert Whyte; A Series of Lotus Lessons illustrated by colored plates from Man Visible and Invisible; Six Short Articles on Astrology (with woodcuts) by Miss E. L. Foyster; A Number of Stories for Children (illustrated), by the following, among other writers: Miss E. C. Matravers, Miss E. Severs, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Chas. Kerr, Mrs. George Weller, Miss Funnell, M. A., Miss B. Wade, Miss Culpepper Pollard; Golden Chain Pages—Round Table Notes—Younger Brother's Pages, etc.; Reports from Lotus Circles.

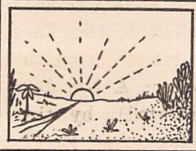
The subscription price of The Lotus Journal is 85 cents per year. Orders will be received at this office for the Journal, which is, as is well known, especially adapted to the needs of children.

The increasing interest in Theosophic literature in London is gratifying. The books sold at a Queen's Hall lecture a few weeks ago amounted to \$37.50.

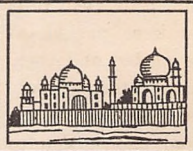
With an early number of *Messenger* an Advertising Department will be inaugurated. Rates will be as follows:

One page, one mo., per insertion.....	\$10.00
One page, six Mo., per insertion.....	9.00
One page, one yr., per insertion.....	8.00
One-half page, one time.....	6.00
One-half page, six mo., per insertion...	5.00
One-half page, one yr., per insertion...	4.50
One-fourth page, one time.....	3.50
One-fourth page, six mo., per insertion..	3.25
One-fourth page, one yr., per insertion..	3.00
One inch, one time.....	1.00
One inch, one year.....	9.00
Two inch, one time.....	1.80
Two inch, one year.....	18.00
Per line rates on application.	

Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett, 5510 Drexel Ave., Chicago, has been appointed to solicit books for the circulating and lending libraries of the Section and wishes the assistance of all members. She will have the aid of members of Annie Besant Lodge.



Benares Letter



The 34th Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society just held at Benares was marked by unusual peace and harmony, so the President said. The occasion proved an interesting exit of the old year, and gave promise of coping with the anticipated conditions of the new. It occupied the attention of its attendants so completely that the holidays came upon many unawares. Lectures and classes at Adyar were suspended for four weeks, owing to the almost complete exodus of its residents, who left early to attend the convention. The Theosophical Headquarters at Benares was crowded with people from many directions, who assembled for the first time on December 26, to hear Mrs. Besant lecture on "Mysticism and Occultism."

The formal opening on December 27 began with the President's Address, which was followed by reports from all the sections throughout the world, read by members representing their respective countries. America being the oldest theosophical child, was the first to be heard from, and I was given the privilege of reading our secretary's report of the splendid accomplishments and hopes of that promising country. The report of Great Britain was read by Miss Arundale; India by its General Secretary, Jehangir Sorabji; Australia by Mr. Wishart, who came all the way from Australia; Scandinavia by Miss Wilson; New Zealand by Miss Christie; Netherlands by Mr. Labberton, of Java; France by Miss Bayer; Italy by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley; Germany by Countess Schack; Cuba by Mr. Panday; Hungary by Mr. Brooks; Finland by Miss Harrington; Russia by Prince Gagarin; South Africa by Mr. Wood; South America by Mr. Telang. There were also numerous subsidiary reports which gave accounts of many worthy activities. Universal Brotherhood was the dominant note, and it was a gratifying and inspiring sight to witness the happy mingling of so many nationalities in one common aspiration and service. At 3:30

p. m. Mr. Bhagavan Das gave the first of his series of four lectures, entitled "The Laws of Manu in the Light of Theosophy." He is a man of splendid appearance and attractive deportment, with powerful but inviting eyes, concentrated not only on the mental but also the physical plane; a practical philosopher whose gesture, speech and carriage depict the equipoise of an ancient Indian. Dressed in white, and his picturesque white turban, the end of which fell gracefully over his broad shoulders, he was a picture of peace as he stood beside our white-haired President, delivering his words of wisdom. As we heard him day after day, we were transported into India's palmiest age, and felt how different would have been the face of the world if people had listened to the Manu's advice and lived according to the Laws He gave. The lectures are to be published in book form, so all may have the good fortune to read and ponder over them. Bhagavan Das literally means "Servant of the Lord," and surely our lecturer has served his Lord well in bringing the new world a message from the hoary East. At 6 p. m. of the same day the general E. S. meeting was held, and followed by a question meeting.

The morning of December 28 was devoted to the Indian Section Convention, its splendid report and work. At 2:30 p. m. the Public Anniversary Meeting was held and consisted of seven ten-minute talks by appropriate lecturers who spoke of the difficulties and progress of Theosophy in various countries. Miss Arundale, Mr. Hunt, who came with his wife to attend the convention, and Miss Edger spoke on the beginnings of Theosophy in Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand respectively; two Indian brothers spoke in their vernaculars—Bengali and Hindi; Mr. Wood and Mr. Brooks spoke on general lines. Then the second lecture by Bhagavan Das was followed by another E. S. meeting, after which the Co-Masons gathered in the Dharma Lodge.

The 29th—a continuation of the Indian Section work, when important and useful resolutions were passed. The third convention lecture ensued and then other E. S. and Masonic meetings took place.

December 30 was the day for the regular annual photograph to be taken, appropriately followed by the unveiling of a portrait of Damodar whose return, after twenty-five years with his Master in Tibet, is expectantly anticipated. In the afternoon nearly fifty Indians and Europeans were initiated as Sons of India—Mrs. Besant's new organization for the training of better citizens. At 3:30, the last lecture by Babu Bhagavan Das was well attended. Another question meeting came between five and six, of which Mrs. Besant was heard to remark she always enjoyed. A Rose-croix Chapter ended the day.

On December 31 came the Educational conference, when many interesting addresses were read. A National University, free from government aid, was strongly recommended. At 3:30 Mrs. Besant gave the closing lecture on "The Work of the Theosophical Society" to a very large and interested audience. Its aim was to reply to some undue criticisms which appeared in a number of magazines by antagonists to the society, who are cognizant of the strides it is making in its efforts to produce a friendly relation between the Indian and Englishman. The lecture is now being printed to be distributed freely, especially in India.

New Year's Day was made memorable for the visitors from Adyar when Mrs. Besant gave them the pleasure of a trip on the Ganges River. She explained the many interesting features as we came to them, and made it a fitting close to the enjoyment and privilege of attending the great convention.

The temptation to continue with a description of the entire trip to the Holy City is stilled by the contemplation of another article on our visit to the interesting city of Benares. Georgia Gagarin.

Benares, December 27.

Mrs. Besant delivered a most interesting lecture on Mysticism and Occultism yesterday afternoon at the Central Hindu College Hall. The Hall was packed to suffocation by the

large number of visitors and theosophist delegates, Indian and European, who have gathered for the annual Convention of the Theosophical Society from all parts of India and Europe, America, Australia, Russia, and Java. She kept the audience spellbound for over one hour and dealt with the subject very clearly, so that all present could follow her. She said that the occultists and mystics had existed in all countries and in all religions, and both were necessary for contributing towards the welfare of humanity. She also explained to the audience the dangers that the students of occultism and mysticism were likely to fall into, if they did not follow certain lines of action and acted upon certain fixed principles. In conclusion she said that the subject was especially important for those who were endeavoring to lead a higher and noble life.

Benares, December 30.

At the Theosophical Convention meeting this morning, after a photograph of the delegates had been taken, a most interesting ceremony was performed by the president of the Society. Mrs. Besant unveiled the portrait of Damodar, a Mahrashta Brahman, who disappeared mysteriously some 28 years ago, and who was the disciple of the late Madam Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, with whom he was seen for the last time at Simla. His disappearance put the Society in a very awkward position, but it was alleged by the members that he had gone to the snowy peaks of the Himalayas to work under the masters who are said to be behind the movement, and to fit himself for the work in the Society. There is a strong rumor here that he will return in a few months to take up the work in the Society, and in the same body, for it was thought by the public, at the time of his disappearance, that he had been murdered. It was due to this rumor that the unveiling ceremony was awaited with excitement.

A resolution about preparing an universal religious and moral text-book was adopted after much discussion. Mrs. Besant also announced that the scheme for the proposed Indian National University was practically ready, only the sanction of the Board of Trustees of the Central Hindu College was not yet obtained for holding the examination in the College Hall.

Papers on
Elementary Theosophy
by C. W. Rogers

SCIENCE AND REINCARNATION.

The highest of authorities in theosophical realms once said that karma and reincarnation are subjects that should be ceaselessly put before the public in the western world. Perhaps it is because these things are so essential that they have such a fascination for most of us. Simple enough they seem to be at first thought, and yet how complex and profound they appear upon reflection! Is it not likely that we are close upon the time when the scientific thought of the occident will be turned upon these subjects as earnestly as evolution was studied and discussed thirty years ago?

There is nothing more remarkable in the annals of modern science than the advance that has been made in the last few years by the progressives, under the leadership of Lodge and Thomson, in revolutionizing our conceptions of matter. The conservatives have made a dogged fight for time-honored theories, but the last two or three years has put the progressives firmly in the saddle and the conservatives seem now to be occupied chiefly in wondering what kind of trouble will be coming to them next.

It is only reasonable to believe that the total failure of all the old theories about what individual consciousness is, and where it has its beginnings, will lead soon to equally eager study of the one hypothesis that has survived the vicissitudes of all time and now stands before the modern world awaiting the searchlight of scientific scrutiny. It would seem that Sir Oliver Lodge has fired the first shot in what may be the beginning of the scientific battle that must sooner or later come and ought to place the hypothesis of reincarnation in its relation to biology on the firm footing now enjoyed by the nebular hypothesis in astronomy. In a reply to Haeckel's materialism, Lodge points out that there is in the latter's philosophy no sufficient explanation of how the imbecility of the infant can become the wisdom of the sage in the span of a lifetime.

It is rather astonishing that that point should have been passed quietly over for so long. Of course all scientists are evolutionists. A scientist who is not would be more out of date than a theologian who believes in literal hell-fire and brimstone or a personal devil with horns. There may be a few of both left, but they must be getting feeble from old age.

Now, whoever accepts the idea of evolution cannot, of course, hold any theory of miraculous growth or sudden transformation. No scientist will insist that any organic thing that exists has suddenly become what it is. It must have evolved; and if it is a very complex thing it must have required ages in which to do it, as materialists readily agree is the case with the human form. But just here we are confronted with the fact that the individualized consciousness we call a human being, with its intellect and emotions is, at the very least, quite as complex and wonderful a thing as the body through which it is expressed. It is, in fact, a tremendously more complex thing than the planet it inhabits, and yet millions of years lie between the time of the nebulous matter and the habitable earth. What, then, must reasonably be the evolutionary history of that individualized consciousness, differing from all the other millions of individualized consciousnesses? How utterly absurd and unscientific it would be to say that Bacon became Bacon in a measure of time that might be called, comparatively, a second. It is as though one should seriously contend that a palace may have been the raw material of which it is made an instant before it became a palace—that at one moment it was growing in the forest, and lying in the quarry, while in the next moment it was the palace. Materialistic scientists have long taunted the theologians with being obliged to depend upon miracles to account for what exists; but it seems that the tables, like the "mill of the gods," have been slowly turning and now the scientists are called upon by troublesome Sir Oliver, with

his theosophical ideas, to show in what way materialism is a whit more consistent. With all his knowledge about the forms of men and animals, Prof. Haeckel cannot put his finger upon an iota of difference between the brain of man and that of the chimpanzee. Yet these two aggregations of brain matter, supposed by the materialists to give rise to, and account for, intellectual and psychological phenomena, have an exasperating way of failing to confirm the materialistic hypothesis. In the case of the chimpanzee, he is nearly as smart when born as when he dies, and that brain, so exactly like the human, fails shamefully to live up to its reputation. In the case of a man, he starts out like an imbecile. At the age of a month or two he is still blinking stupidly at the lamp with an expression of countenance that belongs to the intellectual level of a melon; while a chimpanzee of the same age has learned all the tricks of his trade and begins to feel blasé. But for some strange reason which the materialist has not yet volunteered to explain, this uneven race is presently reversed and the two alike brains, that are supposed to account for the origin of the intelligent lives under observation, begin to do other unlike things. The one practically stands still mentally for a lifetime while the other presents the amazing phenomenon of being transformed from helpless stupidity to dazzling genius. The one remains morally on the animal level while the other rises to divine compassion. If individual consciousness is but the product of chemical affinity and mechanical law, and the brain originates thought, it is most unreasonable for two brains to be so exactly alike and yet produce results so exactly opposite.

Prof. Lodge does not mention these and similar little unscientific conclusions of the scientific materialists. In *Life and Matter* he merely flings out the remark, in passing, that materialism has no satisfactory explanation of the fact that in so short a time great mentality comes to be where it was not, and where it has not had time to evolve. It is just a side shot, an extra arrow let fly for good measure from the overflowing quiver of scientific weapons, the promise of something interesting for the future still to come, delivered with good-hu-

mored satisfaction, as though he would say to Haeckel: "I shall be having some real sport with you one of these days, my friend."

Meantime that argument by Sir Oliver Lodge remains perhaps the most concise and crushing that a scientist has made against materialism. Of course it is equally an argument against any hypothesis of the sudden creation of the soul—as hard a blow to the popular notion of how the human soul comes to exist, as it is to materialism. How can the soul be called instantly into existence from nothingness? It is clearly as absurd as would be the notion that the earth can have come to be what it is by the same process. When evolution finally won its battle against its foes those who clung to the literal interpretation of the Christian scriptures began to say that the seven days were long formative periods, and thus they wisely tried to harmonize scientific facts with their faith. But it would seem that they have not even thought of applying the idea to the creation of the soul, which is certainly quite as much in need of it. The oversight is only another proof of our dense materialism. Say to the average man who sees the truth of evolution: "The planets could not suddenly become what they are. Ages of evolution must lie behind them"; and he will instantly agree to that. But say to him: "The soul cannot suddenly become what it is"; and it does not seem conclusive to him because you have named something intangible. So long as his physical senses can grasp the object, evolution is a fact to him; but when he gets beyond material things he is willing to forget law and fall back on miracle! From that position everybody must, of course, finally be driven as the question comes more and more before the public. And with the leaders of the progressive wing of the scientific army taking a position that is destructive of both materialism and creation by miracle, whether physical or super-physical, what is left for anybody but the hypothesis of reincarnation? The churches will be driven back to it as certainly as the world moves, and the time will come for the western world when the man who believes in the fiat creation of the human soul will feel as lonesome as the one who believes that the earth is stationary and flat.



The Field



Annie Besant Lodge.

On the thirteenth day of December, 1909, this lodge was organized, the following applying for charter: Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett, Mrs. Charlotte C. Robertson, Mrs. Helen A. Musser, Mrs. Augusta Lagerheim, Mr. J. C. Myers, Mrs. Julia A. Myers, and Mrs. Elma J. Lysell. The first official meeting was held January 12, 1910, in the lodge room, 828 Fine Arts Building, at which the following officers were duly elected: President, Mr. J. C. Myers; temporary secretary, Mrs. Mae Yerion; treasurer, Mrs. Augusta Lagerheim. The entire evening was given over to business and plans for future work of the lodge.

The activities of the lodge at present are as follows: Tuesday evenings, 7:30, class in The Philosophy of Expression and Platform Etiquette, conducted by Mrs. Charlotte C. Robertson; Wednesday afternoons, two classes conducted by Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett, The Building of the Individual, and the Beginnings of the Sixth Race; at 8:00 p. m., Wednesdays, the regular lodge meeting is held, at which time a varied program has been followed each week, papers being written and read by members and visitors, followed by discussion. The studies so far have been upon Reincarnation and Karma. All our classes and lodge meetings are opened and closed with short meditations, then announcements of the activities of all the Chicago lodges are read, and the evening is given up to study preceded by a short business meeting when necessary. All our meetings are pervaded by the spirit of greatest reverence and devotion. Since organizing several new members have been received into the lodge.

On February 16, 1910, the second business meeting was held at which Mrs. Julia A. Myers was elected permanent secretary.

On Wednesday evening, February 9, the lodge was given a rare treat in the form of a talk by Mr. Knudsen of Honolulu, who told us of the most remarkable experiences of how he

found Theosophy, of his visit to India, and of his close friendship with Col. Olcott.

We hope that with the blessings of the Great Ones, this new lodge will make itself worthy of the name it bears.

—Julia A. Myers.

East Orange, N. J.

Olcott Lodge of East Orange, New Jersey, is in a very flourishing condition, both as to interest and finances. The officers elected for the year now stand:

President—David S. Plum.

Vice President—Mrs. Mary Colvin.

Secretary—Mrs. Mildred E. Kern.

Treasurer—Mrs. George B. Swain.

Librarian—Miss Emily Wiederhold.

The attendance at classes and lodge meetings is excellent. We have seventeen members, with a strong possibility of half a dozen more in the near future.

Mrs. Florence Duffie of Washington, D. C., won the love and approval of all by her earnest, capable efforts and her remarkable patience. She gave five public lectures for the lodge and we are looking forward to her return in the spring. Her "Story of the Christ" was most beautifully put.

Olcott Lodge bids fair to be a credit to itself and its Sponsor.

Mildred E. Kern.

Lotus Lodge, Vancouver.

A new lodge was formed February 4, 1910, named "The Lotus Lodge." The officers elected are as follows: President, T. W. Thomasson; Vice President, Wm. J. Cooper; Secretary-Treasurer, Walter Metcalfe; Librarian, Kathleen E. M. Hunt; Executive Committee, Wm. M. Gillivray, George F. Fraser, Edwin Parnell, Mrs. Edwin Parnell, Mrs. Lottie Morris, Mrs. F. G. Metcalfe and Mrs. Maude A. Pratt.

The new lodge has already begun active work by renting a room and holding study classes pending the arrival of the charter.

Walter Metcalfe.

Omaha Lodge.

Omaha Lodge met and organized on January 21, electing officers as follows: Burdell F. Miller, president; Dr. Laurestan A. Merriam, vice president; John J. Points, secretary, treasurer and librarian.

We have admitted three new members, two of whose applications have been acted upon and will be sent in by the secretary. The interest is good. We had twenty-two present at the meeting last week and fifteen last night. Last night's attendance was light on account of a lecture on psychic phenomena. We are taking up Mrs. Besant's "Man and His Bodies" and the class is studying in a manner that is encouraging to all. We will soon be able to divide the class into two sections, an advanced and a primary class. The lodge will try to accumulate a library as fast as possible, as we find that many have hardly any of the necessary books. It is a great pleasure to me to note the deep interest all the members are taking in the work, even those who have studied it but little, and I cannot help being optimistic regarding the future.

The lodge has no permanent quarters at present, preferring to use the quarters so kindly furnished by Mr. L. J. Quimby, economizing for the present to aid the library fund.

J. J. Points.

Oakland Lodge.

The new year found the Oakland Branch T. S. in a healthy and harmonious condition, with forty-four members.

Last October we tried the experiment of throwing the Wednesday evening lodge meetings open to outsiders, and it has proved to be very satisfactory. At these meetings one of the members is appointed to read an article from one of the late Theosophical periodicals. The reading is interspersed and followed by an animated discussion. The deeper study is done in classes, of which there are several. We have a very good library, which is fairly well patronized. A lecture is given every Sunday evening in the library rooms.

We are looking forward to a visit from Mr. Jinarajadasa in the spring.

Our annual election of officers took place last October, as follows: President, Mr. Thomas H. Talbot; Vice President, Mrs. Emme Short-

ledge; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Cora G. Owen; Recording Secretary, Miss Lina E. George; Treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth Barnes; Librarian, Mrs. Louisa Heintz; Member of Council, Dr. Mary Plumb.

Cora G. Owen.

Central Lodge, New York.

Central Lodge, New York City, has removed to its new headquarters at 142 West 80th street.

A study class of "Man and His Bodies" is conducted by Mrs. Mary M. Dunn every Monday evening, 8:15. Thursday, 8:15 p. m., is devoted to lectures, and Friday evenings to our lodge meetings. Monday and Friday afternoons the rooms are open from 2:30 to 5:00 p. m. for library work, enquiries and receptions.

On the 28th of January, the talented artist, Miss Gay Zenola MacLaren, gave an impersonation of Wilson Barrett's play, the "Sign of the Cross." The Philaethian Society, which is located in the same house, very kindly lent their rooms for the occasion. A number of guests attended and we had a very enthusiastic audience.

In the last three months seven new members have joined Central Lodge. Mrs. Ness has been granted a demit because of leaving the city.

Mrs. Mary M. Dunn having resigned the secretaryship of the lodge, Mrs. M. Lambart-Taylor has been elected in her place, to whom all communications should be addressed.

Mrs. M. Lambart-Taylor.

Annie Besant Lodge, Chicago.

Annie Besant Lodge T. S. is engaged in the following activities: on Wednesday, Dr. Burnett conducts two classes—the first from 3 p. m. to 4 p. m., The Building of the Individual; second, 6:45 to 7:45 p. m., The Beginnings of the Sixth Race.

A regular lodge meeting is held at 8:00 p. m. of the same day, when short papers are read, followed by a discussion on the following topics: Karma, The Personality, The Individuality, Small Worries, What is Meant by "A Lost Soul," Inter-Communications Between the Planes, and others of interest. Reincarnation has already been discussed.

Santa Rosa Lodge.

Santa Rosa Lodge is threading its way untiring and unhasting, occasionally adding a member to its lodge, or demitting one to join elsewhere. Under the harmony which prevails all activities continue, each member adding his or her quota, as their limitations permit. We are preparing to make the most of Mr. Jinarajadasa's visit, trusting that the impetus that that great worker gives to Theosophy may wake up those who as yet remain unaffected by our humble efforts. P. Van der Linden.

Pasadena, Cal.

With the first business meeting of the new year of 1910, held on January 3, new officers were installed to serve a short term, until the end of June. This has been made necessary by reason of the amendment to the by-laws, adopted some months ago, by which the annual election of officers takes place the first Monday in June instead of the first Monday in December. This change was deemed wise for a reason probably peculiar to this city. Pasadena being a great winter resort, it was found to be very inconvenient for incoming officers to immediately take up the thread of action outlined by the outgoing officers. The break came in the very midst of the winter season, when lodge activity is supposed to be at its height, and it is believed that with a board of officers holding office during the busiest season of the year continuously it will be possible to have the entire season's work mapped out beforehand, and carried along in something approaching sequential order.

The incoming officers are as follows: Theophile Colville, president; Mrs. Georgia D. Runyon, vice president; Mrs. Delia L. Colville, secretary; Mrs. Clara Wharton, librarian.

There are thirty members on the lodge roll, but these are not all on the active list, for two are in India, others are residing in Los Angeles, and others again are at outlying points. Four members have left during the year just ended, but only one has demitted, the others, for the present at all events, retaining membership, and hoping to return to the city to resume active membership later on.

With the exception of a break of two weeks during the late summer, when our beloved President, Mrs. Besant, made an all too brief

visit of two days in Los Angeles and Pasadena, weekly lectures have been given in the lodge rooms on Friday evenings; and on Monday evening of each week a study class has been conducted with "Ancient Wisdom" as the class-book.

Owing to the kindness of the following lecturers the series was maintained without a break: Dr. Norton F. W. Hazeldine, Miss Philalethia Mickelsen, Harvey A. Gibson, Mrs. Janet B. McGovern, Bruce G. Kingsley, Frank Passmore, and the president. The average attendance was very fair, and on several occasions the rooms failed to accommodate the people seeking admission.

Though no very startling advance has been made during the year passed, it has not been without decided encouragement. The ultra-conservative atmosphere of Pasadena is maintained by the multiplicity of churches; but, nevertheless, in all of these may be found individuals holding theosophical views, albeit not either ready or willing to identify themselves with a movement all too little understood in this beautiful residential city. But all in good and proper time the larger view will reveal itself to such as these, and meantime the lodge is content in the thought that the work being done is the Master's work, and energy is never lost even though exterior appearances might appear to warrant such a conclusion.

In the near future we will suffer a loss in the departure of Mrs. Janet B. McGovern, who has been of great aid during the time she has passed in this city. For some months she took charge of the study class, and has ever been at the service of the lodge in lecturing, and leading the devotional service on Sunday mornings. This latter meeting, though mentioned last, has been by no means the least important of the lodge's activities. The attendance on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock has never been large, generally ranging from seven or eight to double that number. The time conflicts with the ordinary church services, but it has been the general experience that at these small gatherings a genuine uplift in varying degree has been experienced by those attending.

During four days in the week the rooms are kept open during the afternoons for the benefit of inquirers, and readers who may care to make use of the books in the library. The

attendance has not been large, but the rooms have nevertheless served as a rallying place. The library now includes about 165 books, most of them standard works on theosophy and theosophical subjects.

With the incoming year the librarian, Mrs. Wharton, is taking a class each Monday afternoon through the devious windings of Parliamentary Law, a subject that is becoming of far more than passing importance to women.

On Tuesday afternoons, Mrs. MacFarland will have in charge a devotional meeting between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock, and later on other forms of activity are contemplated as occasion seems to warrant.

For the nonce, however, the members of the lodge are looking forward with eager anticipation to the visit of Mr. Jinarajadasa in the early part of February. Great things are hoped for as a result of his visit; and with his keen, logical and attractive presentation of an all-embracing philosophy, a broadening out of thought and religious life and feeling in this city is sincerely hoped for.

(Mrs.) Delia L. Colville,

Meadville, Penn.

A little more than a year ago at the request of the one theosophist in Meadville, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa came and gave three public lectures, two down-town in the public library hall, and one in the chapel of the Meadville Theological School. The attendance was good in numbers, but unpromising from the standpoint of membership in the society, the audiences being composed largely of strange folk who wanted to relate long tales of their visions and give graphic illustrations of their healing powers; and preachers and professors who, you may know, departed from the hall with a broad grin of incredulity upon their beaming countenances after the pictures and lecture on "Man's Invisible Bodies and Thought Forms."

But here and there were unsatisfied souls who made themselves and their needs known and were invited to learn more and to read. Two met with the one lone theosophist, and the three gathered together twice a week through the winter and read the "Light of Asia," and looked into the Gita on Sunday afternoons, and on Thursday evenings read "Man and His Bodies," and dipped about in other elementary books.

There were others who were kept track of by calls and as social opportunity offered. First one, then another were willing to join the society until by last June we had seven members affiliated with a lodge in a near-by city. All the new members encouraged the original member to attend the convention in Chicago last September when the offer of Mr. Cooper to give lectures in the east wherever he might be wanted was accepted. Upon the return from Convention, six of the seven members and four others met regularly once a week, but were able to accomplish little in the way of systematic study, although there were some lively and helpful discussions, and finally "Three Paths" had been read with the result that there was considerable mental confusion, but much interest and more questions. Word was received from Mr. Cooper that he would be with us the last week in January. We were all elated and when the matter of collections and paid admissions came up, the class said—No, and immediately subscribed funds to cover local expenses, or nearly so.

Mr. Cooper came and gave four public and four class lectures; as one result we now have a lodge of twelve loyal and enthusiastic members and much interest outside so that our membership is certain to increase rapidly. So here in this academic and conservative town in little over a year's attention we have a lodge composed of good, sensible, substantial folk. There are people everywhere who need and want theosophy, but know it not by name—let us all get busy and give them the chance. Mr. Cooper's fine personality and his masterful handling of his material gave the public a most favorable impression of the philosophy and enthused the members so that we anticipate much unity and harmony in our class work. The weather and local conditions were all against us, but the numbers attending increased and the quality improved with each lecture so that despite all hindrances the attendance at the last lecture was distinctive. After every lecture, many remained and asked questions, bought books and carried off all the "Messengers" we could supply. We could not do anything for Mr. Cooper at this moment, but he has years ahead of him, and during the next year in Adyar we shall not forget, and besides we shall probably lay for him on his return.

Frank L. Reed.

Miss A. C. McQueen has established a school under the Theosophical Society Order of Service plan of organization, which purposes to be an educational factor for those within its membership as well as those without. Its sections are said to be nuclei of intellectual and spiritual interest and endeavor, which shall serve as points of impact with the higher forces, one of the channels of which is the T. S. Order of Service.

A Labor Exchange Bulletin Board is open to all members who wish to offer one kind of instruction or service for another. Members have the privilege of exhibiting articles for sale classified under the sections of the league. Any member may advertise professionally on the advertisement board.

League teachers may conduct classes on their own terms, either hiring a class room at the league rates or paying "20 per cent on pupil." All lessons must be given at headquarters so that the league may become known as an educational centre. Any line of instruction approved by the league will be opened after the enrollment of six applicants.

Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Besant and party arrived in Louisville the morning of the 15th, twelve hours ahead of schedule, and after giving audience to the newspaper men she favored the members of the local Branch with a meeting and talk along T. S. lines.

We had secured the Scottish Rite Cathedral for our lecture hall and had present nearly two hundred people.

We had expected the hall to be filled to its seating capacity, twelve hundred, and it would have been so had not such strenuous efforts been made by Mrs. Tingley's agents in the circulation of a lot of dirty literature attacking both Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater. They tried very hard to prevent the Scottish Rite Masons from fulfilling their contract with us in regard to letting us the hall, but in that they were unsuccessful. We had another hall in the Seelbach Hotel (the one in which Mrs. Besant was stopping) engaged, in case we were prevented from using the one first selected.

One of our members, Mrs. C. P. Weaver, is president of the Federation of Woman's Clubs

in Kentucky, and of course as such has a complete roster of all the members of all the clubs in the state. A Mr. Stevens, a member of Mrs. Tingley's organization, approached Mrs. Weaver, and, under pretense of wanting to send some Theosophical literature to each of the members of the clubs, asked Mrs. Weaver to furnish him with the addresses of the members of the different women's clubs in the state. She, not suspecting anything was wrong, gave him the books containing the addresses, and the next thing she heard was a request from many of the women for information about the literature they had received. Stevens had made a copy of the addresses and sent them to Point Loma, from which place circulars containing an attack upon our Leaders were mailed.

Of course at first there was much indignation and a division of opinion; afterwards, when it was too late, regret on the part of many of the ladies that they had not attended Mrs. Besant's lecture.

The press was very considerate, and practically no mention was made of Mrs. Tingley's attack, the newspaper men ignoring the filth from that side, but giving us considerable advertising of the most favorable kind.

There are in Louisville a great many Theosophists, also New Thought adherents, and a number of representatives of most of the other kindred organizations; we have frequent visits from representatives of these organizations at our public meetings. We keep a record of all the visitors, and their addresses, and find that through our meetings we have been able to reach over eight hundred persons. This I consider very good when we take into consideration the fact that home talent is the best we have had to offer in the way of speakers, and you know the old adage of the prophet being "without honor in his own country."

There is much interest in Free Thought lines in Louisville, and three-fourths of the membership of the churches is composed of women; and of the other one-fourth, composed of the masculine side of humanity, (from my observation) only about one-tenth of the one-fourth ever look into a church. Whenever a lecturer along Christian Science, or any other line outside of church, and especially when the lecture is free to the public, our largest theatre or

lecture hall is always full to overflowing; and, strange to say, sixty per cent of the audience is men.

Going back to Mrs. Besant's lecture, our Branch members made it a point to circulate freely among the audience and all of them report the same thing, i. e., intense interest and awakening on the part of those who heard her. We have an average attendance of twenty at our Sunday evening meetings, usually about three-fourths strangers and one-fourth members. After Mr. Jinarajadasa's visit here this average was raised to about thirty, and held at that for about three months. He takes well in Louisville and I believe that if it were possible to arrange a three or four months' stay for him here in Louisville that a vast amount of good can be accomplished. I should like to have you look over the ground and see if it is possible for him to so arrange his itinerary.

Geo. H. Wilson.

—*Baltimore Lodge.*

On the 29th day of September, 1909, a Branch of the Theosophical Society was chartered in Baltimore under the name of "The Baltimore Lodge" with eight members.

The Baltimore Lodge is the result of active propaganda work done by Mrs. Florence Duffie, Dr. W. W. Baker and Dr. A. J. Cory, who united with a family deeply interested in the teachings of theosophy, one of whose members, Mrs. Seraph Y. Ford, was a member of the Capital City Branch, who removed to Baltimore from Washington City. By means of their united efforts a nucleus was established for the propaganda of theosophy in this city, widely known for its conservatism.

Very good results have been achieved by the formation of this lodge. Theosophy has been given an impetus not anticipated in this southern city. Commodious headquarters have been established at 1130 West North avenue, the nucleus of a library formed, pamphlets and the Messenger distributed and a large number of books sold at public meetings.

Mr. L. W. Rogers, the national lecturer, has recently given a course of twelve lectures at Beethoven Hall and, though the weather was unusually severe, the attendance was large, every seat was filled, and the interest sustained through the entire course.

His lectures were as follows: "Scientific

Evidence of Future Life," "The Invisible Worlds about Us," "Reincarnation from the Scientific Standpoint," "Thought Power and Karma," "Universal Brotherhood," "Beyond the Border," "The Logic of Reincarnation," "The Hidden Side of Evolution," "Occultism as a Factor in Civilization," "Self Development the Way to Power," "The Occultism in the Shakespeare Plays" and "The Life Sublime."

Mr. Rogers' course is now being followed by a course given by Mrs. Florence Duffie, who, at the request of Mr. Rogers, is going on with the work in Baltimore. The attendance at Beethoven Hall at these lectures has not fallen off. Every seat is filled by an eager and appreciative audience. Out of those attending the lectures a study-class using as text-book, "Man and His Bodies," has been formed, numbering thirty-four persons, who are keenly alive to the importance of grasping the fundamental truths presented to them by the lecturer.

Mrs. Duffie's lecture course is as follows: "The Message of Theosophy to the World from a Religious, Scientific and Philosophical Standpoint," "The Powers Latent in Man," "The Occult Side of Prayer," "How We Remember Our Past Births" and "The Story of the Christ from the Occult Standpoint."

The officers of the Branch are Mrs. Seraph Y. Ford, President; Mrs. Gracia Tongue, Secretary; Miss Cherry Ford, Librarian; Miss Sophie Amelia Arning, Treasurer, and Mrs. Ada Smith Lang, Press Correspondent.

A notable feature of the work in Baltimore is the courtesy of the press and the very full and satisfactory reports of the lecture work that have been published from time to time.

Gracia Ford Tongue.

H. P. B. Lodge, Grand Rapids.

The first meeting of the members of the H. P. B. Lodge, T. S., of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was held on Thursday evening, January 27. The following officers were elected: Rose B. Altenbrandt, presidency; May L. Godfrey, vice president; James B. Howard, secretary and treasurer, and Cornelia Jones, librarian. Miss M. L. Godfrey and Mr. James B. Howard were elected as a board of trustees, to be the general executive of the lodge, one of whom should be the president ex-officio. Meetings for mem-

bers only will be held temporarily at 219 East Fulton street on Wednesday evenings from eight until nine-thirty. The text-book to be used will be "A Study in Consciousness."

The attitude of every member of this new lodge seems to be one of service. The dominant note is one of harmony and co-operation and the question most often voiced is "How can we best serve Them as an organization of the T. S. in this community?"

Rose Altenbrandt.

—*Correspondence School.*

Last month it will be recalled we began the work of conducting a Correspondence School, the suggestion of which was made to us by Mrs. Clara Jerome Kochersperger.

A number of members have already taken up eagerly the work which was outlined. In future numbers of Messenger further work will be given each month and the answers will be carefully criticized and the writers aided in every way within our power. We are desirous of making this school a great success, especially for those who are isolated from branches. Many members live in remote places or are very busy. We trust that this Correspondence School will be of benefit to them by enabling them to give such expression to their views on the elementary topics of Theosophy as will enable older students to assist them materially in the work of adjusting their notions to high standards.

For the following month please answer the subjoined questions as fully as possible. Your answers to questions are not intended for our edification, but to enable us to gain a knowledge of your views and of your information, so that we may, possibly, help you. This object cannot be accomplished unless we have full answers to the questions. Of course, of the conditions under which you are living prevent you from writing at length, we will be glad to have even brief answers. Do not be discouraged if you have not adequate facilities in all ways for correspondence.

1. What are the principal parts of the physical body?
2. What is the structure and what is the function of the etheric double?
3. Why should the physical body be carefully trained?
4. What is the difference between Hatha

Yoga and the Yoga which Theosophy advocates?

5. What are the two nervous systems of man and what is their relation to the physical body and the higher bodies?

(Man and His Bodies, pages 9-20.)

—*Chicago Notes.*

On December 23, the little play, "The Promise of the Christ's Return," was enacted in the Assembly Hall by Messrs. D. S. M. Unger, Ralph E. Packard and Wm. Brinsmaid. Mr. Jinarajadasa had carefully coached these gentlemen and was kind enough to be the stage manager! Mrs. Kochersperger, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Felix and others assisted in such matters as costuming and decoration. The music of the evening was given by Miss Priscilla Carver as follows: Minuet, Mrs. A. O. Mason; Nocturne, Chopin; Romance, Schumann, and Etude, McDowell.

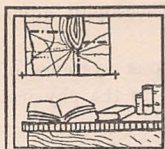
A handsome program was printed and distributed bearing the following note:

The three young men of the play have been attending the sermon upon the Mount of Olives by a certain Jesus of Nazareth Who has created great stir and confusion among the people of the country by spreading teachings not approved by the Jewish priests and the Roman government. Abraham and Seti have been acquainted for some time and, discussing the sermon, accost the Roman, Julius, who also has heard the speaker, asking his opinion. Though his dignity is at first a little ruffled, he softens in a few moments and makes with them an acquaintance which becomes lasting. The first act is taken up with a discussion of Jesus' doctrine and methods of which all have but an imperfect notion.

The second act relates in discussion the miracle of Lazarus' raising from the dead and the subject of the rationale of the wonder-working.

The third shows how, after the pathetic death of Him Whom all now recognize as Master, the hardy Roman, Julius, joins the band of Jesus' disciples. The surprising promise is announced that the Master, after ages have passed, will again be among men and teach them.

It is hoped that the play will be presented by theosophists in other cities on quiet occasions and that its usefulness in this way may be extended.



Current Literature



The Conditions of Occult Research.

The conditions surrounding the work of occult research at the present time are entirely new in the history of the world. In the past a man who was gradually unfolding the faculties necessary for this research was practically shut away from the crowd and bustle of cities or large communities. The moment a pupil of a great teacher began to develop the faculties of the astral or mental sheaths he was called into retirement. He was shut into an atmosphere kept calm and serene by the thoughts of his Teacher, that mighty aura serving for him as a protection from the throng of outer influences. Everything that could be done to purify the bodies and to strengthen and concentrate the consciousness was done for him. He was necessarily somewhat ascetic in his life, but it was a careful asceticism, neither exaggerated in the hardships imposed upon the body nor in any sense lopsided in its conditions. With all physical things a medium path was followed. He must neither so strain the body that there would be a danger of hysteria nor pamper it so that it would not readily respond to the vibrations from the upper worlds. The whole arrangement was based on an experience that had lasted for tens of thousands of years, until it had reached perfection—an arrangement of all surrounding circumstances so that the least possible difficulty from outside might come in the student's way.

Let us, then, apply to the first observations on the astral plane some of the laws which we know work when we are dealing with observations on the physical plane. I am speaking now of early observations, because I want you to see how these are surrounded with difficulties. As the best seer has gone through these early stages, it is well that those who, perhaps, are beginning to see shall understand some of the difficulties surrounding these earlier visions. One of the most misleading, because the most subtle, difficulties is the question of how much the astral eye sees and how much the consciousness, trained in physical

experience, adds to the observations of the astral eye. Every student knows that when he says, "I see so-and-so" (on the physical plane), that sight carries with it a mass of previous experiences of similar observations. If you go into the country of a race differing very much from your own—say India—all the faces appear the same. Thirty people are introduced to you. You do not know one from the other. You constantly blunder. But the Indian will say the same thing when he comes for the first time over here. To us it seems absurd. I look at the faces in this audience. No two are alike, but an Indian who had never seen English people before would say: "How can you tell one from the other?"

These difficulties, of course, are obvious. What I want to point out to you is that they persist much longer than most of us are inclined to think; that the trained seer, unless his training has carried him to the threshold of Mastership, may still be liable to these blunders in his observations. Quite honestly his temperament will influence his observations; quite honestly something of himself will mingle in what he sees; and though he may have outgrown the coarser blundering of mistaking thought-forms and desire-forms for heavenly and astral inhabitants, none the less there will be a residue of that clinging round him for many a year.

Let us pass from that to the question of how the researcher can find out the facts which he is asked for—the method he must use and the limits of his power. Suppose, for instance, a question is asked, such as the question which led up to the observations made by Mr. Leadbeater and myself on the atoms some ten years ago. The process was first of all to get quiet. We went to Box Hill for a week, so that we could have pure air and surroundings which were not full of thoughts and vibrations of every kind. We lay down on the grass and shut our eyes. The next step was simply to intensify the sight, which means a projection of the will on the astral centre which corre-

sponds to vision on the physical plane, and through that to stimulate the physical senses, so that the etheric sense would be active as well as that normally used in vision. The result was a very great increase of rapidity of vibration in the ether connected with the physical eye, and side by side with that a rapid magnetic action in the astral chakram and the corresponding physical centre between the eyebrows, so that there is a sense of great pressure and of rapid whirling between the eyes. Then comes the direction of the will to find an atom floating in the atmosphere around. One is selected. You may not know what it is, but you have before your intensified vision the form of an atom. You then intensify more and more, just as you would screw a microscope into focus, until there comes out clearly before the intensified vision the subdivisions of the chemical atom. The first thing you get after seeing the atom as a whole (by intensification, like magnifying it more and more) is the first subdivision of the atom on the next etheric plane, and by a further intensification the subdivisions within those; and so on, until you come to the ultimate atom. If you try to press it further you suddenly find a mass of astral matter. It is through those stages the observation goes, the will steadily kept at work and a slow, careful seeing of the parts, just as you would look at them through a microscope. And when you have done you are very tired. Your brain, your nerves, your attention, are tired. It is absolutely necessary in a task of that sort for the attention to be fixed on the one thing without wavering. You have to hold your attention for half-hours at a time without wavering. That process you must repeat over and over again, to be sure you have not blundered. You leave out all kinds of things you do not see, and, going back later, find these things out. It is the same as a physical observation carried on with a microscope, and you have to do it as carefully and as repeatedly. No answer on these matters is worth having which is not worked out in that way. Research work on the astral plane is as laborious as research work on the physical. I want students to realize that, because they ask one the most extraordinary questions, to find a really honest answer to which would mean weeks of research given to that one thing.

And you know how much time the people who do this have left from the other pressing claims on their strength and their time. You cannot have much of this occult research unless a certain amount of time is set aside for it, and that has to be taken from other work, and it is all a balance as to which work is the most useful, not to a few people, but to the world. I want to ask you to be a little patient with those who have heavy burdens of work upon them, and who cannot, with the best goodwill, answer the innumerable questions poured upon them. The moment one fact is stated, twenty new questions start up, and the moment one of these is answered another crop immediately comes.—From Transactions of the European Federation of Sections. 1907.

—Adyar.

A valuable addition was made to our lands by the generous gift by a member, of a plot of twenty-five acres, bounded by Blavatsky and Olcott Gardens on the west and south and by the river and the sea on the north and east. As the legal formalities are not quite completed, its value is not included in this year's accounts. Much planting has been done during the year, which will bring profit in the future, and much still remains to be done. Mr. G. Soobbiah Chetty has been much hindered in his work by unexpected claims upon his time, having been unexpectedly obliged to return for a while to his Government Office, but he hopes soon to be entirely free. Mr. B. Ranga Reddy has managed the Theosophist Office very capably, despite the increased work entailed by the very large increase of business, and the great rise in sale of the Theosophist. Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri's admirable work in the Vasanta Press speaks for itself, and our London readers for the first time allow that Indians can print! Mr. C. Sambiah Chetty tells me that the Vasanta Press must be his last big piece of work, owing to his age, but he hopes still to help us with advice.

To my colleague and friend, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, I owe cordial thanks for carrying on seven classes a week during the whole time of my absence, for writing constantly for the Theosophist and the Adyar Bulletin, as well as for the patient performance of much drudgery in connection with the press; his invaluable

contributions to our magazines are welcomed all over the world. Mr. B. P. Wadia has worked ceaselessly and most capably throughout the year, with entire trustworthiness. Mr. Schwarz I have mentioned. Mr. J. R. Aria, whose aged mother has given him to the Theosophical Society, is always crying for more work, and is never found wanting in his own department as Honorary Recording Secretary. Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao has been doing a large amount of traveling and lecturing, visiting E. S. groups; and a new worker, Mr. G. Naraniah, has borne the burden of E. S. Office work and has proved himself most efficient. Countess Olga Schack has continued her unwearied labor in superintending the household. I must not omit to add that Mr. Johan van Manen has given invaluable literary help during the year, and that Miss Fuller has painted some very fine pictures of the great Teachers. Mrs. Lübke has charge of the T. S. Order of Service. I think a President could not have a more efficient and loving band of helpers than that with which I am blessed.

A friend, Mr. Harvey, who is staying at Headquarters, has arranged to erect a splendid block of students' quarters on the eastern side of Blavatsky Gardens, at an estimated cost of about Rs. 60,000. Each apartment will be self-contained, and there will be thirty apartments, arranged in three stories. The building will be an ideal one for its object, and Blavatsky Gardens will then serve for non-students and visitors. The building is to be completed in nine months' time. May the Theosophical Society have many such generous benefactors

The Adyar Library.

Dr. Schrader has spent the year in steady and unwearied work, and the first volume of his critical edition of the Upanishats is nearly ready for the press. The new year will also see the issue of another volume of the Catalogue. Dr. Schrader's scholarly work is drawing the attention of European Orientalists to our Library, and his quiet, gentle ways and ready helpfulness endear him to the household.
—Adyar Bulletin. Annie Besant.

The following is taken from a story entitled, "*The Silver Poppy*," by Arthur Stringer, and is a good illustration of the struggles of

the Soul when listening to the tempting voice of Ambition.

If the motive of the doer is tainted by selfishness, or personal desire for fame, mankind receives but little benefit from his work, and the effort is wasted. When the victory seems won, and the victor begins to feel the satisfaction of worldly applause, yet there is a time when he realizes that the real struggle is yet to come. If he yields to the voice of temptation, which ever leads him on, his power over it is weakened in proportion to the degree of his surrender.

To trust to the mercy of the alluring, but all-devouring lower self is a fatal mistake, for it will ever try to wrap its bat-like wings around its victim, and when once they are securely folded about him they will slowly tighten until the once proud conqueror becomes a mangled ruin, useless and forgotten.

On an island—I think it's called Muciana, at the mouth of the Amazon, a surveying party found a mysterious skeleton, or rather portions of a mysterious skeleton, half buried in a sand-bar. The skeletons puzzled biologists very much; it seemed to indicate there was some possibility that the once mythical creature known as the man-eating vampire really existed—that somewhere about the head waters of the Amazon actually lived, or had lived, pterodactyli of enormous size, much larger than the common enough blood-sucking bats of the lower river—which today, as you know, rather relish a sip or two of any warm blooded animal. Many of these bones were strangely human in appearance, but attached to what remained of the skeleton were a pair of powerful and perfectly formed pterodactyl wings. All efforts to piece together this strange creature were a failure, and in the end it was given up as impossible.

Well, now, we have to go back to the beginning of our story, and perhaps to the most interesting part of it. We find a professor of zoology—a German—somewhere up about the head waters of that mysterious river. Devotion to his science has brought him to that dark corner of the globe.

We find him drifting happily about the twilight forests in search of the man-eating vampire, about which he must have heard strange rumors from the natives of the lower

Amazon. We find him alone in a small boat, making his desolate way along some unknown tributary of the upper river. I needn't stop to describe his loneliness or the hardship and suffering and days of doubt through which he passed. But finally in some dark and undiscovered land of solitude he and his vampire came face to face. They closed in on one another, and he in the end captured it, though only after a bitter struggle. Yet, gently as he had treated his foe in that struggle, he could not help injuring it a little—in fact, it had to be subdued. His one object, then, was to get down to the seacoast and back to the world with his prize, of course, while it was still alive.

His one fear was that it would die on his hands. He took it in his little boat with him and treated its wounds and fed it, and together the strange couple made their way down the river. But this journey was a long one. Before it was half over his provisions began to give out. He had not counted on the vampire, you see. But still he kept on, hoping against hope, that he would reach help in time. His one dread still was that his prize would die. So day by day he ate a little less and gave a little more to his prize. But day by day his strength was failing him, and day by day, I suppose, he grew more afraid of the vampire. Then the time came when he had to decide whether he or the other should have the last scrap of food. Finally he flung it to the vampire. Then, in some way, he knew that he was no longer master; from that hour he was the captive. There was a brief, and, I suppose, a bitter struggle. The man could no longer control that winged hunger. It broke the cords that held it down, the two bat-like wings opened wide, and when they came together they enclosed the still struggling man. In that last battle for life the little boat was overturned. The two went down under the yellow water, and their descent, we'll say, was marked by nothing more than a line of bubbles. But even in death the wings of that man-eating creature did not draw back from the bones of its victim. Locked together, the two of them were washed down to the sea. The current carried them up on a sand-bar, and there they rested. There they were found,

years afterward, I suppose it was, and when men tried to piece together what was left of the strange bones, they failed.

Mohammed and Mohammedanism.

I should say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah, no, that is a very poor matter indeed;—a shallow braggart conscious sincerity; oftenest self-conceit mainly. The Great Man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of: nay, I suppose, he is conscious rather of insincerity; for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day? No, the Great Man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so: I would say rather, his sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere! The great Fact of Existence is great to him. Fly as he will, he cannot get out of the awful presence of this Reality. His mind is so made; he is great by that, first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as Life, real as Death, is this Universe to him. Though all men should forget its truth, and walk in a vain show, he cannot. At all moments the Flame-image glares-in upon him; undeniable, there, there!—I wish you to take this as my primary definition of a Great Man. A little man may have this, it is competent to all men that God has made: but a Great Man cannot be without it.

Such a man is what we call an original man; he comes to us at first-hand. A messenger he, sent from the Infinite Unknown with tidings to us. We may call him Poet, Prophet, God;—in one way or other, we all feel that the words he utters are as no other man's words. Direct from the Inner Fact of things:—he lives, and has to live, in daily communion with that. Hearsays cannot hide it from him; he is blind, homeless, miserable, following hearsays; it glares-in upon him. Really his utterances, are they not a kind of "revelation";—what we must call such for want of another name? It is from the heart of the world that he comes; he is portion of the primal reality of things. God has made many revelations: but this man too, has not God made him, the latest and newest of all? The "inspiration of the Al-

mighty giveth him understanding": we must listen before all to him.

* * *

These Arabs Mohammed was born among are certainly a notable people. Their country itself is notable; the fit habitation for such a race. Savage inaccessible rock-mountains, great grim deserts, alternating with beautiful strips of verdure: wherever water is, there is greenness, beauty; odoriferous balm-shrubs, date-trees, frankincense-trees. Consider that wide waste horizon of sand, empty, silent, like a sand-sea, dividing habitable place from habitable. You are all alone there, left alone with the Universe; by day a fierce sun blazing down on it with intolerable radiance; by night the great deep Heaven with its stars. Such a country is fit for a swift-handed, deep-hearted race of men. There is something most agile, active, and yet most meditative, enthusiastic in the Arab character. The Persians are called the French of the East; we will call the Arabs Oriental Italians. A gifted noble people; a people of wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint over these: the characteristic of noble-mindedness, of genius. The wild Bedouin welcomes the stranger to his tent, as one having right to all that is there; were it his worst enemy, he will slay his foal to treat him, will serve him with sacred hospitality for three days, will set him fairly on his way;—and then, by another law as sacred, kill him if he can. In words too, as in action. They are not a loquacious people, taciturn rather; but eloquent, gifted when they do speak. An earnest, truthful kind of men. They are, as we know, of Jewish kindred: but with that deadly terrible earnestness of the Jews they seem to combine something graceful, brilliant, which is not Jewish. They had "poetic contests" among them before the time of Mohammed. Sale says, at Ocadh, in the South of Arabia, there were yearly fairs, and there, when the merchandizing was done, Poets sang for prizes:—the wild people gathered to hear that.

One Jewish quality these Arabs manifest; the outcome of many or of all high qualities: what we may call religiosity. From of old they had been zealous worshippers, according to their light. They worshipped the stars, as Sabeans; worshipped many natural objects—

recognized them as symbols, immediate manifestations, of the Maker of Nature. It was wrong; and yet not wholly wrong. All God's works are still in a sense symbols of God. Do we not, as I urged, still account it a merit to recognize a certain inexhaustible significance, "poetic beauty" as we name it, in all natural objects whatsoever? A man is a poet, and honored, for doing that, and speaking or singing it—a kind of diluted worship. They had many Prophets, these Arabs; Teachers each to his tribe, each according to the light he had. But indeed, have we not from of old the noblest of proofs, still palpable to every one of us, of what devoutness and noble-mindedness had dwelt in these rustic thoughtful peoples? Biblical critics seem agreed that our own Book of Job was written in that region of the world. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem,—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity; in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So true everyway; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual: the Horse—"hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—he "laughs at the shaking of the spear" Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind;—so soft, and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

To the idolatrous Arabs one of the most ancient universal objects of worship was that Black Stone, still kept in the building called Caabah at Mecca. Diodorus Siculus mentions this Caabah in a way not to be mistaken, as the oldest, most honored temple in his time; that is, some half-century before our Era. Silvestre de Sacy says there is some likelihood that the Black Stone is an aerolite. In that case, some man might see it fall out of

Heaven! It stands now beside the Well Zemzem; the Caabah is built over both. A Well is in all places a beautiful affecting object, gushing out like life from the hard earth;—still more so in those hot dry countries, where it is the first condition of being. The Well Zemzem has its name from the bubbling sound of the waters, zem-zem; they think it is the Well which Hagar found with her little Ishmael in the wilderness: the aerolite and it have been sacred now, and had a Caabah over them, for thousands of years. A curious object, that Caabah! There it stands at this

hour, in the black cloth-covering the Sultan sends it yearly; "twenty-seven cubits high"; with circuit, with double circuit of pillars, with festoon rows of lamps and quaint ornaments: the lamps will be lighted again this night—to glitter again under the stars. An authentic fragment of the oldest Past. It is the Keblah of all Moslem: from Delhi all onwards to Morocco, the eyes of innumerable praying men are turned towards it, five times, this day and all days: one of the notablest centres in the Habitation of Men—Thomas Carlyle, in Heroes and Hero Worship.



Book Reviews



Ancient Mysteries and Modern Masonry.
Chas. H. Vail. MaCoy Publishing Co. \$1.00.

This interesting book just from the press of the popular publishers is a work of extraordinary interest to Masons, and should be in the hands of every thoughtful brother. The purpose of the book is to present in clear outline an account of the relationship between the Ancient Mysteries and Masonry.

No thinking Mason can doubt for a moment the spiritual origin of the ritual which all of us love so well. Its ancient character is attested by all history and tradition and it has been the function of Mr. Vail to bring forward and clearly to present an account of the ancient mysteries and their association in direct lineage with modern Masonry. By a careful study of Masonry, though not necessarily a deep one, it is possible to gain an insight into true spirituality in one of the easiest ways. By a study of symbols and rituals one can come at the way to atonement and can discover, too, that this way is ancient, was known to men, as shown by Mr. Vail, thousands of years ago, so that transcending the narrow bounds of most religious fallacies a wider range of thought and action is afforded, a greater liberality is attained. Great freedom of action is offered and at the same time a forceful hand is laid upon one's spiritual conduct.

How this knowledge is attained, how this life may be led, and what the history of Masonry is with its origin in the old occult schools of Atlantis, Egypt, Chaldea, Babylon, India, Greece and Rome, Mr. Vail shows in simple, straightforward language, suited to our time and people.

We predict for the book a wide sale and great interest. It will in all probability be translated quickly into foreign languages. It is a pleasure to find the book so printed as to be convenient for handling and inexpensive to purchase, so that all who wish may read it.

"Chats with Color-kin."

"Use your eyes, man, use your eyes!" is the good advice given by the little Nature Spirit in W. L. Hubbard's above named book. Advice by which all humans might benefit, for "you can see if you look" insists Color-Kin. Though primarily intended for children, so realistic is the story that after reading it, even the most skeptical "grown-up" will find himself peering beneath leaves and grasses, the first time he finds himself alone with Nature, in the unexpressed hope that Color-Kins might be found! Never again will he ruthlessly tear up and cast aside wild flowers and fruits. The knowledge that he is thus giving useless pain will stay his careless hand. Artists who in vain have endeavored to copy Nature's colors,

will be delighted with the book, for Color-Kin has revealed some of the most guarded secrets. We know now what gives the bloom to the berry, the blush to the wild rose, for as the little man says, "The main part of every paint used" in coloring flowers and fruits is "the thin, soft, white mist which, early in the morning, just as the sun rises, comes up from the dew that has fallen in the night. It is so fine, so pure, so light that you can see it only if your eyes are very sharp, and then only by looking across the field or hill. The breeze fairies gather this soft, pure white mist. You can see it sometimes being carried by them across the fields." Now that the secret is out how many artists will lose their morning sleep in order to be on hand to collect some of this most necessary ingredient! All of us have, at some time or another, wondered in which crucible was melted the gold which colors the heart of the prettiest wild flowers. Our wonder is dispelled when we learn that this "star-gleam gold" is derived from the "very first gleam of the evening star." While it is true that a special kind of brush is used by Nature's color workers, human artists should not despair, for full directions are given for making them. The hairs are made from "peach fuzz." It is the little soft fuzz that covers the skin of the peach. It grows in different lengths and as it is very fine and soft it will not scratch even the ripest fruits. We are not informed whether this style of brush is protected by a patent, but even if this one should be beyond reach, we might, perhaps, be able to secure the very special kind "made of the fuzz from the butterfly's wing." Let artists take heart for by following Color-Kin's suggestions, success is sure to crown their efforts.

But beneath the lightness of the book, runs a plaintive note that tells of the protests against the needless cruelty of the human race to harmless insect and delicate flower. Every child will be the better for having heard it, every adult will carry the sound of it in

his heart long after he has said good-bye to Color-Kin.
—Alma Kunz.

The Evolution of Religion, by William A. Hinckle, M. D. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Hinckle's book of 151 pages is a dissertation on the evolution of religion, not a history.

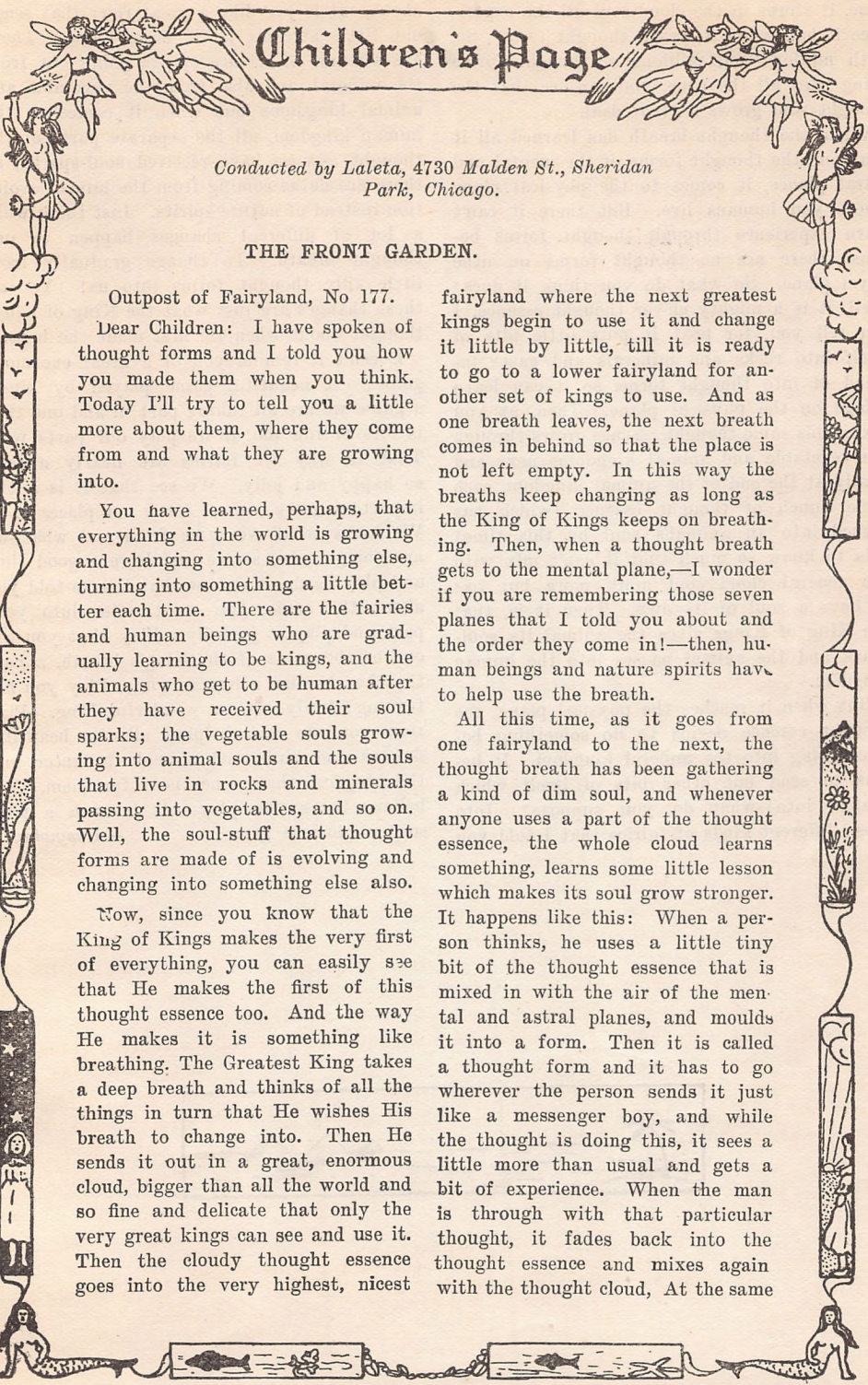
The writer states on page 146, "Religion is an evolution, not a revelation," etc. Theosophists maintain, and we believe with a preponderance of evidence in our favor, that the religions are not a result of evolution, but that they are of an inspired character at the outset, degenerating soon in all cases into more or less dogmatism. The theosophical view is the opposition of that presented in the exoteric explanation of the meaning of religions.

Dr. Hinckle says true religion is limited to no time or place; peculiar to no people or party, confined to no church or creed. Theosophy shows distinctly that all religions are given for specific purposes, that they are of limited characteristics, both as to time and place, that they are peculiar to peoples and races and confined to organizations; hence, though they serve tremendous purposes as spiritualizing agencies, as they were planned to do by the Masters of Wisdom, they are not themselves eternal, but are the temporary expressions of that which is eternal. *We regret we cannot agree with Dr. Hinckle.*

Air, Light and Sun Baths in the Treatment of Chronic Complaints, by Dr. A. Monteuis, translated from the French by Fred Rothwell.

The little book is a very interesting exposition of the methods by which a layman may take advantage of some of the modern theories of those therapeutists who especially delight to make use of light and sun baths in their practice. As is the case with most enthusiasts who adopt the single methods for the treatment of disease, the author goes too far in his conclusions; but many useful hints will be found in the book.





Children's Page

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

THE FRONT GARDEN.

Outpost of Fairyland, No 177.

Dear Children: I have spoken of thought forms and I told you how you made them when you think. Today I'll try to tell you a little more about them, where they come from and what they are growing into.

You have learned, perhaps, that everything in the world is growing and changing into something else, turning into something a little better each time. There are the fairies and human beings who are gradually learning to be kings, and the animals who get to be human after they have received their soul sparks; the vegetable souls growing into animal souls and the souls that live in rocks and minerals passing into vegetables, and so on. Well, the soul-stuff that thought forms are made of is evolving and changing into something else also.

Now, since you know that the King of Kings makes the very first of everything, you can easily see that He makes the first of this thought essence too. And the way He makes it is something like breathing. The Greatest King takes a deep breath and thinks of all the things in turn that He wishes His breath to change into. Then He sends it out in a great, enormous cloud, bigger than all the world and so fine and delicate that only the very great kings can see and use it. Then the cloudy thought essence goes into the very highest, nicest

fairyland where the next greatest kings begin to use it and change it little by little, till it is ready to go to a lower fairyland for another set of kings to use. And as one breath leaves, the next breath comes in behind so that the place is not left empty. In this way the breaths keep changing as long as the King of Kings keeps on breathing. Then, when a thought breath gets to the mental plane,—I wonder if you are remembering those seven planes that I told you about and the order they come in!—then, human beings and nature spirits have to help use the breath.

All this time, as it goes from one fairyland to the next, the thought breath has been gathering a kind of dim soul, and whenever anyone uses a part of the thought essence, the whole cloud learns something, learns some little lesson which makes its soul grow stronger. It happens like this: When a person thinks, he uses a little tiny bit of the thought essence that is mixed in with the air of the mental and astral planes, and moulds it into a form. Then it is called a thought form and it has to go wherever the person sends it just like a messenger boy, and while the thought is doing this, it sees a little more than usual and gets a bit of experience. When the man is through with that particular thought, it fades back into the thought essence and mixes again with the thought cloud. At the same

time, it stores in the cloud-soul all the experience it had while it was a thought form. So, with millions and millions of thought forms being used all the time, you can see that the thought soul grows a great deal.

When the thought breath has learned all it can from the thought forms of the mental and astral planes, it comes to the physical plane where you humans live. But there it can't learn experience through thought forms because there are no thought forms on the physical plane. So what do you think it does? Well, it is a mighty clever thought essence, I can tell you, for next it puts little bits of itself into rocks and minerals and gases instead of into thought forms so it can learn things on the physical plane. Then, as you know, this same thought essence grows through the vegetable and animal kingdoms next and finally at the end of the animal kingdom, each little bunch of thought essence (which has turned into an animal's soul by this time) gets to know so much that it can't mix with the general cloud soul any more but has to have a soul of its own. Then it is, that the King of Kings gives the animal its soul-spark and the animal passes into the human kingdom.

But when it reaches the physical plane, the thought essence begins to do something besides going into the mineral kingdom. It begins to send out other bits of itself which change into—what do you suppose? Into those different kinds of fairies that I told you

about. It is just like a great river that sends out little streams as it flows along. There are streams of nature spirits going out from the mineral, and also from the vegetable and animal kingdoms but when it comes to the human kingdom, all the separate parts of the thought essence have received soul-sparks, so there are devas coming from the human evolution instead of nature spirits. Just think what a lot of different changes happen to one thought breath. To change gradually from little silly thought forms into us! Yet all these changes are just what the King of Kings thought about when He first made the breath.

Doesn't it remind you of a great enormous game? A beautiful game played by kings, a game we are all taking part in and one that is lots of fun too, if we play our parts well. That is why we fairies are nearly always so happy and jolly. We see that it is a big, important game and we know our places in it. We know what we came from and what we are going to be, so we just have a good time and play hard. And now that I have told you about the game, you must enter into your part and play it joyfully. Play that you are one of the parts of the King's breath, a part that has become a human soul. Play you are turning slowly into a wonderful king. Play that you are also helping all the beautiful flowers and birds and animals to enter into the kingdom that comes next for them. And believe it as you play. It is such a true, such a glorious game!

—Busywing.

