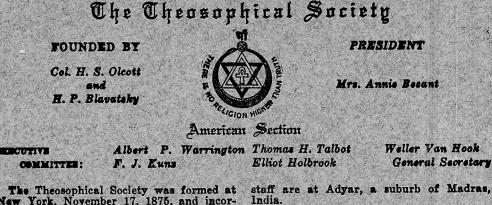


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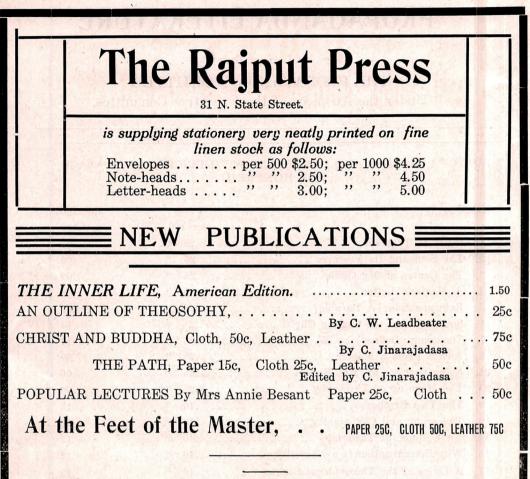
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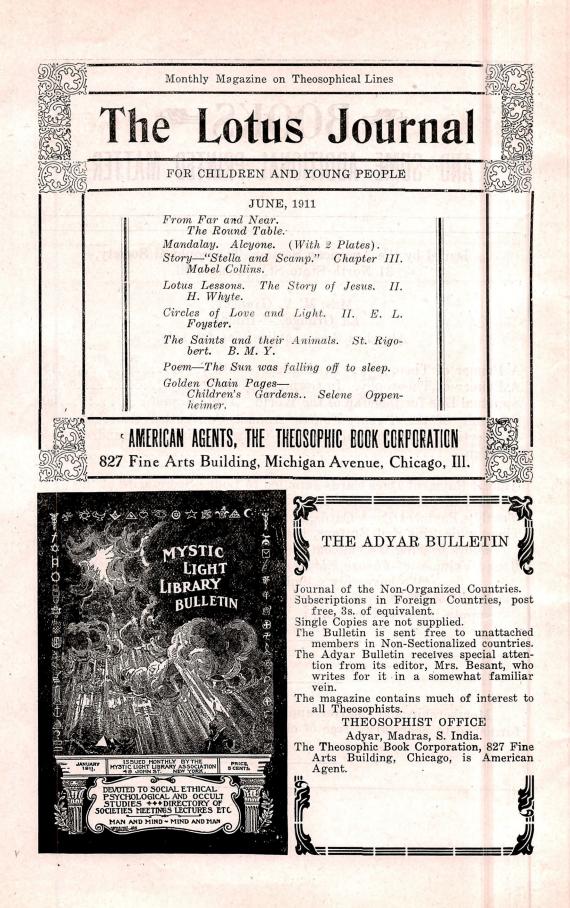
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THE WHIRLWIND

LOWLY, steadily, the children of God, thousands, millions of souls, are flowing along the broad channel of life to be again in union with Him. The star-stream of souls is aye coursing onward answering His inviolate will.

life to be aga of souls is aye will. Look! In it

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Look! In its flood you can see the outlines of races, sub-races, old types of men and new ones fresh forming. Seven types have the forms and the souls, too, are seven in varieties of qualities dominant. Seven are the worlds in which they will live and seven times seven their age-sands shall run.

Look again! Closely scan! Ere the journey's mid-point is reached a thin whirlwind, the Grace of God's mercy, lets down from the uppermost sky and tremblingly touches the stream. A soul rushes upward and reaches the sky and knows himself one with His God. This Gautama named, the Pathfinder, Redeemer, full of compassion for men, with His Brothers who joined him, ever is calling up in that whirlwind the innumerable souls He has loved! How thin is that vortex, how daintily, fairily, wisp-like it rises, heavily drawing its burthen of pupils and teachers upward to God!

Again gazing onward foretell what shall be! Wider, compact, the whirlwind shall form and, easier rising, in broad upward-rushing, the vortex shall disrupt all barriers restraining and growing in power with the will of the Lord, shall sweep men and angels, the very stream of evolving, weary of dallyings, worn with stream-batterings, up to the longing and loving All-Father, God.

W. V-H.

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THE KILLING OF ANIMALS

[The subjoined inquiry was sent to American Headquarters with the request that a reply be obtained if possible from Mr. Leadbeater. Our friends in India obtained an answer from Mrs. Besant and also an answer from Mr. Leadbeater which are printed below.]

How can responsibility for the killing of animals be avoided in the present condition of things and would it be a gain to the evolution of animals if they could not be killed for food and clothing?

With regard to the first question, it must be admitted that any person using any animal product, such as leather boots, bone handled knives, glue, ivory, horse-hair, etc., is as much responsible for slaughter as the meat-eater and is individually a butcher. Also those using products taken from living animals such as milk, eggs, wool, etc., are profiting by the present system of farming, which includes the killing of old cows, old hens, most of the young males, etc.---if these were not sold to the butcher, the products above mentioned could not be produced at anything like present prices, so that the vegetarian who buys them has something to thank the eater of corpses for.

As to the second question, animals would not be bred or kept if they were not to be killed—or at any rate their numbers would be greatly reduced. Even the pet dog is generally killed at last. Millions of beasts leading placid lives upon the grass, happy hens scratching in the yard, pheasants preserved in coverts, all have to thank meat eaters for their existence and we are told that the evolution of animals is aided by their contact with man. I am a vegetarian myself because I find I am much better physically without meat.

Wm. Benson Pease.

Answer.—I do not think that responsibility for the killing of animals can be entirely avoided at present. It is certainly true that we all use certain animal products, such as leather, and it is *almost* impossible to be without them in present conditions, though some of us are doing all we can to minimise our use of these things. For my part, I quite expect to share in the national karma to some extent. It is part of our past evil still coming down on us.

But one is not so responsible for the slaughter as are the meat-eaters. If people did not kill, in order to get meat, substitutes for animal-products would easily be found. Harness, for example, can be made of woven fibre of some kind; it has already been made, and used by some people, but at present it is rare and expensive. It is very pretty, and does not cut the horses as leather is apt to do. Saddles, also, need not be made of leather; cloths and pads, or saddles covered with some other substance, can be used. And you could always get a certain amount of leather from animals that had died naturally. There is no reason why knives should have bone handles. All such things would be very soon substituted if people chose to have vegetable products, and ceased slaughtering animals for meat. Silkworms are generally killed by being put into boiling water, this killing is not necessary. And in any case, these grubs do not suffer as much as highly-organised animals do. There is still much avoidable cruelty in the world.

Animals can perfectly well be kept without killing them. This matter has never yet made a difficulty in non-meat-eating Of course, cattle would be bred countries. for strength, not for fat. If so many animals were not required, they could be bred to a lesser extent only. It would not matter in the least having fewer animals. Sheep do not suffer because their wool is cut off; they are bred with a view to obtaining a great deal of wool, but that does not hurt them.

I have always thought that the kind of arguments used here are meant more as a defence of meat-eating than to convince.

Here in India, comparatively few cattle are killed, but one is always short of cattle. Bullocks are used as draught-animals, and one can never get enough for the work that has to be done. It is one of the difficulties of agriculture here. There is no need to sell your calves to the butcher. We do not do so; we are careful how and to whom we sell them; one man tried to trick us, but he did not succeed.

In Kashmir, the Maharaja allows no meat to enter the State. If tinned meat or anything of the kind is brought in, it is confiscated and thrown away. Cattle that have passed over the frontier coming in, are not allowed to pass back over it; once cattle have entered Kashmir, they are quite safe. I see a question was raised in Parliament recently, about these regulations: and the Government quite properly answered, that the Maharaja was free to govern his State as he thought best.

Pet dogs are not always killed. When they are, it is generally because they are suffering from incurable diseases; and it has been seriously argued by doctors and scientific men that it would be better to kill also people who are in that plight: sufferers from cancer, and so on. If pet dogs are killed otherwise, it is because their owners liked them only so long as they were young and well, and pleasant companions therefore; but do not want to take any trouble about them when they grow old or ill. A. B.

I cannot at all agree with any of the con-

tentions put forward by the questioner. Because of the horrible slaughter of animals it happens that their bones and skins are the cheapest material out of which to make the various objects enumerated; but no one can doubt that if the animals were not killed, other substances just as suitable for these purposes would at once be found. I decline absolutely therefore to be held responsible for the slaughter of an animal if I happen to use a bone-handled knife or wear leather boots. Nor is it true to say that if animals were not killed milk could not be supplied at the same price. We do not kill animals on the Adyar Estate, yet we sell our milk at the usual price, and I cannot admit that either the human kingdom or the animal kingdom has to thank the corpse-eater for anything.

Our questioner has not quite grasped the way in which an animal benefits by its association with man. Only certain definite species of animals can be individualised and none of those which are eaten by man are among the number. To suppose that we should embarrass the Logos by ceasing to breed animals for slaughter is something like that other wonderful supposition that if we try to help a person who is in trouble, we may interfere with his Karma! There is no crime in the breeding of cattle, fowls or pheasants, but only in the slaughtering of them to satisfy man's craving for blood.

C. W. L.



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

-St. Augustine.

THE STUDY OF THEOSOPHY

(A Letter)

You ask me what books I advise you to read on Theosophy. The answer is not so easy to give as one might imagine. Having known of Theosophy and the literature devoted to it during the last twentytwo years presumably I ought to be able to tell you at once what to read; but it is just because I have studied Theosophy so long that I must think well before I answer.

What a person recommends you to read will depend on what is his conception of Theosophy. Theosophy is on the one hand a science of facts, and on the other it is a philosophy of action. To me, though the former is intensely fascinating, it is the latter phase of Theosophy that is ever prominent. Why that is I shall try to show, though it means somewhat personal explanations.

It has been my privilege to have been brought into close association with the leaders of the theosophical movement. Madame Blavatsky I saw only three or four times, and I was then a boy; of Colonel Olcott I saw more. Mr. W. Q. Judge also I met once or twice. Mr. A. P. Sinnett I got to know well, as for a year after my going to England as a boy I lived at his house. But it is specially with Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater I was brought into closest contact. For some four years I lived at the London Headquarters which was then Mrs. Besant's home; for over eleven years I was with Mr. Leadbeater, and owe to him all I have gained from a western education.

Now what was most striking to me among those prominent theosophists, and in Mr. Leadbeater with whom I was most intimately associated, was their devotion to a great ideal of altruistic effort. Always in their minds noble work for mankind was the first thought, and even as a boy I could not help being strongly impressed with the idea that the real theosophist is one who forgets his personal

griefs and disappointments and hopes in a living and powerful enthusiasm for human welfare. Day in and day out, from morning to night and night to morning, this was the undertone sounding throughout all their activities; it might be that they were going for a walk or were reading a novel for relaxation, and still at the back of their mind was the thought of a work that was to be resumed, the one work which it was important should be done. I have been with Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater when they were exercising wonderful gifts of psychic development, using faculties that gave them tremendous power over men's affairs; yet as they wielded these powers it was always with an utter absence of self-consciousness or pride, showing that psychic growth and power, as an aim in life, never formed any part of their philosophy of life.

Far more noteworthy than all this, to me as an observer, was the fact that their unselfish devotion to human welfare was inspired by the thought that all their work was but the carrying out of the plans of the Masters. The Guardians of Humanity, the Elder Brothers of the Race, the Masters of the Wisdom, were not to them logical necessities, speculations or even mere ideals. They were Realities, the most tremendous Realities indeed in their lives. These theosophists that I was brought up with quickly showed me that I was to look to no one among mere mortals for help and comfort; my aim in life should be first to seek the Master, for it was He alone that would understand what I meant to do and to be, when all the rest of the world might misjudge and condemn. For one who was striving to live an ideal life the path was bound to be strewn more with thorns than with roses; but whatever the ups and down of life might be, if only he would train his life, dedicating his best endeavors in the name of the Master and hoping some day to know Him as Father to Son, as Friend to friend, then there could be no condition of misery or despair in life where the Master would not always be present to comfort and strengthen. That I must never forget that all that was best in me was not for myself but for the Master, to be used by Him according to His plans for human welfare—this was the philosophy of action that became to me the more important phase of Theosophy.

To you life is just opening its doors. You have not finished high school yet, and I hope your past karma has in store for you happy circumstances. Happily for you, you are already interested in Theosophy, and I know of no greater advantage than to start life knowing something of Theosophy. It is like a sailor having a mariner's compass, which will always tell him where is the magnetic north. What I have said above will show you that to me in Theosophy the magnetic north is a life to live.

What I desire you to get first from Theosophy is a clear idea of what you must do towards your neighbor. It is here that you should take as your Ten Commandments what the Master K. H. says in Alcyone's book At the Feet of the Master. There is the theosophic life, and if you do not heartily respond to its ideals, no amount of mere book learning of Theosophy will lead you any considerable distance. You must as soon as possible orient your life; that little book will tell you how.

Note that the ideal the Master outlines is not gloomy or saddening; it does not call on you to put aside the lovely things of life and be all the time serious and longfaced. You will find that it does call on you to eliminate from your life the wasteful and injurious element; it is a call to you as a soul to bring the life of the soul down here to earth. And you can do that as you live your life among your companions, surrounded by innocent pleasures and beautiful friendships. But there must always be throughout your life a high seriousness, that forceful quality the Greeks were conscious of even in their athletic games. Emerson says somewhere that "a great boy or girl, with good sense, is a Greek." It is that "good sense" you can bring to the activities in life as you study Theosophy.

But the ability you have to live usefully and truly depend much on your understanding of the facts round you. As I mentioned in the beginning, Theosophy is a science of facts; it marshalls the facts gathered in every realm of science, religion, art, literature, philosophy, and history and shows them all in a coherent order as parts of a great divine Plan. A correct vision of the plan is not merely fascinating; it inspires to highest conduct. The more I study nature in all her manifestations visible and invisible, the more I can forget myself and my petty affairs; the magnificent scheme that evolution is, as shown by Theosophy, makes me understand what the Buddha meant when He said: "Do not complain and cry and pray, but open your eyes and see. The light is all about you, if you would only cast the bandage from your eyes and look. It is so wonderful, so beautiful, so far beyond what any man has dreamt of or prayed for, and it is for ever and ever."

To make another see the Great Schemethat is a task that only Adepts are expert in! Still, lesser people, our theosophical writers, have done and are doing their best, and their writings to-day form a great literature. Now people, as they approach Theosophy, are of two main types; there is one type whose natural bent of mind is first to seek a general outline of things, who readily see principles, and later will fill in details; there is another type who prefer to follow up one topic in life in detail, see its ramifications into other topics and so later get a general idea of the relation all bear in one harmonious whole. The former desire as it were to get a bird's-eye view of things first; the latter desire to see the illumination of one corner of life in the light of Theosophy and the general survey of evolution does not at first fascinate them. To the former of course one recommends an introductory work like Mr. Leadbeater's Outline of Theosophy or our little Primer, or Mrs. Besant's Popular Lectures; and then the inquirer can be offered The Ancient Wisdom of Mrs. Besant, and Sinnett's Growth of the Soul. But to inquirers who do not care for the bird's-eye view, one would recommend such a work as Some Problems of Life, and Theosophy and the New Psychology, or The Changing World. If the person were specially interested in the Christian religion then of course Mrs. Besant's Esoteric Christianity would be at once suggested as an introduction to Theosophy.

I presume your school studies have trained your mind to take to some degree a general survey of a subject; I hope they have taught you when reading a book to quickly grasp the main principles in the author's mind. One of the advantages of training in a good university is acquiring this ability and if you have it you will find theosophic study easy. Read first An Outline of Theosophy. You will get from it a general idea; then side by side with that read In the Outer Court. You should here read too one of the most beautiful books in our literature, The Idyll of the White Lotus. It is a story, but in its main outlines describes events in one of the past lives of the Master Hilarion; you may find in it, as some have, much inspiration for carving out your own path to the Light.

Next you might read *The Inner Life* of Mr. Leadbeater and by this time you should be ready for Mrs. Besant's *The Ancient Wisdom*. You certainly will not understand it all the first time, nor the tenth time; but it will broaden your intellectual horizon. In reading a work like *The Ancient Wisdom* the first or second time, if you will aim to get merely the general outline of cosmic evolution, you will probably find it more profitable than to try to understand every link in the chain.

If as you have progressed thus far in your theosophical studies you have shown the proper spirit of helpfulness in your

daily life, then you may be given the opportunity of joining the band of Invisible Helpers who work on the astral plane at night under the direction of the pupils of the Masters; but to be useful in that work you must possess a clear knowledge of life on the astral plane and what awaits men after death. Here our chief authority is Mr. Leadbeater and you cannot do better than to familiarize yourself with his Invisible Helpers and The Other Side of Death. You will now find it helpful to read Mrs. Besant's Some Problems of Life, and Dreams, by Mr. Leadbeater; and the two illustrated works on Man, Visible and Invisible and Thought Forms will tell you something of the possibilities of psychic vision, though I hope you will not be led off into that by-path of psychism which makes many people lop-sided and useless. By the time you have read these works, you will I think be able to swim for yourself in the ocean of Theosophy, and will by then know what specific line of study-religious, ethical or scientific-attracts you most in Theosophy.

In conclusion, let me point out to you that Theosophy is not to be found only in books; it is the science of Life, and life is everywhere. All that you find, outside the modern theosophical literature, in science and in art, is also Theosophy; wherever is a fact, remember that is a part of the great scheme. As you read science text-books at school, remember that there too is something of Theosophy, the science of facts; as you read poetry (and I hope you will read the best only and often of that) remember again that poets enable you to understand men's hearts, and that that is one phase of Theosophy. Seek Theosophy in the exquisite productions of the masters of art in Greece, in the middle ages in Europe, and in the few to-day; above all train yourselves to feel Theosophy in the woods and fields and in the play of light and shadow in the clouds. Worship, as you worship none else but the Master and the Light, all great music; for of all the exposition of the Divine Wisdom to men

the most perfect is that through music. You like music now, and you can play; purify your musical taste by always refusing to play any but the best music, and you will find the inevitable reaction within you so that you can choose without difficulty the best everywhere in life. The theosophist's conception of life may best be described as musical (what I mean by this you will understand some day as you read Plato), and music will bring you very near to Theosophy.

Much awaits you in life, and I hope that there will be far more sunshine than shadow; but with Theosophy to guide you, you will ever have a mariner's compass giving you the magnetic north to life self-forgetfulness in an enthusiasm for the work of the Master for men. Whatsoever your karma brings you, remember those words of the Lady of the Lotus to the boy Sensa in *The Idyll of the White Lotus*: "Keep in the sunlight, dear child, and let not the phantoms delude thee; for there is a life of lives awaiting thee and the pure flower of knowledge and love is ready for thee to pluck." So shall you come to the feet of the Master, in Whom you will find in full glory all that you hope to be some day.

C. Jinarajadasa.

IN THE HEART OF A ROSE



OW do we know the thoughts that grow

> In the heart of a rose? We reach the source of thought divine

When we worship at Nature's inmost shrine. Sometimes a child, with lips apart Gazing deep into a rose's heart, With a quivering sigh, and a look of awe, Feels all the working of life and law, In the glowing heart of a rose.

How can we tell the joys that dwell In the heart of a rose?

We touch the heart of infinite bliss,

When we know that we are one with all that is.

Sometimes the mists are cleared from my sight

My soul mounts up to meet the light And I feel with a joy that is almost pain, That its inner meaning is clear and plain, For I am the heart of the rose.

Vanita Bailey.

SONNET TO A SKEPTIC



OST ne'er wonder whence thou didst come, O Man?

Usurper of Life, naught in return to give—

Not e'en thanksgiving nor acknowledgment.

Thou who lay'st all to chance—as though chance can!

When e'en the gods see with bewilderment— So marvelous and intricate the Plan.

How could each tiny thing so sweetly live, Life within life—to human betterment,

If all were chaos at the heart of thing?

How could each spirit burn with desire to love—

If soulless atom closed on soulless spark

- And life were naught but heedless farce that stings
- And whips but never heals? It is the Dark,
- O Man!-which'll be dispelled when Hearts take Wings!

Harriet Tooker Felix.

THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE

The City of Mexico is one of the oldest and most interesting cities of the Western Hemisphere. About three miles distant from the heart of this city is the splendid Cathedral and Chapel of Guadalupe. The Chapel is very near to the Cathedral, only it is situated back of it, on the crest of a steep hill, where over a thousand years ago stood a sanctuary dedicated to the deity called sometimes "The Mother of the Gods" as well as "The Fruit Bearer."

To this sacred hill in ancient days as to-day, devout pilgrims in Mexico make their journey from far and near. When the Spaniards invaded that country they destroyed the old sanctuary which was so dear to the hearts of the people but through the guidance of the Virgin of Guadulupe this hill was kept sacred. This Mexican tradition was originally preserved in the Nahautal language. Happy is the little Mexican girl who is christened Guadalupe, and there are many thousands in that land of sunshine who answer to that name.

Thus runs the legend: At an early hour in the morning of December 9th, 1531, Juan Diego, a humble Indian who had been recently converted to the Catholic faith, was quietly going to mass. His journey was from a small Indian village, near the outskirts of the City of Mexico. He paused for a moment at the foot of this sacred hill and was held spell-bound by sweet and sonorous singing which seemed to proceed from a large number of black briars, which sang in perfect accord and harmony. It seemed to him that the entire rocky hill above him was vibrating and echoing the sweet notes of the myriad tiny throated warblers.

Raising his eyes to that point he beheld a beautiful rainbow formed from the brilliant rays reflected from the center of the clouds. The Indian was held in silent wonder and admiration but without fear he stood contemplating in his heart this strange revelation. Ere he had recovered from his surprise the singing ceased and at once there issued from the clouds, a soft, gentle voice calling him by name "Juan" and entreating him to draw near. He hastened to climb the hill, and there he beheld in a halo of light a most beautiful womar. Her clothing, he said, shone so brightly that the rays from it lighted up the rough cliffs of the rocks which rose from behind the summit of the hill. These rocks seemed to him to become precious, transparent stones. The leaves of the prickly pear or cactus, which were small and stunted in growth, on account of the barrenness of the soil, appeared to him like clusters of fine emeralds and their branches, trunks and thorns like shining gold. The crown of the hill seemed to him to be of jasper, dotted with different colors.

The lady with the beautiful smile spoke to him in the Nahautal language and told him that she was the Holy Virgin. She said that she wished to have a temple erected on that place where all those who loved her and sought her might come for comfort in their affliction.

She commanded him to go to the palace in the City of Mexico and tell the bishop her desire. Juan threw himself upon his knees and promised to obey her commands.

Accordingly he went directly to the house of the Bishop to which he gained admittance only after great trouble and delay. When he was in the presence of the Bishop he again fell upon his knees and delivered his message.

The Bishop was much astonished at the communication and believing that it was a dream or an imaginary vision of the Indian, sent him away, but told him to return in a few days in order that due consideration could be given to the message.

Juan Diego, sad and disheartened, returned on the same day at sun-set to the hill where he found the Virgin again awaiting him. She repeated her commands and Juan promised to return to the city the following day. He did so and the Bishop

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told him to go at once with his servant to this Holy Lady and ask for some sign.

When they reached the hill behold she was there and again repeated her commands. Juan then went home and finding an uncle dangerously ill, he was again sent back to the city to bring a priest who would administer "extreme unction" to the dying man. He thought that he would avoid the beautiful Virgin and hurried along over the rough stones at the foot of the hill but what was his surprise to find her descending the hill to meet him.

She gave him the desired sign, telling him to go to the rugged rocks where nothing had ever been known to grow; and that there he would find fresh, fragrant Spanish roses, covered with dew.

Juan obeyed and found the roses, as she had promised. "Take these flowers to the bishop," she said, "they are the sign of my divinity." Juan took the flowers in his tilma or blanket and carried them to the bishop. When he opened the blanket to show the roses, behold there appeared on it a beautifully painted image of the Virgin. Juan's statement were no longer doubted by the bishop, who kept the blanket on which was the miraculous painting. He

BROTHERHOOD

The crest and crowning of all good, Life's final star, is Brotherhood; For it will bring again to Earth Her long lost Poesy and Mirth; Will send new light on every face, A kingly power upon the race. And till it come we men are slaves, And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way; Blind creeds and kings, have had their day. Break the dead branches from the path; Our hope is in the aftermath,— Our hope is in heroic men, Star-led to build the world again. To this Event the ages ran: Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

Edwin Markham.

had a chapel built on the sacred hill, and dedicated it to this Holy Lady, February 7th, 1533.

The painting is in a frame of gold and silver inside a glass case, which is placed in the tabernacle of the big church at the foot of the hill, called the Church of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe. The Virgin of Mexico received her name from the bishop, who recognized that the painting was a copy of the sacred image of Senora de Guadalupe, the Virgin of a village in Spain, famous in church annals.

The story of her appearance being believed, this Virgin soon became the object of greatest veneration, particularly with the Indians. For over 350 years, on every 12th of December they have come by thousands to this shrine to worship, and wonderful cures of disease have taken place.

A hundred years after its establishment the pope granted that this day should be forever, in the Church calendar, the festival of the Virgin of Mexico. Another hundred years later the clergy and people of Mexico solemnly chose her as the patroness and protector of that country.

Adelia H. Taffinder.

God is one; and He is not as some suppose, outside of this frame of things, but within it; but, in all the entireness of His being, is in the whole circle of existence, surveying all nature, and blending in harmonious union the whole, the author of all His own forces and works, the giver of light in heaven, and Father of all, the mind and vital power of the whole world, the mover of all things.

-Pythagoras.

The most favored of God will be he who shall see his Lord's face night and morning, a felicity which will surpass all the pleasures of the body as the ocean surpasses a drop of sweat.

-Mohammed.

WHERE "THE LIGHT OF ASIA" WAS WRITTEN

To all readers of *The Theosophic Messenger* the highlands of Scotland will be familiar either by right of birth, or through the writings of others, or as the touring ground of some remembered holiday. And of those whose wanderings (in person or by proxy) have led them to the land of "mountains clad in purpling heather and jewelled with silver falls" there will be few who have not passed through the famous gorges of the Trossacks, and crossed the fairy Loch Katrine, gemmed with its manyhued isles.

At the northern and unfrequented end of Loch Katrine stands the ancient home of the chief of the MacGregors, renowned in Sir Walter Scott's story as the refuge of Rob Roy-the fierce and strenuous leader of that clan. The mansion is unpretentious in appearance, but strong to withstand the siege of men and elements; its rear and sides screened by the woods which mount the slopes of Ben Dhu, while its front looks across bright water-meadows, threaded by the Gyle stream, and stretching on the one hand towards Loch Katrine and on the other to the mountains of Lomond and Argyll.

Here, in the midst of this diversified and gracious example of Nature in all her moods, I was privileged to stay some weeks in the summer of 1878 with Sir Edwin Arnold and those surrounding him. At all seasons, and in all places, such close association with this great thinker would have been memorable, but this stay at Glengyle is for me made especially notable from the fact that at that time Sir Edwin was composing his "Light of Asia." Little did any of those who, in those summer days, heard its author read portions of his matchless phrasing of the Buddhic teachings, realize what wide and lasting service the book was destined to render to the Western world. As I look back to those all too brief weeks in Glengyle I can recall numerous lines from the "Light of Asia" which were spoken to us tentatively by the poet before he would jot them down in writing, and whole descriptive passages in that picturesque and moving eloquence for which his verse is famous, and which give to his work its living atmospheres and colors. Many of these descriptions of Indian villages and country scenes would be delivered seemingly without effort on the author's part as we sat on the rustic bench before the porchway of the house, or rested under the willows by the peat-stained Gyle or by some ferned rock on the mountain side-"The bones of mother Nature," as he used to term these protruding and weather worn ledges of the hills.

At times he would ask one of us to suggest a synonym for some discarded word, or fit some simile to the theme he was treating at the moment. Eagerly we would try our wits at the instant task, for in metric thought and changeful harmony of idea his mind was as swift as the play of shade and sunlight amid our mountain surroundings. The least passing incident might serve some purpose of his pen, as readily as his own profound learning. I recollect that on one occasion I was walking by the banks of the Gyle with a lady (one of the founders of the lately organized Theosophical Lodge at Malta) who had gathered an immense bunch of grasses and ferns for decorating our rooms. Seated under his favorite "Bodhi-tree," as he was wont to call an old oak which stretched its protecting branches over the house, we found the poet busily composing that beautiful passage wherein the gentle-hearted wife, Sujata, affirms her simple faith in life to the allwise Master, and draws down upon herself that wondrous blessing,

- "Then spake our Lord, 'Thou teachest them who teach,
- Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.
- Be thou content to know not, knowing thus Thy way of right and duty; grow, thou flower!

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With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade—the light

Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves Which must spread broad in other suns, and

lift

- In later lives a crowned head to the sky.
- Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee!

Excellent heart! I learned unknowingly As the dove is which flieth home by love.

In thee is seen why there is hope for man

And where we hold the wheel of life at will.

Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!

As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!

He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee this."

Amongst the components of my companion's bouquet there happened to be some wild barley. It attracted the notice of Sir Edwin, and in a moment (his mind passing swiftly from the things of the West to the things of the East) he had produced and inserted in the speech of Sujata that exquisite line, "Since one grain of rice

Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls."

In the evening time, when we were all gathered from our varied wanderings and doings of the day, he would ofttimes read to us, in his rich and strong yet tender voice,

"The things which make

- For peace and pureness, those Four Noble Truths
- Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,
- Those Eight Right Rules whereby who will may walk-

Monarch or slave—upon the perfect Path

That hath its Stages Four and Precepts Eight

Whereby whoso will love—mighty or mean, Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old—

Shall, soon or late, break from the wheels of life,

Attaining blest Nirvana.

J. B. Lindon.

My Son, the Kingdom of the World is not Eternal, nor the sum of right desire; Make thou the Law reveal'd of God thy Law, The voice of Intellect Divine within Interpreter; and considering TO-DAY TO-MORROW'S Seed-Field, ere That come to bear Sow with the harvest of Eternity.

-Jami, the singer of Persia.

God is great!

Confess that there is no god but God! Confess that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to Prayer, Come to Prayer, for Prayer Is better than sleep.

-The Muezzin's Call.

THE PATH OF KNOWLEDGE

This we might say is an indivisible part of the Threefold Path. It is approaching the Self in His aspect of knower, opening up the path along that line between our smaller and the greater selves. This view is certainly not the popular one but it seems to be theosophic.

Before going further into the subject, it may be well to define the meaning of several terms in the following, usually rather loosely used.

1. Intelligence. The fact of having gathered, or the ability to gather, from the objective to the subjective mental world.

2. Information. Putting into form what has been gathered.

3. *Knowledge*. The power to, or the fact of having, become more or less familiar with such forms and their relations one to another.

4. Wisdom. Expertness in the use of knowledge.

We are told that on the Atmic plane there is unity and on the Buddhic plane duality in union. The higher mental seems to the writer to be of unity again, while the lower mental is certainly dual to the extent of separation, the astral to the extent of opposition, and the physical one fierce warfare, between the builders and the destroyers. From the writer's point of view, the source of duality on the three higher planes appears to be outpoured from the Buddhic, while that in the three lower is from the astral. Be that as it may, mental perceptions are usually of one side only, and the workings of the lower mind are by means of two processes, which are opposite in every way, and between which the thinker is obliged to alternate as he does on all the lower plane manifestation. On the physical it is push and pull; on the astral, love and hate; on the lower mental, induction and deduction.

In this life man travels a road walled in on either side, and, as he goes, he meets facts; they seem to materialize in his path, but while they are but yet partly formed,

desire hurls them against one wall or the other, where they are held so fast that the lover of the mind cannot pry them loose. At another time and place, another part of a fact will show itself and become fast to the outer wall, but the delusion of time and space will prevent the man from seeing its identity. So there these facts stand, in two long rows; some are fronts and some are backs, some quite formed, some mere Sometimes the man can pull shadows. them along the wall and arrange them as a drill-master does his men, in a rank, the tallest together, etc., but he cannot make them cross from one side of the road to the other, neither can he get them entirely free from the wall. As he passes on and the force of desire dies out of the older images, they come trooping on after him and offer themselves to him; as life lengthens, he less and less travels on to meet new facts but turns his attention more and more to dealing with those he has.

For those he can move, in some degree as he would, he builds cases and fits them within. His facts not only fill the structure he has built for them but they are used to brace it as well,—and they have a very disconcerting way of changing shape, which forces the man to change the shape of the Sometimes the aspects of one structure. idea will fall out of the structure, unite and disappear, causing great danger to the edifice reared. When the man throws his physical body aside, his facts change shape and keep him busy saving his work from toppling over. Gradually as his desire nature fades, and with it his personal interest, more and more facts along the wall become loosened and amenable to his will. He is then able to look at them with a judicial mind, and so build his structure and fit in his facts better. If he work too long building his structure, it will lack stability and be in danger of falling when the first facts are hung upon it; if he try too long to fit his facts into the structure, he will be overrun by them; so the man alternates between the two processes until he has placed all the facts he has gathered during life, and until the tendency to duality of the lower nature gives way to the tendency of unity in his higher nature. Then the fronts and backs begin uniting, a new arrangement and classification is made, new structures reared, more permanent, the essence of facts abstracted and taken on to the Ego as the harvest of a life, and, there, merged with all that has been brought in other incarnations, the personality disappears in the Ego.

What a long road for so little, what a lot of buildings, what tearing down and building again, what a lot of friction, what a small per cent of efficiency! True; but it has been less and it will be more. It shows us how we can live longer and better lives by digesting our facts as we go, which we can only do by keeping them out of the clutches of desire and forming them fully with fronts and backs. It shows us what a blessing it is that we can die from time to time. It shows us how we can relieve Nature of the heavy load of pulling us through Devachan by learning to live in Devachan all the time. It illustrates that universal law, that we can do nothing until it is done for us many times, and its correlative as well, that we can do finally anything that is done for us now. It shows how, by practice, as we grow in dispassion, we may hold an object of thought before us until fully formed and examined and its essence extracted; how in fact when we have risen to mental planes of a higher dimension and drawn our alternating zigzag steps into a straight path, we can "take knowledge" direct and not by the slow laborious processes that we are mostly limited to now.

"Unveil—O Thou that givest sustenance to the universe, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return,—that face of the true Sun now hidden by a vase of Golden Light, that we may know the truth, and do our whole duty on our journey to thy sacred seat."

E. Holbrook.

THE THIRD NATIONAL PEACE CON-GRESS

The sessions of the Third National Peace Congress were marked by the intense earnestness and sincerity of the speakers, and also by the hearty sympathy of the audiences. The program shows that men and women of note representing all phases of human activity participated.

A prominent banker from New York made one fine suggestion, namely, that, if governments prohibited their banking institutions lending money to either belligerent in time of war, as selling arms and ammunition is now prohibited, it would be one of the most practical and potent means of preventing war. No nation nowadays can successfully wage war without borrowing the "sinews of war."

One college president advocated an intercollegiate lecture course, by capable men and women, to teach students while in the impressionable stage of life, the uselessness of war, the advantages of peace and the profit arising from arbitration.

President Taft struck a high note, every one thought, when he strongly advocated an arbitration treaty between the two great English-speaking nations, covering every question of national honor. The Congress thoroughly endorsed his suggestions. I was invited to the luncheon given the delegates, and was requested to sign my name to a card and also was requested to state what organization I represented. I took the liberty of stating that it was the Theosophical Society of Washington, D. C., which action was yesterday endorsed at our Lodge meeting.

The Masters, I feel, must be gratified at the strong minds and powerful organizations backing the peace movements.

It was an inspiration to one to be present at the Congress. Geo. H. Wright.

CHELAS AND LAY-CHELAS

A "Chelâ" is a person who has offered himself to a master as a pupil to learn practically the "hidden mysteries of nature and the psychical powers latent in man." The master who accepts him is called in India a Guru; and the real Guru is always an Adept in the occult Science; a man of profound knowledge, exoteric and esoteric, especially the latter; and one who has brought his carnal nature under the subjection of the will; who has developed in himself both the power (Siddhi) to control the forces of Nature, and the capacity to probe her secrets by the help of the formerly latent but now active powers of his beingthis is the real Guru. To offer oneself as a candidate for Chelâship is easy enough, to develop into an Adept the most difficult task any man could possibly undertake. There are scores of "natural-born" poets, mathematicians, mechanics, statesmen, etc., but a natural-born Adept is something practically impossible. For, though we do hear at very rare intervals of one who has an extraordinary innate capacity for the acquisition of Occult knowledge and power, yet even he has to pass the self-same tests and probations, and go through the selfsame training as any less endowed fellow aspirant. In this matter it is most true that there is no royal road by which favourites may travel.

For centuries the selection of Chelâs-outside the hereditary group within the Gon-pa (temple)—has been made by the Himâlayan Mahâtmâs themselves from among the class-in Tibet, a considerable one as to number-of natural mystics. The only exceptions have been in the cases of Western men like Fludd, Thomas Vaughan, Paracelsus, Pico di Mirandolo, Count St. Germain, etc., whose temperamental affinity to this celestial science, more or less forced the distant Adepts to come into personal relations with them, and enabled them to get such small (or large) proportion of the whole truth as was possible under their social surroundings. From Book IV of

Kui-te, Chapter on "The Laws of Upâsanas," we learn that the qualifications expected in a Chelâ were:

1. Perfect physical health;

2. Absolute mental and physical purity;

3. Unselfishness of purpose; universal charity; pity of all animate beings;

4. Truthfulness and unswerving faith in the law of Karma, independent of the intervention of any power in Nature—a law whose course is not to be obstructed by any agency, not to be caused to deviate by prayer or propitiatory exoteric ceremonies;

6. An intuitional perception of one's being the vehicle of the manifested Avalokiteshvara or Divine Atmâ (Spirit);

7. Calm indifference for, but a just appreciation of, everything that constitutes the objective and transitory world, in its relation with, and to, the invisible regions.

Such, at least, must have been the recommendations of one aspiring to perfect Chelâship. With the sole exception of the first, which in rare and exceptional cases might have been modified, each one of these points has been invariably insisted upon, and all must have been more or less developed in the inner nature by the Chelâ's unhelped exertions, before he could be actually "put to the test."

When the self-evolving ascetic-whether in, or outside, the active world-has placed himself, according to his natural capacity, above, hence made himself master of, his (1) Sharira, body; (2) Indriya, senses; (3) Dosha, faults; (4) Dukkha, pain; and is ready to become one with his Manas, mind, Buddhi, intellection or spiritual intelligence. and Atmâ, highest soul, i. e., spirit; when he is ready for this, and further, to recognize in Atmâ the highest ruler in the world of perceptions, and in the will, the highest executive energy (power)-then may he, under the time- honoured rules, be taken in hand by one of the Initiates. He may then be shown the mysterious path at whose farther end is obtained the unerring discernment of Phala, or the fruits of causes pro-

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duced, and given by means of reaching Apavarga—emancipation from the misery of repeated births, Pretya-bhâva, in whose determination the ignorant has no hand.

But since the advent of the Theosophical Society, one of whose arduous tasks it is to reawaken in the Aryan mind the dormant memory of the existence of this Science and of those transcendent human capabilities, the rules of Chelâ selection have become slightly relaxed in one respect. Many members of the Society who would not have been otherwise called to Chelâship became convinced by practical proof of the above points, and, rightly enough thinking that if other men had hitherto reached the goal, they too, if inherently fitted, might reach it by following the same path, importunately pressed to be taken as candidates. And as it would be an interference with Karma to deny them the chance of at least beginning, they were given it. The results have been far from encouraging so far, and it is to show them the cause of their failure as much as to warn others against rushing heedlessly upon a similar fate, that the writing of the present article has been candidates in ordered. The question, though plainly warned against it in advance, began wrongly by selfishly looking to the future and losing sight of the past. They forgot that they had done nothing to deserve the rare honour of selection, nothing which warranted their expecting such a privilege; that they could boast of none of the above enumerated merits. As men of the selfish, sensual world, whether married or single, merchants, civilian or military employees, or members of the learned professions, they had been to a school most calculated to assimilate them to the animal nature, least so to develop their spiritual potentialities. Yet each and all had vanity enough to suppose that their case would be made an exception to the law of countless centuries, as though, indeed, in their person had been born to the world a new Avatâra! All expected to have hidden things taught, extraordinary powers given them, because -well, because they had joined the Theosophical Society. Some had sincerely resolved to amend their lives, and give up their evil courses—we must do them that justice, at all events.

All were refused at first, Colonel Olcott the President himself to begin with, who was not formally accepted as a Chelâ until he had proved by more than a year's devoted labours and by a determination which brooked no denial, that he might safely be tested. Then from all sides came complaints -from Hindus, who ought to have known better, as well as from Europeans who, of course, were not in a condition to know anything at all about the rules. The cry was that unless at least a few Theosophists were given the chance to try, the Society could not endure. Every other noble and unselfish feature of our programme was ignored—a man's duty to his neighbour, to his country, his duty to help, enlighten, encourage and elevate those weaker and less favoured than he; all trampled out of sight in the insane rush for adeptship. The call for phenomena, phenomena, phenomena, resounded in every quarter, and the Founders were impeded in their real work and teased importunately to intercede with the Mahâtmâs, against whom the real grievance lay, though their poor agents had to take all the buffets. At last, the word came from the higher authorities that a few of the most urgent candidates should be taken at their word. The result of the experiment would perhaps show better than any amount of preaching what Chelâship meant, and what are the consequences of selfishness and temerity. Each candidate was warned that he must wait for years in any event, before his fitness could be established, and that he must pass through a series of tests that would bring out all there was in him, whether bad or good. They were nearly all married men, and hence were designated "Lav-Chelâs"-a term new in English, but having long had its equivalent in Asiatic tongues. A Lay-Chelâ is but a man of the world who affirms his desire to become wise in spiritual things. Virtually, every member of the Theosophical Society who

subscribes to the second of our three "Declared Objects" is such; for though not of the number of true Chelâs, he has yet the possibility of becoming one, for he has stepped across the boundary-line which separated him from the Mahâtmâs, and has brought himself, as it were, under their notice. In joining the Society and binding himself to help along its work, he has pledged himself to act in some degree in concert with those Mahâtmâs, at whose behest the Society was organized, and under whose conditional protection it remains. The joining is, then, the introduction; all the rest depends entirely upon the member himself, and he need never expect the most distant approach to the "favor" of one of Mahâtmâs or any other Mahâtour mâs in the world-should the latter consent to become known-that has not been fully earned by personal merit. The Mahâtmâs are the servants, not the arbiters, of the Law of Karma. Lay-Chelâship confers no privilege upon any one except that of working for merit under the observation of a Master. And whether that Master be or be not seen by the Chelâ makes no difference whatever as to the result; his good thoughts, words, and deeds will bear their fruits, his evil ones, theirs. To boast of Lay-Chelâship or make a parade of it, is the surest way to reduce the relationship with the Guru to a mere empty name, for it would be prima facie evidence of vanity and unfitness for farther progress. And for years we have been teaching everywhere the maxim, "First deserve, then desire" intimacy with the Mahâtmâs.

Now there is a terrible law operative in Nature, one which cannot be altered, and whose operation clears up the apparent mystery of the selection of certain "Chelâs" who have turned out sorry specimens of morality, these few years past. Does the reader recall the old proverb, "Let sleeping dogs lie"? There is a world of occult meaning in it. No man or woman knows his or her moral strength until it is *tried*. Thousands go through life very respectably, because they have never been put to the test. This is a truism doubtless, but it is most pertinent to the present case. One who undertakes to try for Chelâship by that very act rouses and lashes to desperation every sleeping passion of his animal nature. For this is the commencement of a struggle for mastery in which quarter is neither to be given nor taken. It is, once for all, "To be, or not to be"; to conquer, means adeptship; to fail, an ignoble martyrdom; for to fall victim to lust, pride, avarice, vanity, selfishness, cowardice, or any other of the lower propensities, is indeed ignoble, if measured by the standard of true manhood. The Chelâ is not only called to face all the latent evil propensities of his nature, but, in addition, the momentum of maleficent forces accumulated by the community and nation to which he belongs. For he is an integral part of those aggregates, and what affects either the individual man or the group (town or nation) reacts the one upon the other. And in this instance his struggle for goodness jars upon the whole body of badness in his environment, and draws its fury upon him. If he is content to go along with his neighbours and be almost as they areperhaps a little better or somewhat worse than the average-no one may give him a thought. But let it be known that he has been able to detect the hollow mockery of social life, its hypocrisy, selfishness, sensuality, cupidity, and other bad features, and has determined to lift himself up to a higher level, at once he is hated, and every bad, bigoted, or malicious nature sends at him a current of opposing will-power. If he is innately strong he shakes it off, as the powerful swimmer dashes through the current that would bear a weaker one away. But in this moral battle, if the Chelâ has one single hidden blemish-do what he may, it shall and will be brought to light. The varnish of conventionalities with which "civilization" overlays us all, must come off to the last coat, and the Inner Self, naked and without the slightest veil to conceal its reality, is exposed. The habits of society which hold men to a certain degree under moral restraint, and compel them to pay

tribute to virtue by seeming to be good whether they are so or not-these habits are apt to be all forgotten, these restraints to be all broken through under the strain of Chelâship. He is now in an atmosphere of illusions-Mâyâ. Vice puts on its most alluring face, and the tempting passions attract the inexperienced aspirant to the depths of psychic debasement. This is not a case like that depicted by a great artist, where Satan is seen playing a game of chess with a man upon the stake of his soul, while the latter's good Angel stands beside him to counsel and assist. For the strife is in this instance between the Chelâ's will and his carnal nature, and Karma forbids that any Angel or Guru should interfere until the result is known. With the vividness of poetic fancy Bulwer Lytton has idealized it for us in his Zanoni, a work which will ever be prized by the Occultist; while in his Strange Story he has with equal power shown the black side of occult research and its deadly perils. Chelâship was defined, the other day, by a Mahâtmâ as a "psychic resolvent, which eats away all dross and leaves only the pure gold behind." If the candidate has the latent lust for money, or political chicanery, or materialistic scepticism, or vain display, or false speaking, or cruelty, or sensual gratification of any kind, the germ is almost sure to sprout; and so, on the other hand, as regards the noble qualities of human nature. The real man comes out. Is it not the height of folly, then, for any one to leave the smooth path of commonplace life to scale the crags of Chelâship without some reasonable feeling of certainty that he has the right stuff in him? Well says the Bible: "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall"-a text that would-be Chelâs should consider well before they rush headlong into the fray! It would have been well for some of our Lay-Chelâs if they had thought twice before defying the tests. We call to mind several sad failures within a twelvemonth. One went wrong in the head, recanted noble sentiments uttered but a few weeks previously, and became a member of a religion he had just scornfully and unanswerably proven false. A

second became a defaulter and absconded with his employer's money-the latter also a Theosophist. A third gave himself up to gross debauchery, and confessed it, with ineffectual sobs and tears, to his chosen Guru. A fourth got entangled with a person of the other sex and fell out with his dearest and truest friends. A fifth showed signs of mental aberration and was brought into court upon charges of discreditable conduct. A sixth shot himself to escape the consequences of criminality, on the verge of detection! And so we might go on and on. All these were apparently sincere searchers after truth, and passed in the world for respectable persons. Externally, they were fairly eligible as candidates for Chelâship, as appearances go; but "within all was rottenness and dead men's bones." The world's varnish was so thick as to hide the absence of the true gold underneath; and the "resolvent" doing its work, the candidate proved in each instance but a gilded figure of moral dross, from circumference to core.

In what precedes we have, of course, dealt but with the failures among Lay-Chelâs; there have been partial successes, too, and these are passing gradually through the first stages of their probation. Some are making themselves useful to the Society and to the world in general by good example and precept. If they persist, well for them, well for us all; the odds are fearfully against them, but still "there is no impossibility to him who wills." The difficulties in Chelâship will never be less until human nature changes and a new order is evolved. St. Paul (Rom., vii. 18, 19) might have had a Chelâ in mind when he said: "to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." And in the wise Kirâtârjunîyam of Bharâvi it is written: The enemies which rise within the body, Hard to be overcome-the evil passions-Should manfully be fought; who conquers these

Is equal to the conqueror of worlds (xi. 32). H. P. B. Whatever the appetite might crave, whatever the tongue might demand, that food immediately stood before the Grail. Thus the entire household was supported by the powers of the Grail. It is the thing which gives joy, which overflows the world with sweetness; in blessedness it equals heaven even here on earth.

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Parcival follows them with his wondering eyes. There, through a door leading to a chamber, he sees lying on a couch the most beautiful old man imaginable. No brush could have painted him more perfect. Who was he? This will appear later, when we shall hear more of him, of the host, his castle, and his land. One who can not follow the course of this song to its final

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The host bade Parcival good-night, and he was shown to his bed by a part of the knights. Pages helped him to remove his clothing, and prepared him for sleep. Finally four maidens came in, bringing him mead and wine to drink, and fruit of such kind as was raised in paradise. He ate and drank a little, and then all left him. But the hero spent a restless night, for future hardships and dangers sent their messengers to him in dreams, such as had once frightened his mother. He dreamed he was in battle and sword-cuts fell on his head, the enemy with lowered lance came charging through the press, so that he would thrice rather have faced death while awake than bear the misery of sleep.

Finally the light of the morning shone brightly into his chamber. He looked about, but no page was at hand to serve him. No sound could be heard. Once more he falls asleep, until he awakes in broad daylight. But he was alone as before. Only his armor and the two swords were there: the one he took from the Red Knight and the one which his host had given him as a present. He got up and dressed himself, put on his gear and walked out. There near the stairway his horse stood ready and saddled, and against the wall leaned his shield and lance. Much perplexed Parcival ran through many rooms,they were deserted. He thought that he had been wrongly treated, and became angry. In the courtyard he saw the grass cut down by numberless tracks. He mounted his horse, calling and scolding loudly, and rode toward the gates which were left wide open, and many tracks showed that the inmates had ridden away through them. Now he hesitates no longer, but rides out. But hardly had he passed over the drawbridge when it was pulled up

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WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH'S PARCIVAL

THIRD BOOK. KONDUIRAMUR

Whoever cares to hear how fares he of knightly virtues, shall hear sing of great wonders. Let Gamuret's child ride forth, and wherever there are worthy men they will wish him well. For he shall bear great pain, and shall pass through the abyss of sorrow, till he shall be reconciled with God and himself, and crowned with joy and honor.

When Parcival had lost sight of Belripar a feeling of fear and yearning for the queen ran through his thoughts. He let his horse have the reins, and rode swiftly through forest and plain as on the wings of the wind, so that at the gray twilight of the evening he had ridden such a distance that a bird could hardly have flown over it. Indeed it was further than he had ridden on the day that he conquered Ither, or when he rode from the city Graharsz into the land of Brobarsz. As he rode onward, absorbed in his thoughts he came at eventide to a sea where he saw a fisher-boat near the shore. The fisherman wore as rich garments as if he were king of the richest lands, and his attendants seemed from their dress and bearing to be more than common fishermen. Yet his every look and gesture bespoke a deep pain and dark sorrow. As Parcival came near him, he begged the rich fisherman to show him the way to a place where he could lodge for the night. The fisherman replied, "Sir, such a place is unknown in this land for thirty miles round about, unless you can reach before night a castle which I can recommend to you as a lodging-place. But take care not to miss the right way there, as there are many false paths to lead one astray. Keep to the right of yonder cliff, and then descend into the valley. I hope I shall meet you there again."

The youth rode according to directions and before darkness fell over the land he saw a castle with many bold and tall turrets, surrounded with deep moats and high walls, which might have been stormed in vain by the bravest army unless it had flown there with wings and could enter through the air. The draw-bridges were all raised up, but when the hero called out saying the rich fisherman had invited him thither to spend the night, all the inmates were glad to let him enter.

The tall grass in the court-yard showed how seldom joyous knightly exercises had taken place here. Many knights greeted him courteously and took his horse and armor; they prepared his chamber and brought him water to wash with, also a mantle and rich clothing of the brightest silk of Arabia. The chamberlain said, "My mistress, Queen Urepanse de Joie, wore this mantle which she lends you. No other one was ready, but you are worthy of such a rich garment." When the youth was dressed in these sumptuous clothes. it seemed to all as if a new day was radiat-When the host had reing from him. turned home, the rich fisher from the sea, he called his guest to him. Parcival's eves were hurt by the dazzling light which met his eves. A hundred chandeliers in the form of a crown hung in the great hall, and a thousand candles sent out their blinding light from the walls. A hundred plush couches stood around in a large circle, each prepared for four knights, with a round rug spread in front of each couch. In three fireplaces of white marble splendidly built, burned a sweet-smelling wood, which is called lignum aloe. In a reclining chair near the middle fireplace the host took his seat. Joy was far from him; his life was a constant dying. Will his guest deliver him today from his pain? Woe to him, if he fails to ask the question!

The lord of the castle bade Parcival take a seat at his side. Because of his malady the host had to be wrapped in warm cloths and a large fur mantle, even close to the great fire. He wore a fur cap around

which was wound in Arabic fashion a border, and one could see a transparent ruby glowing on its front. The knights were gathered in large number in the hall. Suddenly there entered a squire, holding in his hand a bloody spear, and carrying it around in the hall without a word. The knights rose, lamenting with deep sorrow and pain which the sight of the lance had poured into their hearts. The most noble knights of thirty lands wrung their hands, and their tears flowed freely, until the squire had disappeared through the door whence he had come. Now a steel door opened at the other end of the hall, and two maidens stepped forth gracefully, with veils and flowers in their long blonde hair, and carrying lighted candles on golden candlesticks. It was the countess of Tenabrock and her friend. They were followed by another pair, one of whom was a duchess, who carried a stand of ivory. All wore silk dresses of scarlet red. They bowed modestly and placed the stand before their lord. Again four maidens stepped in with candles, and another four carried in a "granat-jachant," raying forth light like the sun, a stone such as has never yet been found on earth. These eight drew near, bowed to the lord of the castle, and the last four placed the flatly formed stone on the ivory stand, and returned to the first four. These four couples of maidens had dainty wreaths of flowers in their hair, and wore velvet dresses belted with girdles. Once more four maidens appeared with lighted candles, and after them came two daughters of lords, who had been taken from far away, since the choice of the Grail fell on them: Florie, whose father was duke Iwain of Luenel, and Amflise, the daughter of Rual of Jernise. This couple brought in two sharp silver knives on cloths and laid them before the king, then returned to the others who had come in before them. Their dresses were of the most costly silks named plialt, and of cloths from Niniveh, white as snow. Finally the queen herself entered; from her face went out a light, just as when the sun pierces through the clouds at

daybreak. On a cushion of green Achmardi, the finest Arabic silk, she carried what the bliss of Paradise dropped into the hearts of men, and what can not be wished for nor conceived by the highest wish of earth,—the Holy Grail. Urepanse de Joie was named the lady by whom it let itself be carried.

The Grail, however, was of such a nature that he who guarded it must be chaste, and she who took care of it must be blameless, and both were chosen by the Grail itself. Six splendid lamps of glass were brought in by as many maidens who preceded the Grail. The queen set the holy vessel down before the king, and then the seven stepped back into the ranks of the other eighteen maidens.

To serve the many knights there was summoned for every four of them a chamberlain with a heavy golden plate, and a clever page who carried a white towel. A hundred tables were carried in from the door, one for every four knights. Table cloths of a dazzling white were spread over them. Water was brought to the suffering host and his guest to wash their hands in, while a count's son kneeling presented to them a colored silken towel. Four wagons were rolled from table to table with beakers, dishes, and cutlery; behind each wagon went a clerk who noted exactly what was used, so that nothing might fail to be returned.

When the tables stood thus prepared, a hundred squires were bidden to go and carry around with white cloths, the bread and foods, as the Grail furnished them, and hand them around to the tables. It was told me (and I say it under oath) that the holy vessel was ready to furnish any gift: foods warm or cold, new or old; tame and wild meats, and fish. Whatever each man desired, that he immediately found standing before him on the table. Many small golden vessels could be seen filling up with pepper, salt, and various condiments, such as the habits of the eater demand to have for certain foods. There were also pitchers with wine, mead, and red sinopel.

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Woe! too soon for his peace had he left home. He had made the step into sorrows, when unwittingly he found the Grail. He was ignorant of the many pains which he was carrying away with him from this goal. Thinking that the knights had ridden out to some tourney, Parcival followed the beaten road. May God protect him, for now his probation begins!

As he was hurrying on he saw that the road parted, and soon disappeared entirely. As he was looking around in his perplexity for some one to show him the way, he heard the doleful cries of a woman. Following these sounds he found a maiden mourning for a dead knight whose embalmed body she held in her arms. He offered her his greeting and service. She thanked him and asked what had brought him this way, for she had often seen much harm befall those strangers who had boldly ventured into this desert. "You had better leave if you would be safe! But tell me first where you were last night?" Parcival replied, "I come from a castle about a mile or so away, so richly furnished as I have never yet seen another." The lady said, "You should not mislead one who trusts you. You do not bear the shield of the land. You have come afar from a habited country; for within thirty miles no wood or stone has been cut for any building except for one castle only, which lies near here, filled with wonders, but shrouded in a deep mystery. For whosoever seeks it-useless trouble! Sad to tell, the searcher never finds it.

Many have already gone out on its quest, and have returned home unsatisfied. If it should happen that any one should discover this castle, he would have to do it unconsciously. I take it that it is not known to you. Montsalvas is its name, and Terre de Salvas that of the country, which together with the crown the old King Titurel left to his son Frimutel. He had won many honors, but was overcome and met his knightly death in single combat, which true love demanded of him. Four dear children he left behind, but, though possessed of the greatest riches, three of them are in pain and sorrow; the fourth one retired into solitude to serve God and piously atone for sin; his name is Trevrecent. His brother is called Amfortas,-no one speaks of him. without pity. He is lord of high Montsalvas, but sickness allows him not to walk, ride, lie down, or stand. Had you, O Sir, come to his castle, the unhappy host would doubtless have been released from his sorrow."

The Waleise said, "I saw there great wonders manifold, and many beautiful maidens-." Then she recognized him. "Ah,she cried-you are Parcival! O tell me did you see the Grail? Did you speak to the host, bereft of joys? O tell me that his pain and sorrows have ceased. Blessed are you to have made this helpful journey, since what floats high up in the air, became subject to you, the High, as well as what lives and weaves on earth!" Then she told Parcival that she was his cousin Sigune, who had told him his name at the time he found her with her slain lover. The youth, seeing her former beauty wasted away by ceaseless sorrow, begged her to leave the body of Schianatulander, which they might bury. But the maiden would not listen to such advice. "Could anything give me joy," she said, "it would be to hear that you have released from his pain the dear king whose life is a constant dying. I see you have the sword of Amfortas; if you have learned the blessing of that sword, you may fearlessly go into battle. It was forged by Terbuket so well that nothing can withstand it.

Should it ever become dull or even bent, take it to a spring which near Karnant rushes out from a cliff, and dip it into the pure water before the heat of day has shone upon it. Then you will withdraw it sharpened, straightened, and bright. They were hoping for a word of blessing when the sword was given you; yet I fear that you remained silent. If you spoke it, then God's holy power will grow and work in vou; then the wonders you saw there will be at your command; then a blessed crown of joy rewarded your deed, and glory and bliss will be with you on all your journeys. Therefore tell me, dear youth: Have you done justice to the question?"

"I asked no questions," he replied. "Woe to you, and more woe!" exclaimed the sorrowing maiden, "woe, that you hesitated to ask! Surely you saw countless wonders; saw the Holy Grail glowing before you, saw Urepanse who carried it, and the procession of her ladies, the sharp silver cutlery, the bloody spear; and noticed the wonderful power of the Grail at the splendid feast! Woe, why do you come to me? Dishonor your life! curse your head! You have, with the poisonous teeth of the wolf, torn to pieces the host, bereft of joys, and faithlessly poured gall instead of balsam on his wounds. Did no compassion move you, so that you did not ask about this sorrow? Had you done it he would have been freed from pain. You left him in his misery; you live, and are dead to joys." Parcival begged her to forgive him; he would make amends if he had done wrong. But Sigune cried, "Make amends where it is still possible; at Montsalvas honor vanished from you. Henceforth your hand will never win knightly praise and honor. Away with you, I will answer you no longer."

Deeply shattered by pain and remorse Parcival rode away,—to meet more pain. He saw before him a splendid battle-steed trotting proudly through the forest, followed at a distance by a wretched horse, almost starved to death, whose bones showed clearly under his rough hide. This horse had on his back a wooden frame for saddle, and on it sat a sorrowful woman, dressed in rags, girdled by a rough cord. Yet her skin was white as snow, where it was not exposed to the sun, and her mouth red as that of a bride.

Parcival had removed his helmet because of his pain and the heat of the sun; he greeted the lady kindly. She thanked him, and recognizing him, said, "I have met you once before, and thereby have suffered much woe, for had you not come into my tent I would not now be in disgrace." The knight protested that he had never brought shame to any lady, but he heartily sympathized with her in her misery. She rode on and tears fell from her eyes on her uncovered bosom, while she was striving to shield her body from the sight of the young hero. This called forth from him compassion only, and he offered his mantle to her; but she refused it, begging him to leave her, saying that she feared he would meet trouble unless he did so. But Parcival questioned her who it was that might threaten his life, and she told him it was her former husband, who had discarded her, yet forced her pitilessly to keep him company in her wretched and pitiful state.

The steed of Parcival neighed loudly to the lady's horse. This was heard by the knight who was ahead, and he angrily turned his horse to see who had approached his woman. It was duke Orilus, the hushand of Jeschute; and unlike her, he was dressed magnificently. His helmet was also made by Trebuket, and his shield was from Toledo in the land of Kailet; his battle-coat and dress were woven at Alexandria; the cover for his horse was made at Tenabrock out of interlacing rings with iron bands; over them lay a caparison of the most expensive velvet. The entire armor came from Beauzenan, the capital city of Anjou; finally his steed was from Brumbane de Salvage a Montane; it had been won in single combat by his brother Laehelin.

Seeing a knight in armor near his discarded wife, Orilus prepared for an encounter and so did Parcival. He ran hard against the knight, whose shield showed

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forth a golden-red dragon, and whose gear was covered by many golden dragons with rubies and other gems for their eyes. And then a great battle took place, very evenly matched. Finally the dragon on the helmet of Orilus received such a gaping wound that daylight shone through the top of the hel-They hurtled together so mightily met. that their iron knee-rings flew to pieces. Then Orilus, who was possessed of great strength, suddenly caught Parcival around the body with his arm, but this hero did likewise, lifted his antagonist out of the saddle, jumped out of his own saddle with Orilus under his arm, and pressed him backwards over a log so mightily that he lost his breath and senses, and streams of blood flowed from his helmet.

Parcival offered the duke his life if he would take back Jeschute as his true wife. This knight declared that he would do anything else but not that, because her guilt was too great. His brother, who held two kingdoms, would give him anything Parcival might ask for his ransom, and he himself would acknowledge Parcival as overlord of the duchy of Lalander. But whatever might happen to his body, he would never forgive this woman. Parcival declared that neither people, land, nor other goods could save Orilus from death; but he should swear that he would at once proceed to Artus' court and give greeting to a lady who had been mistreated by a man before the whole court, because she laughed on seeing him. And he furthermore commanded Orilus to become reconciled with his wife, or die.

The duke at last gave in to these conditions, and kissed Jeschute in token of reconciliation, although he still believed her guilty. Then Parcival led them to a hermit's cell which he saw cut in a cliff, with a painted spear leaning near it. The hermit was named Trevrecent. There, upon a chest of relics, he swore that when he in his youthful ignorance took the ring and clasp from Jeschute in the tent, she remained pure and chaste. Then he returned her ring to Orilus, saying that he

had foolishly given away the clasp. Then shame and remorse overcame Orilus de Lalander, and he embraced and kissed his wife, dearly; and he thanked Parcival with all his heart for this voluntary oath. With tender care he now put his battlecloak around his wife, although it was also badly cut to pieces by the sword of Parcival. He courteously prayed his conqueror to rest himself in his tents, but the hero declared the offer with thanks. Taking his leave from the two reunited lovers, he soon disappeared into the forest. But the delicately painted lance which stood near the hermit's cell, and which the wild knight Taurian, brother of Dodines, had forgot there, he took with him.

The duke and Jeschute now rode joyfully back to their tents, and were received by their faithful companions in the same spirit. While Orilus was bathing, a knight told him that in the Plimizol, the valley of flowers, not far away, King Artus and his court seemed to have encamped themselves in countless rich tents. Then next morning the duke sent his people home to Laland, dressed his wife and himself magnificently, and rode with this knight to the valley of the Plimizol to fulfil his oath. King Artus and his knights sat in the open plain. Orilus with helmet on and visor closed rode near their circle, dismounted, giving his bridle to his wife to hold, and approached the lady Kunneware, who recognized him as one of her two brothers, and told him she would not let him yield himself to her, which he was about to do. But Orilus said he had sworn to his conqueror, the Red Knight, to do so in order to save his life, whereupon she took his oath of allegiance. Then he asked who it was had beaten her, saying he hoped to be revenged upon that man. Thus Keye gained more hate from the knights and ladies around, such as Gawan, Geoffroy fils d'Idol, the prisoner King Klamide, and many others. These all crowded around to meet Orilus, while King Artus and Queen Ginevra brought in the duchess Jeschute. The queen kissed her, while Artus said that he had complained to Jeschute's father Lak, the King of Karnant, on hearing of her bad treatment by her husband, and that he had deeply sympathized with her, although on her account duke Orilus had caused him much sorrow at the tourney at Kannedich.

The duchess and Orilus were then led by the queen of Laland to her tent, which stood opposite to that of Artus, near a well. A fierce dragon hovered over the tent, flapping his wings up and down, being moved by cords, so that he seemed indeed to be alive. Seeing this, the duke recognized the emblem of his house.

The knights of the Round Table praised highly the renown of the Red Knight, and were agreed that one who could do battle like him, should become one of their number. Only Sir Keye found himself this day in an embarrassing position. He prayed Kingrun to intercede for him with Orilus. And the seneschal did not spare good food and drink, which Kingrun carried into the tent to the duke of Lalander.

It was on the eighth day after leaving Nantes that the court of Artus had encamped in the Plimizol in their search for the Red Knight. It was determined that he was to be of the Round Table as soon as found. Artus well knew the great desire of his knights for battle, therefore before they had started he had pledged them all not to leave the company in order to ride out alone in search of adventure. For he told them that they would have enough opposition to encounter as a body, when passing through foreign lands; therefore should they be separated, they might easily come to grief.

After Parcival had left Orilus, he had spent the night riding in the forest, but it snowed, and he lost his path. This legend does not agree with those which make all important adventures and events of King Artus happen on the day of Pentecost, in the sweet and flower-laden month of May. His falconers of Karidol rode out in the evening to hunt birds, and lost their best falcon; he remained in the forest and would not fly out on the hunt because he had been over-fed. There in the forest he found the wandering Parcival with whom he made friends, for it was very cold. The knight was trotting along over the rough stones and through thorny bushes, when towards morning perhaps a thousand wild geese were started up suddenly and flew noisily into the air. The falcon darted among them and killed one of them, so that it fell dead near the trunk of a mighty tree which had been cut down in a clearing.

Wonderful play of the imagination!-Three drops of blood fell on the snow, and when Parcival saw them he was made joyful and sad at the same time. He thought of Konduiramur: two drops represented her cheeks and the third her mouth. It recalled the occasion at Belripar when the young queen came to his bed in the early morning praying him for help. The hero halted and was immediately lost in deep contemplation. Thus he was found by a page who was sent with a message to Laland by Kunneware. As he saw Parcival sitting on his horse, immovable as a statue, holding his lance erect, he ran back to the camp, crying out to the knights that a strange knight had stationed himself near by in the attitude of a challenger. Now the knights were sorry that they had pledged themselves to Artus not to fight. Segramors especially became very excited; he ran at once to the king's tent, where Artus and his queen still lay asleep, pulled off their cover in his eagerness to awake the king, so that the king and queen had to laugh at his unseemly manners, and begged Ginevra, who was his cousin, to prevail on King Artus to let him joust with the challenging knight. The king was very unwilling, saying they could not afford to lose any of the knights, especially before meeting with the army of Amfortas which had marched out from Montsalvas, and was defending the pass to the forest against But Ginevra soon obtained the them. king's permission, and Segramors armed himself in haste for the battle. He found Parcival still in the same condition, and, as he did not pay any attention to Segramors' insulting demand for his surrender, charged the knight. Parcival's well-trained horse rushed forward to the encounter, he himself came back to his senses in time to place his lance of Troyes in position, and in the collision Segramors was lifted clean out of his saddle. Then Parcival rode back to the drops of blood and resumed his former position, while the horse of Segramors found his way back to his stable, so that his owner had to walk back, considerably disgusted with his work.

Then Sir Keye was much angered; he went to King Artus and demanded that he be allowed to teach the proud strange knight better manners. His wish being granted, he rode out well-armed, and made an insulting speech to Parcival, who remained silent through the power of his love for Konduiramur. Then Sir Keye struck the hero a ringing blow over the helmet with the shaft of his lance calling for him to wake up, and turning his horse around to withdraw for the charge. This brought Parcival back to his senses; he prepared himself, and met his antagonist half-way, who was bearing down on him, in a gallop. Keye's lance-thrust broke through the shield of Parcival, but this hero repaid him well; Sir Keye was thrown out of his saddle, and fell over the great log so forcibly that his right arm and his left leg were broken, while his horse was killed outright. Thus unwittingly Parcival was revenged on the seneschal for his outrage on Kunneware.

Having thus overthrown his second antagonist, the hero once more returned to the blood drops on the snow, which again shrouded his thoughts with a dense veil. They took them to the Grail, and to his beloved wife, and both gave him much pain.

The misfortune of Sir Keye should be pitied by all worthy men. There were stories current which blamed the seneschal for being immoral, but my legend holds him innocent. He was a brave and faithful servant of his king, who was in great need of a man who kept strict order among the people of all manners of disposition and character. And by thus being severe when it was necessary, it came about that he incurred the hate of some of the knights.

Sir Keye was carried back into the tent of Artus, and his friends, both knights and ladies, came around to sympathize with him. Among these was the knight Gawan, a nephew of King Artus, and he showed much sorrow. But Keye was in a rather bad humor, and requested him to cease his lamentations, saying that Gawan was too high born to revenge him, but that he (Keye) would joyfully risk his head if Sir Gawan had lost a finger. Thus he went on until Gawan could stand it no longer, but called for his horse, mounted, and rode out calmly without his weapons and armor to see who had discomfited the two knights. Parcival was still sunk in contemplation of the drops of blood, and did not answer Gawan's courteous questions. But this knight, the pride of the Round Table, had had some experience in matters of love to solve the mystery; for once in single combat with the strong and brave Laehelin he had been overcome, and was about to lose his life when a queen saved it by offering her own head as security for his life; this sweet and loving queen was named Joyeuse de Bahtorliesz.

Following the fixed glance of the knight of Waleis, Gawan saw the drops of blood and quickly covered them with a silken cloth. Then the darkness before Parcival's eyes was dispelled, but he uttered lamentations for his dear wife. Now for the first time he noticed that his spear was gone. Gawan told him that he had broken it in battle, and prayed him to return with him to the court of his lord, King Artus. He introduced himself as Gawan, the son of King Lot and a sister of King Artus. Parcival greeted the knight joyfully for he had heard much praise of him. Seeing the tents in the valley of Plimizol he asked Gawan whose they were, for should they be of the court of King Artus he could not go there until he had avenged the blows which Artus' seneschal had inflicted on a maiden who had laughed on seeing him. Then Gawan told him that this misdeed of Sir Keye's had already been fully avenged by him, for in the

encounter with Parcival bis right arm and left leg had been broken. Now Parcival had no reason to stay away from the court of King Artus, and so the two heroes repaired thither, and were joyfully received by the people.

Lady Kunneware especially was happy to meet her knight and avenger; she had rich silken garments from Niniveh brought out for Parcival. When he had bathed and dressed himself in these it was agreed by all that he excelled all men in beauty and that his face shone like that of an angel.

When King Artus heard that the Red Knight had come, he and all his knights came over to Sir Gawan's tent after mass had been sung for them. He praised the hero without stint and prayed him to remain with him and join the company of the Round Table. To this Parcival consented. It was the custom of King Artus that he would not eat in the company of any knight unless the day had brought him some new adventure. This day there had occurred a very great event, and the banquet table was now loaded with all manner of good food, and there was room for all the knights and ladies. Artus led Parcival to Queen Ginevra and allowed him the privilege of kissing her, provided he would some day return the privilege of kissing lady Konduiramur. Then Parcival was seated between King Klamide and Sir Gawan, the knight Geoffroy fils d'Idol sat next to the King of Brandigan. All eyes were regarding Parcival, and those of the ladies were especially gladdened.

Suddenly the lamentations of great sorrow rang out through the joyful song. Riding a mule extravagantly decorated with rich cloths,—a mule which was equal in size to the largest battle-horse, but having its nose split, so that one recognized it at once to be of Hungarian origin,—a maiden of wonderful appearance, sending out terror, curse, and fear, came up to the company. A cloth of Gent of azure blue was folded about her body according to the French custom. Under this she wore a silken dress well-cut. A London peacock-feathered hat

with broad brim and lined with Plialt, a costly stuff, hung carelessly behind her shoulders from strings. Over this a wild black braid of her hair hung down till it touched the saddle, as coarse as a hempen rope. Her nose was like that of a pug dog, and two long wild-boar's teeth stuck out from the broad lips, in which all winds would become entangled. Surely I must feel sorry to say such things of a woman, but it shall not happen again to any other She had ears like a bear, her face one. was rough and marked, and like her hands, of the color of an ape. She carried a scourge with a handle set with rubies, and silken cords. Her finger-nails might not please everybody: they stood out like the claws of a lion. Full seldom had lances been broken for the love of this maiden. On the other hand the chest of knowledge was unlocked for her: fluently she spoke all languages, heathen, Latin, French. Dialectics and geometry and the depths of astronomy were well known to her. And her speech was ready and fluent, and only too soon shall you hear how she-Kundrie la Sorcière-knew how to destroy all joys and pleasures, mightily as do storms at sea.

The messenger of woe, source of sorrow, tamer of joys, rode up to Artus and addressed him in French, which I shall translate into German: "Son of King Uterpandragon, you have brought shame and disgrace to yourself and many sons of Britain; for the most worthy men of all lands would sit here with dignity and honor, if one were not with them. The fame of the Round Table has been lost, since badness has pledged itself to it. Yes, King Artus, as your praise elevated you high above all, now the wings of honor which carried you to a proud height, have become lame, and your renown is whirring down into the abyss. The Round Table is dishonored, since Parcival has joined it. He wears the marks of a knight, to be sure, and to honor him you call him after that Red Knight whom he slew before Nantes; yet Parcival may never compare himself with that worthy knight."

From the king she rode to the knight of

Waleis, whom she cursed as follows: "You shall atone for my having to refuse greetings to Artus and his knights. May the brightness which radiates from you be reviled! Before you pay your debt peace and atonement will be too dear for you to purchase. You think me a monster; yet I am less monstrous than you are. Answer me, Sir Percival, how it happened, when you saw the fisherman so bereft of joys and unconsoled, that you failed to release him from his misery? He carried out before you, unfaithful guest, the whole burden of his sorrow; there your heast should feel compassion for the distress of the unfortunate man. Oh, that your tongue might vanish away! A heart, so (mpty in right understanding! From the threshold of heaven the hand of God hurls you down to hell; as despicable will you be considered while you shall wander on earth; you banisher of salvation and curse of happiness, which you insidiously destroy! Weak in praise and lame in honor, no healer will give you health. I swear this oath on your head, that a greater baseness has never been perpetretated by such a handsome man. You adders-tooth, did not the host even give you the sword, of which indeed you are unworthy! You were silent. Was not the Grail carried out before you, the sharp silverware, the bloody lance? Oh, dispenser of joys, and dispeller of gloom might you have been at Montsalvas, had you asked: 'Why all this?' You might have, by asking the question, attained to more happiness and greater bliss than your brother Feirefisz of Anjou recently found at Thabronit in the heathen land, who won the queen of that country after many a hard battle, in which the manhood which both of you inherited from your father Gamuret, did not diminish. Oh, think of your father, whose understanding was never warped by falseness, who never trod the path of sin, who never cast away misery and pain, and who bequeathed to you other things than those you gained for yourself. How well Feirefisz follows his nature, although he lacks your beauty! For the skin of the son of the Moorish queen 1s

wondrously colored black and white alternately. Had your mother allowed herself one fault she would surely not have brought into the world that one of you two who has chosen disgrace for his goal. But she was always faithful and noble, therefore woe, that you should ever have fallen away so far from your father and mother!"

Kundrie herself wrung her hands, in bitter tears, because she accused the son of Herzeleide so relentlessly and with such bitter irony. When she regained her composure, after a while, she acquainted the king with a wondrous story. She asked, "Is there no worthy knight here, whose heroic desire strives for high praise, and the sweet rewards of love? For know that there are four queens and four hundred noble and lovely maidens imprisoned at Chateau-Merveille (Castle of Wonders). All adventures which have ever been accomplished by heroes are as mere air compared to that one which awaits him who dares fearlessly to set these ladies free."

The sorrowing maid turned her mule about and rode away without asking leave. Once more, with tears she called back, "Woe Montsalvas, whose goal is sorrow, woe, that no one will console thee!"

Stunned and silent Parcival sat in the circle, as if annihilated by the terrible curse of Kundrie. Of what use were to him manhood, chastity and courage, and the noble fire of high endeavor? *He is disgraced*. And yet innocence surrounds his every step; meanness has never dwelled in him, and modesty guards his nature, modesty which gives the true prize as a reward. The sweet Kunneware and many other noble ladies did not restrain the tears of pity for the hero.

Hardly had Kundrie ridden away, and before pain had found words to express itself, another wonder is seen on the other side. A knight rides up proudly through the troop of servants, richly armed, but whose shield was not known by the Round Table knights. His hand held the sword, which however remained in the scabbard; his head was covered by his helmet. He asks for Artus and Gawan, and thus addresses the King: "May God grant happiness to the king and ladies and knights, which are here gathered together; I gladly offer to them greetings and service, except to one whom I must never greet. For hate alone may I offer him, and in battle with me he may show what his hate can accomplish. I challenge him, the highly-praised Sir Gawan, rich in deeds, who has caused me dire sorrow. His fame has lost its brilliance and he is dishonored, since at a friendly visit he slew my lord by treachery. If you wish to deny this, Sir Gawan, let it be done by battle only. I challenge you to fight with me on the fortieth day after this, before the king of Askalon, in the high city of Schampfenzon. By the honor of his helmet, by the customs of knighthood, on which honor and loyalty have been bestowed, I charge Sir Gawan not to fail me."

The king warned the strange knight that if some other man had committed the murder, as he strongly believed, then it was not proper to accuse him so strongly, and he had grossly injured the honor of the Round Table.

Beaucorps, the brave young brother of Gawan, sprang up and declared himself ready to fight for his brother. But Gawan would not allow this, saying that he did not know why he was challenged but would rather fight than be reviled. Beaucorps insisted, until the stranger refused him, for he would only fight with the man who had slain his lord and relative, for their fathers were brothers. Then he gave his name as Kingrimur, the count of Schampfenzen, and rode away.

When the strange knight had thus told who he was, the Round Table knights recognized his high standing, and they agreed that Gawan would have to draw upon all his strength in order that harm might not befall him. Through Kundrie's curse they had also, for the first time, become acquainted with the parentage of the knight of Waleis, and that his name was Parcival. There were still many who had been present at the tournament of Kanvoleis and had not forgotten how they had to flee from the Anjou

knight Gamuret, whom the revered Amflise had taught *courtoisie* in their youth, and how she offered him her hand, but Gamuret as the victor of the tournament was formally awarded by a judgment to Queen Herzeleide. And right glad were they that his noble son had come to them.

This day had brought enough of joy and lamentation to the forces of King Artus, such a changing series of events was always their experience. Sadly they arose from the table, drew around Gawan and Parcival, and consoled these bitterly accused knights. But of the knights in the Plimizol King Klamide seemed to be plunged in sorrow the most. He spoke thus to Parcival, "Even if you were King at the Grail, yet must I confess without falseness that the heathen Tribalibot, the golden mountains of the Kaukasus, the treasures of the Grail with all its honors, and whatever other riches and superfluities there may exist,-all these can not give me a recompense for the sorrow which I received through you in that unfortunate battle before the walls of Belripar. Your hand parted me from happiness; but here is the queen of Laland, lady Kunneware. This lady, woe is me, rejects all other services but yours, much as she is able to reward those who serve her; this makes my sorrow too hard to bear. It has been my sad lot to have been her prisoner here so long. If I am to regain happiness help me, Sir, to win her love, and so obtain a part of the joy which your severe hand snatched away from me at Belripar." Parcival replied, "I will do this gladly; if the lady will deign to listen to this prayer. For this is my duty since she is mine, the fairest of all flowers, Konduiramur."

The young heathen princess of Janfuse, Artus, Ginevra, Kunneware of Lalant, and lady Jeschute of Karnant, these all came together to console the sorrows of Klamide, and thus Kunneware was soon betrothed to the king of Brandigan.

Meanwhile the princess of Janfuse seized the opportunity to speak to the knight of Waleis: "Kundrie named a man whom I know well and gladly recognize to be your brother; his fame is spread far and wide; and the power and riches of two kingdoms allow him to hold mighty sway over land and sea. No other kingdom is comparable in power to that of the two lands of Assagug and Zassamank, except the kingdom of the Baruch and Tribalibot. He is worshipped as a god; his skin has a singular lustre, and is partly black and partly white. On the way hither I came through his land; he would gladly have retained me, but could not hinder me from making this journey, and so he let me have my will. I am the daughter of his mother's aunt, and will tell you more of his wonders. He is a great and glorious king; no knight has ever yet withstood him in a joust. His praise has never been diminished; there never was a man more generous than he. Untruth flees before his eyes; Feirefisz-Anjou may well enough have sorrows brought upon him by Whatever I may have seen here women. worthy to be seen,-for curiosity and desire of seeing the wonders of which we hear many legends, has drawn me hither from countries far away,-yet I confess freely and gladly that the highest gifts of all nations have united themselves in you: a noble bearing, mild manners, beauty and manly virtue, and strength and youth."

The rich young heathen princess had learned to speak the French language very well. The knight of Waleis answered, "May God reward you, who have so kindly sought to console me, but, believe me-in vain. For the terrible curse which I experienced here will cling to me ceaselessly wherever I may direct the steps of my life; and it pains me all the more when the one who curses me knows not the true cause of my sorrow. No one will allay my grief, no one will console me, every joy will flee from me, until my eye has once more found the Grail. Restlessly I am drawn to seek for it, the thought pursues me every hour, and I will never desist until the grave. Must I now experience the ridicule of the world, because I acted in accordance with the counsels of the master?

Oh thus he strewed weeds in the sowings! The noble Gurnemanz advised me to avoid premature questions, to be polite, modest, and restrained. (Speaking to the knights) I see here many worthy knights; now tell me how I can regain your good will. A severe judgment has been pronounced on me. And I may not take it ill of any one, if he is ashamed of my company. But should I come back into honor, let me be received back in your grace. You took me into your circle when I stood high in knightly fame; now dismiss me until I have atoned wherefore the tree of my joy, so lovely and green, had to wither away. Now grief is my companion, the tear of pain streams from my eye, that I took leave of Montsalves, so that the lights of consolation there were extinguished. A greater sorrow than befell those maidens who hope for liberation through you, is constantly experienced yonder at the Grail. Woe, Amfortas! always helpless; what good came to you because of my presence?"

Parcival then took leave of King Artus and the whole court of knights and ladies; they were deeply moved to see him part in such sorrow. The king pledged himself that he would not withhold his aid, should Parcival's country ever again come into such danger, as once by Klamide. And thus many other knights pledged themselves likewise to serve his interests while he might be far away. The worthy Sir Gawan kissed Parcival, saying that he knew that much work would fall to Parcival's lot in his wanderings; and that he hoped that God would give him joy, and that he might be there at the right hour to assist him. But Parcival exclaimed: "Oh, what is God? If he were so powerful, he would not have directed such disgrace against both of us. The source of His might is exhausted! Loyally I served Him with my arm and heart, but His mercy rewards with pains. Now I will cease to serve Him. If He hates me, I will bear His hate. O friend, if you go out to combat and strife let a lady accompany you; let your hand be guided and strengthened by her, in whom you have recognized chastity and womanly goodness; let her love protect you!"

Lady Kunneware now took the hand of Parcival and requested him to come into her tent, where with her own delicate hands she armed the son of Gamuret. "This right," she said, "no one shall take away from me, since it was only brought about through you that King Klamide gave himself to me. I shall not be happy in my joy as long as sorrow afflicts you." Kunneware had furnished her knight with rich and costly arms and garments, as though he were a lord. His battle-steed was led up, the sweet maiden kissed him farewell, and then Parcival rode out on unknown paths, laboriously to seek the goal.

For the present I shall not tell you of his deeds. Ask not what things were in store for him, whither he hurries and where he tarries. Of you only, Konduiramur, is he thinking, how he may honor you by knightly deeds; and in his breast glows the fire, never to be extinguished, to serve the Grail, until once more his eyes shall behold it.

A part of the knights of the Round Table, incited by the story of Kundrie, set out to seek for the four hundred maidens and the four queens who were so closely imprisoned in Chateau-Merveille. What happened there to these knights,—I am not to be blamed for. Every one was very desirous to see the maidens, and to undergo the adventure. I wish them success, without envying them; yet if the heroes come to harm, I shall only pity them in due measure. For whosoever strives for the favor of ladies has many joys; sometimes, however, he will experience more of sorrows.

Gawan also had to leave the court soon, in order not to fail in his appointment before the king of Askalon. Many ladies shed tears of grief because of his departing. He did not think lightly of his adventure, but selected the best weapons and armor to be found. He took three shields of the greatest hardness, twelve lances, light and strong, with shafts of cane which had grown in a heathen swamp in Orastegentesin, with steel points from Angram. Furthermore seven strong battle-horses were selected for his expedition. King Artus provided his sister's son with gold, precious gems, and much silver.

Young Hecuba, the rich heathen princess from Janfuse, also returned to her home by way of the sea. Artus journeyed home to Karidol, and soon the valley of Plimizol was deserted. Klamide and Kunneware celebrated their nuptials for three more days; duke Orilus and lady Jeschute remained as their guests, and then escorted the bridal couple to Brandigan, where Kunneware was with all splendor crowned queen of the land.

Should a lady with understanding see my song as written to this point, she would admit truthfully that I sang more praise of the ladies, when my song told of one of them. This was queen Belakone, free from any falseness and blame. Herzeleide had room in her heart only for sighs after the dream which announced the death of her husband. Queen Ginevra's bitter laments for the death of Ither of Gaheviesz were founded on true love. Sincere pity moved me because the daughter of the king of Karnant rode through the lands in disgrace; as well as that the queen of Lalant, lady Kunneware, was seized by the hair and beaten. But both were restored to honor, and therefore received even greater praise.

This song was undertaken by a man who is well qualified to judge the value of a song, who knows how to separate the High from the Low, and to clothe it in lovely rhyme. How gladly I would tell you more, if a certain mouth were to command it, but which is carried by other feet than those which strike spurs into the flanks of my horse.

C. L. B. Shuddemagen.

ACCEPTING THE LAW

One has not taken theosophy seriously until he has accepted the law, but to accept the law means not only that one shall know what the law is theoretically, but that he shall have something of a feeling of its justice and goodness. To be sure to accept the law fully would be to be an adept, for he is the law, since he has lived the law through to its wonderful conclusion; but the beginning of the serious work of the path, or even the preparation for it, demands that we shall, in our moments of exaltation, say to ourselves that though difficult the path may be, we will accept it, with all its difficulties, its pains and its trials, but also with those tremendous rewards for us which make possible the service for the cause of humanity which the rapid discharge of our karma and the swift learning of our lessons, so abundantly means.

The following quotation indicates that the philosopher, Margaret Fuller, had grasped something of the meaning of this great truth of evolution, accepting the law. She frequently stated, it is said, that she accepted the universe, which meant for her that she regarded fate as beneficent in its action, though temporarily it might seem to be hard enough, and, furthermore, that she regarded fate and its decrees as merely the apportioning of the burdens of life in such a manner that evolutional requirements would be subserved. The training which the Mohammedans receive-which is interpreted unhappily by Christians as a crude fatalism-when they cry out in acceptance of the will of God, is worth all its costs in temporary illusions or limitations. Tts value lies in the fact that the ego has a strong drill in the acceptance of the will of God as a necessity, and a beneficent one.

The remarks of Professor James are of the utmost importance, for it does make much difference, not only to each of us, but to all of our neighbors and friends, how we accept Fate and her decrees. He who smiles at Fate, who laughs at his misfortunes, who

finds some triviality or some blessing with which to turn the edge of her sword's sharpness, will find his pathway through the incarnations infinitely easier than the tragic one who refuses to arise when beaten down, but lies nursing his wounds in beaten grief.

Of course nature has ways of re-erecting her victims of disaster. For example, with death comes a forgetting of suffering, a devachan and the renewed hope that springs again with a fresh return to incarnation. Says Professor James:

"'I accept the universe' is reported to have been a favorite utterance of our New England transcendentalist, Margaret Fuller; and when some one repeated this phrase to Thomas Carlyle, his sardonic comment is said to have been: 'Gad! she'd better!' At bottom the whole concern of both morality and religion is with the manner of our acceptance of the universe. Do we accept it only in part and grudgingly, or heartily and altogether? Shall our protests against certain things in it be radical and unforgiving, or shall we think that, even with evil, there are ways of living that must lead to good? If we accept the whole, shall we do so as if stunned into submission,-as Carlyle would have us-'Gad! we'd better!' -or shall we do so with enthusiastic assent? Morality pure and simple accepts the law of the whole which it finds reigning, so far as to acknowledge and obey it, but it may obey it with the heaviest and coldest heart, and never cease to feel it as a yoke. But for religion, in its strong and fully developed manifestations, the service of the highest never is felt as a yoke. Dull submission is left far behind, and a mood of welcome, which may fill any place on the scale between cheerful serenity and enthusiastic gladness, has taken its place.

"It makes a tremendous emotional and practical difference to one whether one accept the universe in the drab discolored way of stoic resignation to necessity, or with the passionate happiness of Christian saints. The difference is as great as that between passivity and activity, as that between the defensive and the aggressive mood. C-radual as are the steps by which an individual may grow from one state into the other, .namy as are the intermediate stages which different individuals represent, yet when you place the typical extremes beside each other for comparison, you feel that two discontinuous psychological universes confront you, and that in passing from one to the other a 'critical point' has been overcome."— The Varieties of Religious Experience, by William James, LL.D. W. V-H.

ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST

This Order has been founded to draw together those who, whether inside or outside the T. S., believe in the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher for the helping of the world. It is thought that its members may, on the physical plane, do something to prepare public opinion for His coming and to create an atmosphere of welcome and of reverence; and, on the higher planes, may unite in forming an instrument of service ready for His use. The Declaration of Principles, acceptance of which is all that is necessary for admission to the Order, is as follows:

1. We believe that a great Teacher will soon appear in the world, and we wish so to live now that we may be worthy to know Him when He comes.

2. We shall try, therefore, to keep Him in our minds always, and to do in His name, and therefore to the best of our ability, all the work which comes to us in our daily occupations.

3. As far as our ordinary duties allow, we shall endeavor to devote a portion of our time each day to some definite work which may help to prepare for His coming.

4. We shall seek to make *Devotion*, *Steadfastness* and *Gentleness* prominent characteristics of our daily life.

5. We shall try to begin and end each day with a short period devoted to the asking of His blessing upon all that we try to do for Him and in His name.

6. We regard it as our special duty to

try to recognize and reverence greatness in whomsoever shown, and to strive to cooperate, as far as we can, with those whom we feel to be spiritually our superiors.

The Order was founded in Benares, India, on January 11th, 1911, and is now made public. Officers will be appointed for each country, consisting of a Local Representative, the Chief Officer in the country, and an Organising Secretary or Secre-There are no rules and no subtaries. scription. Each member receives a certificate of membership. The Badge of the Order is a silver five-pointed Star, in the form of a pin or brooch. These may be obtained for 2s. each, and members are requested to wear them as far as possible. The officers, up to the present, are as follows:

Protector: Mrs. Annie Besant.

Head: Mr. J. Krishnamurti (Alcyone).

Private Secretary to Head: Mr. G. S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B.

General Secretary: Professor E. A. Wodehouse, M.A.

Local Representatives—India: Professor P. K. Telang, M.A.; England: Lady Emily Lutyens.

Organising Secretaries: India: Rai Igbal Narain Gurtu, M.A., LL.B.; England: Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, M.A.; Dr. Mary Rocke, M.D.; Theosophical Society, 106 New Bond Street, London, W.

Annie Besant.

BACON'S LITERARY FRIENDS AND THEIR RELATION TO HIS WORK

Though it would appear that the friends of Bacon visited him from time to time both at York House and Gorhambury, we are able to glean from contemporary records very little accurate information as to these gatherings, or who actually took part in them. We may, however, conjecture from repeated personal allusions in his letters that only a few privileged companions enjoyed such hospitality; and as we notice the effect produced by Bacon's various publications as they appeared, and the assistance rendered by those most attached to him, we have an additional opportunity of forming an opinion as to this.

Of these faithful students and admirers, such names as Rawley, Tobie Mathew, and Jonson at once occur to us. These men had watched Bacon's career during a great portion of his life, often rendering him signal service; and, therefore, it is through them that much valuable and interesting information has been handed down to us. In this connexion, too, there are others whose influence and character bore directly on his work.

William Rawley was intimately associated with Bacon during the most active period of his life. Graduating at Cambridge in 1606, and afterwards receiving the fellowship of Corpus Christi College, he later on was appointed to the rectorship of Bowthorpe, Norfolk (1612), It was about this time that he met Bacon, who exerted his influence in obtaining for him the living at Landbeach. He was made a Doctor of Divinity in 1621, having previously become private chaplain to Bacon. From this time he takes every opportunity of assisting his friend in the preparation and publication of some of his ablest works. Many of the prefaces and dedications were written by him; for instance, the preface to the New Atlantis in 1627; and likewise we may notice on the title page of the De Augmentis when it first appeared the announcement "cura et fide Giul: Rawley." The works published by him were:---

Sylva Sylvarum and New Atlantis (1627); Certaine Miscellany Works (1629); Operum Moralium et Civilium (1638); Resuscitatio (1657), which contained a Life of Bacon; and Opuscula Varia Posthuma Philosophica Civilia et Theologica (1658).

As these works were completed Rawley presented copies of them to Corpus Christi College, and we read that he bequeathed also to the same institution Camden's *Britannia* as well as the works of Cicero and Plato.

It is interesting to notice Rawley's private opinion of Bacon's character, and a few extracts from his Life as it appears in the *Resuscitatio* best illustrate this. After referring to his early life, his marriage, and his works, he further adds:—

"There is a commemoration due as well to his abilities and virtues as to the course Those abilities which comof his life. monly go single in other men, though of prime and observable parts, were all conjoined and met in him. Those are, sharpness of wit, memory, judgment, and elocution. For the former three his books do abundantly speak them; which with what sufficiency he wrote, let the world judge; but with what celerity he wrote them, I can best testify. But for the fourth, his elocution, I will only set down what I heard Sir Walter Raleigh once speak of him by way of comparison (whose judgment may well be trusted), That the Earl of Salisbury was an excellent speaker, but no good penman; that the Earl of Northampton (the Lord Henry Howard) was an excellent penman, but no good speaker; but that Sir Francis Bacon was eminent in both.

"I have been induced to think, that if there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him. For though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions from within himself; which, notwithstanding, he vented with great caution and circumspection. His book of Instauratio Magna (which in his own account was the chiefest of his works) was no slight imagination or fancy of his brain, but a settled and concocted notion, the production of many years' labour and travel. I myself have seen at the least twelve copies of the Instauration, revised year by year one after another, and every year altered and amended in the frame thereof, till at last it came to that model in which it was committed to the press; as many living creatures do lick their young ones, till they bring them to their strength of limbs.

"In the composing of his books he did rather drive at a masculine and clear expression than at any fineness or affectation of phrases, and would often ask if the meaning were expressed plainly enough, as being one that accounted words to be but subservient or ministerial to matter, and not the principal. And if his style were polite, it was because he would do no other-Neither was he given to any light wise. conceits or descanting upon words, but did ever purposely and industriously avoid them; for he held such things to be but digressions or diversions from the scope intended, and to derogate from the weight and dignity of the style.

"He was no plodder upon books: though he read much, and that with great judgment, and rejection of impertinences incident to many authors; for he would ever interlace a moderate relaxation of his mind with his studies, as walking, or taking the air abroad in his coach, or some other befitting recreation; and yet he would lose no time, inasmuch as upon his first and immediate return he would fall to reading again, and so suffer no moment of time to slip from him without some present improvement.

"His meals were refections of the ear as well as of the stomach, like the Noctes Atticae or Convivia Deipnosophistarum, wherein a man might be refreshed in his mind and understanding no less than in his body. And I have known some, of no mean parts, that have professed to make use of their note-books, when they have risen from his table. In which conversations, and otherwise, he was no dashing man, as some men are, but ever a countenancer and fosterer of another man's parts. Neither was he one that would appropriate the speech wholly to himself, or delight to outvie others, but leave a liberty to the coassessors to take their turns. Wherein he would draw a man on, and allure him to speak upon such a subject, as wherein he was particularly skilful, and would delight to speak. And for himself, he contemned no man's observations, but would light his torch at every man's candle.

".... This is most true; he was free from malice; which (as he said himself) he never bred nor fed. He was no revenger of injuries; which if he had minded, he had both opportunity and place high enough to have done it. He was no heaver of men out of their places, as delighting in their ruin and undoing. He was no defamer of any man to his prince. One day, when a great statesman was newly dead, that had not been his friend, the King asked him, What he thought of that lord which was gone? he answered, That he would never have made His Majesty's estate better, but he was sure he would have kept it from being worse; which was the worst he would say of him: which I reckon not among his moral, but his Christian virtues."

In the year 1626, immediately after the death of Bacon, Rawley published a small tract containing a number of Latin verses to the memory of his departed friend. These were by different authors, and among them we find one by George Herbert. The title page of this quarto ran as follows: *Memoriae Honoratissimi Domini Francisci Baronis de Verulamio vicecomitis Sancti Albani Sacrum.*

Rawley died at Landbeach at the age of seventy-eight years, and was buried there.

Tobie Mathew was of all Bacon's literary

associates probably the most trusted and the one in whom he at all times placed the greatest confidence. He was the son of the Archbishop of York, and was born at Salisbury in 1577. During his residence at Christ Church, Oxford, his career as a student gave much promise, and he was accepted as a "noted orator and disputant," as well as a universal favourite. It was about the year 1601, when he became member of Parliament for Newport in Cornwall, that he first met Bacon, and he very soon became closely attached to him. In a letter to the King at this time Bacon describes him as "a very worthy and rare young gentleman." A little later, when Bacon represented Ipswich in Parliament, Mathew succeeded him as member for St. Albans. Whilst travelling in Italy during the year 1606, through the influence of a persevering Jesuit, he embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and though on his return to England he attempted to keep his conversion a secret from all, Bacon soon became aware of it, and at once communicated the fact to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who did all in his power to show Mathew the error of his ways. He was not moved, however, by such intervention, and not obeying the King's command to take the oath, was soon committed as a prisoner to the Fleet, there remaining for six weeks. While in custody Bacon frequently dispatched letters to him, and he was allowed frequent visits from his friends. During the Plague epidemic (1608) some measure of freedom was granted, and very soon after, owing chiefly to the intervention of Bacon, his release was obtained absolutely. Being permitted to proceed again on his travels abroad, he made his way to Madrid, and it was here that he received from Bacon a copy of the Advancement of Learning, and a little later his De Sapientia Veterum. He remained on the Continent till the year 1617, and on his return to England visited Bacon at Gorhambury. He again became the affectionate companion of his old friend, and the following year issued the Italian translation of his Essays and the Wisdom of the Ancients in one volume. It is interesting to note that in the second edition of this translation (1619) we find the Essay On Seditions and Troubles, and it was not until the complete edition of all the Essays was published in 1625 that this appeared in English. After two years, Mathew was once again forced to leave the country, on account of his renewed refusal to take the Allegiance Oath. He seems to have then spent much of his time in Brussels, occupying himself with various translations, and it was from here that he wrote to Bacon on Spanish Affairs. During the year 1621 he was again permitted to return to London through the good offices of Lord Bristol, and a knighthood was conferred upon him by James the First in 1623.

When the Earl of Stafford proceeded to Ireland on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant, Sir Tob'e accompanied him, and it was very soon suspected that he was taking serious steps to procure the advancement of the Catholics; indeed, it was thought that he acted as a spy for the Church of Rome, and he himself knowing that his movements were closely watched, hurriedly left for Ghent at the time of the Rebellion. There he died in the year 1655.

Such was Bacon's confidence in the opinion and criticism of Mathew that he often communicated with him on the subjects and matter of his works, and he would accompany the presentation copies to him with affectionate letters which well illustrate the terms on which they constantly lived. For instance, when sending him the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, he ends his note thus: "This I have written in the midst of a term and parliament; thinking no time so possessed, but that I should talk of these matters with so good and dear a friend, and so with my wonted wishes, I leave you to God's goodness. From Gray's Inn. Feb. 27, 1610."

Reference should be made to an important manuscript which was dispatched to him by Bacon at the time he was visiting Florence. It was one of these early fragments intended to initiate his doctrines, afterwards to be included in his great work of the Instauration, and styled the Redargutio Philosophiarum. This is termed by Dean Church as "perhaps the most brilliant, and also the most insolently unjust and unthinking piece of rhetoric ever composed by him." It was accompanied by the following letter to Sir Tobie Mathew:—

"I send you at this time the only part which hath any harshness; and yet I framed to myself an opinion, that whosoever allowed well of that preface which you so much commend, will not dislike, or at least ought not to dislike, this other speech of preparation; for it is written out of the same spirit, and out of the same necessity. Nay it doth more fully lay open that the question between me and the ancients is not of the virtue of the race, but of the rightness of the way. And to speak truth, it is to the other but as palma to pugnus, part of the same thing more large. . . . Myself am like the miller of Huntingdon, that was wont to pray for peace amongst the willows; for while the winds blew, the wind-mills wrought, and the water-mill was less customed. So I see that controversies against religion must hinder the advancement of science. Let me conclude with my perpetual wish towards yourself that the approbation of yourself by your own discreet and temperate carriage, may restore you to your country, and your friends to your society. And so I commend you to God's goodness.

"Gray's Inn, this 10th of October 1609." In addition to other acts of regard, Bacon dedicated his Essay On Friendship to him. It has been said that he was "the most trusted of all Bacon's friends," and judging from the fact that many of the finest literary performances were subjected to his. approval, this would appear to be quite the truth. That there was a cordial harmony of feeling on Mathew's part there can be no doubt, and among his eulogiums one may be quoted: "It is not his greatness I admire, but his virtue. It is not the favours I have received of him that have enthralled and enchained my heart, but his whole life and character: which are such that, if he were of an inferior condition, I could not honour him the less, and if he were my enemy, I should not the less love and endeavour to serve him."

Altogether the life of Tobie Mathew was a very full and long one, and, in addition to other occupations, much of it was spent in Church controversy, and on general matters of Catholic interest.

> From "Francis Bacon" by Walter Steeves.



THE FOUNDING OF RELIGIONS

Theosophical students are familiar with the fact that the direction of the evolution of the world is vested in the Hierarchy of Adepts, working under one great Leader, and that one of the departments of this government is devoted to the promotion and management of religion. The official in charge of that department is called in the East the Bodhisattva, and is known to us in the West as the Christ, though that is really the title of only one of His incarnations. The plan of the government is that during world-periods there shall be seven successive Christs-one for each root-race. Each of these in succession holds this office of Bodhisattva, and during His term of office He is in charge of all the religious thought of the world, not only of that of His own special root-race.

To illustrate exactly what is meant, let us take the case of the previous holder of this office, whom we know as the Lord Gautama. He was technically the Bodhisattva of the Atlantean or fourth root-race, and in that He incarnated many times under different names through a period spreading over several hundreds of thousands of years; but though His special work thus lay with the fourth root-race, He was in charge of the religions of the whole world, and consequently He did not neglect the fifth root-race. In the earlier part of the history of each of its sub-races He appeared and founded a special religion. In the first sub-race He was the original Vyasa, but the name which He bore in the second sub-race has not been preserved in history. In the third sub-race He was the original Zoroaster, the first of a long line who bore that name. For the great religion of Egypt He was Thoth-called by the Greeks Hermes Trismegistus, Hermes the Thrice-Greatest, and among the early Greeks of the fourth sub-race He was Orpheus the Bard, the founder of their mysteries.

In each of such births He drew round Him a number of earnest disciples, naturally in many cases the same egos over again in new bodies, although He was steadily adding to their number. The fourth root-race has by no means finished its evolution, for the majority of the earth's inhabitants still belong to it-the vast hosts of Chinese Tartars, Japanese, Malays and all the undeveloped peoples of the earth; but it has long passed its prime, the time when it was the dominant race of the world, and when all the most advanced egos were incarnated in it. When the glory had finally passed from it the Bodhisattva prepared for the culminating act of His work, which involves for Him the attainment of that very high level of Initiation which we call the Buddhahood, and also the resigning of His office into the hands of his successor.

The preparation required was to bring together into one country, and even to a great extent into one part of that country, all the egos who had been His special followers in the different lives which lay be-Then He Himself incarnated hind Him. among them—or perhaps more probably one of His highest disciples incarnated among them and yielded up His body to the Bodhisattva when the appointed time drew near; and as soon as in that body He had taken the great Initiation and become the Buddha, He went forth to preach His Law. We must not attach to that word Law the ordinary English meaning, for it goes very much further than a mere set of commands. We must take it rather to signify His presentation of the Truth about humanity and its evolution, and His instructions based upon that truth as to how a man should act so as to co-operate in the scheme of that evolution.

Preaching this Law He drew round Him all the hosts of His old disciples, and by the tremendous power and magnetism which belonged to Him as the Buddha He enabled large numbers of them to take that fourth step on the Path, to which is given the name of the Arhat. He spent the rest of His life on earth in preaching and consolidating this new faith, and when He passed away from physical life He definitely handed over His office of director of religion to His successor, whom we call the Lord Maitreya-the Great One who is honored all through India under the name of Krishna and throughout the Christian world as Jesus the Christ. No Theosophical student will be confused by this last expression, for he knows that the Christ, who is the new Bodhisattva, took the body of the disciple Jesus and held it for the last three years of its life in order to found the Christian religion. After its death He continued for some years to teach His more immediate disciples from the astral plane, and from that time to this He has employed that disciple Jesus to watch over and guide as far as may be the destinies of that church.

Immediately upon taking over the office, the Lord Maitreya availed Himself of the extraordinarily good conditions left behind Him by the Buddha to make several simultaneous attempts to promote the religious progress of the world. He not only descended into an almost immediate incarnation Himself but He at the same time employed a number of those who had attained the Arhat level under the Lord Buddha, and were now ready to take immediate rebirth. From this band of disciples came those whom we call Lao-tse and Confucius, who were sent to incarnate in China. From them also came Plato, Phidias and many another of the greatest of the Greeks. Within the same area of time came the great philosopher Pythagoras, who is now our Master K. H. He was not upon earth at the same time as the Lord Buddha, as He had already attained the Arhat level and was needed for work elsewhere. But He also is upon the line of the Bodhisattva, and may be regarded as one of His foremost lieutenants.

Simultaneously with all these efforts the Lord Maitreya Himself incarnated as Krishna, and led here in India a very wonderful life, upon which is founded the devotional aspect of the religion of this country, which shows us perhaps the most fervent examples of utter devotion to be seen anywhere in the world. This great incarnation must not be confounded with that of the Krishna described in the Mahabharata; the latter was a warrior and a statesman, and lived some two thousand five hundred years before the time of which we are speaking.

Along with this came another great incarnation-not this time from the department of religion, but rather from one of the departments of organisation-the great Shankaracharya, who travelled over India, founding the four great monasteries and the Sannyasi order. Some confusion has been created by the fact that each of the long line of those who have since stood at the head of the monastic organisations has also taken the title of Shankaracharya, so that to speak of Shankaracharya is like speaking of the Pope without indicating which particular holder of the Papal Chair is intended. The great founder to whom we have referred must not be confused with the better known holder of the office who some seven hundred years after Christ wrote a voluminous series of commentaries on the Bhagavad-Gita and some of the Upanishads.

These three great Teachers who followed one another so quickly in India furnished between them a fresh impulse along each of the three paths. The Buddha founded a religion giving minute directions for daily life, such as would be needed by those who should follow the path of action, while Shankaracharya provided the metaphysical teaching for those to whom the path is wisdom, and the Lord Maitreya manifesting as Krishna provided a supreme object of devotion for those to whom that is the most direct road to the But Christianity must be considtruth. ered as the first effort of the new Bodhisattva to build a religion which should go abroad into the new countries, for His work as Krishna had been intended specially for India. For those who penetrate

behind the external manifestation to the inner or mystical meaning, it will be significant that the ray or type to which belong the Lord Buddha, the Bodhisattva and our Master K. H., is in a very special sense a manifestation of the second aspect of the Logos—the second person of the Blessed Trinity.

Students do not always remember that religion has what we may call an objective side to it-that it acts not only from within by stirring up the hearts and minds of its votaries, but also from without by arranging that uplifting and refining influences shall play constantly upon their The temple or the various vehicles. church is meant to be not merely a place of worship, but also a centre of magnetism, through which spiritual forces can be poured out upon the district surrounding it. People often forget that even the Great Ones must do their work subject to the great laws of nature, and it is for them an actual duty to economise their force as much as possible, and therefore to do whatever they have to do in the easiest possible manner.

In this case, for example, if the object be to let spiritual force shine forth over a certain district, it would not be economical to pour it down indiscriminately everywhere, like rain, since that would require that the miracle of its materialisation to a lower level should be performed in millions of places simultaneously, once for

every drop, as it were, and each representing a mighty effort. Far simpler would it be to establish at certain points definite magnetic centres, where what we may call the machinery of such materialisation shall be permanently set up, so that by pouring in only a little force from above it should instantly be spread abroad over a considerable area. This had been achieved in earlier religions by the establishment of strongly magnetised centres, such as are offered by the image or by the lingam in a Hindu temple, by the altar of the sacred fire among the Parsis, or by the statue of the Lord Buddha among the Buddhists. As each worshipper comes before one of these symbols and pours himself out in devotion or gratitude, he not only draws down the answering force upon himself, but also causes a certain radiation upon those for some distance round him.

In founding the religion of Christianity the Bodhisattva tried a new experiment with the view of securing at least once daily a much more thorough and effective distribution of spiritual force. The method of this I endeavored to indicate in a recent article on "The Magic of the Christian Church." That, however, dealt only with the great central feature of His plan, and it may be interesting to try some day to follow out the idea through its ramifications in the minor services of the Church.

C. W. Leadbeater.

God sends His teachers unto every age, To every clime, and every race of men With revelations fitted to their growth And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of trut Into the selfish rule of one sole race. Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed The life of man, and given it to grasp The master-key of knowledge, reverence, Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right. J. R. Lowell.

THE PRESIDENT'S CLOSING SPEECH Thirty-fifth Annual Convention

Friends: It only now remains for me to close the meeting in which many countries have been represented. In the unity of men and women of different races and of different lands, you have had a fair repre-Theosophical of the Society sentation throughout the world. It is said that when the Christian Gospel was first preached, every man who came to hear the Preachers heard what they said in his own tongue wherein he had been born. I have sometimes wished that that gift of being heard in many tongues had descended upon the speakers of the Theosophical Society; I noticed, while I was listening to the Tamil and Teluga speeches, how much the sound of the mother-tongue touched the hearts of those who were addressed and it is true that no language touches the heart like the language that the mother has spoken at the cradle of the child, the language which is heard round the death-bed of the dying, where the relatives are gathered while the Spirit leaves the body. The magic power of the tongue that is the tongue of the home can never be rivalled by one of foreign form, and one may hope perhaps that in future days, when many men have risen to the height that enables them to speak not from lips to ears but from heart to heart and Spirit to Spirit, that again some will speak from the higher plane, so that on the lower plane our mind may hear its own native language. Then the barrier of tongues will have passed away and the union of the Spirit will have triumphed upon I know of only one place in the earth. world to-day, and of one pair of sacred lips that can thus speak the message, so that every man hears it in his own language. It is on the Full Moon of July, year by year, in the far-off Himalayas, from the lips of the Lord Maitreya, that the great sermon is preached, which first the Lord Buddha preached in the place now called Saranath, and as His sacred voice sounds upon the air around Him, every man hears the words in his own language, and every man

is moved by his own native tongue. Here we are united; we have a unity of heart and a unity of thought; we cannot yet have a unity of language. Yet language is little, where thoughts and hearts are one, and men from every nation, men who speak the variety of languages of our globe, they feel that their Brotherhood is greater than their divisions, and realise their unity amid the clash of their different personalities.

We have heard from France and Italy; we have heard from New Zealand and America; we have heard from Scotland and Holland, and from many representatives of the Indian land; but all of them speak the word which re-echoes in your hearts, all of them proclaim the message that makes articulate thoughts which each of you is thinking; and hence greater our unity than our divisions, profounder our harmony than the faltering notes of the outer personality. They have spoken from the standpoint of many lands. What remains for me to say? It is to voice the thought of the Centre, which sees all the lands around it on the circumference; for here in Adyar, chosen by the Masters as the Headquarters of Their own Society, here on the land that belongs to the Masters and not to any who is lower than They, the Members of the Great White Brotherhood, here in Adyar we are at the seat and centre of the worldwide movement, and we see around us stretching the many lands in which our Theosophical banner is floating. We ask those many lands to send us all that they have of wisdom, of kindly thought, of brotherly affection; here we would gather it all up and send it out again as a shower of blessing to the world. From the ocean is gathered up the water that rises to form the clouds above us; from the clouds pour down again the streams that vivify the earth from which they came; so let the water of Life ever flow to this centre from all the lands that lie scattered over the surface of the globe, and from the centre may that Life pour out again in showers of

spiritual Life, so that all may be vivified by the united benedictions which here find their home. Adyar-with its work and its duty to those who gather here to study, only that they may return to voice the message better in the countries whence they originally came-Adyar must find a place in your hearts and prayers. Brothers, you must help us, so that we may live worthily in the home in which we are all Messengers to carry abroad the message with which we are charged. We raise our eyes to the great Brotherhood, that has given the Theosophical Society to the world; we are working in order that Their Spirit may be shed upon us, that Their strength may support our efforts, Their wisdom illuminate our understandings, Their love irradiate our hearts. Just as we here form a link between the outer world and the Brotherhood of the Himalayas; just as we here in India try to syllable out the message with which They

have charged our faltering tongues; so it is true that wherever that message goes, their impulse must support it, and centres must be made in every land; not only here must there be a centre for the Light and the Life; but everywhere must centres be formed which shall spread over each country that same Life. Our task here is to unify the whole; ours the task to hold the scattered threads which spread out to all the quarters of the globe. As they live, so shall we be strengthened. And may the benediction of the Masters rest on us here in Adyar, and on every land where Their Name is spoken, where Their message is proclaimed. However scattered, far and wide, we are still one spiritual body, and wherever the banner of the Society is planted, there shail flourish peace upon earth and good-will among men.

From the Adyar Builetin.

A GREETING

Annie Besant, brave and dear, May some message uttered here Reach you, ringing golden clear. Though we stand not side by side In the front of battle wide, Oft I think of you with pride.

Fellow soldier in the fight! Oft I see you flash by night Fiery-hearted for the Right!

You for others sow the grain; Yours the tears of ripening rain; Theirs the smiling harvest-gain!

Fellow workers we shall be Workers for eternity; Such my faith. And you shall see Life's no bubble blown of breath To delude the sight till death; Whatsoe'er the unseeing saith. Love that closes dying eyes, Wakes them too, in glad surprise; Love that makes forever wise.

Soul—whilst murmuring "There's no soul"—

Shall upspring like flame from coal, Death is not life's final goal.

Bruno lives! Such spirits come, Swords immortal tempered, from Fire and Forge of Martyrdom.

You have soul enough for seven; Life enough the earth to leaven; Love enough to create heaven!

One of God's own faithful few, Whilst unknowing it are you, Annie Besant, bravely true. —From "My Lyrical Life,"

By Gerald Massey, 1889.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

The Heavens are telling the glory of God, says the Psalmist. The learned Galfarel affirms that the stars are arranged on the firmament according to certain rules and that in fiery letters the whole of the world's history is written in the stars. This opinion of the friend and counselor of the Cardinal de Richelieu is not merely a metaphor, for, in a work full of learning from cover to cover, he has left us the record of the heavenly alphabet which he supposed he had rediscovered. Therefore it is not astounding that the Chaldean Magi have been enabled to read in the stars the exact hour of the coming of the Messiah. The Star of the Magi, which the materialists have tried to relegate to the same category with the old moons by classing it with antiquated legends, is nowadays accepted as a purely scientific fact. We can give abundant proof of this.

From remotest time, warned by traditions of immemorial antiquity, the peoples of the ancient world had connected the expectation of the coming of a Saviour with the appearance of marvelous signs in the heavens. The Orient, cradle of the nations, announced an extraordinary star towards the end of the Great Year of God, coinciding exactly with the time at which the Saviour was expected. In other parts, founding their statements on astronomical calculations, mathematicians predicted the return of the same asterism under which Moses had been enabled to withdraw the Hebrew people from the servitude of Egypt, and promised for the future a most glorious event. We have but to choose from among a large number of other instances in order to complete our argument.

The astronomical Tables of the Chinese make mention of a peculiar star which appeared at a moment in their chronology, corresponding, so Fouquet declares, with that of the coming of the Messiah. In the same way is this star mentioned by the peoples of India, and the Western nations also speak of an identical phenomenon.

which is said to have been mentioned in the works of Dion Cassius, and reported by Celsus, the irrepressible enemy of the Christians. Chalsidius, a Platonic philosopher, in his commentary on the Timaeus, has left us the following remarkable passage:

"There is another story, more sacred and worthy of attention, which tells that there appeared a star to announce to humanity, not illness or death, but the coming of a venerable Divine Being, who was to save humanity. The Chaldeans, who really are very learned and well versed in the knowledge of the stars, having noticed this star as they journeyed at night, must have set out in search of the new-born God, and having found Him, they brought Him their homage and their gifts, as it was due that they should do to so exalted a Being."

In a book entitled *Hernippus*. De Astrologia, another philosopher speaks of a star which announced to the Magi that the Word had become incarnate. And the Songs of the Sybils, do they not also contain the following astounding words:

"Heaven and Earth rejoiced at the birth of the Child, the throne smiled and the world rejoiced and the Sages of the Orient bowed down before the *new star*, the Herald of joy!"

If it is incontestably true that the star which Balaam had predicted, filled the heavens with its light on the night of the Incarnation, it is also evident that it had been expected and unequivocally announced for centuries.

Zoroaster, who lived at the time of Darius, that is to say 485 B. C., predicted in so many words the coming of a Son of God:

"At a not far distant period an immaculate Virgin shall give birth to a Saint, the appearing of which will be announced by a star, which will accompany those who adore him to the place of His birth."

Now Zoroaster was the one who restored the cult of the Magi, and thus it is reasonable that they should have presented themselves at the crib in Bethlehem. Besides

the Chaldeans were not the only ones who were aware of this prophecy. The Initiates in the Ancient Mysteries of Greece had also the expectation of a future redemption. This is what they were told by the Hierophant when they had arrived at the last degree of the Hierarchy: A God-child is about to be born, radiant and glorious: the appearance of a star heralds its birth. This God is persecuted and flees to foreign regions. When come to manhood he is given twelve labours; like Hercules he accomplishes these. He suffers a painful death and drinks the cup of wrath. He is imprisoned in the tomb, he escapes from it, descends into the underworld, displays his power and ascends into heaven."

Is not that the summary of the life of Jesus? After reading this we can understand how St. Augustine could say: "What we call the Christian Religion to-day, existed with the Ancients and has never ceased to exist since the origin of the human race, and when the Christ came the true religion which existed already began to be called Christian."

In our day, research by learned priests has broughts curious results in this direction: Canon Jallabert, among others, in his *Catholicism before Jesus Christ*, and Canon Ansault, incumbent of St. Eloi, of Paris, in *The Cross Before Christ*, have put forward the opinion of the Bishop of Hippo, padding it with material proofs.

Besides this, who does not know the famous verses in the fourth eclogue of Virgil, hymning the coming of the Virgin and the birth of the Son, the tradition of the Druids with regard to the Virgin-Mother! But what is less known is the passage in Albumazar, a celebrated Arabian Astrologer, quoted by Huet, with reference to the work of Origen:

Albumazar, says the learned Bishop of Avranches, places in the first decanate of the Zodiac a very beautiful virgin, suckling her child. She gives food to the child in a place called "Abrye" and a certain nation calls this child Jezus, which interpreted in Arabian means Eice, and the eternal star of the Virgin rises with this image.

In the Sacred Books of most of the ancient religions it is evident that the nations all watched the heavens in constant expectation of the Star of Bliss.

We shall not do more than quote one or two striking passages from the Zohar:

"At the beginning of the sixth thousand, the Lord will visit the daughter of Jacob; the King-Messiah shall appear in Gallilee, and there shall be seen a Star in the East which will demolish seven other stars in the West." And then that other passage: "At the coming of the Messiah there will be seen a star in the East and seven other stars will gather round it to do battle." And the Apocalypse speaks of seven stars which the Son of Man holds in his hand.

In the Sanhedrin treatise, the commentator places "the scene of war" in the Sign of Pisces or the Fishes. We shall soon have occasion to refer to this testimony. The Pesikta Sotarta contains the following rabbinical tradition: "In the course of the week in which the Son of David is to be born, a star will rise in the Orient, which is the Star of the Messiah."

No other occurrence in the world has received so much corroboration as that of the Star of Redemption. The Persians saw it in the Tashtes, and the Egyptians in Sirius. Even as this star announced to the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile the beneficent overflow, so its rising at the end of one of the great Cycles announces the dawn of a new era. The Ram, says Dr. Sepp, had for the Persians the same astrological importance as the Fishes for Syria and Palestine. It was in the lastnamed sign that the Star became visible. "In December," the celebrated adversary of Strauss continues, "or rather from Christmas to Epiphany, the conjunction of the two planets occurred for the third time in that period in the sign of Pisces. When Mars, on the point of entering into the Ram, also joined himself to them and then the Sun, Mercury and Venus united into a fiery trigon, there was in the heavens a constellation of seven stars of immense significance, in the midst of which was seen that bright marvellous star which was to attract the attention of all who observed the heavens. It is now evident that the commentator of the Sanhedrin treatise could not have spoken more truly. And do not let us delude ourselves. These old rabbinical books have not been written for the They are of indisbenefit of the cause. putable antiquity and of undoubted authenticity. The Rabbis carefully prohibited their people from reading these books, and it is just these books that have brought about the conversion to Christianity of many Jews well versed in Letters, and among these the famous Chevalier Drach who has revealed to us most of the secrets.

But one may ask, is this Star normally a part of the celestial Choir, or did it appear solely for the purpose of the immortal messianic annunciation? To that we will answer with Dr. Sepp, that the Saviour did not appear because he was being influenced by that Star, but in accordance with the order established by Providence who has willed that the greatest events in human history shall coincide with the most remarkable moments in the courses of the heavenly bodies.

If we admit these opinions it would follow that the Star of the Magi is subject to periodic revolutions. This was the opinion of the great Tycho Brahé, who thought he could discern it in 1572, without the help of the telescope which was not then known.

"One evening, he says, when according to my habit I was gazing at the heavenly dome so familiar to me in its usual aspect, I saw to my indiscrible astonishment in the Zenith, in the constellation Cassipeia, a radiant star of quite unusual magnitude. Struck with astonishment I could hardly believe my own eyes. In order to satisfy myself that I was not the victim of an illusion, and in order to obtain other testimony beside my own, I called the workmen who were busy in my laboratory and asked them and others who were passing by, if they could see a star that had newly appeared. I learnt afterwards that in Germany some conductors and ordinary persons had told the astronomers of a great apparition in the heavens, which gave occasion for much banter at the cost of the learned men, just as was the case when a comet was seen, of whose coming they had not given due notice."

'Tycho Brahé attributed so much importance to the phenomena that he wrote a book about it, which made him popular. It was called *The Star of the Pilgrim or Star* of *Bethlehem*.

Kepler, the man who discovered the laws which rule the motions of the planets, could not remain aloof from this interesting question. He also wrote a book, *De nova Stella in pede Serpentarie* (Prague, 1606), and calculated the revolutions in past ages and determined that one of its periods of reappearance coincided exactly with the birth of the Messiah. Contradicted on this point by Sethus Calvisius, Kepler wrote an ample and final refutation of the statements of his opponent. A short fragment from this answer must suffice.

"This extraordinary conjunction of the three great planets, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, in a significant quarter of the Zodiac, -we know that we have here to do with Pisces-attracted the attention of the Magi, more particularly because an unknown star was observed, not only at the time when Saturn and Jupiter were very near to each other, but even at the same spot with these planets, as has marvellously been the case in our day; what conclusions might the Chaldeans draw from this circumstance according to the rules of their art, followed even at the present day, if not the imminence of an event of the utmost interest and importance?"

In his Handbuch der Chronologie, the learned Ideler is of the same opinion and so is also Prof. Pfaff, in his work on Light. Shubert, of St. Petersburg, elaborates this same theory and the clever Bishop Munter, in his book, The Star of the Magi, maintains the same conclusions as Kepler.

Long before them, the Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly, Jerome Cardan, Pic de la Mirandole, supported by science, had justified these same conclusions. In our own day a celebrated professor in Copenhagen, M. Shumacher, appointed Director of the Observatory in Altona, verified all these calculations and agrees with his predecessors and recognises that at the beginning of our Era there appeared in the sign of Pisces a phenomenon in the heavens designated as the Great Constellation, or simply the Great Star. More recently still, about 1887, Prof. Klein of Hartford, U. S., has added his contribution to this debate and by his high authority he fully sanctions the foregoing conclusions. Science and faith are at one. The Star of Bethlehem then is a scientific as well as a religious fact. For the mystics who seek their proof in still higher realms, let us not omit to mention that the name Ichtus, given to the Christ by the early Christians is indicative of a symbolic connection between the sign of Pisces and the birth of the Messiah. One more proof, adds Dr. Sepp, is that the Messiah bears the same name in the Talmud and that on ancient baptismal fonts we find sculptured the sign of the Fishes.

> From the French of Pierre Dujols. Le Theosophe.

OBITUARY

On March 15th, 1911, at Tacoma Park, D. C., Mrs. Alice Brockenbrough Bromwell passed to the higher life. She was a member of the Capitol City Lodge of Washington, D. C., and was an ardent theosophist, keeping up an interest in her studies to the very last in spite of intense suffering which she bore with remarkable fortitude. In manner she was quiet and reserved, in disposition loving and lovable, and possessed the strength of character that usually goes with such a nature. She loved all things beautiful and was a devoted student of the best music. In her quiet way she did a great deal of good for theosophy, carrying its teachings to all her associates who otherwise would not have become interested.

The funeral services took place in Washington at the chapel of the crematory, and were simple and impressive, Dr. Baker reading a ritual. Mr. Cory made the address which, inspired as it was by his own firm conviction of theosophical truth, and his sincere regard for the noble character of Mrs. Bromwell, was very beautiful and appropriate.

The ashes were deposited in the earth on White Lotus Day at Tacoma Park according to her last wishes, and roses planted above the spot. A band of her devoted fellow-students having gathered for the purpose, the little ceremony took place just at dusk on that day, with a fitting accompaniment of sifting apple blooms, the evening song of birds and the fragrance of flowers.

Marie Matheson Cory.

Mr. Ronald Randolph Purman, son of one of our earliest T. S. members, Mr. A. A. Purman, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, passed away on April 11th at his home in Jamaica, L. I., after only a few days illness of scarlet fever. He was married to Miss Marie Rose of New York City, who, with two small children, survives him.

Mr. Purman was thirty-one years of age and had been a member of the Theosophical Society for a number of years, and also a member of the E. S. He was a young man of a most remarkable lovable disposition, combined with great strength of character and keen business ability which had already carried him far toward the front in New York City. He was a Mason and a member of the Sons of the American Revolution. We will meet with him again.

LORD BACON

In an article, which appeared in the Messenger (April, 1909), entitled "An Occult View of Lord Bacon," the author, Mr. Udny, calls attention to the facts stated in the above quoted passage, and also to some speculations of his own which lead him to think that "a study of Lord Bacon's works was in its nature essentially religious" and of far-reaching consequence to men. He states that his reason for setting so high a value on this study was his belief "that Francis St. Alban was not only good and great according to ordinary standards of the world, but was in reality a man already far along that Path of Holiness which leads from our own level to that of the Christs and Saviours of the Race." "But the writer's belief does not end here," he continues, "for it has come to him as an intuition, that Francis St. Alban was the same soul who was reborn soon after his death as the Count St. Germain and is believed by many students to be now a full Master of the Wisdom-to speak technically: an Asekha Adept, one who has passed the fifth great step or Initiation on the Path of Holiness, a very Savior of man."

This intuition has since been corroborated by Mrs. Besant in an article on "the Masters" she says :-- "The last survivor of the Royal House of Rakoczi, known as the Comte de S. Germain in the history of the 18th century; as Bacon in the 17th; as Robertus the monk in the 16th; as Hunyadi Janos in the 15th; as Christian Rosencreutz in the 14th, to take only a few of His incarnations-was disciple through those laborious lives and now has achieved Masterhood, the Hungarian Adept of the "Occult World" and known to some of us in that Hungarian body." (Sept., 1910).

Such revelations are startling indeed to

a world which is not yet willing to lend a serious ear even to the Bacon-Shakespeare theory. Our belief has for centuries been so thickly overlaid with a dark pall of crude materialism or equally crude idealism that even those who theoretically admire the "glorious optimism" which says "ye are gods," find their faith too feeble to support the idea that there are men who, though making no claim to any power but such as all may aspire to wield, yet so far outshine our brightest ideals of human perfection as to make the light of ordinary greatness but darkness made visible.

To us, however, as theosophists, the disclosure of Lord Bacon's true identity is but the triumphant justification of wisdom of her children. On the one hand, it brings to earth the glories revealed to us by the Ancient Wisdom; on the other, it lifts into the clear light of a radiance long undreamed of in our western philosophy, that of which we have so far seen only the fitful shadow-the character of Lord Bacon, much loved and much maligned.

There is a French proverb to the effect that in much discussion the truth is often lost. This was a favorite saying of Lord Bacon's, and the adherents of the "new philosophy" were influenced by its spirit. Of them it has been said that "when the world was resounding with the noise of a disputatious philosophy and a disputatious theology" they "maintained a calm neutrality, and, content with increasing the sum of human happiness, left the war of words to those who liked it." We too should bear it in mind if we would profit by our study; a calm and open mind must be brought to the task if we would have our prayer granted-"Light Thou our candle while we read."

Alida E. de Leeuro.





Benares Letter



It is never easy to fitly chronicle the events of one of Mrs. Besant's visits. So many public lectures, so many other meetings held, all these are only the outward and visible signs of the real work accomplished. Her most important work with any community still remains unrecorded on the physical plane. There are measures which square and plummet cannot gauge The scribe feels his limitations, knows his account is inadequate, sighs and sends in his copy.

An event of great importance to India is the promotion of the Hindu University scheme, a modification of the All India University plan so ably championed by Mrs. Besant during the past few years. The Mussulmans, with a sudden accession of energy and determination, have lately made possible the conversion of their prosperous college at Aligarh into a Mohammedan University. A Hindu Residential University on the most liberal lines as regards the various races was the outcome of these changed conditions. The success of the scheme through the efforts of Mrs. Besant is now assured and two great institutions will doubtless in the near future receive royal recognition. The Central Hindu College will rank as first college in the Hindu University to be called the "University of Benares." The city of Kashi it is said will see numerous departmental colleges under the banner of the "Benares University."

Mrs. Besant's visit to Benares closed on April 19th when there was a general gathering of the clan to say good-bye to her on her departure for Europe. Various farewell functions filled the preceding week, especially to do honor to Mrs. Besant, also to bid God-speed to the Arundales and to the son of Babu Bhavan Das, who was about to cross the "Black Water," a proceeding which the ultra orthodox Hindus still condemn. Outcasted he certainly will be, though restoration to full caste priviliges is possible on his return after completing his course at Oxford. Each year public opinion becomes more favorable to foreign travel, and doubtless another generation may be exempt from the disabilities which are now suffered by those who visit other lands.

Mrs. Besant and her party were accompanied by about thirty friends who went the entire distance to Bombay. Several others from Adyar joined them on their arrival. Crowds of theosophists and others assembled at the stations on the way from Benares to Bombay, and abundant supplies of fresh milk, fruits and cooked food were brought at frequent intervals. Those left behind comfort themselves with the thought that eight months hence the convention will draw our President to Benares and thereafter we will have her with us two months, save the inevitable short trips to surrounding cities and towns

Benares has a forsaken appearance. Many have already gone to the hills, most of the remainder will leave during the next week. Early in July the college and schools will re-open although the heat will still be excessive, tempered however by occasional rains, and at length by the monsoon downpour.

The present hot dry weather is almost welcomed in view of the ravages of plague. Benares has suffered greatly during the last year. The infected localities are remote from the college and Society quarters yet there has been cause for great anxiety where so many students are congregated. One hears of sad cases in

the city. A member of a family died from plague and the rest hurried away into the suburbs. When the time for the shraddha came they resolved to return to the house just long enough to perform this ceremony for the dead. Five more were quickly seized and died. Another family of nine were swept off in a short time.

The plague mortality for last week as officially announced was 37,348 for all India. The United Provinces in which division Benares is situated contributed 21,275 to this sad total. This however is an improvement on the record for the preceding week which was 42,363 for all India. In the public press is there not a lack of proportion in the magnitude of recorded events? A murder trial or a sensational divorce suit will sometimes fill columns of the daily paper, while the great tragedies of life are barely noticed.

We are told that after a few more years of plague and cholera and famine brighter days will come to India, and the sorrowful land will rest from her troubles. In this assurance one patiently waits hoping that the good time may not long be delayed.

S. E. Palmer.

CONDUCTING A LODGE MEETING

President takes his chair about five minutes before the hour of opening the Lodge, giving this time for members and visitors to get seated and quieted. At the end of this time the president gives the cue and the lodge stands for a few moments of silent meditation, holding the thought that the lodge is a part of the Great White Lodge—an instrument in the hands of the Masters for the helping of the world. This attitude of mind helps to put the lodge in touch with that mighty stream of blessing which pours out from Adyar. At this time, preferably before the meditation, a short and effective piece of music might be played.

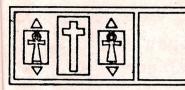
The reading of the minutes and transaction of business. The business of the lodge however, is in the hands of an Executive Committee, made up of the President, Secretary and one member of lodge who is not already an officer in the same. This committee considers all business matters carefully before submitting them to the body of the lodge.

After the reading of the minutes and the transaction of business the president takes up such work as the address of welcome to a new member or members, etc. New members should be made to feel that they have taken a very important step in evolution, by joining the society. Following the plan suggested by our Mrs. Besant, it seems well to tell new members of the objects of the Society, their duties as members thereof. and a word or two about the E.S.

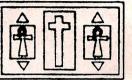
Following this one or two questions are given out to individual members on the subject for the next meeting. Then the persons having papers or remarks on the current subject should be listened to, followed by some discussion by the members. Then the class leader sums up what has already been said, followed by his own re-The class leader should be marks. thoroughly familiar with the subject discussed and should be allowed at least half an hour for his work. The most important part of his work is to see that the lodge is not allowed to run off too far into subjects not germane to the study of the evening, and to keep the thought-form of the lodge as a whole, well built-up along the . line of intellectual comprehension coupled with devotion and reverence. His concluding remarks should give a touch of buddhi -should lift the lodge lovingly towards the Blessed Ones. The lodge should then be closed by a few moments of silence, the members of the lodge centering their minds and hearts upon the Masters, with reverence and gratitude.

One can almost see the glorious thoughtform, built up by such a lodge meeting, uplifting and enlightening in a way and to an extent little dreamed of by us.

It is indeed a blessed privilege to be associated with a Lodge of the Theosophical Society working thus! J. C. Myers.







News comes from Adyar that the moment Alcyone's view-book is out of the press, the second edition of "At the Feet of the Master" will be printed, as the first 5,000 are all gone and there is still great demand for it. A French edition has also been gotten out and makes a very dainty little book. The *Rajput Press* has already struck off the work a second time.

Members are again reminded of the Theosophical Summer School which will open in Chicago on Tuesday, August 15th. The work of the school will be under the direction of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa. Dr. Weller Van Hook, Dr. C. L. B. Shuddemagen, Mr. Elliott Holbrook, Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett and others will take part in the work of instruction.

We extend thanks to Mr. Rozelle, of Webb City, for inserting advertisement in his weekly paper. We appreciate also his good work in printing and distributing thousands of leaflets on *Reincarnation and Karma* by Mr. F. E. Martin.

Members are requested not to forget the great desirability of sending clippings and notes for *Messenger*. If not available, we will return them if desired or destroy them.

Do not forget the use of the Messenger for propaganda purposes. To facilitate its use in this respect, we have arranged to supply quantities at \$2.00 per 100. This rate is for propaganda work only.

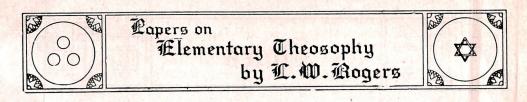
Members passing through Chicago are invited to call upon the General Secretary at 2 P. M., except Sundays, at Room 1104, 31 North State Street.

It has been suggested that excellent propaganda work may be done by sending Mrs. Besant's new work, Universal Text-Book of Religions and Morals, to leading ecclesiastical dignitaries of the various sects. As the work gives the fundamental beliefs common to all religions, it gives an excellent idea of what religious instruction theosophists are ready to give to children in their charge.

Mr. James I. Wedgwood has been unanimously nominated for the office of General Secretary of the British Section for the coming year, to succeed Mrs. Maude Sharp. Mrs. Sharp hands to her successor a united Section, and she deserves a well earned rest at Adyar after her labours.

The following magazines and books are desired: Theosophist, April, 1905, and October, 1910; Pistis Sophia, Simon Magus, Avataras, Vol. 1 of Upanishads, Green Leaves.

From the ranks of our theosophical workers the following are in London, privileged to make the acquaintance of Alcyone and his brother: Mr. A. P. Warrington, of Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. Alida de Leeuw, Miss Anna de Leeuw, Miss Anna Goedhardt, of Cleveland; Miss Helen Swain, of Chicago; Miss Minna Kunz, of Freeport, Ill.; and Mr. John Hawkes, of Regina, Canada.



SELF-DEVELOPMENT

It is the natural right of every human being to be happy—to escape all the miseries of life. Happiness is the normal condition, as natural as the landscapes and the seasons. It is unnatural to suffer and it is only because of our ignorance that we do suffer. Happiness is the product of wisdom. To attain perfect wisdom, to comprehend fully the purpose of life, to realize completely the relationship of human beings to each other, is to put an end to all suffering, to escape every ill and evil that afflicts us. Perfect wisdom is unshadowed joy.

Why do we suffer in life? Because in the scheme of nature we are being forced forward in evolution and we lack the spiritual illumination that alone can light the way and enable us to move safely among the obstacles that lie before us. For the most part we do not even see or suspect the presence of trouble until it suddenly leaps upon us like a concealed tiger. One day our family circle is complete and happy. A week later death has come and gone and joy is replaced with agony. To-day we have a friend. To-morrow he will be an enemy and we do not know why. A little while ago we had wealth and all material luxuries. There was a sudden change and now we have only poverty and misery and yet we seek in vain for a reason why this should be. There was a time when we had health and strength; but they have both departed and no trace of a reason appears. Aside from these greater tragedies of life innumerable things of lesser consequence continually bring to us little miseries and minor heartaches. We most earnestly desire to avoid them but we never see them until they strike us, until in the darkness of our ignorance we blunder

upon them. The thing we lack is the spiritual illumination that will enable us to look far and wide, finding the hidden causes of human suffering and revealing the method by which they may be avoided; and if we can but reach illumination the evolutionary journey can be made comfortably and It is as though we must pass swiftly. through a long, dark room filled with furniture promiscuously scattered about. In the darkness our progress would be slow and our painful bruises many. But if we could press a button that would turn on the electric light we could then make the same journey with much more ease and more comfortably.

Why does death bring misery? Chiefly because it separates us from those we love. But when we have evolved the faculty of clairvoyance, in our work of self development, the separation vanishes and our "dead" friends are as much with us as the living. The only other reason why death brings grief or fear is because we do not understand it and comprehend the part it plays in human evolution. But the moment our ignorance gives way to comprehension such fear vanishes and a serene happiness takes its place.

Why do we have enemies from whose words or acts we suffer? Because in our limited physical consciousness we do not perceive the unity of all life and realize that our wrong thinking and doing must react upon us through other people—a situation from which there is no possible escape except through ceasing to think evil and then patiently awaiting the time when the causes we have already generated are fully exhausted. When spiritual illumination comes, and we no longer stumble in the night of ignorance, the last enemy will disappear and we shall make no more forever.

Why do we suffer from poverty and disease? Only because of our blundering ignorance that makes their existence possible for us, and because we do not comprehend their meaning and their lessons, nor know the attitude to assume toward them. Had we but the wisdom to understand why they come to people, why they are necessary factors in their evolution, they would trouble us no longer. When nature's lesson is fully learned these mute teachers will vanish.

And so it is with all forms of suffering we experience. They are at once reactions from our ignorant blunderings and instructors that point out the better way. When we have comprehended the lessons they teach they are no longer necessary and disappear.

The old method of education was to store the mind with as many facts, or supposed facts, as could be accumulated and to give a certain exterior polish to the personality. The theory was that when a man was born he was a completed human being and that all that could be done for him was to load him up with information which would be used with more or less skill, according to the native ability he happened to be born with. The theosophical idea is that the physical man, and all that constitutes his life in the physical world, is but a very partial expression of the self; that in the ego of each there is practically unlimited power and wisdom; that these may be brought through into expression in the physical world as the physical body and its invisible counterparts, which together constitute the complex vehicle of the ego's manifestation, are evolved and adapted to the purpose; and that in exact proportion that conscious effort is given to such self-development will spiritual illumination be achieved and wisdom attained. Thus the light that leads to happiness is kindled from within and the evolutionary journey that all are making may be robbed of its suffering.

Every human being must make, and is

making, this long evolutionary journey from spiritual infancy to godlike power and perfection, but there are two ways in which it may be done. We may, as the vast majority do, accept the process of unconscious evolution and submit to nature's whip and spur that continuously urge the thoughtless and indifferent forward until they finally reach the goal. Or, we may choose conscious evolution and work intelligently with nature, thus making progress that is comparatively of enormous rapidity and at the same time avoid much of what Hamlet called the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

What is this law of soul growth? Through adherence to what principle may we reach spiritual illumination? There are certain well established facts about the laws of growth that we should not overlook when seeking the way forward. Nothing whatever can grow without use, without activity. Inaction causes atrophy. Physiologists tell us that if the arm be tied to the body so that it cannot be used it will in time become so enfeebled that it is of no further service. It will wither away. That is nature's law of economy. She never gives life where it is useless, where it can not, or will not, be utilized. On the other hand, exercise increases power. To increase the size and strength of muscles we must use them. This is just as true of mental and moral faculties as it is of the physical body. The only way to make the brain keen and powerful is to exercise it by original thinking. One way to gain soul powers is to give free play to the loftiest aspirations of which we are capable, and to do it systematically instead of at random. We grow to be like the things we think about. Now, the reverse of all this must be equally true. To give no thought to higher things, to become completely absorbed in material affairs, is to stifle the soul, to invite spiritual atrophy.

Turning our attention to nature we shall find in the parasite convincing proof of all this. The parasite, whether plant or animal, is living evidence that to refuse or neglect to use an organ or faculty results in being deprived of it. The dodder, says Drummond, has roots like other plants, but when it fixes sucker discs on the branches of neighboring plants and begins to get its food through them, its roots perish. When it fails to use them it loses them. He also points to the hermit-crab as an illustration of this great fact in nature, that disuse means loss, and that to shirk responsibility is the road to degeneration. The hermitcrab was once equipped with a hard shell and with as good means of locomotion as other crabs. But instead of courageously following the hardy life of other crustaceans it formed the bad habit of taking up its residence in the cast-off shells of mollusks. This made life easy and indolent. But it paid the price of all shirking. In time it lost four legs, while the shell over the vital portion of its body degenerated to a thin membrane which leaves it practically helpless when it is out of its captured home, or when its ready-made refuge is crushed. And this is the certain result of all shirking of responsibility. There may be an apparent temporary gain, but it always means greater loss, either immediate or remote. So nature punishes inaction with atrophy. Whatever is not used finally ceases to be. In plain language, apathy, inaction, idleness, uselessness, is the road to degeneration. On the other hand, aspiration and activity mean growth, development, power.

So we grow, physically, mentally and morally, by activity, by exercise of the organs or the faculties or the attributes we desire to possess. It is only by the constant exercise of these things that we can grow at all. When this great law of nature is understood we see at once how it is that life is full of trouble; why it is that the whole visible world seems to be designed to keep us constantly at work physically and mentally, to challenge our resourcefulness in improving our physical, social and political conditions, to continually try our patience and to forever test our courage. It is the way of development. It is the price of progress.

The universe is a training school for evolving intelligence—a vast gymnasium for the development of moral fibre. We become mentally clever by playing at the game of life. We match our courage against its adversities and acquire fearlessness. We try our optimism against its disappointments and learn cheerfulness. We pit our patience against its failures and gain persistence. We are torn from the pinnacle of ambition by opponents and learn toleration for others. We fall from the heights of vanity and pride, and learn to be modest and humble. We encounter pain and sorrow and learn sympathy with suffering. It is only by such experiences that we can grow to rounded measure. It is only in an environment thus adapted to our spiritual development that we can evolve the latent powers within us.

Such is the nature of the universe in which we find ourselves and from it there is no escape. No man can avoid life—not even the foolish one who, when the difficulties before him appear for the moment overwhelming, tries to escape them by suicide. A man cannot die. He can only choose how he will live. He may either helplessly drift through the world suffering from all the ills and evils that make so many unhappy or he may choose the method of conscious evolution that alone makes life truly successful. We may be either the suffering slaves of nature or the happy masters of her laws.

Now, all powers possessed by any human being, no matter how exalted his position in evolution, or how sublime his spiritual power, are latent in all human beings and can, in time, be developed and brought into action. Of course there is no magic rule by which the ignoramus can instantly become wise or by which a brutal man can be at once transformed into a saint. Nature takes ages to accomplish a work so great, but when a man reaches the point in his evolution where he begins to comprehend the purpose of life and to evolve the will to put forth his energies in co-operation with nature his rise to wisdom and power may be swift indeed. But this transformation from the darkness of ignorance to spiritual illumination, from helplessness "in the fell clutch of circumstance" to power over nature, must be brought about by his own efforts

for it is a process of evolution—of forcing the latent to become the active. Therefore one must resolve to take oneself in hand for definite and systematic self-development. Nobody else can do the work for us. Certain moral qualities must be gained before there can be spiritual illumination and genuine wisdom and such qualities, or virtues, have to be evolved by the laws under which all growth occurs. It is just as impossible to acquire a moral quality by reading about its desirability as to evolve muscular strength by watching the performance of a group of athletes. To gain muscular strength one must take part in the physical activities that produce it. He must live the athletic life. To win spiritual strength and supremacy he must live the spiritual life. There is no other way. He must first learn what mental and moral qualities are essential, and how to gain them, and then set earnestly about the work of acquiring them.

(To be continued).



MRS. RUSSAK'S TOUR

From Minneapolis, where my latest report was written, we took our departure on the last day of March. This enabled us to arrive at Chicago on "All Fool's Day," the day on which the spirit of pranks and practical joking makes life unpleasant. That was unfortunate for me, and perhaps fortunate for our further appearance with the slides, for scarcely had I arrived when a run to make a train, a stumble and a fall, resulted in a painful sprain of both wrists, practically incapacitating my hands for useful service for weeks. Now, I am wondering if that recalcitrant little elemental that was supposed to make mischief with the lanterns did not "get in" his crowning work just then, for never after that did we suffer any further mechanical disturbance worth mentioning. If he wrought out his force upon me then, I am sure I could say with a light heart, requiescat in pace.

During the second visit to Chicago Mrs. Russak made no appearance before any gathering, nor did she meet more than a very few of the workers, as this was to be a resting place for a few days. While here we had the happiness of again receiving Mrs. Tuttle's charming hospitality, from which it was not easy to tear ourselves away, even to get out of the vibrations of Chicago!

One memorable visit we had while there, and that was made to the Rajput Press, in company with the General Secretary. The press is located in a square two-story building, near the lake, thirty minutes south of Van Buren Street. Here are being printed and sent out circulars, pamphlets, magazines and books, fresh from a press that stands away from all the harmful magnetic conditions which usually surround and pollute metropolitan business affairs. This being so, the product of this press easily may become a many armed bearer of pure magnetic conditions to thousands of readers the country over. More than that; I cannot but believe that, in this extraordinary time when every channel of both matter and force is being magnetized by the Great Ones so that the reaction upon the people contacting them may be pacifying and uplifting,-that such excellent channels as are provided, for example, by literature, not to mention others, must receive a special magnetizing, where the conditions are sufficiently pure

and harmonious to permit of it. All success to the Rajput Press! It is doing its part in the Great Preparation.

Near the press our General Secretary resides, and in a building close by he conducts the business of the Section. To the left of him lie the lands of the South Shore Country Club, with its green, open space and lovely buildings, and in front two blocks away roll the mighty waters of Lake Michigan. To the right are scattered residences, in some of which devoted co-workers reside. If some day our Section should enjoy the possession of a Central Executive Headquarters with all that we need by way of convention and lecture halls, Masonic Temple, etc., I feel that it will be Dr. Van Hook and his faithful coworkers whom we shall need to thank for the splendid conception, and its successful execution.

From Chicago we went to Pittsburg. There we met many old friends, among them Mr. and Mrs. Manning, whose faces we had missed in Kansas City—their former home. Mrs. Fisher was our kind and helpful hostess, and Mrs. M. V. Jones our faithful benefactress as to getting about, for she, like Mrs. Coffman in Kansas City, was most generous in the full measure of use she allowed us of her motor car, thus reducing the strain of the work greatly.

The usual round of meetings and interviews took place here; the public lecture was very well attended, and Mrs. Russak's charming. presentation of her theme was closely followed. But a very interesting feature of the visit was the Masonic talk. Mrs. Russak was told that Pennsylvania was one of the most conservative States in the Union as to Masonry, and that it was doubtful if her lecture would be well received. The lecture came off on a Sunday evening, and in addition to Co-Masons, Theosophists and their friends, there were a great many Masons present. At the close of the lecture, which was delivered with fine effect, Masons gathered around the speaker and warmly congratulated her. They said they had come to scoff, but now had only praise to give. One of high degree and a dignitary of many titles, said it was the proudest day of his life to see the spiritual side of Masonry presented, and that by a woman. While here, the head of the American Co-Masonry, in recognition of her very exceptional gifts and services, conferred a special distinction upon our illustrious sister.

After Pittsburg came an Easter fortnight's rest in Newport for Mrs. Russak and in Norfolk for me.

Then we went to Boston. Mrs. Broenniman, assisted by Mrs. Jewett, was our hostess here, and Mr. Russell our kindly motor friend. The lectures were as before, except that there was none on Esoteric Masonry, there being no lodge here. We shall long remember the beautiful environs of Boston. The State Park system is one the people may well be proud of, and has ensured to the metropolitan suburbs a superb beauty, which will ever afford public enjoyment, and tend to increase refinement. After the official program was here fulfilled, Mrs. Russak visited a friend in Cambridge, where she held an invited audience of society, literary and University people for some hours listening to Theosophy. The hostess was enthusiastic over the brilliant success of "our lady."

While this success was being won, I was making a brief visit to Mrs. Broenniman's Theosophic Camp (of last summer) near Franklin, a charming spot, which was no doubt of great benefit to those who could go there. Some day I hope we shall have our "Crotonas" all over the Section,— Theosophic Chautauquas,—where a much needed help could be given.

Sunday evening, May 7th, found us in New York, the last point in the tour, Mrs. Russak stopping with our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Flagg, and I at "The Belleclaire" near by. Here as usual the time was filled to the utter exclusion of leisure. On White Lotus Day evening, under the auspices of the joint Lodges, there were eloquent addresses by Mr. Whitty and others, readings by Mrs. Duff

and Mrs. Willis, very attractive and musical numbers, a brief talk by myself, and a most enjoyable and instructive address by Mrs. Russak. The next night Mrs. Russak gave the lantern slide lecture on Adyar, with the usual enthusiastic appreciation. Then followed successively the C. M., and E. S. talks. After these and the interviews next day, Mrs. Russak's first American tour became a thing of the past. The following day was Saturday, May 13th, and at 11 o'clock A. M., a few close friends watched the S. S. "Celtic" slowly steam away with the one who came to bring to her compatriots the Message of the Masters, and who, in doing so, won the love and appreciation of every sincere soul with whom she came in contact. It would be far less interesting to chronicle the statistics of lectures given, towns visited and miles travelled in this tour of some 10,000 miles distance, than to tell of the many misunderstandings changed into understandings, sorrows transmuted into gladness, depression into joy, weaknesses reformed into strength, unkindnesses forgiven, in the light of our Sister's sunshiny nature, as she went along the way. Joyful and radiant always, pouring a stream of ebullient love upon all who came near, she seemed to stimulate the best in all, and to spread widely the seeds of unity, peace and harmony. The whole tour was a sort of "joy ride," colored with the purest rose pink, and I think will be long remembered by the good members who showed such keen and just appreciation. I am selfish enough to feel that our fellow countrywoman belongs to us by birth; by the peculiar ability she has of getting right at the heart centre in understanding the American temperament; and by reason of the fact that our members have already woven a web of tenderest affection about her. I, therefore, hope it may be in "The Plan," that she shall be much with us in the future.

I take this opportunity to thank all the good friends for their gracious kindness so spontaneously extended at every point. But for their care of us, the work would have lacked in some of its effectiveness. As it was, Mrs. Russak could do work along as many as seven different lines, viz., lectures before T. S. Lodges, Co-Masonic Lodges; to the general public; to the E. S., interviews and occult investigations in connection therewith, including help where needed; the answering of a large correspondence, and the preparation of articles for publication; truly a generous amount of activity.

And now, through Mrs. Russak's departure for Europe, "Hermes" has for the moment lost his post. He traveled with Mrs. Besant when she made her 1909 tour, and Mrs. Russak during this one, so he feels that he may aptly be called the "Messenger of the Goddesses." But though his post is now vacant, yet, his pedal wings will ever be ready to unfold again in the service that is so full of joy and blessings. *A. P. Warrington.*

Spokane, Washington.

At last the long-looked for event in the experience of Spokane Branch has become a glad reality, and we have been favored by a visit of the official lecturer of the American Section. On the morning of May 8th, Mr. Jinarajadasa arrived from Portland, and began his work in Spokane by addressing the members that evening at the White Lotus Day exercises. The usual program had been prepared, but the important feature was a most helpful and encouraging talk by our visitor. Every member who was in the city at the time was present, and new enthusiasm and interest were generated by the words of Mr. Four public lectures were Jinarajadasa. delivered at the Universalist Church, to audiences averaging about one hundred persons, alternate evenings being given to members in the Branch rooms.

On Tuesday, May 16th, the lecturer, accompanied by several members, went to Moscow, Idaho, about ninety miles from Spokane, where one of the devoted members of Spokane Branch, now living in Moscow, had arranged for a public lecture as a treat to Moscow residents. A fair sized audience listened to a splendidly delivered lecture on "The Many Roads to God," and on the next afternoon and evening Mr. Jinarajadasa spoke in the hotel parlors to a number of people who wished to learn more of the philosophy, leaving a study class in charge of Mrs. Haner who has been a member of the Society for many years. So it may be that Moscow will ere long have the only T. S. Branch in the state of Idaho.

Returning to Spokane on Thursday, Mr. Jinarajadasa met the members that evening for the last time, giving us one of the most inspiring talks of the series. There was a general feeling of regret that the visit had been such a brief one, and a hope that it might sometime be the good Karma of the Branch to have the opportunity of greeting Mr. Jinarajadasa again.

A public study class for beginners has been added to the Branch activities.

Seattle.

Seattle is indebted to Mr. Jinarajadasa for a series of beautiful lectures and for giving us the pleasure of witnessing the play written by Dr. Van Hook, entitled "The Promise of the Christ's Return."

In these new lectures, Mr. C. J. has presented theosophy in such a clear and simple way that his crowded audiences were held on each occasion for two solid hours without ever showing any sign of abated interest.

The similitude he brought to bear between the teachings of Christ and those of Theosophy seemed to make the people think, and we can see a renewed interest in Theosophy since his coming to Seattle.

The lecture entitled "The Two Ideals of Christ's Teachings" seemed to be very pleasing to many, also the one on "The Many Ways to God," a masterpiece, a lesson for the whole world. This lecture

was illustrated by numerous stereopticon views: Mr. Jinarajadasa remained with us two weeks, from April 6th to April 19th, giving a lecture every other day!

The "play" closed his work in Seattle which was a success in every way. Mr. Ray and Max Wardall took the parts of the Roman Soldier and the Jewish Priest, whilst Mr. Jinarajadasa acted the part of the Egyptian Student.

Between the acts Mrs. Ray Wardall played appropriate selections from "Beethoven" and "Chopin" which did credit to her well known musical talent.

Blanche Sergeant.

New York.

"The Day of Remembrance" was suitably and lovingly held at Headquarters where all the Lodges of the city as well as those of the adjoining towns were gathered together to recall with veneration those heroic efforts of our leaders and helpers whose lives are virtually the living cornerstones of the Theosophical Society.

The hall was tastefully arranged with spring blossoms, and the portrait of our revered H. P. B. was decorated with the fragrant flowers she loved. The program opened with a number from Beethoven, by one of our members, a pianist of rare ability, and whose blindness has rendered him capable of imparting a subtle interpretation in the musical phrases of the great blind composer. Mr. M. J. Whitty, of New York Lodge, spoke the opening words of welcome, followed by a reading from "The Voice of Silence," given by Mrs. F. M. Willis, of New York Lodge. Then our guest of honor, Mrs. Marie Russak, spoke to us about the "Past and Present," relating many interesting anecdotes of Col. Olcott. The quartette sang twice during the evening, the first being a selection of Sir Edwin Arnold put to music. Later in the evening "Crossing the Bar" was beautifully sung.

Mrs. Grace Shaw Duff, of Central Lodge, read a portion of Arnold's "Song Celestial," that part which gives the message of the life eternal. Mr. A. P. Warrington addressed the lodges on "The Theosophist's Responsibility," emphasizing his remarks with glimpses into the life of Col. Olcott as he saw it while with him during a month's sojourn in Cuba on some important legal affairs. Mr. R. M. Dubs, of Newark Lodge, responded to the subject "The Outlook." The evenings pleasant endeavors were closed with a musical selection by Mr. Williams and another "White Lotus Day" had passed.

Annie Peake.

Vancouver, B. C.

On the evening of May 8th Vancouver Theosophists assembled in the hall of the Vancouver Lodge in commemoration of "White Lotus Day." It was not a meeting of the lodge, but a family gathering of the three lodges and visiting members in unity assembled with but a central thought, I believe, in the mind of each.

The room was beautifully decorated for the occasion with evergreens, palms and cut flowers, as well as the portarits of our Founders and Leaders.

The meeting was opened at 8:15 P. M. by Mr. Love, president of the Lotus Lodge, who in well-chosen words paid a glowing tribute to the memory of our beloved founders and the work they performed so well. He briefly dealt with the immensity, beauty and splendid ideals contained in this teaching. He also forecasted future possibilities of work for the theosophists of this continent. He concluded with an expression of deep satisfaction at the local unity manifest on this occasion and ventured the hope that the same might occur often in the future.

The proceedings of the meeting were participated in by representatives from the three lodges of Vancouver, consisting of addresses and the reading and recital of suitable selections for the occasion. The meeting concluded at 9:30 P. M. with a few minutes meditation on gratitude and love to the founders of our Society and the Greater Ones whom they represent. We report the following facts regarding the sending of "Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?" to ministers:

The total amount received and turned over to the Press Committee to date is \$64.10. We are also indebted for a contribution of \$2.50 from Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge which they have asked us to use in the work.

The number of those who are helping in this work has been constantly increasing and in addition to those given in our last report, we give the following:

Individuals.

Mr. F. Herbst, Sheridan, Wyoming.

- Dr. O. F. E. Hoya, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Mr. Michael O'Brien, Brooklyn, N. Y. Lodges.
- Seattle, Washington, through Mr. J. I. Haglund.
- Rochester, N. Y., Genesee Lodge, through Dr. Lilliam B. Daily.

Meadville, Pa., through Mr. Frank L. Reed.

- Chicago, Ill., Adyar Lodge, through Mr. H. A. Alexander.
- Chicago, Ill., Annie Besant Lodge, through Mrs. N. H. Baldwin.
- Boston, Mass., Boston Lodge, through Mrs. E. R. Broenniman.
- Paterson, N. J., through Miss Martha Bazdorf.
- Fremont, Neb., through Mrs. Sylvia Sheffield.
- Brooklyn, N. Y., through Dr. J. N. Wilkie.
- Albany, N. Y., through Mr. Chas. F. Coons. St. Paul, Minn., through Miss Angie F. Kern.
- Kansas City, Mo., through Dr. B. W. Lindberg.
- Columbus, Ohio, through Mr. A. Ross Read.
- Oakland, Calif., through Mrs. Cora G. Owen. San Diego, Cal., through Miss Florence

Schinkel. Akron, Ohio, through Miss Mary K. Neff.

A total of a little over four thusand ministers' names has been sent out by the members who have so generously given their aid. The Unitarian, Universalist and Seventh-Day Adventist denominations were entirely completed and a large portion of the list of Episcopalian clergymen has been addressed.

J. A. B.

It is interesting to learn that some of the

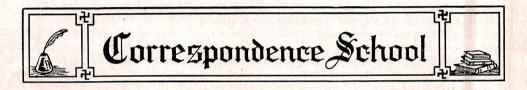
Lodges in Canada wish to do a similar work for their own country.

A report received from one of our Western members was so encouraging that we pass it on. It seems that a Bishop had received and read the pamphlet which had been sent to him by some member and he was so much interested that he preached very nearly an entire sermon upon theosophy. The member who wrote us about it heard the sermon when he gave it upon his visit to her town and she says that as she heard his words, her heart was filled with gratitude to all the members who are doing this work. We, too, are grateful to all who have written such kind words and have helped so generously during the few months since this work was begun, for we feel, indeed, that it is only begun!

Nellie H. Baldwin.

Austin, Texas.

We have come into possession of the use of a beautiful lodge room. Yesterday afternoon we had our dedication meeting there, followed by a public lecture by Mr. Smith. The atmosphere in the room was beautiful. *C. Shuddemagen.*



ANCIENT WISDOM

Lesson Fourth

- 1. When was the building process transferred from the Monad of form to the man himself, and how does he work?
- 2. Describe fully how information about the external world reaches the conscious entity—the man.
- 3. Which one of man's vehicles does his consciousness first control?
- 4. Under what conditions are the dense and etheric bodies separated during life?

 5. Explain ordinary dream consciousness.
 6. Give an account of the etheric double before birth and after death.

Send answers to Addie Tuttle, 2453 East 72nd Street, Chicago, Ill.

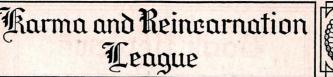
If thou writest, nothing therein has savor to me unless I read Jesus in it. If thou discussest or conversest, nothing there is agreeable to me unless in it also Jesus resounds. Jesus is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, a song of jubilation in the heart.

-Bernard of Clairvaux.



THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER





The importance of bringing the great truths of Karma and Reincarnation into the thought and life of our Western civilization can hardly be over-estimated. They are master-keys that will open most of the burning questions of the day, such as are pressing for a speedy solution in the fields of Education, Sociology and Economics. And at this time especially, when the world is soon to receive another immense spiritual uplift, in the Coming of the Great Master of Religions, it is imperatively necessary for all earnest believers in these twin doctrines to do all they possibly can to aid in their spreading.

To organize this work and bring it to as high an efficiency as possible, the Karma and Reincarnation League was formed at the last convention of the American Section, T. S. Its object is to work steadily and intelligently to bring about as full a knowledge as possible of the two truths in America. The conditions of membership are: 1. A hearty sympathy with the object of the League; 2. An expressed desire to help actively in the work in every reasonable way; 3. Registration with the Secretary of the League. There are no fixed dues required for membership.

The organization is headed by the General Secretary of the American Section; the League Secretary is in charge of the records and funds, and directs the propaganda work of the League; and the State Leaders, with their Assistants, keep in touch with all the members in their state, and report to the Secretary. The members carry on individually such activities as they can, and report to their State Leader or Assistant.

Funds are urgently needed at once to launch our propaganda work in the proper way. They will probably be needed continuously in order to ensure the proper growth of the very important work of the League. Any contributions, large or small, should be sent to the Secretary (pro tem.) of the League, Dr. C. Shuddemagen, 7228 Coles Ave., Chicago, Ill.

REINCARNATION AND KARMA

Reincarnation is a long word but its meaning is easy to remember. Reincarnation means "to be born again." Theosophists believe that each man and woman and boy and girl has been born a little baby many times. They believe that everybody will be born again and again until each person becomes a Master like Christ. That is what they mean when they say they believe in reincarnation. Karma means that whenever you do anything, something happens to you. If you do and say and think many nice things in one life, many nice things will happen to you in the same or in another life; if you do bad deeds, unpleasant things will happen to you in your That is what Theosophists next life. meon when they say they believe in the law of karma.

Marjorie Tuttle.





Book Reviews

Abnormal Psychology, by Dr. Isador H. Coriat. (William Rider & Sons. Pp. XII, 329. Price 5s.)

This is not a book for the general reader, and because of its value one cannot but wish that it had been so written as to be adapted for a wider circulation. In its present form it is both useful and interesting to the psychologist, the physiologist and above all to the medical man, but is so full of obscure and newly-invented technical terms as to be distinctly unattractive to the And that is a pity, because it layman. touches upon subjects about which it would be advantageous for the average layman to know more than he does. It is an attempt to set forth the latest discoveries of medical science on hysteria, neurasthenia and multiple personalities, and it brings together a mass of information which is otherwise practically inaccessible to most people, as it is hidden in medical publications in various languages and in psychological journals of a highly specialized character, issued in different parts of the world.

One emerges from its perusal with the conviction that medical science has recently made considerable advances, and is on the threshold of making others even greater-might make them almost at once if it would only cast aside its materialism. Dr. Coriat has evidently made a deep study of his subject-is probably making it his life work; and it would be difficult to find one more useful to present-day humanity. But he has apparently started with a prejudice against all theories which involve the non-material, and this has evidently prevented him from reading the evidence on that side of his subject. Otherwise he could hardly make such obviously inaccurate statements as that crystal-gazing is a sign of mental disintegration, and that nothing can be reproduced as a crystal vision which has not been already a part of personal experience (p. 36); that there can be no mental process without a which appear during sleep (p. 120). Nor would he speak of Frederick Myers' theory of the subliminal self as "poetical, though most unpractical" (p. 9). The failure of telepathic experiments in a particular case to influence automatic writing is supposed to prove that there never can be a supernormal interpretation for such writingthat it is always the reproduction of past experiences. What then of the hundreds of cases of automatic writing in languages unknown to the scribe? Expressions such as these are regrettable for they tend to disgust the well-informed student. The author also several times refers without reprobation to the most horrible vivisection experiments, as for example on pp. 97 and 180.

Having mentioned the points upon which we feel compelled to differ from the author, let us turn to the pleasanter task of noting those upon which we can heartily congratulate him. Of these by far the most important is his theory of mental dissociation, or "splitting of the mind," as he calls it. By this he means that the memory of certain experiences and their results may become entirely detached from the normal waking consciousness of a man, and that when so detached it can act automatically-surely a significant and noteworthy discovery from the scientific standpoint, though we have been writing about these things in theosophy for many a year under the name of reacting thought-forms or artificial elementals. Dr. Coriat shows that these entities play a part in many kinds of abnormal mental phenomena, from ordinary absent-minded-

ness up to hysteria, obsession and multiple personality. He is quite right in saying that many cases of these three last-named affections need no further explanation than the reaction of the patient's own thoughtforms (he calls them "dissociated complexes," but names, even the most formidable, matter little) but he is going too far when he supposes that *all* cases can thus be accounted for. There are still "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of" even in this extended scheme of philosophy.

Not only has medical science discovered the powerful reaction of certain classes of thought-forms, but it has also discovered how to deal with them. The doctors have realised that if these thought and emotionforms can be brought back into the general current of the man's thought and emotionif as he should put it, the fragments torn away from the astral and mental bodies can be restored to them-they will cease to be sources of evil, and will take their place among ordinary memories. We should add to that that any entity which has seized upon them would in this way be forced to withdraw, but Dr. Coriat does not of course go as far as that. To cure diseases in which these "dissociated complexes" are involved, one must first discover their nature, and as the patient himself is usually ignorant of them, this presents difficulties, which the doctors overcome in various ingenious ways. Our author suggests eight (1) Hypnotism, by which the methods: lost memory may be recovered. (2) The production of a state of abstraction, in which illuminative ideas sometimes flash into the mind. (3) Crystal-gazing, in which the forgotten scenes sometimes reappear. (4) Automatic writing, by which revelations are sometimes made. (5) Testing the patient as to the length of time occupied in certain mental reactions, on a plan which is highly interesting but too long to explain here. (6) Tests as to galvanic reaction in connection with various ideas. (7) Tests as to the change in the rate of the beating of the heart when certain words are mentioned. (8) The analysis of the patient's dreams.

Roundabout methods, all of them; that is admitted; but when the doctor is not clairvoyant, what else is he to do? Surely the ingenuity and the perseverence displayed in the evolving of all these ideas merits high praise. Surely also it is a step in advance to find hypnotism, crystal-gazing and automatic writing recognised as methods of obtaining information, even though it be only information as to the condition of the patient.

Another interesting point is that sometimes the patient is aware of the original cause of his trouble, but does not like to tell it or to think of it, because it involved him in some ridiculous or disgraceful position. In this case the thought of secrecy segregates the thought or feeling, and many of the undesirable phenomena of the dissociated complex may take place; but it is found that instant relief can be obtained by a full confession-by talking out all the details and learning to look upon the event in a reasonable way, and to take it as part of life's experiences instead of shutting it off, and so creating a danger. This is interesting as explaining the longing which often seizes upon one who has committed a crime to confess it, even when it is manifestly to his interest not to do so.

I should distinctly recommend this as a book for the libraries of all our larger lodges, and I should commend it to the perusal of the many medical men in our ranks. For the general reader (unless he remembers his Greek fairly well) it is frankly much too learned.

C. W. Leadbeater.



THE FRONT GARDEN

Outpost of Fairyland, No. 777. Dear Children:-Do you remember that a long time ago I told you about many different kinds of fairies? I told you about the gnomes who live in the earth and make gold and silver, about the garden fairies who take care of the flowers, about the water sprites and the air sylphs living in the clouds; and I told you about nature spirits and devas who have particular work to do in each of the seven different fairylands. To-day, I want to tell you about another special group of fairies, an enormous group, a regular kingdom made up of hundreds and hundreds of fairies and devas, both large and small, of physical plane fairies and astral plane fairies and mental plane fairies too, all working together at a special kind of work and obeying seven great Kings. These fairies are called the karma fairies; the great Kings whom they serve are called the Lords of Karma.

Perhaps you can understand the principle work these fairies do when I tell you that they have to take care of all the men, women and children that are ever born into the world. Every time a little baby is born, he needs a whole host of fairies and devas of many kinds to take care of him. Fairies have to see that he is given to just exactly the right father and mother, that he is born at just exactly the right time and that he dies at just exactly the right time. They have to see that the little baby when he grows up, has just exactly the proper amount of happiness and good fortune and just exactly the

proper amount of pains and troubles. And after the man has died and lived a long time in heaven, the great devas look at a record they have kept of all the things the man has said and thought and done in all the lives he has lived since he received his soul-spark. And in that way they decide just what kind of baby he deserves to be next,-whether he deserves to be a strong baby or a sickly one, a pretty baby or a homely one, an orphan baby or a prince. And when the great Lord of Karma has decided, from His great knowledge and from that record which is always true,-when He has decided which lesson the man's soul needs to learn next, He calls several karma fairies and tells them to teach the man that lesson and to guide his life in a certain way.' And the karma fairies are always glad to obey. Sometimes the fairies are told that they must lead a man into sorrow and trouble but even then they don't mind obeying for they know that the sorrow is only a lesson given the man by the Lord of Karma. And they know also that if the man bears the sorrow nobly, he will use up some of the bad karma that he made by a wicked deed in a past life. So the karma fairies are always happy and look on the bright side of things.

I met a karma fairy only yesterday. I was buzzing around a big pink flower in some far-away woods and while I was there, I saw a pretty little golden-haired girl walking under the shady trees. Her feet were bare, her blue sunbonnet was hanging down her back and in her hands

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she carried a little yellow basket. She was hunting strawberries. But right in front of her, leading her, guiding her, was a big shining karma fairy. The fairy swayed and danced and glided along, sometimes up in the air, sometimes on the ground, sometimes wrapping her bright fairy dress around the little girl to keep dark thought forms away. The little girl couldn't see the fairy but that didn't matter at all for the fairy just kept whispering happy thoughts and suggestions into her mind and they got along very well. I watched them for a long time and what do you think that fairy did? She guided the little girl to the places where all the nicest strawberries grew and when the basket was full the fairy led the little girl safely to her cottage home. Several times on the way the little girl started in the direction of a dangerous deep forest pool, but each time the fairy whispered into her mind that she might find a pretty flower if she went the other way and so the child was led away from the dangerous place. But you see, if the karma fairy had been told that it was the little girl's karma to die, the fairy would have let her get lost and when night came the child would have stumbled into the deep pond and been drowned.

And because I was a fairy, I could see the record of the little girl's past lives. And in the record there was a picture of the time when the little girl had been a poor shepherd living in a valley. But although that shepherd was very poor and worked hard to earn a living, he had always been kind to the travellers who came through his valley. He would invite them to rest by his big fire and would give them warm milk to drink even if he had to go without any himself. If the travellers were sick, he took care of them and would never ask any pay. And when he was all alone tending his sheep on the hillside, he used to sing little prayers to the hill gods, asking them to bless all the travellers in the world. So when the shepherd died, he had a long happy heaven life in the mental fairyland, and when he was born again, in the little girl's body, the Lords of Karma

sent to her a bright karma fairy to keep all unpleasant things away from her and to guide her all her life towards the richest strawberry beds.

The karma fairies are busy people. I often meet crowds of them running around, especially when I have to go to a city. Often I see them arranging accidents,fires and street car crashes, and luring to the accident the people whom the Lords of Karma have summoned. Some people they lead towards the accident; others are lured away from the danger according to their karma. Once, I saw a man crossing a crowded street and as he was in the middle, a karma fairy swooped down and threw a cloudy invisible veil over his head. Immediately the man became confused and ran under the wheels of an automobile. A moment after the same fairy used the same invisible veil to draw towards a shop window a woman who was about to cross a street where an accident was to be. The moment's delay saved the woman's life for the accident occurred while she was looking in the window.

And often too, especially at Christmas time, I see karma fairies arranging much happiness. They make a rich man lose a dollar and lead a poor newsboy to find it; they throw a veil of love and pity over the heart of a good woman so that she adopts an orphan baby whom in a former life she deserted; they arrange accidental meetings between good friends who have lost each other for years,—doing all these things under the direction of the Lords of Karma.

But sometimes karma fairies are hindered in their work, sometimes even, by other karma fairies. I saw a case of that kind on that same busy street corner one day. A karma fairy was hovering over a little boy, waiting for a chance to give him typhoid fever. But while the fairy was waiting, the boy saw a newsboy crying because he had lost all the money he had earned that day. Our boy was so sorry that he divided with the newsboy his bicycle-money that he had been saving for months. And as he did so, a crowd of karma fairies came down with good karma in response to the kind act and they drove away the fever fairy before she had had time to give the boy anything worse than a cold. Perhaps if the boy had given away all his bicycle-money, so many good karma fairies would have come that he wouldn't have had even a cold.

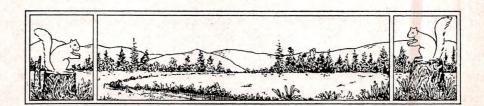
But one time I saw a karma fairy pushed aside in altogether a different way. It was many thousands of years ago when I used to help other fairies to take care of the lotus flowers growing in the pond of a king's garden. Oftentimes as we worked over the blossoms, we would see the king walking along the banks of the pond, and because he was noble and gentle, the fairies all loved him. But he always seemed careworn and troubled and we used to cheer him by calling his attention to the big white lotus that grew by the pool's edge. Then the good king would talk to us in his mind, praise our flowers and send bright colored thoughts to us. So glad were we when he came that we always made the lotus flowers open their petals wider than ever so he would admire their beauty, and be the more pleased with them.

One day, three bad looking men came sneaking to the pond and hid in the bushes. They filled the air with dark thought forms and the fairies buzzed angrily and tried in vain to drive them away. That evening at sunset, the king came out to walk by the pond as usual and as he leaned over to look at the flowers, the three men jumped out and stabbed him and the blood from his heart fell on the white lotus blossom and into the water. And as the courtiers rushed out from the palace to fight over his body, we saw the king rise in his shining astral form and the messenger of the Lords of Karma, the messenger who had arranged the death and who was waiting to free the king from the limp body, was pushed aside by seven glorious Masters who had come Themselves to take the king in charge.

And because we were fairies we knew without being told that the good king had just finished his last karmic lesson, had paid his last karmic debt. He would never have to be born in sorrow again for his long journey of many lives was ended.

And to each human child of you there will come a time, as there did to the good king of the gardens, when you will have learned all the lessons that the Lords of Karma can teach you. And when that time comes, you will never have to be born in physical bodies again unless you wish to be born to help the world. And when that time comes, you will be taken in charge by your own glorious Master who is also your king; you will no longer be ruled by the karma fairies but will rule them, and then —you will be not child but king.

Busywing.



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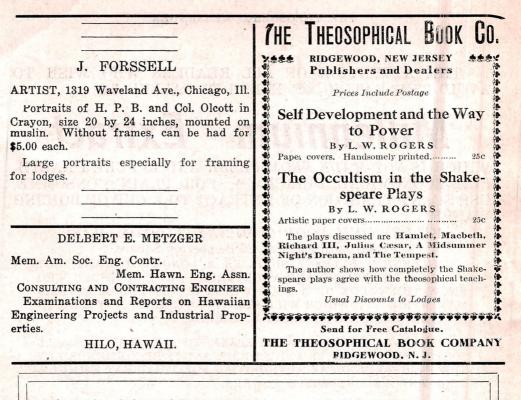
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THEOSOPHIST

MRS. ANNIE BESANT, Editor.

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THE GOLDEN CHAIN

(A Morning Prayer for Children)



am a link in the Golden Chain of Love that stretches around the world, and must keep my link bright and strong.

"So I will try to be kind and gentle to every living thing I meet and to protect and help all who are weaker than myself."

"And I will try to think pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak pure and beautiful words and to do pure and beautiful actions."

"May every link in the Golden Chain become bright and strong."

ANNIE BESANT.



