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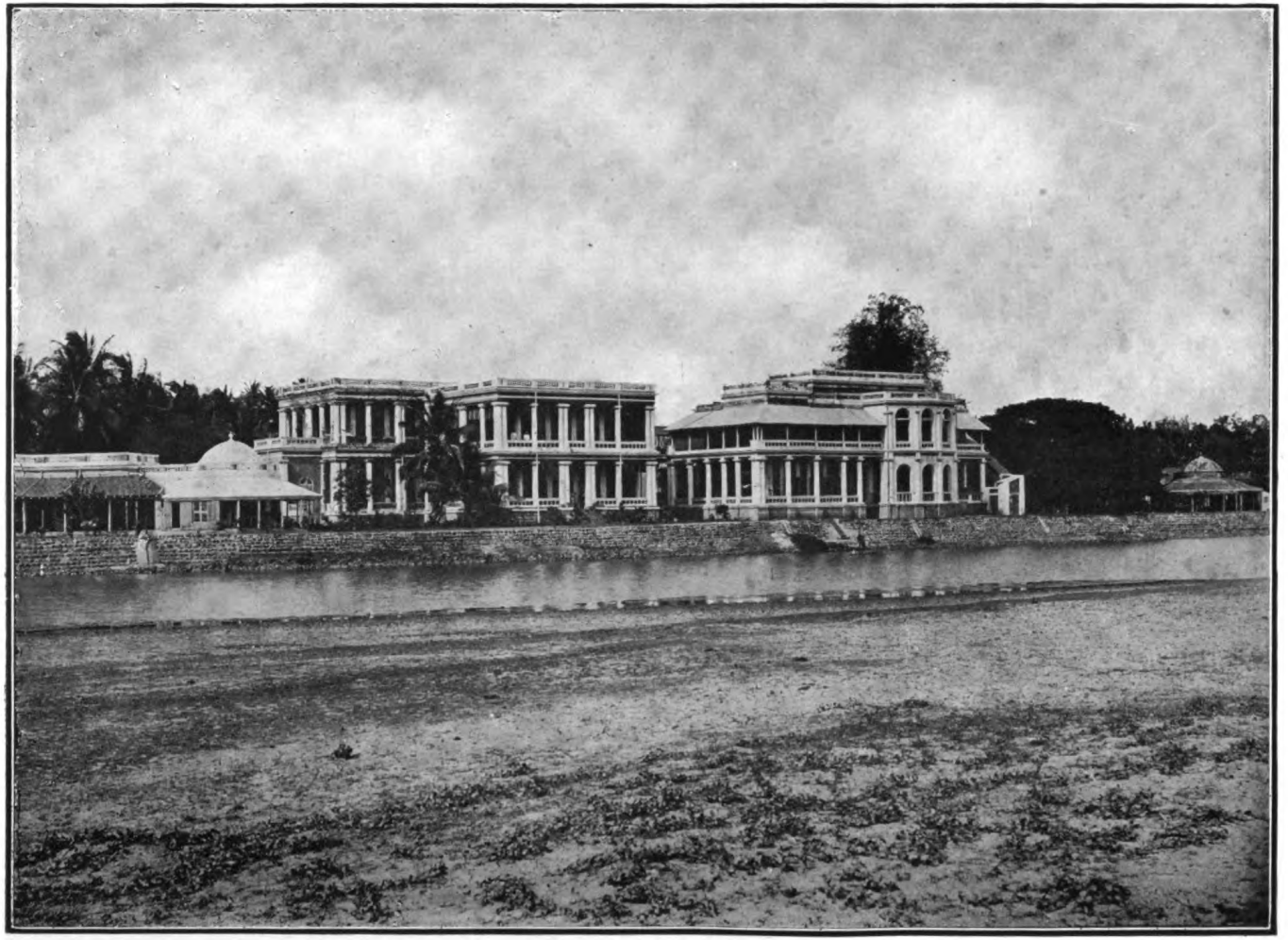
TO A MASTER

In the City Wedded to the Sea Thou dost dwell,
Angel-Man. Thy waving massive locks
To Thy strong shoulders cling. Majestic dost thou rise
To view the upheaving sun leap from the glittering sea.
Thou sendest Thy clear vision's darts beyond that mere,
Over the greens of Thessaly where Hermes wrought,
Beyond the salty garland-pools disjoining two huge continents,
And past the palm-girt pools of Mahomet, beyond the piercing peaks
That gird the goodly ancient Zoroastrian realm,
To linger lovingly a moment's spell on ashram-roofs
Of Indian wise-men, then to break upon the towers of Shamballah!
From Him and God Thou drawest Thy Spirit's sustenance!
O Thou puissant One, most dread, most dear,
Mysterious in Thine outward seeming and within most subtly potent,
Receive the tiny offering Thy children send
Of love and deepest reverence and the will to serve;
Hold us most close within Thy mighty heart,
Bear upward with Thine own our praise to God!

W. V-H.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

*SOME LIMITATIONS AND PRIVILEGES OF THEOSOPHISTS**

There are different grades and different kinds of theosophists. One of the most exquisite things the Masters ever did for us was to constitute Themselves a first and higher order of theosophists, we being the lower members—another and lower grade—but theosophists with Them.

A Master once addressed his pupil as "Brother" and signed Himself, "Your loving brother in Christ." They love to be our brothers. They do not want to be far away from us but wish us to be at one with Them in all the ways possible.

So there are different grades of theosophists. The smallest and very weakest one of us is a theosophist if he wants to be and he has his place, his own place, in the hearts of the Masters, which no one could take away from him even if he would.

There are limitations attached to the lives of theosophists according to their grades. Those who have barely heard of theosophy, who are just a little attached to it and hold the lowest grade in the ranks, who have sacrificed but little and have gone but a little way out of the ordinary life and customs of men, find their limitations are but small. But when one takes up seriously the life of the theosophist, he must begin to throw overboard the useless rubbish of his personality and cling more closely to that which belongs to the upper life. As soon as the man finds out the value of casting aside those wants that encumber him in the race that St. Paul described, he is rejoiced to see that he can get rid of them.

We are told in the New Testament that though we are to live in the world, we must not be of the world, that we must recognize a phase of the life in the world that we do not wish to share; not that we do not wish to associate with others that are of the world but rather that we may only do what they are doing if we do it from a different point of view. It used to be that when a man entered the inner theosophic life, he had to go away from the people interested in the things of the physical plane, but that is no longer necessary. The life theosophic is now lived in many grades in the world.

There are duties for the theosophist as well as limitations. The first duty is to accept the law—to admit in one's own thought and life the Great Law—the law of evolving. "I must evolve, must learn the law of evolving and learn to obey the law." First accept the law and then try to learn it: these are two things which we must recognize.

There is always difficulty in adjusting the personal to the impersonal life, and that difficulty brings about the refining friction of the Path. On whatever round of the ladder one may be, the adjustment between the personal and impersonal constitutes the strife, the battle, the difficulty of the Path.

There is another set of duties besides those which pertain to the individual, namely those which pertain to the work for theosophy. It is to aid in the evolving of God's creation, with knowledge and wisdom, with love and with power. We must take part in the organized work of the Master in such a way that all our effort will be properly expended for all.

There are other things we have to do, such as bearing a part of the karma of the world. Mrs. Besant has lately said that the younger disciples find much trouble in doing their work and living the theosophic life because their forces are used by the Great Ones in harmonizing the world. They are so related to the scheme of evolving that it is they who, for the Lodge, must bear the roughest contacts with the part of the karma of the world which the Great Ones are resolving, at first in a passive rather than in an active manner.

Let us see why this is so. The world is moving along according to its own order—its own low conception of the Law. The

*A part of a lecture delivered at 410 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, May, 1911.

man who leads the easiest life from the world's point of view, is the man who fits into the life-view of his time. The man of his own time understands the game as it is being played by all the world's children at the moment and enters into the game and acts in it in such a way that he does not conflict with his neighbors. He must not move too fast, but just go along in the average of things so that he does not offend.

The great majority of mankind are trying to find that easier way, but the idealist-reformer who looks and lives far ahead of his time interferes with the law of march and in effect endeavors to establish another law—undertakes to demonstrate that the law which governs the world should be superseded by a higher, a more inclusive or a universal law. By his work the life-balance of the world is upset; the world's law overcome. The man who enters upon the life theosophic takes part in a movement on the inner planes which interferes with this normal order of things. He brings upon himself a huge discharge of force—the evil of the world; that part of the world's karma which fits the man and corresponds with the errors of his past and the weaknesses of his character. Of course only a limited part of the karma of the world will thus have been discharged upon him before he will have learned his lessons and passed on beyond the possibility of the world's difficulties any longer interfering with his personal peace. Then he will have learned how to make use of his forces, how to live, in a word so that he will no longer in such wise challenge nature. He himself is free.

Every theosophist has had part of the karma of the world to bear. This statement is an old, a familiar one, yet each new discharge of karma is, as a rule, a surprise to us.

Every theosophist continuously working at the study of theosophy thinks he understands the Law and yet is continually being surprised with new views of it. What he knew yesterday is not the truth at all but only part of it. One can get all kinds of associated emotions from this surprise —emotions of fear, of horror, or disgust; whatever is in his temperament will be brought out by the discovery of the new view of the Law which he for a time must hold.

We do not, however, need to look with horror upon the new view of truth and this growing knowledge, because, whenever we have seen this new vision of the law, we know we share a little more fully the view which the Master has.

The Masters do not work without order, without definite system. The systems and orders of the higher world are very broad and inclusive for there are many kinds of things to be done. There is very wide liberty in the spiritual world and there is also something quite the opposite of that. There is a cold and almost cruel exactness about the Law. We know how every child finds it must not get burned on the hot stove, how the mother takes the child to the stove and tells him the closer he gets to it the greater will be the pain; yet almost all children, sooner or later, burn their fingers. So it is with the higher law. There are things that theosophists may not do; most theosophists, all in fact, do the things they ought not to do and get burned and then, if they are wise, they try to learn the lesson. Nor may the Masters wholly protect them.

Are theosophists always to be beaten and crushed? Are they to be as nothing; to have no rights, no privileges but only limitations and insistent duties? Quite the contrary. The privileges that we have, the opportunities that are before us, in return for the comparatively small acts of self-sacrifice we make are so tremendous that we can scarcely think of these privileges without the deepest emotion. It is perfectly true to say that personal privileges we are not to expect. Personal, individual experiences for our lower selves, we must not look forward to but accept them with joy if they come to us.

If a man wishes the benefits that pertain to the physical plane he may find he cannot have them, perhaps for the reason—that he wants them and that he must learn that he must not desire them. When he no

longer cares for them or expends force along such lines as to bring them to him for his gratification he may have them for the use to which he can put them.

The reaction that comes upon us from introducing our personalities into theosophic work is, as a rule, very swift and severe. Yet when one abstains from entering upon new enterprises or assuming responsibilities with reference to the work of the Master because he feels that he may take upon himself some obligation that will lead him into trouble, he has made a great error. For us to seek personal advantage or ease by sparing our lower selves in some way is to precipitate upon ourselves immeasurably greater difficulties.

It is one of the great privileges which is ours to know the law of evolution—what it means, toward which way we are tending. This gives us immense satisfaction and relief from the uncertainty which the world at large is trying to drown in its little pleasures.

It is a strange privilege that we may know there are in the world heavenly Men —Those who have gone over into the heaven side of life and can reach down into the earth side to help us. It is our privilege to know that the gulf between has been crossed, our privilege to know that we may cross over one day and live in that heaven-world and do the same things for those who have yet to come over.

Life immediately has a new value when we know that we cannot be destroyed—know that there are Those watching over us Who will aid us, and, if we will rise to it, our inner hearts will swell with the thought that we belong to that Band—that we are of Them. They will draw us up to Them. We shall not be far away from Them. We shall be Theirs forever!

Theosophy teaches of the wonders of God—how our own powers to aid humanity may be made to grow. I do not know of any earnest theosophist who cannot fairly be seen to grow. He spreads out into new powers of thought and feeling—more and more is he able to curb the lesser part of himself, and to carry the burdens that belong to the higher life.

This growth is the more rapid the farther we go. A Master once said that he who takes up the theosophic life does not grow by slow increments of addition but as by the accretions of the snowball rolling downward—not by an arithmetical progression, but in geometrical progression, increasing as it were by powers, day by day. Those who are upon the Path actually grow enormously with each passing day, each week. Each day brings a new light, a new view of things.

And that leads to another consideration, namely, that the earnest theosophist never has a stagnant life, but one of activity. The force of the Logos drives through him so strongly that often he cannot hold those forces and when he cannot, the Master gives him added strength; and then he becomes able to hold them and wield them in the Master's service. We come to see that theosophy is more and more inclusive. The small things look smaller as time goes by. We see more and more the largeness of life.

Then think of the guidance we have. The Masters know how to draw us to Them—to hold us close to Them; They may for a while protect us from the storms of the world, and then They know how to plunge us out into them again, so that we may get strong and be able to stand in those storm currents. After man has learned the lessons and gained the powers of the lower worlds he no longer needs to use his forces to overcome difficulties for himself, but can use them for others, and then perhaps he can retire away from the outer world.

What, then, will be our future? It will be to bear the burdens of the world. We may not think that we will have an easy time; it will not be so; we have not entered here to find peace without strife or freedom from action, without acting. It was not alone to be nurtured that we came here, for, if we did, we made a great error and might as well retire at once. We must bear some of the burdens of the world and have sufferings and difficulties in proportion to our karma and our strength, but instead of having impersonal ones to

watch over us, instead of being cared for according to the wider laws that govern those not under such supervision we shall have the immediate tutelage of Those who have been men, who know every step of the way, who are able to tell just when the burden is too heavy, and sometimes when we cry out and beg to be relieved, will relieve us of our suffering even when They know we might have borne Their burden longer.

There is no man who goes through the theosophical life but who meets defeats. We do not march through victories alone, but through defeats to life everlasting. We could not go through this life without defeats without being proud. The victories we shall attain will be won, not through ourselves, but through the Masters. The New Testament puts it right when it so often says "Our victory is in Christ Jesus." So sometimes when we feel that we are defeated, the Master says the victory is won.

It is the compelling love of God—the force of the Logos—that keeps the Theosophical Society, in all its grades and orders, moving harmoniously. Without that love force, our work would not be possible at all. The heart of God is love. The center of all things is love, and from that center comes down the infinite force of the love of God.

If, when we are most burdened, we cannot think of the Master and of those we love and say, "I rejoice that this burden has fallen on me for Him," there is no basis for the Master to work upon. A man cannot be pushed farther in the work of theosophy than his love will enable him to go. If, when a man is in his supreme agony, he say, "I am willing the pain shall go to this or that one," he has been most bitterly defeated and must be released from his agony.

The future contains as the supremest promise of all, it would seem, the promise that we shall be at one with the Master,—that we shall come into His very heart. Admitted first to His feet, afterward he will take us up to His very heart and we shall be at one with Him. But though we love that Master, so near and so distant,—though we love Him and He loves us—at the same time we feel that our love for Him and His for us would be incomplete if both did not contain love for those who are dear to us, and for those next to Them, and those that love Them, and so on and on until all the world is included in that great heart of His. And we may know that we can enter and find in that heart all that we can love—an infinity of loving—individual as well as universal. There we shall find all those we love, and we shall find an infinite power to love them with, and we can love each one in his own Master.

If there is anything that can comfort the little ones amongst us—and I think we here to-day belong to those—it is the thought that the great Masters are looking forward not only to the remote period when all humanity will be raised from the possibility of suffering, when the lower worlds will be swept away from manifestation, but, also to that nearer time when They will be close again, even on the lower planes, nearer to the little ones they have so much loved in the past!

The privileges, then, of the theosophist, are all that he can wish them to be. And as Mr. Leadbeater has said of theosophy, there is nothing too good to be true!

Weller Van Hook.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Here at Adyar we are in full swing of the winter's work. Leadbeater Chambers, Mr. Harvey's magnificent gift to the Headquarters of the Society, is full, all but two rooms awaiting their occupants within the next two weeks. Truly it is a cosmopolitan assemblage of students. English, American, French, Bohemian, Russian, Polish, German, New Zealandish, Australian, Danish,—all these dwell within it, while elsewhere we add many Indians, a Norwegian and an Italian,—fourteen nations represented here, or fifteen, if I count in my own Irish blood. What a good training this is for each and all, broadening out sympathy and rubbing off national prejudices. We are a T. S. in miniature, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, colour.

We have just had a delightful E. S. Conference; nearly 300 members from all parts of the Presidency, as well as from Travancore and Cochin. We had addresses from Mr. Leadbeater and myself and a question meeting with him, and the whole finished up with a public lecture by myself on "Avataras and Rishis." There was a big attendance, rather to my surprise, as the only notice was a small paragraph in the *Mail* and the *Standard*.

The reports are coming in from many lands and are most encouraging. All over the world the Theosophical Society is spreading, and it has never in its previous history been so powerful, so numerous, so united.

The shocks through which it has passed have shaken out its feebler members, and it is no longer clogged by a large number of half-hearted adherents. A larger proportion than ever before of its members are seriously in earnest, and realize more and more the possibilities of the spiritual life.

This is due to the fresh impulse of life and strength promised to the T. S. in 1910—as announced in my Presidential address of 1908—a promise most amply fulfilled. The Initiation into the White Brotherhood of our most dear young Brother, Alcyone, in that year, opened a new door for the outflow of the higher life into the Society, and that outflow has continued steadily since then, increasing in force and volume. Its object is to lift the Society, as the Herald of the World-Teacher's coming, into a position of influence and honour, in order that the message with which it is charged may go forth into a careless world.

The Order of the Star in the East has been established to gather into one body those who, within and without the Theosophical Society, look for the coming of the World-Teacher, and would fain share in the glorious privilege of preparing the Way of the Lord. Wherever one sees glittering the little Silver Star, one knows that it is shining above a heart that is beating with hope and joy. Every member of the T. S. who believes in that coming should wear the Silver Star, for we must not lag behind the less instructed world of non-Theosophists.

Work then, Brothers and Sisters, strenuously and well; study hard in order that you may be able to teach the non-studious; love, that your good-will may spread abroad, and bless even the unthankful and the evil; cooperate with Nature in her great work of evolution, and utilize her laws for the benefit of yourselves and all around you. And so may the Peace of the Masters be with you, and Their wisdom guide your steps.

Your faithful servant,

Annie Besant.

Adyar, November, 1911.

DISCRIMINATION IN THE SELECTION OF MUSIC FOR LODGE MEETINGS

Each meeting of a lodge should have a predetermined purpose, a beginning, a middle and an end; should, by an orderly procedure, build up a definite thought form, vital and characteristic. Because of its influence upon our various bodies and states of consciousness, music is an invaluable resource in such endeavor. Few persons, however, are discriminating enough in regard to music and most are quite unable to recognize the vehicles that are influenced, or to be aware of the permanent effect upon their consciousness.

This is simply one of the limitations of our present stage of evolution; but inasmuch as we are desirous of hastening this evolution, we may make a beginning in this matter and it is only as a tentative movement in that direction that these suggestions are offered; subject to revision and correction as the intuition is unfolded and purity and wisdom more and more prevail.

Let us postulate at once that music is not "vague and indeterminate," but definite and significant; that it is not ambiguous, but clear and direct in its meaning. This should not imply that a composition, much less a tone or phrase has in and by itself a specifically concrete significance, capable of verbal exposition; rather the reverse, for in the degree that the tonal art transcends and eludes such exposition it possesses definiteness and unequivocal significance.

Words are the conventional symbols used to suggest concrete experiences (physical and lower-mental consciousness); music is the language of feelings, emotions, passions, and ideals (astral, higher-mental and buddhic consciousness.)

Some considerations of the relative domain of words and music as actually used may help to justify this view. We ascend by regular steps from verbal expression to music; science, which deals with facts, "things" and concrete ideas finds in words a fit and adequate instrument; in psychology, philosophy and metaphysics language begins to halt and stammer; for the expression of ordinary emotion, idealized prose, which depends upon the various devices of rhetoric, is employed. In the use of metaphor, personification, hyperbole and other figures of speech we are approaching the domain of music, which is more approximated under excessive or violent passion, when utterance becomes a chant or song or silence denotes the limits of speech.

Poetry, which is the apotheosis of language, employs rhythm, rhyme and tone color,—the essential characteristics of music—and is held by Ruskin to be the most definite and exact mode of using words.

Every critical writer on music who in his attempts to convey to others the definiteness of his musical experiences, labors under the disadvantage of this arbitrariness of musical expression. Usually after a vain attempt with words, he resorts at last to the music itself, which speaks no uncertain message. The greatest musicians who have left any record, have certified to this fact.

Of the inadequacy of verbal exposition, Moritz Hauptman has written, "It is not music that is ambiguous; ambiguity only makes its appearance when each person attempts to formulate in his manner the emotional impression which he has received, when he attempts to fix and hold the ethereal essence of music, to utter the unutterable." To a poet who had attached names to his "Songs without Words," Mendelssohn wrote, "I believe that musical expression is altogether too *definite* (for words), that it reaches regions and dwells in them whither words cannot follow it and must necessarily go lame when they make the attempt as you would have them do."

The English poet and art critic, Arthur Symons, writes,* "What subterfuges are required in order to give the vaguest suggestion of what a piece of music is like, and how little has been said, after all, beyond generalisations, which would not apply equally to half a dozen different pieces!

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* *Plays, Acting and Music*, p. 230.

. . . Music is indeed a language, but it is a language in which birds and other angels may talk, but out of which we cannot translate their meaning. Emotion itself, how changed becomes even emotion when we transport it into a new world, in which only sound has feeling! But I am speaking as if it had died and been re-born there, whereas *it was born in its own region, and is wholly ignorant of ours.*" (Italics mine.)

An inquirer in a recent musical magazine asks, "Can music be regarded as a means of moral uplift?" to which one of the editors replies, "Decidedly so, in many cases," but discriminates between "music of sentiment and passion" and music that "is lofty and dignified and noble." In the first category the editor mentions, in passing, the compositions of Chopin and Gounod and "many of the modern tonal pictures among the symphonic poems;" in the latter, the music of Bach and Händel.

Prophetic vision and intuitive insight are ever oracular in their pronouncements; and it must ever be so with the judgments delivered in the holy tribunal where music is brought to trial. No compromise, no special pleadings, to be or not to be, that is the question, the arbitrary and final question to the decision of the spirit. Professor Dickinson says with great truth: "If a listener does not feel in his heart that Schubert's 'Who is Sylvia?' or the theme of the Larghetto of Beethoven's Second Symphony, is not a better tune than the latest popular song that came last week and will be forgotten tomorrow, there is no possible way of convincing him. We may tell him that a fine tune has individual character, a sort of positiveness that distinguishes it from others and takes firm hold upon the memory, and he will ask us if 'Yankee Doodle' does not meet these conditions. If my friend asserts that 'Pop goes the Weasel' is a better tune than Wolfram's 'Invocation,' I may assert the contrary; but my assertion is purely dogmatic, and I may have no recourse at last except to call him hard names."*

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* *The Education of a Music Lover*, by Edward Dickinson, p. 71.

If music is used in lodge meetings, all pieces that attract attention by boisterous rhythm, or possess brilliant technical features seem unsuitable; this does not exclude pieces of great difficulty, but only those where the higher musical qualities are either submerged or non-existent. Such performances arouse the desire nature which is directed to things without, whereas the music for lodges should direct the consciousness inward; therefore, sensuous, sentimental or passionate music should not be tolerated; pieces of moderate length are better, perhaps, than either a group of shorter pieces or more extended compositions; soft rather than loud; slow or moderate movement rather than fast; simple rather than complex; melody is more easily followed than harmony and either far more readily than polyphony; major tonalities are generally preferable to minor (there are exceptions), and most assuredly cheerful, inspiring music rather than that which is brooding or despairing.

Ancient music is purer and stronger than modern; it is also better, at least for some of our purposes, because of the definiteness of its form. Modern music is more likely to be rhapsodical, impulsive, chromatic or extreme in expression; it may rant, wail or howl and be thus lacking in that indispensable prerequisite of all great art, repose.

The music par excellence, that has no message except for the highest devotional consciousness, which in its essence is unsensational, undramatic and impersonal is that of the later ecclesiastical period which closed, practically with the death of Palestrina in 1595. This music is rarely heard, partly because of its great difficulty, but mainly because its atmosphere is strange and in such strong condemnatory contrast to the artificial and turbulent spirit of our time.

The clavier compositions of J. S. Bach (1685-1750) are always pure and strong and embody the greatest concentration of thought and organic unity; they are unsurpassed for profound devotion to spiritual ideals, nobility of thought and matchless architectural structure. One could hardly err in the selection of any one of the pre-

ludes or fugues in the *Well Tempered Clavichord* or the sarabands and other slow movements in the suites and partitas; especial mention may be made of the chromatic fantasie (and fugue), the Italian concerto, (the slow movement is best for violin and piano) the G string solo for violin (from an orchestral suite), and the E flat minor prelude in the first set of the *Well Tempered Clavichord.* The music of Händel is more objective, but honest, sturdy and straightforward. Worthy and suitable pieces may be found among the compositions of the contemporaries of these two German giants, as Rameau in France and Scarlatti in Italy and a few by earlier clavier composers, as, for instance, Purcell in England may be found suitable.

The taste for this older music is now a cultivated one, but one that pays largely in spiritual strength and vigor. It is really only the historic form that seems to be, or is, archaic; the self-restraint and other high qualities so characteristic of it are always in demand, if not always in fashion. Note what Arthur Symons writes of this old music: "It is only beginning to be realized, even by musical people, that the clavier music of, for instance, Bach, loses half its charm, almost its identity, when played on a modern grand piano; that the exquisite music of Rameau and Couperin, the brilliant and beautiful music of Scarlatti is almost inaudible on everything but the harpsichord and the viols; and that there exists, far earlier than these writers, a mass of English and Italian music of extreme beauty, which has never been spoiled on the piano because it has never been played on it." Permit the writer to suggest to the curious that this music be played on the piano throughout with the soft pedal down and with the most delicate nuances; it will then be found to be as quaint and exquisite as a Japanese etching.

To approach more recent times, some of the slow movements of the piano sonatas of Mozart are of surpassing beauty; they are objective art, pure and impersonal. Available compositions by Haydn are few, his "sky-blue optimism" and perennial cheerfulness frequently descending to triviality. Weber's operatic romanticism is, for our purposes, generally undesirable, although an exception is the slow movement of his C major piano sonata, which is serene, sinsere and beautiful. On the other hand, Schubert's romanticism has a beneficent influence, so naive, so confiding and so unpretentious. There are many beautiful movements in the piano sonatas, mention here being made only of the first movement and scherzo of the first sonata (A minor) all of the A major, Opus 120 and the slow movement of the B Major Opus 147. The slow movement of his symphony in C arranged for either four or two hands, and the two movements of the Unfinished Symphony should stimulate, by their transcendent purity and beauty, the highest powers of our consciousness; no more nonworldly music has ever blessed mankind.

Discrimination has been comparatively easy in the foregoing, but when we come to choose from the riches bequeathed to us by Beethoven, our powers are put to their extreme test and any statement must be made with caution. Only artists can play the string quartettes and for ordinary practical purposes, the piano sonatas and the sonatas for violin and piano contain great variety. Again the slow movements seem preferable, but even here discrimination seems imperative, as for instance, not the first (the slow) movement of the so-called "Moonlight" sonata; it reflects a deep mood to be sure, but a tense one, the suppression of a passion that breaks out, after a brief attempt at cheerfulness, in the titanic fury of the last movement. In marked contrast with this is the so-called "Pastoral Sonata," Opus 28; the first movement is most serene, it is idyllic and breathes withal such a deep repose; the surging billows and profound mystery of the first movements of the D minor Sonata, Op. 31 No. 2, and the Appassionate Op. 57 are probably unsuited to the purposes to which these suggestions are limited, nor can the slow movement of the D major, Op. 10, No. 3, be recommended; it is probably too deeply brooding.

In some of the pieces by Liszt there is a certain type of mysticism which is helpful,

albeit it savors of the mass, incense and the cloister. This pervades and characterizes his Il Sposalizio, a beautiful composition suggested by the contemplation of Raphaels' picture of the Marriage of Joseph and Mary; this is even so in his Petrarch's Sonnets, where he seems to transmute the poet's erotic yearnings for Laura into a sort of mystic devotional love, inferentially in adoration of the Holy Mother; in another of the Years of Pilgrimage is the Eglogue. The Dreams of Love, though not so bad as their title, are hardly advisable, while the consolations and some of the Harmonies poétiques et religeuses might prove useful on certain occasions. Some of the song transcriptions by Liszt are very appropriate, notably those of Schubert's songs.

In the case of Wagner, the mysticism is pure but the difficulty is to find arrangements that are those of not virtuoso pieces. The piece of superlative value is, of course, the Prelude to Parsifal; but the Introduction to Lohengrin is almost of equal significance; other fragments are too well-known to need enumeration. Anything undesirable in Wagner is due to the scene or character he is painting and not to his music, and is probably safely inaccessible in the almost unreachable recesses of his complex scores.

A beautiful mystic work for the piano is Caesar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue; the first and second numbers are less difficult than the fugue, but all place a premium upon skill and maturity. Of his artistic descendants of the modern French school there is little available because of the great technical demands; but for this, several of the "Etchings" and "Images" of Debussy's would be acceptable, as they breathe an intellectual non-religious mysticism that probably finds its analogue in the impressionist's school of painting, and the symbolists in literature. Grieg's music, beautiful and characteristic as it is, does not seem suitable for lodge meetings, probably because of its intensely personal quality and its lyric, emotional romanticism. Of Tschaikowsky, we will quote from Arthur Symons again, "He is unconscious of reticence, unconscious of self-control. In Tschaikowsky there is none of the quieting of thought. The only healing for our nerves lies in abstract thought and he can never get far enough from his nerves to look calmly at his own discontent. Even suffering does not bring nobility to Tschaikowsky." There is much more, but this is sufficient.

Another genius whose music it is well to keep in abeyance is—heresy of heresies,—Chopin. Let us out with it and be put on the rack: Chopin's music, all of it, is sensuous, sensual and morally and psychically harmful. It encourages brooding and self-commiseration and it is most acceptable when we are weakest. Its tropical beauty and intoxicating insinuations are "glamours" to be immediately exorcised.

The sentimentality and physical appeal of Gounod's music render it undesirable. Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" are models of form, they are polished and pure and are generally innocuous. Mendelssohn never forgot for a moment that he was a gentleman and a scholar, and eminently respectable.

There is about Schumann's music something fantastical and elusive. He delighted in symbols and this predilection is reflected in his compositions. The Romance in F sharp and Warum? are well known, but always acceptable. The slow movements of his B flat and C major Symphonies are very beautiful as four-hand pieces. Many of his most charming pieces are too short, while the Sonatas and the great Fantasie Op. 17, are too long for our purposes.

For wondrous skill, beauty, art, sincerity, dignity, nobility, and loftiness of spirit, no music excels in so many qualities as does that of Brahms and no music seems quite so appropriate for lodges, provided the player understands and sympathizes with the self-restraint and imperial dignity of his music and possesses a virile and unfeminine technique. Brahm's music is almost devoid of sensuous charm; it is for the most part impersonal and absolute in expression; a white light that absorbs all the colors of passion and gives forth only its own purity. Among the most playable compositions are the Intermezzi Op. 76, Nos.

3 and 4; Op. 117, Nos. 1 and 2; Op. 119, Nos. 1, 2 and 3; Op. 116, No. 4, and Op. 118, No. 2.

The general principles followed in the foregoing will apply equally well to vocal music; almost all popular so-called "sacred" songs are sacrilegeous and most of the conventional and all of the blatant and theatrical choir music is to be shunned. Most love songs are a desecration, especially those from the operas, though there are very rare exceptions. Those, however, by such masters as Brahms, Franz and Schumann are of such lofty musical worth as to lift one beyond all personal considerations and aid in our aspirations for a fuller and purer life.

Frank L. Reed.

OUR MEMORIES OF DEVACHAN

The conduct of children at the age when the ego is taking possession of the body is frequently suggestive of what we are told are the characteristics of life in devachan. Of course it is not here referred to the pretty trickeries that suggest the play of the elemental. It is rather to those sage observations upon the meaning of life which so frequently astonish the elders and to their attitude towards the deeper problems pertaining to our relation to the Law and the Creator in so far as the ego can express himself through the child vehicles. We seem to gain from such a study of childhood some views of that freshness of attitude which the spirit brings from his rest period away from lower bodies, during which there has been an opportunity for such a purity of contemplation as our adult life does not afford.

Both the joy and the sadness of child-life at this period tell something of the memories and impressions of devachan. May not the loneliness of children be due, sometimes, to their recently experienced bliss and its withdrawal and the contemplation in flashes by the ego of the contrasting asperities of the life to be led in the physical plane consciousness? Often the joys of childhood are for a moment so seraphic in their loftiness of purity that we must assume the remembrance of high heaven, or what may be equally possible, the rising in consciousness of the personality to the heaven-plane of the ego for the moment.

The oft repeated experiences of man in devachan form the actual rooting of our natures in the forever heaven-dwelling part of us that makes the sure foundation of our evolving into divinity. The re-awakening of the memories of feelings and experiences in devachan must take place when we feel the sacredness of certain events, when religion or philosophy appeals to us strongly or when we permit the mighty call of the Creator to reach our hearts as we view His works. The longing for the uninterrupted fulness of worship of God, the weariness of our uncertain, Fate-tossed tiny voyages in our world-life, the highest aspirations for the welfare of man—all that arouses the egoic phase of our inner natures, stirs memories of our multitudinous fuller lives in devachan, gives us gleams, dreams and touches of the bliss of paradise and sends us on a footstep nearer to God!

W. V-H.

ETHICS OF ADVERTISING

We know that every desire we feel and every thought we think produce forms on the higher planes, and that these forms endure for a long or short time according to the strength of the desire or thought generating them. We know that on striking the astral and mental bodies of other men they tend to induce similar desires and thoughts in them. Applying these facts what are the results when a huge gaudy poster is put upon a busy street in one of our large cities, portraying, say, a man, comfortably reclining in an easy chair, smoking some particular brand of cigar, or one who has evidently been indulging in some violent exercise, and is portrayed as slaking his thirst with some new kind of beverage?

Everyone passing down that side of that particular street cannot help reading the poster and seeing the picture, and everyone will generate a thought-form of it. Although these thought-forms separately must be very weak and short lived, like thought-forms attract each other and collectively they must be quite a factor in molding the astral and mental worlds of the particular locality under consideration. Not only will these posters cause the creation of thought-forms but also in many cases desire elementals which will be deleterious both to their generator and to the astral surroundings of the whole community. Great red and yellow posters portraying men and women in the enjoyment of some vice cannot fail to create desire in many for the enjoyment, and in some cases, no doubt are partly responsible for some of the deeds of shame perpetrated to satisfy desires.

A man at the head of a big business, department store, real estate or some other enterprise, fills the whole astral world surrounding the particular city his business is in, with thought-forms of himself and his business, by bringing the fact of its existence before people wherever they go. In the streets posters, hand bills and his wagons are seen, proclaiming his business to all; in the home, whole page advertisements in the daily paper tell of the bargains that may be got at his stores. Not only do people just read of him in all these multifarious ways but thought-forms of him are continually being constructed all the time. This fact is half recognized by advertisers as suggestion or telepathy.

Advertisers are now making use of another law to keep themselves in the public mind and that is by not only giving people a name or a sound to remember them by, but to supplement this by a form. The manager cultivates an impressive but not too complicated a signature, or gets an artist to design him a sign which will include his name and the kind of business he is in, and this will be prominent or even furnish the "pièce de resistence" of all his advertisements in the future. They will become more efficient by having this similarity in common, and he will be remembered by many minds who can reproduce forms much easier than words. Whether this is beneficial at all in giving a little definiteness to the thought currents of our great cities we are hardly in a position to affirm or deny but, disregarding the shock given to our æsthetic sense, we know how important that is from the teachings given by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater in regard to the value of beauty in our surroundings; anyhow the enormous advertising of many of the necessities of life must be particularly responsible for the increase in the cost of living. Somebody must pay for the millions spent annually in this manner.

Advertising, like the armies of the great powers, is growing so expensive and enormous that soon the problem of checking both of them will be forced upon the world. They are both growths of individualism and must disappear before the gradually strengthening ideas of the brotherhood of man. They belong to the past, and we know from those precious glimpses of the Sixth Root Race conditions given to us in *The Theosophist* that not far hence Peace will rule over the whole earth and co-operation will have supplanted competition. That

subtle mystery of the real ultimate unity of mankind will have at last reached these lower planes and framed a real living brotherhood. *Muirson Blake.*

THE TRAVELLING MAN AND THEOSOPHY

For the benefit of those who wish to know what a traveller can do for theosophy, I will endeavor, as best I can, to enlighten those who from time to time find it necessary to travel from place to place, as well as those whose positions in life keep them on the road as one of the "regular business travellers."

He whose good fortune it is to come into personal contact with the travelling public, as well as to meet those who are at the head of corporations and institutions employing numbers of men, has a rare opportunity to make of himself a torch-bearer of theosophy, in every sense of the word. Let us see how this can be done.

First of all let us recognize the fact that he whose occupation is that of a travelling man is placed there by karma; that he is the right one in the right place, and it is for him to make the most of the "opportunity."

People who travel, whether by rail, in Pullman or day-coach, on one of our inland river or lake steamers, or on an ocean greyhound, are more easily approached and susceptible than at any other time. They "have time" to listen and converse about topics upon which, when at home or in their places of business, you could not approach them.

Now the travelling man is in such company one-half of his time and upon his alertness depends the number he will reach. He should always, when in conversation with a person, or persons, use some theosophical word or phrase which will attract the attention of the one who is ready to receive.

Pamphlets bearing on reincarnation and karma or upon some of the many teachings of theosophy, if distributed among passengers, will be read by some with interest and serious attention, and these persons will come forward and talk to you, asking questions which prove their interest; then a *Primer of Theosophy* would be in order for them.

Perhaps you will find, as is often the case, that some of them have read and heard about theosophy. In such cases a copy of *Popular Lectures on Theosophy* by Mrs. Besant will be better than the *Primer*.

Copies of the *Messenger*, *Primer*, or the *Outline of Theosophy* can be left in the reading rooms of hotels, the drawing-rooms on board of Pullman cars, steamboats and steamships. These will be read with interest and attention, and will be like seed sown that will bear fruit. You, my brother traveller, will thus be sowing good seed that the Master may reap a rich harvest with which to feed the hungry.

There are hungry souls, my brother, many, many of them, waiting for you and me to share with them some of our store which others have helped us to garner. Personally I have had the good fortune to help many in these ways.

I have had several come to me at once and ask me to help them along lines theosophical and when parting with them they have told me they were impelled to ask for what I gave them. Remember that you have that which can help all who come within your circle and it is your duty, as well as your privilege, to be all attention so that no hungry soul may go from your presence without having been fed.

These, my fellow traveller, are only a few of the many ways in which you can help on the work, and sow broadcast the theosophical truths with which you have been entrusted by the Masters. Do not, I beg of you, miss your opportunity, but use your talents so that when the Master comes your store will be increased and you will be entrusted with greater responsibilities in His work.

George H. Wilson.

LUTHER BURBANK AND HIS SPINELESS CACTUS

Since we are about to forward the first lot of Mr. Burbank's spineless cactus plants to Mrs. Besant for Adyar, it may not be uninteresting to learn how I fared in the selection of them.

Having known Mr. Burbank for several years it fell to my lot to interview him in regard to the plants. It has become necessary to hedge out the public by restrictive measures in order to prevent being overrun by all manner of people, but Mr. Burbank is really one of the most approachable men I have ever had the pleasure to meet. His simple, straight-forward and unobstrusive manner at once wins love and respect.

I 'phoned him soon after my arrival in Santa Rosa and his answer was prompt, asking me when I could come. But knowing the value of the great man's time, I asked him to set the time.

Upon arrival I was at once ushered into his office where he was busy writing, and was received most cordially.

After some conversation he proposed to conduct me through his cactus field near the house on the opposite side of the street. Near the barn lay a lot of cactus fruit and he at once proceeded to cut one open to give me a taste with the warning not to eat too much of this variety because he wanted to show me so many others.

The taste of this first one was peculiar, all that can be said is that it was characteristic of the cactus, for although they all have more or less sugar, this taste is common to all in different degrees. But one can well understand that these fruits are very valuable as a pleasant diet, more especially in case of a failure in other crops.

Some of the varieties grow so thickly together that it looks as if the plants could not be packed much tighter in a box and Mr. Burbank's estimate from weighing them is that some varieties produce on an average 2,000,000 lbs. of nutritious forage per acre, while others produce such a wealth of fruit as to make one realize that famine must be a thing of the past wherever this new production is introduced. Personally I have seen a piece of his cactus suspended by a string inside a real estate broker's office. It hung there two years without any water whatever and at the end of the two years produced a fruit.

Mr. Burbank showed me a plant consisting of probably five or six slabs larger than a good sized hand, which had hung in a tree upside down for six years. Several cuttings had been taken from it in that time, but Mr. Burbank declared that any portion of it will produce a vigorous plant, no matter how planted, upside down or merely thrown away.

Here in California, where it does not rain between April and November the ground becomes very dry. He showed me a cutting about the size of my hand which in a week's time had already struck root in this dry soil, and had to be pulled up. He declared that a cutting will live for at least two years in complete drought, and after it is rooted it will take ten years to kill it. The kinds he has found unsatisfactory have to be burned, for which he has a kind of furnace on the grounds.

It is impossible to do justice to the value of Mr. Burbank's productions, since they are so numerous and varied. All seem to have been touched with a magic wand.

Some years ago I grafted a seedling plum with a kind I wished to preserve. Two years later I obtained a graft of the Burbank plum. In one season this last outstripped that two years' growth by many inches. The potato which bears his name alone would have made him famous, but altogether he is rightfully the wizard of the vegetable kingdom. And although his productions rate apparently high in price he has to struggle for enough funds to carry on the work. As late as last June he was still $700.00 behind on his cactus productions.

Some time ago the Carnegie Institute accorded him $10,000 a year to carry on his experiments, but when he found he was expected to do the bidding of that institu-

tion he relinquished what made his efforts go so much farther.

In order to demonstrate that the cactus he originated was truly spineless, he rubbed his cheek up and down the leaves with the greatest unconcern. One cannot study this new production without feeling that his work is very important for the dry portions of the United States, let alone for other parts of the world.

P. Van der Linden.

THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

The forest breathes a life widely differing from the life of open lands. The huge trees of the primeval wood have dwelt for centuries upon the same spot. Not by a hair's-breadth may they move toward or from each other. Through the centuries there grows in them a shy self-consciousness and a kinship with all the environment.

The life of a great tree is a worthy object of study. The consciousness of the being is nebulous, fantastic and timid. How slowly it must react. And how little must it be able to express itself as well as feel? Many of the old fairy-tales tell of talking trees and describe their feelings as if they were men.

One might imagine the tree would be conscious of its age and would have some memory of the generations of animals and plants that have lived and died beneath its spreading arms.

In calm it would share with the other plants the gentle quickening of the morning sunlight, the scorching, shrivelling heat of mid-day and the refreshing dews of evening—all this a dainty routine, tempting to confidence in Nature's order. Then, comes the storm, the tornado and the testing of the strength of trunk and branch with groaning of over-straining woody limbs. In peaceful hours are gentle whisperings of leaves and rubbings of twigs to call from tree to tree. In storms all the forest liegemen stand together resisting the wind-pressures of the howling air-giants. And the brother trees call to each other in a confidence of sympathy. Loftiest are the pines whose plume-like heads—the forest viewed in peace-time from some crag—appear above the tops of hemlocks or of tamaracks that fill the middle-ranks. And, down below, the incense-breathing balsams stand to catch and turn away the darting air-fiends of the lower planes. Now stands the forest all as one: each tree-man holds for all in one defense, all stand for each. A mighty forest unity is felt—a nation of woodland group-souls sighs as one.

Sometimes in storms a weakened warrior falls out of the ranks when some fiercer blast drives down upon the groaning heads, all bowing most unwilling. Then one wrecked—in body weakened by some treacherous parasite—falls screaming athwart his brothers' arms and strikes the breast of mother-earth, a most deep-groaning blow. Differing from all other woodland sounds the crash and rending of the torn wood-flesh that rushes through the straining, trembling, columned isles and tender gentle glades. All unheard by gross observers but felt by those akin to trees, a shudder-moan vibrates, returning through the woody hearts of all the forest brother-men that hear. Group-soul speaks to group-soul of some well-loved form's disrupting and all the woodland for a moment grieves.

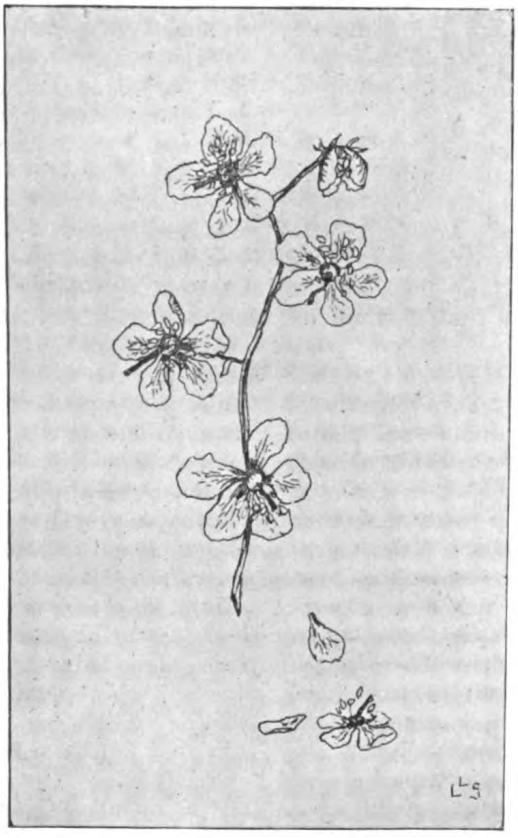
How different the mighty scream that rings resentful through the sturdy boles when some hale, haughty forest head of plume-like pine-sentinel is swept away by twisting whirlwind shock. Wrath mixes with that scream. But, fixed to earth, resentment fails. The storm-wind past, peace falls again upon the wild-wood.

What memories of the wind-fiends' power impels, as decades roll, to ever denser gnarlings of the mighty arms and buttressing of thick-set massy boles?

When sweet, harmonious June at tenderest dawn glides through the forest ranks and the almost sacred distillations from the pine and balsam load the friendly-breathing air, then come to wood-men gentle, morning angels of the air, like priests of God, to

bless the fixèd giants of the soil and bring them healing, quickening day. So standing midst of them upon a bald and towering rock they cast their gentle spells o'er earth and, then, invite the East and West and South. Then back and forth and round about in mazy ceremonial all to view are lost in streams of light while astral fires enflood the army of the wood. So, hallowed indeed becomes the forest primeval and, sensible of some faint glimmerings of God's plan to free their race, some happy day, from earthy loathly bondage to the seeming tyrant Earth and ever treacherous air, the Law again is sweet for forest men and, for the while, all Nature's men aspire in harmony.

W. V-H.



A Dainty Alaskan Flower from a Theosophic Friend

SYMPATHY

"The secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind."

Sir Walter Scott.

In our rich and welded language there are many words which, through long and often careless usage, have gradually acquired a veritable dictionary of meanings; while others have shown a native insularity and determinedly "kept to themselves". This is partly due to the inherent dispositions of words, for all words have their individual temperaments and not only in their features but in very marked traits tell us what their parentage was, and what their bringing-up. Who, for instance, would venture to trifle with the gentle but severe aloofness of the word "home"? It was born in an Aryan tribe, to whose body-politic the family unit was the soul, and it has never forgotten its lonely childhood in the deep recesses of Germanic forests. Around its wild cradle were ranged highly developed civilizations striving for unification and mastery of the world. To them the widening State was home. The thought implied by this fair-haired Gothic word could find no closer expression on Roman lips than the dark-haired synonym "domus" —as if a house were necessarily a home— and Rome has left to the modern Spaniard only the word "hogar" (a hearth), while the Frenchman evades the idea under the subterfuge "chez nous." It is an instance only, but many words display a similar reservation of character, and like Caesar's wife must ever be above suspicion.

Other words are bolder. They go forth into the world, and under adventurous custom become quite accomplished in new uses, helping men to express their thoughts in clearer ways; while others, alas, sink to levels so base that one sorrows to see or hear them. These latter were once clear-eyed and able helpers of the mind, but they have suffered wrong by those who carelessly misused or crippled them and have lost their birthright.

In another category altogether are a few noble words—patrician in their origin and born to great destinies of power and helpfulness. Among them we may always recognize the title of this essay—a word of great possessions yet bounteous by instinct to the poor. In the long centuries since its birth in ancient Greece it has inherited a world of abstract thoughts and embraced many meanings. But they have always been generous in aim and big-hearted. How could it be otherwise born to such a parentage as Syn and Pathos—"feeling with"! Whatever limitations this word may once have had it has none now; for each of us it infers the foundation of nearly all compassionate thought-forms and deeds. If there were truth in the cynical adage that the purpose of a good overcoat is to cover a multitude of sins, we may balance the equation by asserting, more justly, that a cloak of sympathy covers countless graces. Like the rays of the sun which seem only to lighten the world in the daytime but live in the dark heart of coal or in the closed flower in its mid-night sleep, so sympathy, in its variant phases, is probably the basic cause of nearly all our kindlier attitudes of mind. Indeed it would be difficult to aim, even distantly, at the fulfilment of that apparently simple yet infinitely complex commandment "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" if evolution had not saturated us with sympathetic knowledge of what our neighbor asks.

Some years ago in London at one of those "salons" where gather, by a sort of mental-capillary-attraction, the men and women famous in current history, I overhead an exquisite use of this word sympathy in one of its broader senses. I was conversing with a "potent, grave and reverend seigneur," noted for his courtly ways and great services to mankind, when our hostess naively asked him,

"In which of all the many lands you have visited did you find and bring away your pretty manners?"

"Madame, if I have any such possessions other than in your kind belief, I did not

need to seek them in travel: I found them nearer yourself."

"Then you shall tell me where this muchly magnetized spot may be, and my children shall play there, for the benefit of posterity."

"Truly it is a play-ground for children as well as for those grown up. But seriously, if I tell you, you will not betray my secret—will you?"

"Indeed I will not."

"Very well. When I was a little boy I went to a school, still flourishing, which was kept by a lady; and there I learnt a number of things which have been useful to myself and I trust to others."

"Oh do tell me her name—you said you would."

"Yes, but you will not tell?"

"No indeed I will not; I promise—except that my children shall certainly go there—you could not mind that I am sure."

"Madame, they will go there I know, having so sweet a mother. The school was kept by Dame Sympathy."

How much was hidden under that word. It had been the talisman of a long and varied career and carried its wearer into the hearts of millions of men. Yet it was confided as a secret, for sympathy is curiously shy. Demurely it takes by-paths to its goal rather than the crowded roads, and is ever diffident of letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth. Its nature is so; but probably past centuries of narrow dogma, wherein broader thoughts expressed themselves covertly, have helped to ingrain in men the habit of hiding their feelings. Like the Spartan boy bearing the fox in his bosom, the wounds of sympathy had, in past ages, often to be borne in silence. Could anyone imagine that amid the coarse and cruel thought-forms which emanated from the gladiatorial displays of Rome there were not ascending countless thought-forms of compassion and wishfulness to spare and aid. The Vestal virgins might turn their thumbs downwards dooming the fallen to death, but we may know that many a gentler thought-form went forth to help the vanquished and to lead to a dawn when the Coliseum should be remembered only as a madness of the night. So must it have been with many a dark page of history. Even a modern crowd is sometimes sphinx-like in betraying its real leanings until some sudden spark fires the latent impulse of its sympathies. And like the crowd, the individual too often wears an impassive mask. We hail, as it were some glad discovery, the face which is lit by the soul behind it, and admiringly admit its "sympatica," forgetting that it should be harder to hide than to show a kindly view of life. But, after all. the karmic writing on faces is not for us to read. There is a charming story told by one of our great essayists, showing how blind may be even the most sympathetic eyes. He was travelling in a railway car and had taken his seat opposite a man whose features distressed him by their plainness and even harsh lines. Presently his fellow-traveller dropped his paper, and instinctively the essayist picked it up and handed it back to him. And as he did so his companion thanked him with such a smile that inwardly he said "Merciful gods, what a glorious face—and what a fool I was."

Another notable quality of this word sympathy, akin to, yet distinct from, its shyness, is its innate sense of gracefulness—its proneness to walk delicately. I have heard it said that sympathy which contained any vestige of pity was not true sympathy, and the phrase aptly indicates the intense wish of sympathy to go about its business with no iota of self-laudation and as quietly as possible. Like the violet it hastens to solace the hurts of winter, but hides the while under

"Tender leaves
Which must spread broad in other suns, and lift
In later lives a crowned head to the sky."

In its anxiety not to be recognized it will seek to screen its sincerity under all kinds of disguises; or like Victor Hugo, when his little grand-daughter was put into the closet for some delinquency, it will wait until the stern authorities are not looking and then slip a box of chocolates into the wrong-doer's hand. For sympathy is a sad contravener of the law.

This solicitude of sympathy to escape attention often betrays itself; as we may illustrate in the following anecdote. The scene this time is a dinner party in London about twenty years ago. Amongst the guests was John Ruskin, whom the cultured public knows as a great critic, and the submerged world knew as a man who gave his fortune away in charities. Ruskin had been saying that it was a mistake to give alms at random, and that men should imitate the gods and only help those who helped themselves. It was inevitable that the gods should hear and protest; for they at least, know where true sympathy dwells. And their bolt fell in this wise. Opposite Ruskin was sitting the editor of a great London newspaper, wielding probably a larger measure of influence in the progress of the nation than any cabinet minister. With a grave face, but humorous twinkle in his eyes, he turned to our host saying,

"What Mr. Ruskin alleges as a creed of charity is possibly practised by some, but happily not by many, and certainly not by himself. If I may be temporarily shielded from the slings and arrows of such a contestant I will relate a little story within my knowledge which should save me from a subsequent conviction for libel. Some years ago there was heard in one of our magistrate's courts a case affecting wide interests—sordid in its details but so important in its bearings that it drew to that minor court many men whose studies led them to take note of such things. There were of course many smaller cases to be dealt with before the important one could be heard—the pitiful flotsam and jetsam which the stream of a great city washes into these magisterial eddies on its morning tide.

"Amongst the onlookers, thus induced to visit this clearing-house of sorrows, were two men seated together in the well of the court keenly observant of all that passed before them. The minor cases were swiftly disposed of—drunkenness, thefts, assaults, and the many discords of life—when a final delinquent was placed on the prisoner's stand, a fine young fellow endowed by nature to be the builder of gladness for himself and others, but now ragged, blear-eyed and broken with "evil communications." The charge against him was that of knocking his wife down and grievously assaulting her in a fit of drunkenness. With the abruptness of justice thus dispensed the only witness was at once called—his wife. She took her place in the grim scene, a mere child in years with her pretty face full of cares and tears; and like some graceful animal caught in the hunter's snare she gazed frightenedly at those around her—the magistrate and all the unknown crowd, and then her eyes timidly sought the prisoner's box—and met his!

"Who may know what thoughts of anger had filled her heart when she stepped into the witness box; but neither heart nor face had anger in them now. Behind the frightened eyes there was a tenderness which lit the sad face and made the heart forget the surroundings of this, her Calvary. Vaguely she heard her name called by the official of the court, and her evidence demanded. Silently she still looked towards that place where stood the man she loved.

"Then the magistrate gently asked, 'Is it true that the prisoner knocked you down, and treated you so violently and badly? Do not be afraid; tell me.'

"The gentleness of the tones waked her, and that love which conquers all things found voice and action to conquer magistrate and court and fate: for with a wild abandonment of fear or thought of self she suddenly ran from the witness box to the prisoner, holding arms outstretched, and crying, 'Oh, no, no, no, Sir, it is not true; he could not really mean to hurt me. It is not true; give him back to me.'

"And the wise magistrate gave him back to her.

"But in the well of that court one of the two watchers of this scene, of whom I spoke, whispered to the other, 'Friend, you are the editor of a great newspaper. Start a subscription for that pair. Set them up in a clean and happy life; so shall the

good God bless you. Here is my contribution to the fund you will collect.'

"Kind host, the man who started that fund which has given to that pair of lovers a useful and glad life in one of England's great colonies was Mr. Ruskin; I was only the editor—the tool of a creed more gracious than the one he taught just now as a mask."

It were over-bold to attempt a tabulation here of the forms of sympathy; nor would space allow. If you visit one of the great libraries of the world and search in its catalogues for certain matters of study you will not find any reference to the specific books you seek. The theme has grown too vast; it has earned a catalogue to itself. So happily in life's library is it with our subject word. The field has no true boundaries; nor is it covered by the varying aspects of man's conduct to man. Looking downwards, even from our humble heights, there are the wide vales wherein those animals which are our pets or faithful servitors call constantly upon our sympathies, and the plants we tend and those which make the wild places beautiful. And, looking upwards, we sense clear sympathies with thoughts beyond our ken, and have dim recollections of scents and colors which influence our lives, and feel with Cowper that,

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleased."

The causation of these sympathies wakened in us by particular colors, scents and sounds affords much food for thought. I once took some care to ascertain what colors were preferred by the leading thinkers and artists of our time, and the results almost allowed a rough indication of the bent of the chooser's mind. Several poets and men of science loved the clearer tints of yellow. The author of the *Light of Asia* had an Oriental passion for all colors, but rapturously praised, "the melted gold of the morning sun, the yellow sheen of the Buddhist robe, the ochre of a waving field of wheat." The auric color of intellectuality was strong in the sympathetic thoughts of such men. With novelists and dramatists I found that certain blues were favorite tints; while one famed lady-novelist gave me quite a lecture on the pageantry of history which to her eyes was conjured forth upon the sight of purple; "that royal, regnant purple," as she said, "which is the color of the robes of kings; the imperial border of the toga; the gift of the sea-gods who gave pearls to queens but the treasure of the shells of Tyre and Sidon to kings."

Of sounds the sympathetic powers seem still more subtle, and reach higher than mere physical love of music. With some of us this great gift is but slightly developed, while others are so sensitive that I have heard a noted violinist stop in the middle of an important solo because the almost inaudible rumble of a distant carriage marred the perfect harmony between himself and his violin; and yet the same maestro assured me that in order to imitate the thunder in Wagner's masterpiece, he waited patiently for a storm and then took his lesson on the violin first-hand from the skies. A noted operatic singer once confided to me that there were certain notes in her voice which "could never be happily wedded to French, and other notes which would never learn to speak English, but that it was always a keen delight to her to *bite* the vowels in German." These are, of course, merely the expressions of physical enjoyment experienced by musicians in the exercise of their art; but there are sounds which reach us not always by the ear alone; seemingly to wake far memories and bear us for an instant on "anthems pealing to the skies."

And scents! Why have the poets, in their multitude of odes and sonnets, conspired to omit all mention of the nose? Lorenzo de Medici must have been as original in poesy as he was in the management of Florentine politics when he wrote of Nencia,

"Her eyes! and 'twixt them comes the winsome nose .
With proud pink nostrils, likes the pits in a rose."

The nose is by no means negligible. Many people are extremely sensitive to per-

fumes, and their thoughts are lifted by them. The incense-laden air of a cathedral, or the scent of woodlands and hedgerows strike sympathetic cords in their minds, and are, to them, pregnant with meanings. Their dormant memories may instantly be aroused to keen realization of past scenes by some chance meeting with a particular odor. Almost all poets and artists are susceptible to certain perfumes, as if there were some subtle sympathetic association between the appreciation of beauty and the vibrations set up by these elusive and delicate aromas. It is an interesting field for investigation, but in this place "it were to enquire too curiously."

J. B. Lindon.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA

"He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:
Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white, and cold as snow;
And ye say, 'Abdallah's dead!'
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
'I am not the thing you kiss,
Cease your tears and let it lie!
It *was* mine; it is not I.'

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him. Let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store!
Allah, glorious! Allah, good!
Now thy word is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you—lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of undisturbed felicity—

In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.
Farewell, friends! But not farewell:
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept."

Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE LOTUS IN EGYPT

It is interesting to trace back the sacred significance of the lotus. As an emblem of life its selection would seem to be almost Nature's own assertion. Its flower speaks of a plan and order of repeating sevens, as is the case with the universe as we know it. It lives by earth, water and the sun. It is produced as the result of the three inseparably acting together. So the lotus of the Ganges stood as an emblem of the producing force blossoming and fruiting in the world of matter. It had its roots in the soil, its stalk in the water or middle world, and its leaves and fruit in the air, which stood for the upper world.

As the Indian civilization was older than the Egyptian, it is probable that the peoples of Egypt got their lotus instruction from the Ganges. Then in the hands of the Egyptians these lotus symbols developed and spread till they embraced much of their religion and ideals. They were used in a general artistic effort, and finally were expanded and built into a whole system of decorative art and architecture,—that now called the lotiform.

The question might be asked, why was it in Egypt and not in India that this development took place? A suggestive answer is found in the difference of landscape. In India the natural beauty of natural things was of great variety and distributed everywhere. She was blessed with a prolific verdure. Everything that grew was so beautiful that nothing could stand out in particular and be specially noticed. India's beauty was in the distance, as well as near at hand. In Egypt the landscape was quite the antithesis of this. Instead of many narrow streams with massive flora and frequent and high mountains, Egypt had only one wide stream, only flat horizons and no massive flora. The distance was a dreary waste of water or flat areas, frequently deserts, and beauty spots of nature were rare,—which brought the lotus lily its deserved attention. It had been isolated for observation.

There are two groups of natural water lilies. One is the genus *Nymphaea*. This includes the numerous species of white and tinted lilies which float on the surface of the water. They are common and widely distributed over the world. Some species are cultivated and are subject to improvement and variation.

The name of the other genus is *Luteum*, and of it there are but two species to be mentioned. Both of these are known by the name of "lotus." One is the sacred lotus of India, botanically known as *Nelumbium speciosum*. It is native in southeastern Asia, and has been introduced into Japan and the islands of the Indian Ocean. It does not now grow wild in any place in the Nile waters. But there is a *Nymphaea* which is known there as "lotus." It is in North America, however, that there is found the only sister species of the Sacred Lotus of India. It is named *Nelumbium luteum*, and is reported in Gray's Botany as native in Southwestern United States. Its blossoms are a beautiful sulphur in color. A characteristic with both species of the *Nelumbium* or true lotus is that the blossom does not float on the water but extends a foot or more into the air. The leaves follow the blossom in this respect, but as they grow old and increase in size they drop back on the water, and spread to a large diameter.

It is quite within our ability to transplant and propagate these two true lotuses, and that is the purpose of this bureau. We solicit correspondence with the view of introducing true lotus lilies through the American Section. The Golden Lotus is hardy wherever white lilies will grow. The Indian species require special consideration.

The Sacred Lotus of India was introduced into Egypt and afterwards disappeared. Its mystic significance was in a measure transferred to the native water lilies which it greatly resembled, as they were themselves very beautiful. For the purpose of studying its symbolic significance, we are probably correct historically in speaking of them as the Egyptian Lotus, for they figure almost interchangeably in

Egyptian art, where they are recognized by their colors. The White Lotus (a water lily) is the *Nymphaea lotus;* the Blue Lotus (also a water lily) is the *Nymphaea caerulea;* and the Rose Lotus (the Sacred Lotus of India is *Nelumbium specioseum,* while our own Golden Lotus (native of Southwestern United States), is known as *Nelumbium luteum.* It now becomes an interesting question to discover whether in ancient Mexican civilization this American species held any special significance.

In ancient Egypt the lotus was consecrated to Isis and Osiris as an emblem of the creation of the world from water. It was also emblematic of the rise of the Nile and the northward return of the sun. Thus, it stood for the idea of god-gifts or bountifulness, and in the minds of those ancients was something similar to our ideas associated with the cornucopia, or horn of plenty. A figurative mode of expressing the fervor or devotion or the ardent love of the created toward the beneficent creator has prevailed always. It is a phase of religion. This accounts for the frequency of the lotus idea as an ornamental conventional subject in the decorations and architecture of ancient Egypt. It became in a few centuries the most conspicuous idea of their civilization. The lotus figure was used as a pattern upon the columns of their temples and was associated with all their religious and other decorative effects on their monuments and tombs and with whatever was connected wih death and another, or resurrected, life.

W. G. Merritt.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

(*A Song*)

A Deva stood within a garden wild,
Where wondrous flowers from the South wind blow,
The Valley of the Shadow lay below,
He waited, pearl-hued, for a weeping child.
And breezes bent the waxen lily bells,
Upon the hills.
And in the Valley of the Shadow dark,
Infinitudes of burning silence stirred,
And from the grey escaped a snow white bird—
The silent Deva saw a flaming spark!
And breezes bent the waxen lily bells,
Upon the hills.
A Deva stood within a garden wild,
Where wondrous flowers from the South wind blow,
The Valley of the Shadow lay below,
And close beside him stood a smiling child.
And breezes bent the waxen lily bells,
Upon the hills.

Harriet Tooker Felix.

A MEDIÆVAL INCIDENT

It is known that one of the great Masters of Wisdom was in an earlier life, an English clerical who, for a time, had charge of parishional work.

Think how different was life in those mediæval days from what it is in the refined England of today. In that period intercommunication among the people was bad indeed and the laws and customs governing the tenure of property were such that the land was held by a few and the poor must work unceasingly for their very existence. So degraded were the yeomanry that the children, girls and boys, were set to work at the tenderest age to do the most menial tasks of the field.

One day this saintly man was in his little study, hard at work, when one of these children, a girl grown to young womanhood, burst in upon him in an agony of uncontrollable distress. A single shift of coarse cloth hid her nakedness and her hair hung unkempt in strings about her tear-stained face. She had no money with which to buy cloth for gowns nor even could she get time from her unceasing drudgery to wash and comb her hair. Besides, her parents did not have time nor did they know how to teach her what we would call the ordinary decencies of life.

Her strange demeanor challenged the immediate grief and inquiry of the good man.

She told him, with much difficulty, that she wished to be married to a young man companion but that the oppressive laws of the land demanded such a fee for the state's license or permission to be married that the united efforts of the two young people would not have sufficed in more than a half-year to have earned the sum, even if they had had no expenses to meet. Of course if they had lived together for a while they would have been regarded as married under the so-called common law. But the poor girl had very properly aspired to a real little wedding performed by the pious clergyman whom she had learned to revere from afar and she knew no way to gain her wish except by almost risking her life to implore the aid of the good man.

A strange and heavy grief befell the saintly worker, so suddenly surprised at his literary tasks. The wrongs thoughtlessly or wickedly imposed upon, not only this innocent child, who ought to have had some education, self-respect and sense of personal rights, but also upon the great mass of the humanity of the day were brought home to his tender heart with compelling force Gently he assured her that her wish should be granted.

But he, seeing her great need and distress renewed his solemn vows, already so oft repeated, that he himself in all his future lives would spare no effort or pains so to train himself that he should ever be able more and more to aid humanity, gaining the privileges and powers of the Christs of the world.

W. V-H.

PARCIVAL

Sixth Book

KLINSCHOR, THE MAGICIAN

(*Continued from page 167*)

A year had passed since Kingrimur had postponed his battle with Gawan at Schampfenzon to take place at Barbigol. But this battle did not come off, for the secret of Gawan's close blood relationship to king Vergulat became known, and also the fact that Count Ehkunat had slain Kingrisin, the father of Vergulat. Thus Kingrimur transferred his revenge from Gawan to the real murderer, and they parted, riding in different directions, both seeking for the Grail: Gawan, because he had promised it to Vergulat; and Kingrimur, because of his friendship for the hero. And now wonders and dangers revealed themselves to Gawan.

One morning as Sir Gawan rode over a green meadow he found a horse with a lady's saddle, tied to a linden tree; near by hung a shield, which bore the marks of battle, for it was thrust through by spears and cut to pieces. Gawan thought that if he should encounter as courageous a lady as was Kamille, of whom the legend tells how she won high renown in knighthood at Laurentum, then he would assuredly have a battle before him.

In the grass behind the tree sat a lady, poor in joys. A knight lay in her lap, and she was making great lament over him. Gawan addressed her courteously and asked her if the knight was still living. She answered that he was dying, and prayed Gawan to aid him. The hero made a tube from the green bark of a tender branch of the tree and asked her to draw out the blood from the wound through this tube, whereupon the wounded knight opened his eyes and praised his rescuer. He asked Gawan whether he was riding towards Logreis, and told him that he had come afar from Pontturreis to seek adventure, but Le-Choisi-Gueule had taken him down with such a severe thrust of his spear that he had given up hope of life. The good lady, companion of his sorrow, had carried him thus far on her horse. He urged Gawan not to ride near Logreis, which only increased the desire of this hero to do so and to meet Le-Choisi-Gueule.

Gawan bound up the wound of the knight with the head-cloth of the lady, spoke over it the mantram for wounds, and then took leave of the two, riding along the blood-marked path along which the knight had come. Thus early in the morning he saw Logreis proudly uprearing its towers in the bright rays of the sun. The castle was a wonder; it wound up the conical mountain like a screw. With a sufficient garrison it could hold out against the most violent assaults (which is still said of it to-day). Around the mountain was a field of trees, as olives, pomegranates, in splendid bloom, also figs, grape-vines, and other things. Gawan was about to ride up close and investigate the place, when he was suddenly halted by what was to be his greatest pain and his greatest joy.

Near a spring, which gushed forth from a rocky cliff, he found a lady of ravishing beauty, refined, courtly, her color like that of the rose and the lily. Excepting Konduiramur, there was never born so beautiful a lady; just as if made for the battle of love. Gawan greeted her with sweet words, admitting that he had never before been so mightily overcome by any woman as by her. But she answered him haughtily, spurning his knightly love with scorn, and telling him that from her he could not gain praise but only blasphemy. The hero thereupon declared that he would remain true in his love for her, no matter how cruelly she might deal with him. She answered, "If that is your intention, well then: whatever you may do for me, you shall have for your reward the most severe derision. Much would I desire to know whether you are such a one as would venture into battle for my sake? But I advise you to desist, unless you have praise to spare. However, if you persevere and do not tire in my service—well and good,

I shall reward your loyalty with work, wounds, pain and remorse?" "Who has ever expected to win love without work?" replied the hero, "for only faithful service may win worthy love; who wins it without trouble bears his great happiness with sin." "So be it," said the lady; "In yonder garden, where you see much folk enjoying dance and song, with sound of tamburet and flute, there stands my horse, tied to a tree. Go there, and get it for me."

Gawan dismounted but could not find a tree to which he might tie his horse. "I will relieve your trouble," she exclaimed. "Give me your horse's bridle-reins. Thus it will be a pledge for your return." Gawan gladly handed her the reins, but she would only hold them at the very ends, where, as Gawan assured her, his hands had never touched. Then he walked quickly toward the splendid garden, where young and old, were moving around in front of tents, and knights and ladies were looking on.

His appearance convinced them at once that Orgueilleuse, queen of Logreis, the wicked woman at the spring, had taken him in her service, and everybody pitied him for having fallen into her net. They received him with friendly greetings and embraces. Tied to an olive tree stood the horse, with a costly saddle and bridle. As the hero came near the horse an old man with a silvery beard stepped before him, leaning against a crutch. With tears he prayed Gawan to desist from what he had in his mind; to let the horse alone, although no one would hinder him. "Even if the highest has come to your arms hitherto, yet have nothing to do with this horse." But his pleadings were in vain, so he untied the horse and exclaimed, "Then lead it forth; but woe to my queen, that so many worthy men have met their death in her service." "Then may God help me," said Gawan; and, taking leave of the old man, and the knights, who accompanied him with many words of sympathy, he returned to the pain and joy of his heart.

As he approached, the sweet mouth of the queen thus greeted him: "Welcome, you goose! Never did stupidity shine forth more brightly than when your hand pledged itself to my service. Ha, how soon you will repent of it!"

"Lady," said Gawan, "you may continue mocking me sharply and bitterly, but I know that mercy will follow your anger. My service is yours until you reward me of your own free will. May I lift you on your horse?" "That I have not asked of you," she exclaimed, and skilfully she swung herself into the saddle, unaided. "Now ride ahead, that I may not perchance lose from sight so worthy a squire—may God soon strike him down in battle!"

(Whoever would further hear of the legend must not prematurely be angry with Orgueilleuse. Let him not regard her as bad, until he has truly seen how her heart stood. However blameworthy she has behaved and may yet behave toward Sir Gawan,—that I might easily punish her for; however, I shall declare her free from all guilt).

As the two rode over the meadow Gawan found a herb whose roots are healing for wounds, and dug it out of the earth. Orgueilleuse taunted him sorely for a quack; but Gawan told her that near the linden tree lay a wounded knight, whom the herb would soon restore to strength.

They had not ridden far when a squire hastened after them over the meadow as though he had a very important message. Gawan shuddered when he saw this wild, mis-shapen man, a worthy companion for Kundrie la Sorcière, whose brother, indeed, he was. His hair was short and bristly, and his teeth showed like those of a wild boar.

On the river Ganges, in the kingdom of Tribalibot, so I heard read, there are many people like these two. For as our father Adam obtained knowledge of God, he gave names to all animals and things, knew the course of the stars and what influences the seven planets exerted on the earth, and understood the occult virtues of all roots. When his children had reached a mature age he advised them to avoid the intemperance of the senses, and cautioned his daughters to shun certain roots which would destroy the human likeness in their offspring. He said, "God has created me in

His image, thus shall it remain." But some of the women followed the desires of the senses, so that they brought disgrace to humanity by mis-shapen offspring.

Such creatures were from ancient times quite common in those countries which were subject to Sekundille, whose body and lands were won by the knightly Feirefisz. Once she heard the story of the Grail: that nothing on earth could be compared with it in wealth, and that the king of the Grail was named Amfortas. This seemed strange to her, for in her country were found mountains of gold, and rivers with gems instead of sand and gravel. The queen pondered how she might gain more information about the man who had power over the rich Grail. So she sent him as a present two human beings of the most horrible shape; Kundrie, whom we have described before, and her brother Malkreatur, as well as other costly and magnificent presents. And Amfortas gave the young man to the beautiful Orgueilleuse.

The son of bad roots and evil stars raised great hue and cry against Gawan, even from a distance; he came riding on a mare, who was lame in every leg. He threatened dire vengeance on the hero for carrying off his mistress. But Gawan seized him by his hair and threw him under his horse, so that he crawled aside without further words, though still growling. But his sharp hair avenged his fall, for it pierced Gawan's hand so sorely that red blood flowed from it freely. The lady thereupon broke out in loud laughter, and again mocked her knight. Then she rode on with him followed by the mare and her servant Malkreatur on foot.

Gawan found the wounded knight and laid new herbs on his wound, whereupon this man warned him not to have more to do with this treacherous lady, through whom he was led into his unfortunate joust. Then he begged Gawan to help him find a place where he might recover from his hurt. The hero told him that a hospital lay in a valley near by. The wounded knight asked Gawan to help his lady into her saddle, and lift him on behind her. But as Gawan was helping the lady to mount, his patient quickly jumped on Gawan's horse, and both knight and lady were treacherously galloping away over the plain, before he realized what had happened.

Gawan stood there in great anger and rage, while lady Orgueilleuse spoke in derision: "First I took you to be of the knightly order; then you became a physician of wounds; and now you are a mere foot-servant! Now may your skill preserve you from further dangers. Are you not yet willing to renounce the quest for my love?" But Gawan declared that no shame or misfortune should hinder him from continuing in her service, in spite of her derision even; for if he could not win her love he would die in bitter pain. He prayed the lady not to waste her property by mocking him, who was a free man, yet had given himself to her, and told her that although he would willingly bear her scorn, yet it detracted from her honor as a lady. Thereupon the wounded knight returned and exclaimed with bitter hate: "Is it you, Gawan? Now I have repaid you for your treatment of me when, overcome by your power, you took me to the house of Artus, your uncle. I have not forgotten that I had to eat there nearly four weeks with the dogs." Hardly had he finished when Gawan exclaimed: "What, you are Urjan? However you may gloat over my misfortune, yet I bear it without guilt. It was I who brought it about that the king showed you mercy. For you had broken the peace of the land by outraging a maid, and were cast out from the knightly order in disgrace. Artus would have avenged your deed with a rope around your neck, had I not pleaded for you." "Whatever happened there, you are now here. Experience taught me to do what I have done; for it is better that a child should weep, than a wounded man. I will keep your horse." Thus exclaimed Urjan, and, pressing the spurs in the horse's flanks, he galloped away.

Gawan, greatly angered, then told his lady the story of Urjan's wrong, how he had overpowered him, and king Artus sentenced

him to be hung, and how the culprit reminded him that he had promised him his life when he was stricken down. Thereupon Gawan called upon his aunt, queen Ginevra, to unite her petition with his, and together they prevailed on king Artus to grant Urjan his life. However, the king sentenced him to eat with the dogs for four weeks. Orgueilleuse replied that the knight should not escape his punishment for the theft of the horse, although not on Gawan's account; but because wrong-doing must be punished.

Now Malkreatur had come up to them; his mistress gave to him some charge, speaking in the heathen tongue, whereupon he trolled away. She made herself ready for a journey, much to the disgust of Gawan, who had caught the lame mare and realized that she was rather ill-suited to serve as a battle-steed. The lady asked, "Well, will you follow me?" Gawan replied, "I will follow you, as you will." Then she said, "Not so, Sir Knight, I never wished it," and taunted him sorely, telling him that if he would serve her he must leave all joys behind him, and not be distressed by misfortune which would soon be renewed. Then the hero, love-joyful, replied: "I serve you, mistress, as I am able; be it for weal or woe, I will always remain loyal in your service, whether I may ride or walk."

Gawan found that if he would step into the stirrup and pull the bridle-reins, all this saddle and harness would tear to pieces, and his weight would crush the weak-backed mare to the ground. However, undaunted he packed his armor, shield and spear on the horse, and led her by the reins; whereupon Orgueilleuse renewed her mocking. But her derision was sweetness for him, and joy flooded his soul when he merely looked in her eye. Gladly would I grant Gawan to escape from the love which desires to destroy all the joys of his life! But my aid is proffered in vain to him, and thus shall it be! The man shall bear love's sorrows, till through love itself he shall find how to avoid its pains.

When Orgueilleuse with the hero had entered a large forest, he found that he was getting tired; so he put his armor on again and mounted his lame steed. And the mare bore her burden, although with wretched dignity. At last the forest opened, and a splendid castle lay before them. Gawan admitted that he had never seen a finer one. He could plainly see many ladies—more than four hundred, and four of them of royal rank—in its high windows. A well-worn street ran to a wide and deep stream, near whose banks was a green plain upon which many knightly jousts had taken place. On the mountain of the further shore the towers and spires of the castle proudly reared themselves into the sky.

On the plain Gawan saw approaching an armed man, who seemed ready to do battle. And Orgueilleuse spoke haughtily to Gawan, telling him that now shame and disgrace would repay his service, as she had foretold, that the ladies in the castle would see him stretched out on the sand by his opponent. Meanwhile she entered a ferry-boat, which had been brought over at her request. Severely she spoke to Gawan, "Do not dare to follow! You are plighted to remain." He called after her sorrowfully, "Woe, lady, that you turn away from me! Am I never to see you again?" She answered, "You may have the honor to see me depart, but that can only increase your sorrows, not avoid them." Thus she abandoned him.

Now Le-Choisi-Gueule came riding like the wind to do battle with Gawan, who prepared himself quickly. Their lances were splintered in the encounter and their horses thrown to the ground. The men now seized their swords, and their shields were soon badly cut to pieces, while sparks of fire flew from their helmets. Many mighty blows were exchanged, until the combatants were tired, in spite of their strength. At last Gawan, who was strong in wrestling, seized his young opponent around the body and hurled him to the ground so hard that for the first time he had the experience of having his life offered to him by his enemy. With bitterness he declared to Gawan that he would rather lose his life than yield himself prisoner and lose his

honor. Gawan could not induce him to accept submission, and so he released the knight, even without the oath.

Worn out with fighting, the heroes sat down on the grass. Gawan was distressed because of his wretched battle-steed Seeing the horse of his enemy splendidly caparisoned and dressed for battle, he took possession of it and mounted. It proved to be his own Gringuljet, which had been stolen from him by the treacherous Urjan that morning. Having dismounted he found that on the hip of the horse was the familiar brand of the turtle-dove, the sign of the Grail.

As he stood musing over the ill treatment given him by the lady, and yet feeling renewed courage because of his splendid victory, the defeated knight jumped up quickly and seized his sword, which Gawan had wrested away from him. Thus the fighting was renewed without the use of the shields which had been cut to pieces; and the ladies of the castle saw a second battle. Le-Choisi-Gueule fought with the courage of despair, but Gawan skilfully parried his thrusts, seized him again and hurled him to the ground.

Again the conquered knight refused to yield himself; declaring that he had overcome many good knights in the service of lady Orgueilleuse, and that Gawan would win high praise by his death. But Gawan concluded that his honor would be sullied did he take the life of the knight, who was guiltless of crime. Thus he said, "For love of the duchess Orgueilleuse I grant you you life; go your ways!" They arose, and seated themselves some distance apart.

Meanwhile the owner of the ferry, with a mice-hunting falcon on his hand, had landed on the nearer shore. He informed Gawan that he had been given the privilege of taking the horse of every vanquished knight and greeting the victor as hero. This was his means of livelihood, although he was of the knighthood himself. With courtesy he requested Gawan to grant him his due. Gawan refused to give away his own Gringuljet, telling the knight of the ferry to take the lame mare instead. Furthermore he offered to give the vanquished knight to the ferryman also. His offer pleased the knight of the ferry greatly; he declared that he would rather take such a hero than five hundred horses. But he requested that Gawan might deliver Le-Choisi into his boat. Gawan offered to deliver the knight even into his house, whereupon the knight of the ferry invited the hero to lodge with him for a while. As he was overcome with fatigue, Gawan accepted this offer, complaining of the ill-rewarded love for his lady who had abandoned him.

Hearing this, the ferryman said. "It is well known throughout this land which is ruled by Klinschor that timidity, courage, wisdom and cunning never result in anything but this: to-day sad; to-morrow, glad. Perhaps it is not yet known to you how rich this country is in wonders; they are active night and day. But fortune always favors the brave."

Gawan gladly followed his host, and led with him Le-Choisi who had to obey unresistingly. The ferryman drew the horses after them. When they had reached the further shore, he said, "Be now, Sir, yourself the host in my house!" The building was indeed quite stately, as well-furnished as that of King Artus at Nantes. Servants prepared a chamber for Gawan, and the host bade his daughter take good care of the hero. So the sweet maid, Bene, took Sir Gawan to his room and removed his armor, while her brother led the horse to the stable. Then the evening meal was prepared for the host and his guest. Sir Gawan could not resist asking permission for Bene to sit down to share the meal, and this was gladly granted. The bounteous repast ended, the hero was shown to his chamber.

C. Shuddemagen.

(*To be continued*).

THE FATALISM OF ISLAM, AN ASTRAL EDITING

To many a student of Islam it must sometimes seem that insufficient honor is paid by theosophical writers to the gifted Teacher who arose Sun-like from the Arabian deserts to pour the rays of his great heart over one-sixth of mankind. This neglect is, of course, more apparent than real for the modern world owes more to Mohammedanism than may be paid in words. Born in an eddy of Asia, a sea-locked promontory of drifting sand and blistered rock, the most distinctly monotheistic religion in the world spread its tenets over two continents and effected largely the reasoning power of all the higher races of man. Mohammed, as the author of *Pearls of the Faith* has said, "created an empire of new belief and new civilization, and prepared a sixth part of humanity for the developments and reconciliations which later times will bring." For Islam cannot be thrust aside. It shares the task of the education of the world with its sister religions, and it will contribute its eventual portion to

"that far-off divine event,
Towards which the whole creation moves."

Not more sublime in religious history appears the figure of Paul the tent-maker, proclaiming the "Unknown God" at Athens, than that of the camel-driver Mohammed, son of Abdallah and Aminah, abolishing the idols of the Arabian pantheon, and establishing the oneness of the origin, government and life of the universe.

But far-flung as is the realm of Mohammedanism, geographically and in mental culture, it is rarely that we meet in our literature its "wise saws and modern instances." Yet to the lover of the Arab and his lands—painted by nature with a glory of color which feeds the heart of the poet and the eye of the artist in all the sons of Ishmael—it is good to reach, in the long travel of reading, occasional cases of praise for Islam. Most welcome in this sense is the beautiful passage in "The White Lodge and its Messengers", published in the June number of *Theosophist*, wherein Mrs. Besant, in her exquisite phrasing, writes: "When Europe was sunken in darkness; when the light of Greece was shrouded; when ignorance wrapped her people; when the Church had become the slayer instead of the guardian of knowledge, and the priests were no longer light-bringers; then it was that, turning from Europe, a Messenger of the White Lodge, whom you know as the Prophet Mohammed, was sent to light again the light of knowledge. It is Islam that brought to Europe the treasures of science, and made it possible for men to think and study where they had been willing merely to accept and to believe."

In the light of inspiration the Arab sees more truly the oneness of the ultimate Godhead than any other dogmatist; in darkness of physical suffering none may approach his absolute resignation to fate. Yet, great as is his conception of the primal cause, he entertains no littleness of view regarding effects, nor any subservience to that which the western world almost reveres as luck.

"Under Allah's throne
Place is not left for those accursed three,
'Destiny,' 'Fortune,' 'Chance.' Allah alone
Ruleth His children: Kismet ye shall deem
Each man's 'allotted portion,' from of old
Fixed for his part in the Eternal scheme."

It is a lofty and grateful, not weak-kneed and plaintive interpretation which the "true-believer" holds of the workings of karma:

"Let every soul
Heed what it doth to-day, because to-morrow
The same thing it shall find gone forward there
To meet and make and judge it."

Thirty years ago Sir Edwin Arnold put into my hands the manuscript of *The Pearls of the Faith* which he had just finished and asked me to choose my favorite "bead" from that sonorous rosary of the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah. Justly proud he was of this catalogue in verse and literary illustration of the Koranic attributes of God:—"Tender, as well as terrible; high

in morality, albeit grim and stern in dogma."

I remember that in discussing with Sir Edwin some of these sacred names of Allah, I was much struck by the story used by the poet to illustrate the twenty-eighth bead, "The All-Seeing," and enquired where he found this magnificent instance of the Moslem conception of fate. He told me that it occurred in the commentary on Koranic laws entitled *Al Beidhawi*, and that he had dealt exactly with the legend as he knew of no other version. I would particularly ask my reader to bear this point in mind for the sake of what I have to relate hereafter, and to note that to neither of us was known any other variation of the story.

As my reader may recall, the twenty-eighth "Pearl of the Faith" opens with a description of the infinite reaching of God's eyes:

"Were it one wasted seed of water-grass,
Blown by the wind, or buried in the sand,
He seeth and ordaineth if it live;
Were it a wild bee questing honey-buds,
He seeth if she find, and how she comes
On busy winglets to her hollow tree,
He beholdeth all,
And where every man shall die."

And then the poet proceeds to illustrate the destiny implied in the words "where every man shall die" by the relation of one of those stories which ever appeal to the Arab mind, and bespeak to him the almightiness of Allah.

On the authority of *Al Beidhawi* he tells how Solomon gave a great feast and amongst the guests was a prince of India to whom the place of honor was allotted next to the throne of the occult king. And, as the two were talking together, suddenly, in the midst of the revelry,

"There passed them by
Azrael, Angel of Death, on shadowy plumes;
With great eyes gazing earnestly, as one
Who wonders, gazing."

Now the fact that our Indian prince happened to be in such close proximity and exchange of thought with Solomon gave him the temporary possession of clairvoyant powers so that he beheld the attendant Djins and Angels,

"And saw Azrael
Fixing on him those awful searching eyes."

By intuition he felt that the visitant had some embassy to himself, and anxiously asked of his kingly host the name of the unknown messenger. To whom Solomon answered

"It is Azrael, who calls
The souls of men." "He seemed," whispered the prince,
"To have an errand unto me;—bid now
That one among thy demon ministers
Waft me, upon the swiftest wing that beats,
To India, for I fear him." Solomon
Issued command, and a swift Djin sprang forth
Bearing the prince aloft, so that he came
To Coromandel, ere the fruit—which fell
Out of the fig—had touched the marble floor.
Thereupon Azrael said to Solomon,
"I looked thus earnestly upon the man
In wonder, for my Lord spake, 'Take his soul
In India;' yet behold he talked with thee
Here in Judæa! Now, see! he hath gone
There where it was commanded he should die."
Then followed Azrael. In that hour the prince
Died of a hurt; sitting in India.

As I have previously stated neither Sir Edwin nor myself knew of any other version of this tradition than is related above. Nor to the best of my knowledge have I ever read or heard in the waking hours of my life any other type of the story. But I have recently received, when asleep, another form of the incident so novel and dramatic that I would ask the forbearance of my reader if thus I venture to append it to the original.

In my dreams I have sometimes the companionship of one of several friends, whom I do not recollect ever having met in my waking hours. A few weeks ago, when asleep, I was with one of these friends whose tall figure, and strong features I am intimate with. We were in a spacious room with its ceiling supported by several

columns, like the board-room of a bank or large company. There were a few sideboards and handsome sofas against the walls and a heavy table in the middle of the room at which were seated about a dozen well-dressed gentlemen; while I and my friend were standing against one of the columns watching the scene. Those seated at the table were drawing lots—slips of paper from a box—and the marked slip was drawn by a young, care-worn looking man who appeared to be somewhat disconcerted at Fate's dealing with him. I asked my friend what these men were doing and why the drawer of the fateful lot looked so perturbed. He replied "These men were drawing lots for the leadership in the enterprise which is centered in this room but they also know that the leadership entails death within one year—no one man may bear the burden longer. He who drew the lot of leadership has attained his ambition but is aware of its attendant condition."

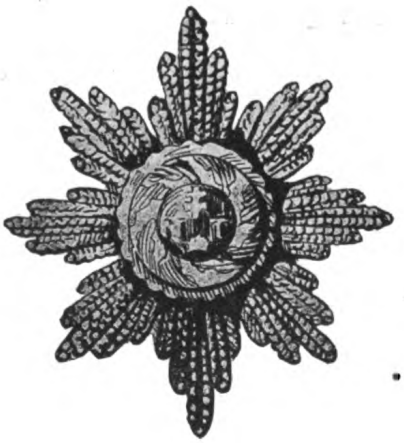
"Then why," I replied, "does he not leave the opportunity and leadership to some other, if the price of both so sadden him?"

"It may not be; he has drawn the lot, and his day is fated."

"Then let him", I suggested, "do as *Al Beidhawi's* prince of India did, and disappear."

"Yes, disappear as did your prince of India," answered my friend, "seeking to avoid his rightful place in life and his destined hour of death; and in his effort he might and did partially evade the former but in no wise the latter; for the beggar's rags which he donned hid a prince's heart as he fled from his palace to the alleys of the bazaar; and the ease of alms and peace of a mendicant's life betrayed not to others the fear of the heart under the rags; and no man knew whither the prince had fled, for how should a beggar in the gutters of his own city be known to those who daily passed—many hearts like his under the many disguises of life. Yet the day appointed dawned, and the sun rose to the hour decreed. The palace gates swung open to the day—his day. Yea, his day; for prone upon the marble steps of the palace lay the body of a beggar—dead; stabbed in the night by an unknown hand. The rags no longer hide your prince of India. To his own palace and place in life he has returned, and inevitable was his hour."

J. B. Lindon.



*OUR WORK**

Thirty-six years have passed since in the city of New York the Theosophical Society was organized, and from the seventeen then present at its organization the Society has grown into one of the most magnificent world-wide organizations of to-day. Twenty-five years ago the members in America formed themselves into a body to work for the welfare of theosophy in this country, and that body is to-day the American Section of the Theosophical Society.

On Sunday we celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of our Section, and we then heard from the reports read of the growth of the organization, how much has been done in the dissemination of literature, and how the Section has grown strong during the past year. Yet I personally never realized what was the full strength of the American Section till now, till this evening, when from the lips of speakers from the West and the East and the South and the North, theosophy has been proclaimed in such a magnificent way and with such a depth of understanding. For the power of the Theosophical Society does not lie in the number of its members, but in the clearness and the power of the thought behind, and I can hardly express my sense of rejoicing that this evening the power of those ideas has been so manifest.

In the first topic our great message to the men and women of the world was most clearly proclaimed: that theosophy has something that may inspire us in the home; and how beautifully the home can be transformed in the light of the simple ideas of karma and reincarnation has been made evident by those who spoke on that subject. The speakers that then followed dwelt on that other great message we have for the few—for those who seek to tread the ancient path, the Narrow Way—that the Master each seeks each shall find only in so far as he manifests in his daily life the qualities of the Master of Masters, the qualities of Will, Wisdom and Love. And then the special work to-day of the Theosophical Society—the preparation for the coming of the Great Teacher who shall make the many nations one in inward aspiration—was expounded by the two speakers whose topic was the great coming.

We have met and we shall go away into distant places, but we shall go away having felt the unity of humanity, the nearness of God and the power of the spiritual life, stronger this year than any other year before, for we have *worked.* It is only by the work that we have done for the great cause, by the service that we have given to our brothers, that we come to the Light, and with each year added to the number of the years of the American Section that sense of the joy of service, of the ability to help our fellow-men, becomes greater.

Surely, then, all of us whose hearts are so deeply consecrated to the Great One, may well rejoice that the twenty-fifth year of the American Section finds it so strong, stronger than it has ever been in numbers, in the amount of funds it has, in the amount of literature published; but strongest and greatest of all and presaging a wonderful future is the clearness of understanding of the theosophical ideas, and that we have so many, east and west and north and south, separated though they may be from the center in Chicago and far away from the greater center in India, yet having knowledge and ability. Seeing how ably Theosophy has been proclaimed to-day, it is with a great sense of rejoicing that one looks forward to the future.

We shall depart, each for his own field of work, but each will do that work with the strong determination to keep on with it in spite of every obstacle, knowing what it is we are all working toward: to give men the light that they seek, to bring that peace into the home, that so many long for, and especially to bring a few nearer to that Path that they yearn to tread.

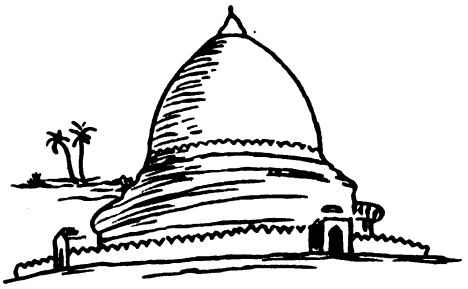
When the Great Teacher comes, perhaps we, who study the great problems, shall know more than others what shall then

*Address at the close of the Post-Convention program, Chicago, September 12, 1911.

happen to men, for when a great Son of God moves among men it means that the divinity in each shines brighter, is more forceful. When that day shall come and some of us will see it in the flesh—then it is that every dream that we have had in our human hearts will be brought nearer to realization; then the artist will see greater beauty in the world, the scientist will see a more magnificent synthesis than has ever come to him, and the philosopher will see pregnant before him a diviner conception; then each individual who has had to bear his cross will realize with a quickness and a power what, perhaps, he can only believe in to-day, that life is not a cry but a song. It is that realization of the song which is the under-current of all life that will be given to us by the Great Teacher when He comes, and it is our duty to-day to go into the world, where there is so much evil and suffering, to proclaim that there is that song, which we shall all hear the more clearly as we work for our fellow-men.

We part to-day, but in a year's time we shall meet again, each after a year's labor, "rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

C. Jinarajadasa.



CHRISTMAS GREETING

If I might choose for thee a gift—
Such boon perchance as Master Souls
Might please to grant;
If wish of mine might call to thee
A treasure thought of joy serene
As Masters know,
Then now,—within this precious golden hour,
I ask for thee, from Great Ones bending low,
That Love, which of Their Grace divine
Has flowed through thy great heart to us
Who asked of thee the perfect way
To Them.

Addie Tuttle.

A DAY DREAM

Ages on ages have I seen,
The trees in full-leafed glory,
Their boughs clear-imaged in deep pools;
Still tell this sweet old story:
Bare branches traced 'gainst wintry skies,
Boughs tossed in wind's mad revelries,
Feathery tops by zephyrs wooed,
Shade-deeps to nest the callow brood!
Vistas of lives sweep through my mind
In which these visions rise! I find
One friendship through far ages grows,
Dear trees, from then till now it glows—
We are so old, so old, you see!

Mary T. Dunbar.

*THE RELATION OF THE MASTERS TO SUCH AS SEEK THE INNER LIFE**

Mr. Chairman and Friends: In the little I have to say to-night I want to look at this subject in the light of the concept that the seeker has of the Master's personality. The subject is immense, and my ideas few, yet I want to keep in a pretty narrow field.

We speak quite glibly of the manifest Logos and the unmanifest Logos, but do we have any idea what we mean when we say it? Suppose we were to talk about the manifest personality and the unmanifest personality of one of our friends—what would we mean? What is the difference between the manifest element of something and the unmanifest element? That which is present to our consciousness and that which is not. To say the least, we must be more or less mixed as to what is manifest and what is not. When we speak of the unmanifest side of a thing, we are speaking of that side which is unmanifested to us. Whether it is unmanifested *per se*, if we may use the term in that sense, we cannot say. We can clearly see that our acquaintances have an unmanifested side to their personality; there is much of their personality that we never see and do not understand at all. Their expression in the lower worlds is imperfect and incomplete and our perception of even that equally imperfect and incomplete.

Theosophy teaches us that we are a center upon which forces impinge and batter away till finally there is a reverse force that comes from within that strikes outward; but there is none of that striking outward until the center has been hammered from without until it becomes somewhat pliable and there is an awareness that that hammering is going on. It is only when we repeat and duplicate from ourselves outward what comes to us from within that we know that outward thing, therefore we do not know even a personality until everything that belongs to that personality possesses and inspires us so that we can duplicate it. It is evident, then, that we all have a certain limited range of response in these lower planes that make up our personalities and much less in the higher planes of the individual or ego. No matter how near a person may seem to our own level, or how much he may have been with us, we can understand his personality only to the extent of that common ground of common thought, common feeling, and common action; it is largely unmanifested to us though more may be manifest to some one else. We all have little limitations and degrees to which we can comprehend things. There are certain definite dimensions or fractional dimensions of consciousness which we can use. There is a little example that indicates to me that many degrees of responsiveness may be even within a very limited field, and the following example in arithmetic may have significance: What is the sum of the series 8 plus 4 plus 2 plus 1 plus ½ plus ¼ plus ⅛ plus 1-16 plus etc.? The simplest process is to add term after term, and suppose you go on for all time, what would you have? 15 and a fraction, and your work never complete: yet you know by a little higher dimension of consciousness than that necessary to add term after term that it is exactly 16. By the first process the sum cannot be fully obtained in all time; by the other it can be fully obtained instantly. The field of our consciousness expands by the letting out of kinks little or big. It goes on endlessly it would seem, for it says in the *Upanishads* there are *Brahmas* up to the thousandth dimension, or something of that kind, yet there seems to be a way of reaching that thousandth dimension by short cuts, something as we reach the exact summation of that series.

Of the personality of the Master, the immense personality which has developed, it would seem that as they grow greater they not only grow in likenesses but in differences, so that the personalities of the differ-

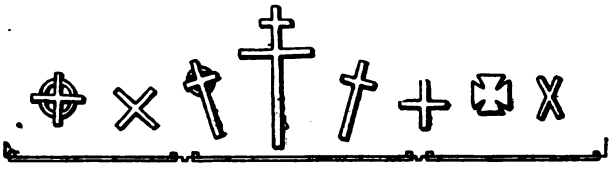
*A ten-minute address made during the Post-Convention program, Sept. 12, 1912, Chicago, Ill.

ent Masters have immense distinguishing features which, unless we can respond to them, are non-existent to us. Suppose the Master was to be about us in our physical houses, then to one whose ability to respond was no greater than the ordinary, the Master's personality would be no greater than the ordinary, except for that dim halo just outside to which one would be raised temporarily by His vibrations. Of course in our case we are endeavoring in every way—it is one of the things we desire more than almost anything else—to see the Master, to recognize the Master, to know what He is and what He is like and to come nearer to Him; and we endeavor in our daily life to draw nearer to the ideal of what we feel He is, try to bring ourselves to respond more and more to those qualities that we suppose Him to have in His personality and in His higher nature as well.

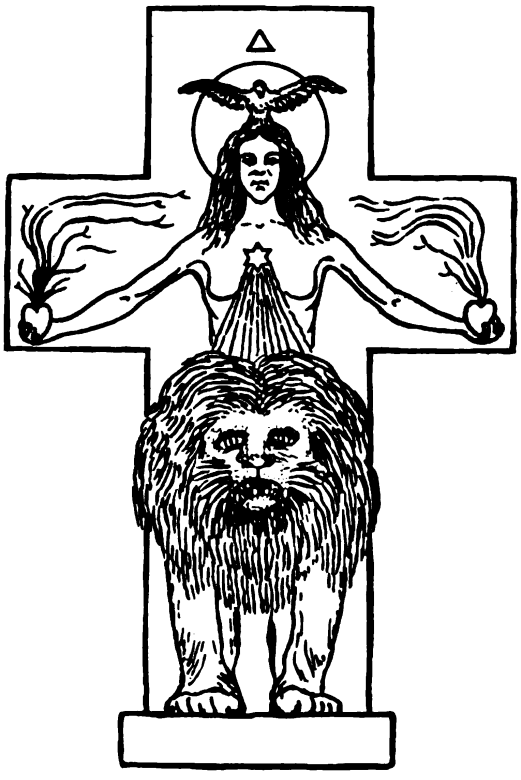
So we are trying to catch that movement from without, that which impinges upon us from without, to make ourselves more sensitive and responsive to it. But something else seems far more important to us. Think of the situation something like this: there is something like a telegraph wire coming down from the Monad to the ego and to the personality, and somewhere along that wire the Master touches it as a musician touches the string of the instrument and sends vibrations down. Those vibrations we want to feel; we want to recognize whether they are subjective or objective; we want to respond to them and realize where they come from. We are continually without doubt in the sphere of them; our inner nature must be vibrating to them all the time, and yet very little perhaps is known or impressed upon us in such a way as to cause a response.

Another idea in connection with that reaching up to feel these things is that unquestionably when out of the physical body we are far more sensitive than when we are in it, and we are conscious of vibrations then that we are not conscious of in our waking moments; not that we come directly to the Master, although perhaps we do, but at any rate the span between the higher part of our nature and of our consciousness is narrowed and we have open from without, that which impinges upon to us higher dimensions of consciousness than when we are awake, but by an effort we can bring the effect of that into our waking consciousness to an extent that we can enlarge the field of our waking consciousness continually by trying to reach the field that we are in normally in sleep. There is a sort of bridging of it all the time; there is no distinct line drawn that is utterly impregnable; we can bring into our lower life to an extent that which is normal to our sleeping life, and so enlarge the concept of our Master's personality.

Elliot Holbrook.



THE EVOLUTION OF HUMAN LIFE



Briefly this is the idea of the symbol as I see it. Below the cross bar of the cross is the great mass of Humanity represented by the animal which I believe to be a boar or wild hog. Of course the people are good, many of them, but they are still on the forthgoing path and their lives are tinged more or less with the wish to appropriate things for themselves.

The space in the cross bar tells us quite a different story, something like this: First the pupil of the Master is seen holding in each hand a heart burning the sacrificial fuel of love, sacrifice and renunciation.

After a time, when he has proven steadfast in his devotion to his Master, a spark shines forth from his heart of hearts and he is born again. Now he has become a disciple and from his heart of hearts he pours forth love to aid all humanity below him.

Finally as he evolves he leaves the space of the cross bar and completes his circle, becoming an adept as represented by the pelican,—within the circle, thus completing his human evolution. Overshadowing him is the Logos symbolized by a triangle.

Ralph Packard.

A PYTHAGOREAN VIEW OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION

If you think: A is B, and B is C, therefore C is A, your mind has moved over a triangle. Since the above letters may stand for any true correspondence of fact, in deducing the conclusion through the syllogism you arrive at knowledge which you were not previously in possession of, and through new triangles of premises based thereon, your mind can move to new points of understanding. A moment's consideration will convince you that this motion is a reality. But motion cannot take place without involving space and the question naturally arises: Through what degree of space does the mind move during the process of logical reasoning?

We find it most natural to speak of the processes of mind in terms of space. We say: "He reasons in *circles;*" "he goes to the *point;*" or, "the *line* of his argument is obscure." Subconsciously, as shown in the choice of words, the mind grants the existence, not only of motion but also of space, in relation to its inductions and deductions, but the motion finds no place in the three dimensions of space which our physical being cognizes. What warrant have we for postulating another and higher degree of space to satisfy the requirements of this motion? Let us see.

Looking at the forms of life beneath us, —forms through which many thinkers contend that our own life has passed—we find an ascending series, beginning with the minerals and ending with the monkey, who, through his highly developed hand, most closely approaches man. But monkeys cannot tie knots, and, as Zöllner has pointed out, this accomplishment is the supreme test of a tri-dimensional consciousness.

We often hear the remark that the greatest distinguishing difference between the higher animals and man lies in the power of the latter to reason. A close observation, however, of our pets, will convince us that animals do reason, but that the psychological difference lies in the degree of consciousness possessed by them. Their bi-dimensional consciousnesses are developing tri-dimensional concepts, just as we—with complete tri-dimensional minds in our infancy—tend to develop, through ratiocination from the concrete to the abstract, into (let us assume) fourth dimensional entities.

The plant, whose growth, in brief, comprises the expansion of one dimension into two, is symbolized by a still smaller circle inscribed within the circumference which limits the consciousness of the animal world.* As we pause to consider these two circles, inscribed within our own, we are led by analogy to the conclusion that our own in turn may be inscribed within others of vaster diameter, and we see that consciousness may find it necessary to utilize for its higher expressions all of the "n" dimensions of mathematics.

Space may be defined as the product of location and motion. To illustrate: One point is unthinkable except in its relation to a second, so that a point in motion becomes our unit of thought. The locus of our unit, the moving point, is a line—the first degree or dimension of space. The line in motion creates a plane, the second dimension of space. The pathway of a moving plane is a solid, or the third dimension. By following the analogy further can we gain any concept of the fourth product of location and motion?

Consider for the moment the simplest solid which results from the motion of the plane, viz., a cube. Let the cube be placed in a double gyroscope so that motion about any two of its axes may be imparted to it coincidently: the locus of its motion will be seen to be a *sphere.* Were the motion continuous and of sufficient velocity, to all purposes we should have an impenetrable

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*To suggest here the place in this system occupied by the winged creatures would lead too far afield. But since the motion of a living form indexes the degree of consciousness possessed by it, curved lines and planes are doubtless adequate symbols of the mental life of insects and birds, respectively.

sphere. The sphere, then, must be our symbol of the fourth dimension.

Now where in nature does the sphere find its place? Radiations from a luminous center create a sphere of light. As the rays diverge farther and farther in their journey from the center of their origin, they cease to be perceived by the senses, as in the case of our sun. In other words, the sphere is infinite, but only a finite portion of it, near its center, is perceptible. The suggestion is prolific and one must see immediately the parallelism betwcen light and knowledge. Here again it must be noted that we unconsciously choose terms of light to express intellectual activity. We speak of *brilliant* minds and refer to knowledge as *light* upon the subject. Such illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely and traced through all the segments of philosophy. To return to our definition of space: Since an infinite number of lines pass through any given point, why should not we permit our unit, the point in motion, to expand directly along these lines into the infinite sphere instead of limiting its motion to some one of them? In other words, if by a fiat of the mind we grant our unit luminosity, we see that a sphere is the immediate result and that a fourth-dimensional kosmos has been created by expanding the point which had been previously located through its relation to a second point.

When we speak of the sphere of truth and the sphere of knowledge, we have already defined both knowledge and truth. They *are* spheres possessing the same center, the one finite and ever-growing, and the other infinite and traversed by human mind only where knowledge and truth coincide: spheres wherein mind, through the motion of the attention, travels from idea to idea, and reasons as it goes. Here cause and effect are identical, for reasoning is the effect of motion in the fourth dimension as well as its cause. This vast, yea, infinite inheritance of mind is being continually reclaimed from the Unknown and made our common property by the intellectual activity of the pioneers of thought. Here and there a way is blazoned which relates facts in the hitherto untravelled region of untaught truth, and the inquiring mind, possessing in wonder the key to all fourth-dimensional doors,* finds the line of least resistance to the desired knowledge in the path (unconsciously followed), that some ancient and forgotten philosopher perhaps, seeking alone in the immensity of Truth, left behind him, imperishable for all eternity.

The limits of the present article will not permit more than a mere suggestion of what constitutes the fourth dimension of space. But it must be pointed out in closing, that the sphere of truth is relative to each individual mind: and that the idea of Self, which, in obedience to Law, is ever changing, constitutes its center. Hence every mind has its own domain (coinciding in part but not necessarily in its entirety with the domains of others); and each of us is seen to be a center. Through unlimited expansion along the infinite number of relationships which thread it, we may realize all the potentialities with which we are surrounded. "Let thy Light so shine before men that they, seeing thy good works, may glorify our Father who is in Heaven."

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*One great error of modern educational systems lies in the fact that the mind of the child is forced to journey towards truths in regard to which no wonder has ever been awakened. The result is the loss of much time and effort on the part of both student and instructor. Arouse wonder in the child's mind and he will get the truth with but very little aid.

Thorington Chase.

During the month of September seventeen new members were added to our records and during October fifty-five.

During September and October four hundred and fifty-two copies of the *Primer of Theosophy* were sent out.

During the month of November two hundred and seventy-six Primers were sent out and fifty-four new members were admitted into the Society.

During the month of December sixty-seven new members were admitted. Two hundred and eighteen *Primers* were sent out during December.

The annual dues of the American Section have not been changed. They are $2.00 per year.

Those wishing to correspond with Mr. L. W. Rogers will please address him as follows: Mr. L. W. Rogers, Ridgewood, N. J.

Mr. D. S. M. Unger, well-known as an enthusiastic theosophical worker and one of the best of our lecturers, will visit cities within a short distance of Chicago during the coming months. His engagements will be but brief in each instance. Please correspond directly with him: 2020 Harris Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted:

Names and addresses of persons who are willing to do typewriting, and also someone who would be willing to compile each month lists of theosophical and other kindred works printed in America.

The caption of the picture printed in the December *Messenger* was erroneously entitled the Temple of Karnak; the title should have been Temple of Edfu.

Mr. Jinarajadasa has written of his safe arrival in India.

Jinarajadasa Travel Fund.

The fund for Mr. Jinarajadasa's travelling expenses is *not* growing as it should do. Our members owe an extinguishable debt to this teacher and he should be remembered.

There is great activity throughout the Section. Many lodges have already sent in their annual dues. Note the reports in "The Field;" you will be delighted with the evidences of energy and a happy spirit of co-operation.

We rejoice in the growing spirit of Sectional unity noticeable in the letters we receive. A great and single purpose should animate all members.

The remittance of dues is, this year, going on in a happier spirit than heretofore. Our people seem to be pleased to aid in the wide work of the Section as a whole.

J. C. Myers reports a new lecture on the constitution and powers of man illustrated with about sixty slides, one set only being now available.

Beginning with the February issue of *Messenger* a few essential items of interest pertaining to each lodge will be presented in paragraph form.

Many friends are sending, with letters and remittances, contributions of stamps, of dimes, of dollars, for use in the work. It is a joy to feel the good-will that comes with these donations! Fifteen cents takes out a *Primer!*

THE THEOSOPHICAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

About forty years ago there was organized the International Sunday School Commission composed of Christian gentlemen of other beside American nationality and of all denominations, the object being to unify the study and work of Sunday Schools irrespective of nationality or denomination. The hopes of the Commission have been more than realized in these forty years of successful unified study and work on the part of Sunday Schools. The International Sunday School lessons are studied on the same Sunday in Sunday Schools the round world over, and according to the general report of 1910 there are over 15,000,000 regularly enrolled students studying these lessons.

It was suggested to the writer that the Theosophical Society could do a splendid work by falling in with the plan of the Sunday School Commission by studying the same lessons but seeking and teaching the theosophical and mystical interpretation as well as the orthodox teaching which does not conflict with the spirit of truth. The International Sunday School lessons are, therefore, printed herein with suggestions for their study from a theosophical and mystical standpoint. It is the earnest hope of the writer that every lodge in the American Section will institute a Sunday School class; and, to aid lodges, *Messenger* will print in each of its issues the lessons with commentaries for the following month's study. Perhaps the Sunday School Lesson study by theosophists will prove a new channel through which the Great Brotherhood may pour the power which shall aid in the regeneration of the "Faith once delivered to the Saints."

Suggestions for Organization:—1. The director of the Sunday School class must be a theosophist. 2. The class may be composed of members and non-members of the Theosophical Society. 3. The meetings of the class shall be at a regular hour one day each week, preferably Sunday. 4. The lessons may be studied in class one week in advance in order that teachers of Sunday School classes in church denominations may have the benefit of the advance study. 5. The program of the class should be in charge of the class director.

As a help we submit a tentative program:

1. Opening with silent prayer or aspiration. 2. Reading of scriptural selection from the Psalms. 3. Responsive reading of the lesson. 4. The director may then make comments on the lesson and ask for comments from his class members. 5. Closing with a moment of silence.

Where convenient the opening and closing may be aided by instrumental music.

David S. M. Unger.
2020 Harris Trust Building, Chicago.

LESSON 1 JANUARY 7, 1912

The Birth of John the Baptist Foretold

Luke 1:5-20

COMMON VERSION

5 ¶ There was in the days of Her'od, the king of Ju-dæ'a, a certain priest named Zach-a-ri'as, of the course of A-bi'a: and his wife *was* of the daughters of Aa'ron, and her name *was* E-lis'a-beth.

6 And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.

7 And they had no child, because that E-lis'a-beth was barren, and they both were *now* well stricken in years.

8 And it came to pass that while he executed the priest's office before God in the order of his course,

9 According to the custom of the priest's office, his lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord.

10 And the whole multitude of the people were praying without at the time of incense.

11 And there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord standing on the right side of the altar of incense.

12 And when Zach-a-ri'as saw *him*, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him.

13 But the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zach-a-ri'as: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife E-lis'a-beth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John.

14 And thou shalt have joy and gladness: and many shall rejoice at his birth.

15 For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb.

16 And many of the children of Is'ra-el shall he turn to the Lord their God.

17 And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of E-li'as, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

18 And Zach-a-ri'as said unto the angel, Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife well stricken in years.

19 And the angel answering said unto him, I am Ga'bri-el, that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to shew thee these glad tidings.

20 And, behold, thou shalt be dumb, and not able to speak, until the day that these things shall be performed, because thou believest not my words, which shall be fulfilled in their season.

Suggestive Points for Study

The Exoteric Lesson:

1. The relation of the child John to Elias.
2. The reward of a righteous life.
3. The need of perfect trust in God.

Outline for Esoteric Study:

The Mystical Interpretation

Zacharias—The Righteous Man.

Elizabeth—The Human Soul.

Gabriel—The Divine Messenger—Intuition.

The Child—(a) The Forerunner—The Voice.

(b) The Divine Light within, born when the evolving man longs for a closer walk with God, the ever present hand to guide.

(c) The Guide to the evolving man living in the world of Illusion.

(d) The pupil on the Probationary Path.

(e) The Forerunner of the Christ, later to be born.

The commentator suggests that the lesson deals with that stage in life of the evolving man when he longs for the highest life. Conscious of righteousness, of holiness, of just living, he knows there must be a still larger expression of Divinity "made man", and while engaged in noble aspiration and prayer, Intuition speaks. The inner longing for the "communion with the saints" attracts the attention of the Master, who speaks through Intuition to His pupil. The Master, "who ever dwells in the presence of God," speaks to one about to become His pupil and the relation is fully established when the child is born.

Consider the questioning, the hesitancy to fully believe the Message. This attitude often follows the first revelation given to the evolving man. The old thought forms, old ideals, do not readily yield to the new; indeed, a period of silent training must ensue, until the pupil is born and a name given him.

LESSON 2 JANUARY 14, 1912

The Birth of John the Baptist

Luke 1:57-75

COMMON VERSION

57 Now E-lis'a-beth's full time came that she should be delivered; and she brought forth a son.

58 And her neighbours and her cousins heard how the Lord had shewed great mercy upon her; and they rejoiced with her.

59 And it came to pass, that on the eighth day they came to circumcise the child; and they called him Zach-a-ri'as, after the name of his father.

60 And his mother answered and said, Not *so;* but he shall be called John.

61 And they said unto her, There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name.

62 And they made signs to his father, how he would have him called.

63 And he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, His name is John. And they marvelled all.

64 And his mouth was opened immediately, and his tongue *loosed,* and he spake, and praised God.

65 And fear came on all that dwelt round about them: and all these sayings were noised abroad throughout all the hill country of Ju-dæ'a.

66 And all they that heard *them* laid *them* up in their hearts, saying, What manner of child shall this be! And the hand of the Lord was with him.

67 And his father Zach-a-ri'as was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying,

68 Blessed *be* the Lord God of Is'ra-el; for he hath visited and redeemed his people.

69 And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant Da'vid;

70 As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began:

71 That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

72 To perform the mercy *promised* to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

73 The oath which he sware to our father A'braham,

74 That he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear.

75 In holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.

Suggestive Points for Study

The Exoteric Lesson:

1. God's Promises always fulfilled.

2. God a Protector, a God of forgiveness and a God of mercy to those who repent of their evil ways.

3. God, who lovingly accepts the adoration and services of all who turn to Him.

Outline of Esoteric Study:

The Mystical Interpretation

Zacharias—The Righteous Man.

Elizabeth—The Human Soul.

John—(a) The Forerunner—The Voice. The one overshadowed with Divinity, soon to become Great. The Messenger of the Coming Christ.

Israel—Also a name for evolving man.

The Lord God of Israel—The Master.

Abraham—The Father of the Race, the Manu.

David—Of the Royal House, the abode of Initiates.

In this lesson the relation of the pupil to his Master is established and the Holy Ghost, which is the Holy Spirit, caused the Evolving Man to break forth into singing, and herein are very beautiful lessons. Notice how the Holy Spirit bears witness to the Path of Evolution, of the overshadowing love and care of the Heavenly Father through all the time of evolving man's (Israel's) captivity in sin and sorrow, also the redemption of the promise given to the Manu of the Race, when the blessing is promised. Also notice that a pupil is born of the royal line of kings (the name used in referring to initiates), whose children (pupils) are spoken of as "Their children" and "offspring."

From the time the pupil is born, he shall live in righteousness and holiness before Him (the Master) all the days of his life.

LESSON 3 JANUARY 21, 1912

The Birth of Jesus

Luke 2:8-20

COMMON VERSION

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of Da'vid a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this *shall be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

15 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Beth'lehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16 And they came with haste, and found Ma'ry, and Jo'seph, and the babe lying in a manger.

17 And when they had seen *it*, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

18 And all they that heard *it* wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

19 But Ma'ry kept these things, and pondered *them* in her heart.

20 And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told them.

Suggestive Points for Study

The Exoteric Lesson:

1. God's Messengers ever bring glad tidings to those who serve.

2. The Angels ever sing praises; only men forget the goodness of God.

3. All who seek for the Holy Child will surely find Him.

Outline of Esoteric Study:

The Mystical Interpretation

Bethlehem—The Abode of Humility.

Shepherds—Divine Teachers.

Sheep—The Souls of Men.

Mary—The Human Soul.

Joseph—Man aspiring.

Christ—The Divine Spirit, now Initiate, God made man.

The Heavenly Host—All High Intelligences of the invisible worlds.

So many thoughts crowd in as one tries to write the lessons which are found in the ever new, yet ever old story of the birth of the Saviour of Men. The mystical read-

ing is here given and it is hoped every reader will seek out the deeper truths for himself.

The birth of Christ signifies the birth of the Divine Spirit in Man. It tells of the man becoming initiate, one who is destined to be a Saviour of the World. The pupil of a Master is in training to become an initiate. He must live in the Abode of Humility; all about his abode are others being taught, cared for my various Shepherds.

When Joseph, who is Man aspiring, and Mary, who is the Human Soul, give of their life for the salvation of the world, then the Christ is born. The Angel tells the World the glad news and the Teachers of Men gladly honor the Holy Child, for when one takes his first initiation, which is the birth into the Divine Kingdom, his elder brothers, initiates and heavenly hosts do him honor. All the world is made better when a pupil of a Master becomes initiate.

LESSON 4 JANUARY 28, 1912

The Presentation in the Temple

Luke 2:25-38

COMMON VERSION

25 And, behold, there was a man in Je-ru'sa-lem, whose name *was* Sim'e-on; and the same man *was* just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Is'ra-el: and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

26 And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

27 And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Je'sus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

28 Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

29 Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word:

30 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

31 Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

32 A light to lighten the Gen'tiles, and the glory of thy people Is'ra-el.

33 And Jo'seph and his mother marvelled at those things which were spoken of him.

34 And Sim'e-on blessed them, and said unto Ma'ry his mother, Behold, this *child* is set for the fall and rising again of many in Is'ra-el; and for a sign which shall be spoken against;

35 (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

36 And there was one An'na, a prophetess, the daughter of Pha-nu'el, of the tribe of A'ser: she was of a great age, and had lived with an husband seven years from her virginity;

37 And she *was* a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served *God* with fastings and prayers night and day.

38 And she coming in that instant gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Je-ru'sa-lem.

Suggestive Points for Study

The Exoteric Lesson:

1. Christ is ever a Light, His Presence banishes all places of darkness.

2. Christ is a Saviour for all men, to save them from their sins.

Outline of Esoteric Study:

The Mystical Interpretation

Temple—Hall of Initiation.

Simeon, Anna—Initiates, who had longed for the birth of the Initiate. Perhaps the two who were his sponsors.

This lesson tells a very wonderful story, the true beauty of which can only be known by those initiate. This is a ceremony at which the work of the initiate is foretold and also at which great joy is expressed by the Blessed persons who have so long and faithfully watched over the Divine Child now in Their Presence. Notice amid the joy of the occasion a sad note is struck, when the fact is foretold that Mary, the human soul, would feel the sword thrust of the enemies of her royal child. When one becomes a Christ child, an initiate, he is nevermore to be free from the sword thrust of human ignorance. He is divine, yet human, of the substance of his mother, the human nature and of his father, the divine aspiration and longing. He, a Christ, feels all the conflicting thoughts and emotions of both natures, and yet must maintain the calm peace of a dweller in the Temple of God. More than this, he must grow in strength, sufficient to bear the cross of all humanity and be crucified thereon.

David S. M. Unger.

THE MAGIC OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

By C. W. Leadbeater

Part I. *Messenger*, Mar. 1911, pp. 346-351.
Part II. *Messenger*, Aug. 1911, pp. 649-654.

Lesson 1

QUESTIONS

1. What does Origen say of forms of religion used in the early Christian church?
2. What were the three great degrees of the church through which the devoted passed in the early history of the Christian religion and what did they signify?
3. What great teacher was given charge of the Christian religion, and does He still direct it?
4. What seemed to be the esoteric purpose in mind in the creation of ceremonial for the then new religion?
5. What reservoir of force is under the care of the nirmanakaya?
6. Who may use the force thus garnered by the nirmanakaya?
7. What is the effect on the higher planes when the mass is celebrated? What is the effect on the higher bodies of the participant?
8. What is the effect on the lower planes when the mass is celebrated? What is the effect on the lower bodies of the participant?
9. Does the host once consecrated, retain its power?

THE MYSTICISM OF THE MASS

By C. Jinarajadasa

Theosophic Messenger, Oct. 1910, pp. 770-777.

Lesson 1

QUESTIONS

1. What two great religions have the same fundamental theme?
2. What is the mystic truth underlying true rituals?
3. What is the part of the worshipper in the celebration of the mass?
4. What is the central truth taught in the mass?
5. What symbolism underlies the church and the altar?
6. What is the relation of the priest to the worshippers?
7. What is the chasuble, and why does the priest wear it on this occasion?
8. What do the acolyte and his service signify?
9. What are the various vestments which a priest wears at the celebration and what does each signify?

CLASS LESSONS IN THE SCIENCE OF CO-OPERATION

The Laws of Manu in the Light of Theosophy.
Stages in human evolution during the Fifth Root-Race period. Stage 1.
Text-Book: *The Science of Social Organization*, by Bhagavan Das.

Lesson I

The fundamental reason for a science of co-operation. *Sec. Doc. Vol. III*, p. 517, § 1.

The *archetypal plan* of the *Manu* for the whole of the Fifth Root-Race.

The *Self* and the *Not-self*, and the *two Paths* which every Self must take.

1. The *Path of Pursuit*, Separative in its action. Deva rule. Its three objects. 1. Dharma, or Duty; 2. Wealth and possessions; 3. Sense-enjoyments.

Its threefold desire, and the three debts incurred. The Head Doctrine. The main problems of this period. Change from Humanism to Egoism.

2. *The Path of Renunciation.* Its three objects.

The payment of the three debts.

The Laws of *Manu* for Co-operation between the heterogeneous people of His Race.

(*Discussion.*)

Lesson II

The Battle for Supremacy. Egotism. Complete individualization. The gradual substitution of Self-rule for deva rule.

The Secret of Caste. The problems of this period. Liberty and equality shown to be impossible during this epoch. Fraternity—Brotherhood, the great keynote for this Race to sound forth. Man and woman the two halves of one whole. Sex transcendence. The Laws of Manu on education, marriage, population, food, sanitation, competition, economics, rights, disease germs.

The bodies become finer, as the Self within unfolds its potentialities.

(*Discussion.*)

Lesson III

Co-operation. The Self becomes Ruler of its bodies. The Heart Doctrine. The Path of Renunciation. The energies generated in the Path of Pursuit, have been transmuted into unselfish service to humanity. Return (on a higher spiral) to the broadest humanism. Government administered, not by the mob, but the wise. Office bearing as duty to others, not as a right or in the desires for self. Tenderness, tolerance, humility, love, truth. What are the first steps we can take to aid in the fulfilment of the purpose of the Manu for His (our) Race?

(*Discussion.*)

Mary Weeks Burnett.

ANCIENT WISDOM

Lesson Ten. Chapter III.

1. What is the effect on the Astral Plane of sudden death, either from accident or suicide?
2. Describe the different shells which surround a person in Kamaloca.
3. What are the conditions of the lowest sub-plane of the Astral?
4. According to what Law are the conditions in this region created?
5. Why do the great majority of people linger on the second sub-level of the Astral?
6. How does the selfish and violent grief of those left behind affect the dead?

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

ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY

Pages 260 to 273 inclusive

Subject: The Trinity

QUESTIONS

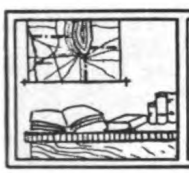
1. Name the three aspects of the Logos.
2. What is the specific function of each Person of the Trinity?
3. Who is the divine Not-Self? Name Her three aspects.
4. Is matter wholly subject unto Spirit in so far as our universe is concerned?
5. What symbols are used to denote the Three Persons of the Trinity?
6. Is there any resemblance between Cosmic and Solar Creation?
7. Name some bible references relating to the individual workings of the Three Persons of the Trinity.
8. At what stage in Evolution does the First Person of the Trinity contact Man?
9. In what sense may we think of Man as a Trinity?
10. To what aspect of the Trinity in Man has Humanity as a whole evolved?
11. To what aspect of the Trinity in Man have a few of Humanity evolved?
12. What beings now in touch with Humanity have evolved to the realization of the first aspect of the Trinity in Man?

DER MENSCH UND SEINE KOERPER

Seite 40-53

1. Man nenne und beschreibe die wichtigsten Erscheinungen, welche mit dem physichen Körper von den occulten Standpunkt zusammen hängen:
   (a) im Schlaf
   (h) im Tode
   (c) in der Wiederverkörperung
2. Was ist der Astral oder Liebkörper?
3. Beschreibe die Astralebene.
4. In welchem Verhältnisse steht sie zu der physischen Ebene?
5. Was ist Jiva?
6. Was ist die Verbindung zwischen dem Astralkörper und dem physischen?

Antworten sende man bitte an Mrs. F. P. Breese, 3761 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Current Literature

THE CONSTANTINIAN ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD

The May *New England Craftsman* has an article on the above subject by George A. Warville, part of which we give in the following abstract.

There are three working degrees, conferred in the following order:

1. Knight of the Red Cross of Constantine (or Perfect Knight Mason), conferred in a body styled a Conclave.

2. Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, conferred in a body styled Sanctuary.

3. Knight of St. John of Palestine (the Evangelist), conferred as an appendant order to the last named, but in a body styled a Commandery.

There are also three official degrees termed: 1. Viceroy (or Perfect Priest Mason); 2. Sovereign (or Perfect Prince Mason); and 3. Grand Cross of the Order, a special mark of honor and distinction limited by ancient statutes to the number of fifty.

These Constantinian Orders of Knighthood are the most ancient of chivalric degrees, the Order of the Red Cross being founded A. D. 313. Historically considered it commemorates the first elevation of Christianity from the position of a despised and proscribed heresy to that of a legally recognized and honored religion. Christianity had indeed existed for more than three centuries before the institution of the Order, but always under the ban of restrictive laws and proclamations. It was not until Constantine won the battle which gave him supreme control over the Western Empire that it acquired an established place among the religions of the world.

It is related that on the day previous to his ever memorable battle with Maxentius, as Constantine was seated at his tent door reflecting upon the dangers of the approaching expedition and sensible of his own incapacity to succeed without divine assistance, he offered up a prayer for divine inspiration and wisdom to choose the right path to be pursued. As he turned his face toward the setting sun there suddenly appeared in the heavens a pillar of light in the shape of a cross, surmounted with the inscription, "In hoc signo vinces"—in this sign shalt thou conquer. So extraordinary an appearance created the utmost astonishment in the mind of the Emperor and his whole army. The pagans deemed it a most inauspicious omen, but Constantine, being reassured by the visions of the night, on the morrow made a pubic avowal of his faith in the God of the Christians. He caused a royal standard to be constructed in imitation of the luminous cross of his vision, and commanded it to be carried before him as an ensign of victory and divine protection, while the consecrated emblem was conspicuously displayed upon his own person and that of his soldiers. After the memorable battle, as a memorial of the divine miracle which effected his conversion to the Christian faith and likewise as a reward for the valor of his soldiers, he constituted the chiefs of his Christian legion into an Order of Knighthood with the celestial cross as an insignia; and, on the return of peace, became himself the Sovereign Patron thereof. After his death, succeeding emperors supported the Order, the Grand Mastership for some centuries being vested in the family considered lineal descendants of its first great founder.

The existence of the Knighthood in England is attributed to a Grand Cross of the Order who was long attached to the Venetian Embassy in London. The members of the English branch during the eighteenth

century were men of high social position and of eminence in the Masonic Fraternity. There is extant a continuous record from 1788, from which date the Order appears to have come wholly under Masonic auspices. In 1808 a constitutional government was established with the present Imperial Council of England the authoritative body.

The year 1869 saw its introduction into the western hemisphere, and, by virtue of dispensation and authorization, a new sovereign body, the Grand Imperial Council of Illinois, meeting at the city of Chicago, was created, duly recognized and acknowledged a peer of the parent body in England. Its growth resulted in repeated extensions of territorial jurisdiction until in 1907 it became the Grand Imperial Council for the United States of America.

The second Constantinian degree, the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, is said to have been instituted A. D. 326, by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, the Knights being selected from the Order of the Red Cross, the original investment taking place at Jerusalem, at the sacred tomb.

The third degree, the Holy Order of St. John the Evangelist, purports to be a continuation of the Palestine Order of St. John and a final exposition of the fundamental concepts of Freemasonry. It is further claimed that the Knights of St. John of Palestine were the *true* Masons, as to them only were the words of the highest import imparted and full communication with the Holy Brotherhood reached.

Faith, Unity, and Zeal are the foundation principles of the fraternity. The Masonic qualification for membership is that the applicant be a Royal Arch Mason in good standing. A main object is to promote the social features of the Masonic Institution and to preserve, as far as possible, the primitive customs of the Fraternity that conduce to good feeling and fellowship. The allegories and primary symbolism of the Lodge and Chapter are retained unchanged, but with new interpretations and more recondite meanings. The precepts and lessons are drawn wholly from the teachings of the Master of Nazareth; the Orders may be said to constitute a beautiful system of Christian Masonry, and to furnish a most impressive allegorical sequel to the history of the craft degrees.

But while the Constantinian Orders are essentially Christian, they involve no sacrifice of personal beliefs and compel adherence to no formulated creed. Perfect right of conscience is accorded to all, and the only doctrines inculcated are those of the Gentle Master Himself—"the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—that God was the Word from the beginning and that that for which man had been searching in all ages, the beginning and the end of wisdom, was found, at last upon the *Cross.* *I. B. Holbrook.*

Book Reviews

(*The Great Illusion*, by Norman Angell, sixth edition, 1911. Putnam, New York).

For the last fifteen years, since I first heard of it, the coming of the Great Teacher has been to me one of those revolutionary ideas that has changed the values of things and shown the present development of the world-problem in a new light. I remember then noting two statements dealing with the coming: first, that the Great Teacher would come to usher in a world-peace that should last for thousands of years, during which the development of humanity could be considerably hastened, that it was indeed for the coming that for more than fifteen centuries the world's affairs in religion, commerce and science have been moulded all unseen by the Adept Brotherhood; second, that the world-peace would be established by the nations representing the Teutonic, or fifth, subrace of the Aryan race, and that this would be brought about not merely by the establishment of arbitration courts like the Hague, but by so arranging things in the commercial world that the three representative nations, England, Germany and America, would throw in all their weight of armies and navies against any war, since such a war would mean the disorganization of commerce. Fifteen years ago these ideas were mentioned within a select circle of the theosophical workers; to-day they are "in the air." To those of us that then believed, the interest was to see how these things would be brought about.

It is because Those Behind work in strange ways sometimes that in those days no department of human activity is without interest to the theosophist who knows where to look. In the drama here and there, as in *The Servant in the House*, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, we get a glimpse of the hidden guidance; in scientific development in theorizings about the æther, we see other glimpses; in the higher criticism, in the work of a man like the Rev. R. J. Campbell of New Theology fame, that same guidance may be noted by those who have been shown something of the plan.

It is because there is in Mr. Norman Angell's book, *The Great Illusion*, something more than merely Mr. Angell himself that theosophists should read it, and note carefully its arguments. The following is a synopsis of the book, made by the author himself:

"What are the real motives promoting international rivalry in armaments, particularly Anglo-German rivalry? Each nation pleads that its armaments are purely for defence, but such plea necessarily implies that other nations have some interest in attack. What is this interest, or supposed interest?

"The supposed interest has its origin in the universally accepted theory that military and political power give a nation commercial and social advantages, that the wealth and prosperity of the defenceless nation are at the mercy of stronger nations, who may be tempted by such defencelessness to commit aggression, so that each nation is compelled to protect itself against the possible cupidity of neighbors.

"The author challenges this universal theory, and declares it to be based upon a pure optical illusion. He sets out to prove that military and political power gives a nation no commercial advantage; that it is an economic impossibility for some nation to seize or destroy the wealth of another, or for one nation to enrich itself by subjugating another.

"He establishes this apparent paradox by showing that wealth in the economically civilized world is founded upon credit and commercial contract. If these are tampered with in an attempt at confiscation by a conqueror, the credit-dependent wealth not only vanishes, thus giving the conqueror nothing for his conquest, but in its collapse involves the conqueror; so that if conquest is not to injure the conqueror, he must scrupulously respect the enemy's property, in which case conquest becomes economically futile.

"Thus it comes that the credit of the small and virtually unprotected States stands higher than that of the great powers of Europe, Belgium three per cents standing at 96 and German at 82; Norwegian three-and-a-half per cents at 102, and Russian three-and-a-half per cents at 81.

"For allied reasons the idea that addition of territory adds to a nation's wealth is an optical illusion of like nature, since the wealth of conquered territory remains in the hands of the population of such territory.

"For a modern nation to add to its territory no more adds to the wealth of the people of such nation than it would add to the wealth of Londoners if the city of London were to annex the county of Hertford. It is a change of administration which may be good or bad; but as tribute has become under modern economic conditions impossible (which means that taxes collected from a given territory must directly or indirectly be spent on that territory), the fiscal situation of the people concerned is unchanged by conquest.

When Germany annexed Alsace, no individual German secured a single mark's worth of Alsatian property as the spoils of war. Conquest in the modern world is a process of multiplying by x, and then obtaining the original resultant by dividing by x.

"The author also shows that international finance has become so interdependent and so interwoven with trade and industry that the intangibility of an enemy's property extends to his trade. It results that political and military power can in reality do nothing for trade, since the individual merchants and manufacturers of small nations exercising no such power compete successfully with those of the great. Swiss and Belgian merchants are driving English from the Canadian market; Norway has, relatively to population, a much greater mercantile marine than Great Britain.

"The author urges that these little recognized facts, mainly the outcome of purely modern conditions (rapidity of communication creating a greater complexity and delicacy of the credit system), have rendered the problems of modern international politics profoundly and essentially different from the ancient; yet our ideas are still dominated by the principles and axioms and terminology of the old.

"In the second part—'The Human Nature of the Case'—the author asks, 'What is the basis, the scientific justification of the plea that man's natural pugnacity will indefinitely stand in the way of international agreements?'

"It is based on the alleged unchangeability of human nature, on the plea that the warlike nations inherit the earth, that warlike qualities alone can give the virile energy necessary for nations to win in the struggle for life.

"The author shows that human nature is *not* unchanging; that the warlike nations do *not* inherit the earth; that warfare does *not* make for the survival of the fittest or virile; that the struggle between nations is *no* part of the evolutionary law of man's advance, and that that idea resides on a profound misreading of the biological law; that physical force is a constantly diminishing factor in human affairs, and that this diminution carries with it profound psychological modifications; that society is classifying itself by interests rather than by State divisions; that the modern State is losing its homogeneity; and that all these multiple factors are making rapidly for the disappearance of State rivalries. He shows how these tendencies—which, like the economic facts dealt with in the first part, are very largely of recent growth may be uti-

lized for the solution of the armament difficulty on at present untried lines."

Such is Mr. Norman Angell's thesis, and even from the synopsis of the book it will be seen how revolutionary it is. We all know how people thinking about a subject generate thought-forms, and after a while see things through them, and then formulate judgments; they never waited to see whether their original thoughts were true to fact. Hence necessarily they see things refracted through a medium, and so out of proportion. To Mr. Angell, most people are surrounded by old ways of thought concerning war and peace and their relation to prosperity and a nation's advancement; they live in a "great illusion", and hence are haunted by many fears that have no foundation. Mr. Angell is no theorist and dreamer; he talks most sanely to people who are willing to listen to facts of human experience.

There are many who still believe that "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," who have felt the fallacy of armaments and warfare and jingoism, but have not been able in discussion to state such facts as would adequately justify their faith; to such *The Great Illusion* is veritably a boon. It is an epoch-making work, and Mr. Angell is to be congratulated that he too is preparing "The Way of the Lord", though perhaps he knows nothing about such preparation. Such of us theosophists who know of the Coming, and what it will mean to humanity, cannot but be grateful to him for what he has done to make our path a little clearer, for Mr. Angell's work shows us one of the many ways in which we may labour for the harvest that is to be.

C. Jinarajadasa.

Alphabets Old and New, by Lewis F. Day. Publishers: B. T. Batsford, London; Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $2.00 net.

This book is for the use of artists and others who have occasion either to work in the manner of some given period or to design lettering of their own.

The author has arranged the old alphabets in consecutive order from the time of ancient Greece through the middle-ages, when so many beautiful manuscripts were written, down to the present day, always preserving the spirit of the old lettering very faithfully. A very useful feature in this book is the very large quantity of illustrations showing the differences in the character of the lettering, whether made in wood or stone, in stuff or leather, in mosaic or stained glass; whether it is cut in, grounded out, beaten up, onlaid or engraved; or whether the writing tool was a chisel or a gouge, a needle or a brush, a stylus or a pen, and even what sort of pen was used.

In order to make the best use of alphabets one should know something of their descent and this is very clearly illustrated in this book.

Ralph Packard.

Mystics of the Renaissance, by Rudolph Steiner. Translated from the German by Bertram Keightley. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In this volume we have the rare combination of a book on mystics written by a mystic. The peculiar position held by Rudolph Steiner gives authority to anything he may write on such a subject and so this volume will for many carry much weight, and, I think, rightfully so.

Too often in the past have the works of the older mystics been held up to scorn and ridicule by those who, while having some pretentions to literary ability, have had absolutely no appreciation of the subject on which they were writing or of the men whose works they were reviewing. The older mystics often wrote obscurely, their terminology was confusing, and in the meaning given to certain words and phrases they did not agree among themselves. This was necessarily so from the fact that they had no connection with one another, they did not write from the standpoint of a common school of religion or philosophy, were often ignorant men from the standpoint of the world, and above all because each wrote from the standpoint of an individual experience.

Dr. Steiner smoothes away some of these

difficulties by showing that the inner meaning of these older writers covers much common ground. This alone would make the book of value to the student of the older mystics. However, the book has a further value for the student of mysticism. In the essays that comprise the volume there is much explanation and elucidation of obscure meanings. In this we get very much of Dr. Steiner himself which gives an added value to the whole.

Those interested in the works of Meister Eckhart, Paracelsus, Jacob Boehme, Giordano Bruno and others of the older mystics of the renaissance period would do well to study this book.

Wm. Brinsmaid.

A Visit to a Gnani, by Edward Carpenter. Price 60 cents. The MacMillan Company of New York, publishers.

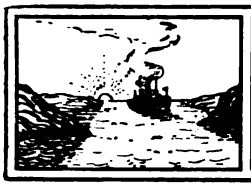
The preface to this book arouses one's interest immediately by the startling statement that it is going to describe one of the esoteric teachers of the East, a mahatma, an adept. Naturally the book is somewhat disappointing after such an introductory statement. Yet, although the gnani who made such a deep impression on Mr. Carpenter falls short of the theosophist's ideal of a master, he commands our respect and interest. The gnani proves to be a perfect type of the better kind of Indian yogi, the kind of yogi who lives the teachings of the ancient Hindu religion. He seems to be an orthodox Hindu mystic, having something, truly, of inner illumination, yet still bound by the rigid traditions of that ancient religion. One sentence of Mr. Carpenter's describes him well. "One almost felt, in talking to him, that one was in the presence of an old Vedic teacher of three thousand years ago."

The pages which follow, written in Mr. Carpenter's easy and flowing style, give us a very interesting sketch of this Indian philosopher and his teaching, interesting because it shows the typical Indian viewpoint, the calm philosophy of the race, and the traces of occult truth which are veiled in all the Indian systems of thought. It is strange to read such a sketch from the pen of an Englishman, strange for an Englishman, used to the whirr of Western civilization, to thus come in contact with the peace, the sternness, the complexity, the absolute certainty, and, best of all, with a living example, of a religion which has had the spiritual strength to remain practically unchanged for thousands of years. Still stranger is it that the Englishman should have stopped to listen respectfully to such ideas!

Some of Mr. Carpenter's conclusions are interesting as they sum up well the conditions in India where the real and pseudo occult teachers and teachings abound in such confusion:

"Some (of the yogis) are humbugs, led on by vanity or greed of gain (for to give to a holy man is considered highly meritorious); others are genuine students or philosophers; some are profoundly imbued with the religious sense; others by mere distaste for the world. The majority probably take to a wandering life of the body, some become wandering in mind; a great many attain to phases of clairvoyance and abnormal power of some kind or other, and a very few become adepts of a high order."

"Perhaps I have now said enough to show—what, of course, was sufficiently evident to me—that, however, it may be disguised under trivial or even in some cases repellent coverings, there *is* some reality beneath all these—some body of real experience, of no little value and importance, which has been attained in India by a portion at any rate of those who have claimed it, and which has been handed down now through a vast number of centuries among the Hindu peoples as their most cherished and precious possession." *M. T.*



The Field

Brooklyn.

Center House is indeed fulfilling its promise and becoming the center of activities along many lines. The closing months of the old year find interest and enthusiasm increasing, if anything, each member feeling a personal responsibility for the welfare of the lodge. The house is a pleasant home for many and a gathering place for members as well as the strangers attracted by the lecture course.

These lectures are given every Sunday night, generally by members of the lodge, and are open to the public. Mr. Dubs of the Newark lodge has twice assisted us, and Miss McQueen of New York spoke Christmas Eve upon the "Meaning of Christmas." Mr. Elliot Holbrook when in our city gave an interesting lecture on "The Symbology of the Triangle."

During the week classes are held each evening, the books studied being, *Thought Power, Esoteric Christianity, Ancient Wisdom, Man and His Bodies*, and *Study in Consciousness*. These classes are open to all, as is the one of Tuesday afternoon, *Outline of Theosophy*, for inquirers. Tuesday evening the lodge meeting is held or members only, and in this the study of *The Science of Social Organization* is being taken up.

Sunday morning is the meeting time for the devotional class which is studying *At the Feet of the Master*, and *Lives of Alcyone*. In connection with this is also the class in meditation. Sunday afternoon is given to the "Lotus Group for Children," and a most bright and interesting little group it is.

The social side is no neglected as it is the aim of the lodge to gather together its members and friends at least once a month. The opening festivity was also the formal opening of the house in a social way combining a "kitchen shower" and Hallowe'en party, which owing to the tireless efforts of those in charge was a great success. The house benefitted not a little by the "shower" while the guests enjoyed a novel and varied entertainment culminating in good things to eat and drink in the dining-room.

The social events for December were a song recital which was greatly enjoyed, and an entertainment given given Christmas Day by the Lotus Group. The latter was held at the home of Mrs. Stowe and the little group had as its guests several children from an Orphan's Home, as well as others. There were music, recitations and a splendid Christmas tree, and each little girl was made happy with a beautiful doll, which the ladies of the Sewing Circle had taken great pleasure in dressing daintily, while the boys were remembered with sleds and other appropriate toys.

We regret having to announce the loss by death of Mr. John C. Fridsall. He was one of our oldest and most active members and will be greatly missed.

Six new members have been added to the lodge since the opening of the house, all with a feeling of personal interest and responsibility. Service is the key-note and we feel it a privilege to be able to identify ourselves with this great movement and do our small part toward preparing the way.

Mable B. Goode.

Buffalo.

The Buffalo Lodge has just taken leave of Mr. L. W. Rogers who has been with us since Dec. 1st.

Mr. Rogers gave a talk to members only on the evening of Dec. 1st. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday he gave four talks to the public to good-sized audiences who listened to him with rapt attention.

While the attendance was never over a

hundred we are greatly pleased with it; for those present are in the habit of attending theosophical lectures and are all deeply interested.

Mr. Rogers is a forceful speaker and if we were to give him a nickname we would call him "The Disciple of the Common Sense." We hope to have him with us again soon.

From the many questions asked at the close of each lecture and the amount of literature sold we could see that the interest aroused was keen and we were delighted with the courteous, gentle and commonsense manner in which all questions were answered. *T. P. C. Barnard.*

Chicago North Shore Lodge.

During October and November Mr. Edward H. Alling of Chicago Lodge gave a series of Sunday morning talks at the Wilson Avenue Theatre, on the North Side, Chicago. The theatre management were very kind in loaning the use of their attractive auditorium for a nominal fee to cover the cost of janitor service and light. Mr. Alling's little son distributed four thousand card announcements in the neighborhood; he also put fifty show cards in shop-windows in the immediate vicinity. The subjects announced and given were as follows:

(1) Theosophy and Its Message; (2) Reincarnation (Evolution); (3) Karma; (4) Pedigree of Man; (5) The Great White Brotherhood; (6) World Teachers and the Christ.

The audiences numbered from seventy to one hundred and twenty-two. The voluntary offerings at the several lectures more than paid the cost of printing and distribution, but there was a small deficit on the expense of the theatre.

The whole purpose of this series of talks was to be able to suggest to the people the reasonableness of the coming of the great World-Teacher, which was done in the last five minutes of the last lecture, and it was a great surprise and pleasure to see the sympathetic manner in which those present received this suggestion.

At the close of the series of lectures, those who were sufficiently interested to wish to pursue the study of Theosophy were invited to meet at Mr. Alling's house the following Tuesday, at which time a permanent study class was formed, beginning with twelve members; this study class later, at its second meeting, resolved to form a lodge of the Society, and did so, a charter being granted to them in the name of the "Chicago North Shore Lodge," on Thanksgiving Day, November 30th.

The new lodge meets every Thursday evening in the rooms of the North Shore School of Music, corner of Leland and Evanston Avenues. The officers are Mr. John L. Healy, president; Mrs. Alice Gale Haake, vice-president; Mrs. Ida F. Robinson, secretary; Mrs. Margaret T. Blaire, treasurer; and Miss Florence Madary, librarian.

The library starts with a copy each of the publications of the Theosophical Book Concern donated by Chicago Lodge, to which we make grateful acknowledgement.

Ferne Robinson.

Sacramento.

In reviewing the past year the Sacramento Lodge has not made any apparent startling progress, except that the members have faithfully studied the tenets of theosophical teaching. Among other studies we had Mr. Sinnett's *Growth of the Soul* which, under the able leadership of our president, Mr. C. M. Hoag, has been very helpful to the members; we have also derived much benefit from the useful and practical book of Mrs. Besant, *Thought Power, Its Control and Culture* under the guidance of Mr. Phinney, who brought out all the good points helpful to the students with tact and ability.

Sunday evenings we have a devotional meeting consisting of a paper or lecture by one of the members, with questions and answers.

Our meetings have always been made pleasant and interesting by the music furnished by our talented Miss Gerrish, who presides at the piano with rare ability, and knows with subtle intuition how to strike the sympathetic chord which elevates the

aspiration and rouses devotion. She is often assisted by some member with vocal selections. The most eventful happening of the year, however, was the establishing of new theosophical quarters and library at Room 2, Odd Fellows Building, cor. 9th and K Streets. It is in the heart of the city with easy access from every point where we are glad to welcome all strangers, especially visiting theosophists. We have a nice circulating library, also books for sale, which have been very carefully catalogued and indexed by Miss Jessie E. Smith who is ever ready to make use of her hands and able intellectual faculties whenever needed for the cause.

Thanks are due to the executive ability of Mr. F. G. Wilhelm who has worked with untiring devotion to make our new quarters a success.

The gratitude of the lodge is however due above all to the kind and self-sacrificing interest of Mrs. Dodge in whose parlors we have met since its start, who has been every ready in her kind and pleasant way to offer her home whenever needed by the lodge.

We are well equipped to begin the new year, full of hope and promise after having dedicated the new quarters to the Blessed Ones to make it a center of peace, harmony and love from which the light may radiate into the darkness of materialized creeds and dogmas and explain the principles of Universal Brotherhood which teaches "tolerance" so necessary for the preparing of the way for the Great Teacher who is so soon to favor us with His Holy Presence.

Mary A. Craig.

Seattle.

When Mr. Ray Wardall, our president, returned from the September, 1911, Convention, held in Chicago, he reported to the lodge all that could be of interest and all that could stir the enthusiasm and desire to help of the members. Since that time the activities which have taken place in our midst prove that many in this lodge have taken to heart the new life which is vivifying the Society from its center to its ever-extending boundary line.

First, funds had to be raised for new books. So, with that end in view, a most successful "Basket Social" was organized. Mrs. Bush, who is at the head of our book concern, took that work in hand, assisted by Mrs. Mathews and Mrs. Clara Sharon. On that occasion a very artistic drill was executed with grace, harmony and rhythm by the "Golden Beam Triad" (nine young girls); music and recitation by one of the girls accompanied the drill. This added interest to each of their graceful motions. The great success of this entertainment is due to Mrs. L. A. Bush and her helpers.

We also had the pleasure of hearing several recitations by "Charles Eugene Banks," the editor of *The Peace Pipe*. He is also the author of a very clever book entitled *The Child of the Sun*, which is a beautiful exposition of the American Indian life and religion. We have added this book to our library.

The sale of the baskets brought twenty dollars and forty cents. That same evening Mr. Cooley, a member from New York, was with us. Mr. Cooley is the manager of the Grace Van Studdiford Opera Co. He has interested several of the artists of the company in theosophy, among them Mr. W. A. Moor, a musician, travelling with Mr. Cooley, and a most promising young member of the Society.

More funds had to be raised for the Karma and Reincarnation League. This Mrs. Ray Wardall undertook; and she faced cheerfully and actively all the inconveniences of a rummage sale and was so successful as to realize fifty dollars for the cause! Friends and new members helped her. Now Mrs. R. Wardall is arranging afternoon tea meetings at which inquirers and members will be admitted, and Mr. Max Wardall will give a talk about reincarnation and karma on those agreeable occasions on Saturday afternoons. Mr. Max Wardall has reorganized his evening inquirers' class, seventeen students having attended his first two meetings.

Mr. F. Wald is still leading the members meeting with good results. "Man and His Bodies" is the subject being studied at both classes. Miss Christian gladly undertook col-

lecting funds for the *Rajput Press* and feels happy, having been relatively very successful.

The Sunday meetings are better attended than ever, because our speakers are trying more and more to expound the theosophical truths in newer and more interesting talks.

Mr. P. Shuck, our librarian, a young and energetic member (and a deep student of chemistry) has introduced a most excellent card system for lending out books and he says he will gladly instruct any one who finds difficulties in keeping an accurate account of readers, books and their prompt return. Letters may be addressed to Walter P. Shuck, T. S. Room, 1426 4th Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

The total number of volumes borrowed in ten months is 519; the average number per month is 52; the total number of borrowers, 156; and total volumes in library, 220.

Mr. Ray Wardall is introducing in a recent report new features of interest for the lodge; he puts before the members different lines of work, open to all those seeking to become useful, and fifteen new committees are being formed, among them the organizing of the Order of the Star in the East is in progress.

The following indicates the different activities to be attended to by us in the near future: Free library; public library work; training class; press writers; entertainment and social features; parlor meetings; book sales; Order of the Star in the East; church activities; leaflets in public places; Karma and Reincarnation League work; children's department, and stereopticon and slide painting. *Blanche Sergeant.*

San José.

Our lodge at San José, though not so large as one would wish, has accomplished some good work. Nearly every Sunday, since our organization less than a year ago, Mrs. Clara B. Walters of San Francisco, has delivered a lecture on theosophical subjects, which has been open to the public, besides answering questions in a particularly lucid and instructive manner. We all feel deeply indebted, not only to Mrs. Walters, but to the San Francisco Lodge, who sends her to us. In addition to this we have a study-class, Friday afternoons, for inquirers; an advanced class, meeting Tuesday evenings; open library three times a week.

During the months we have worked, we have studied *Esoteric. Christianity, The Changing World, The Christian Creed, The Bhagavad Gita* and we are now finishing *The Inner Life.*

Several hundred leaflets have been distributed and plans are nearly matured whereby we can place more of these leaflets in public places, as jails, the depot, and some of the parks.

We are so glad to be a center for work and a channel for the power of the Masters, that we are not discouraged over our small numbers, knowing well that the influence a lodge sends out can not be measured by numbers or any other material gauge.

Annie J. Reed.

Vancouver.

I regret the necessity of reporting to you the death of our esteemed lodge member, John Stranks, on November 7th. Mr. Stranks was a man of high morals and good principle and was regarded as a friend by all who knew him. His manner was very unassuming and retiring, and he was appreciated by all our members as a worthy and beloved brother. So far as I have been able to learn he left no relatives in this part of the world. *J. A. Baker.*

Cleveland.

The annual meeting of the Lodge was held at 5607 Euclid Avenue in the Lodge rooms, Dec. 8, 1911. The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Mr. J. T. Phillips; vice-president, Mrs. Mary Houghton; treasurer, Mrs. Maude M. Foote; recording secretary, Mr. Frank D. Houghton; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Sarah M. Harding; librarian, Mrs. Cora Wood; assistant librarian, Miss K. E. Reuss; hostess, Mrs. Ella Sears; assistant hostess, Mrs. Johnson.

We report: New members admitted during 1911, four; lost by resignation, none; lost by demit, three; lost by death, one; present membership, forty-seven.

During the year the Lodge has supplied a copy of the *Messenger* every month to the public library and its twenty-three branches, also to the Case library. A member has placed it also on the waiting-room table of eight prominent physicians, and in one "rest-room" of a popular "help-yourself" restaurant. This is an entering wedge for a vigorous propaganda campaign.

The Wednesday afternoon class is studying *Esoteric Christianity*, the average attendance is about fifteen. The Friday evening class is a beginners' class led by Mrs. Houghton and Miss Pelton.

About a month ago a very handsome sign "Theosophical Society" was placed at the street front of the building "The Birmingham," 5607 Euclid Ave. It is in black letters on gold chipped glass ground, with oxidized metal frame, 11 by 16 inches; had space permitted, a larger one would have been placed there instead. Half of the cost was met by subscription, and the rest by sale of theosophical books by a member.

Miss Bertha Boas, formerly a member of our Lodge, and later of Chicago, passed out Nov. 17, after many months of suffering. She had been often present at our meetings during the past year until this illness commenced, and we all regret her early demise.

On Nov. 27, Mr. Frank B. Houghton gave a public lecture in the Pythian Temple on "Thought Forms," illustrated by stereopticon slides, admission 25 cents. We sold 186 tickets, and the actual attendance was 129. About three hundred pamphlets were distributed to the audience, and a number of *Primers* sold. *Sarah M. Harding.*

Chicago Local Propaganda.

Our committee, composed of representatives from several lodges, meets each Saturday afternoon after the close of the regular meeting to take up matters connected with propaganda in the city and nearby towns. Wherever it is at all likely that a study-class may be formed, or there is an opening for a stereopticon lecture or an address, an effort is made to do something toward accomplishing that result.

Mr. J. C. Myers has kindly promised to devote one evening each week for the winter to giving stereopticon lectures provided halls can be secured in suitable localities, public announcements made, etc. At the present time it is hoped we shall soon be able to have these lectures given on 63rd Street and elsewhere.

Mr. D. S. M. Unger has offered his services to go out of the city once a month, spending Saturday and Sunday, or to give one week-day evening once a month, giving addresses at any place conveniently near the city where it is thought interest can be awakened in theosophy.

The Committee, through members appointed to do so, or who have volunteered their services for the work, is looking after beginning or prospective study-classes in Oak Park, Park Manor, Sycamore, Joliet, Aurora, Geneva, Riverside, the West Side, Ft. Wayne, and Goshen, Indiana. A member on the South Side, and another on the North Side, have opened their homes for one evening each week for the purpose of having a public meeting, at which some member gives an address upon a topic likely to interest those not acquainted with theosophy.

The Committee is making progress toward placing literature in racks in railroad stations in the city as well as in hotels and newsboys' homes; the little leaflet, *Theosophic Notes*, is being distributed generously all over the city not only by members of the Committee, but by many members of lodges, and is undoubtedly the means of doing much good. The lodges of the city have been asked to set aside a small sum for the purpose of providing free literature for distribution to those who frequently ask for something of the kind.

The members of the Committee feel very enthusiastic over the outlook and will gladly look up and work upon any hints offered by members of the Society where it is thought something may be done through propaganda in this city. *N. H. Baldwin.*

Work with Ministers.

The sending of Mrs. Besant's *Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?* to the ministers of the United States has been going very

quietly but steadily forward because of the deep interest and generous help given continuously by members of the Society throughout the country. Those who have kindly helped since the last report are as follows: Mr. Alfred A. Olson, Riverside, Ill.; Mrs. Adelia H. Taffinder, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Grace M. Lawrence, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. Lucy H. Woods, Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. W. R. Williams, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Inez E. Perry, Holyoke, Mass.; Mr. A. L. Williams, Superior, Wis.

Lodges: Reading, Pa., through Mr. L. C. Greim; Spokane, Wash., through Mrs. Agnes L. Davis; Chicago, Ill., Sampo Lodge, through Mr. W. G. Forssell; Syracuse, N. Y., through Miss Fannie C. Spalding; Muskegon, Mich., Muskegon Lodge, through Mrs. Minnie W. Chase; Grand Rapids, Mich., through Mr. J. B. Howard; Chicago, Ill., Chicago Lodge, through Miss Julia K. Sommer; San Jose, Cal., through Mrs. Annie J. Reed; Minneapolis, Minn., Minneapolis Lodge, through Mr. Robert J. De Marsh; Springfield, Mass., Springfield Lodge, through Mrs. E. P. Bragg; Muskegon, Mich., Unity Lodge, through Mrs. Loretta E. Booth; Reno, Nev., through Mr. J. H. Wigg; Santa Rosa, Cal., through Mrs. Lucy M. Zoberbier; Melrose Highlands, Mass., through Mrs. Jessie A. Jones; Cleveland, Ohio, Kipina Lodge, through Mr. Emil Kaarna; Butte, Mont., through Mrs. E. M. T. Lostin.

The total amount of money which has passed through our hands to pay for pamphlets, and which has been turned over to the Press Committee, is $115.11. This represents, however, less than half of the total expended, the remainder having been sent directly to the Press Committee of which Mrs. M. V. Garnsey, La Grange, Ill., is chairman.

The total number of names sent out to members is 10,514, and nearly all, no doubt, have now gone out. Since the cost of sending one pamphlet is nearly four cents, the total amount expended by the members for this work is about $400. The denominations all of whose ministers have been supplied are: the Unitarian, Universalist, Seventh-Day Adventist and Episcopalian. The Congregational list is almost finished.

The pamphlet *Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?* was distributed to ministers in the following towns by local lodges: San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Cal.; Freeport and La Grange, Ill.; Crookston, Minn.; Webb City, Mo.; Rochester and Syracuse, N. Y.; Pasadena, Cal.; in Mount Vernon, N. Y., by Mrs. M. C. Clarke; and in Houston and Galveston, Texas, by Mr. F. E. Martin of Brookshire, Texas, and Mr. Claude Watson of Webb City, Mo. These places have been carefully omitted from our mailing lists so that duplication would not occur.

It has been most interesting to learn that in Rochester, N. Y., there has been a very great deal of interest awakened on the part of ministers through the activity of the local lodges; a similar report has come from Holyoke, Mass. The wife of a minister in a Western state wrote to headquarters that they had received through the mail this pamphlet which we have been sending out and it was just what she wanted; besides, it told her where to send for free literature and more information, both of which she was extremely grateful to receive.

One of the most beautiful things about the work is the positive gratitude which many members feel in being permitted to do something so directly and so personally for theosophy. A number of lodges, also individuals, have asked that a certain number of names be sent to them each month, and this is done, so that we have a regular mailing list of about 1,000 names a month, which is increased considerably some months by those who help for just the one time. It is usual, however, when the work has been done once, for a second, and a third request to come in, after an interval; all seem to feel a deep personal interest in helping the work to be accomplished to the extent that we may be granted the privilege of doing it as one of the ways of preparing our country for the coming of the Great Teacher.

Nellie H. Baldwin.
6729 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The work of the League has been steadily progressing; it is especially gratifying to hear of the splendid work done by some of our active lodge-units and individual members. The membership list has been constantly growing so that the number is now pressing on toward the four hundred mark. But while our workers are increasing in number, the great need for spreading our simple teachings is becoming more urgent day by day. We have still about half a year's time ahead of us before summer; let us make the most of this favorable time for carrying on our work of handing on the precious knowledge of karma and reincarnation.

It is especially important to have more centers, or lodge-units. There need not be many members to form such centers,—three or more are enough, and these can do much good work when working unitedly. Surely, within each lodge there ought to be as many as three persons who will gladly undertake to specialize a considerable part of their spare time in this work! You do not have to obligate yourself in any way. Just do what you want to do, as the opportunity comes to you. Will you not find a few more members, or people who would like to be members, and form a lodge-unit without delay? Write to the secretary,

C. Shuddemagen.
7228 Coles Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Seattle.

We have twenty-two members in our lodge-unit, all of whom are doing active work. In December over five hundred leaflets were sent out; by personal correspondence eighty people have been reached with letters and literature. Each Sunday night at our public meetings we take the names and addresses of visitors, and reach them by personal calls and leaflets. We have a loose leaflet ledger system, by which we keep a strict account of all leaflets sent out, to whom they go, and the results obtained. We have ordered a thousand *Theosophic Notes* for each month, and use them for distribution to the general public.

On Dec. 9 we instituted Saturday afternoon teas at the Lodge rooms, to which all inquirers are invited. At 4 p. m. Mr. Max Wardall gives a short talk on theosophical teachings. The attendance for four meetings was one hundred. At these teas, we sold twenty-two books, and loaned twenty. Six of these inquirers have become sufficiently interested to attend all public meetings. One lady has signified her intention of joining the lodge at once. We consider that these teas are bringing very satisfactory results. Through the efforts of one League member, leaflets have been placed in all the rooms and library of the finest men's club in Seattle.

On Christmas and New Year's Days Mrs. Hope was instrumental in obtaining enough food to feed one hundred and fifty men in the Workmen's Brotherhood League. While seeing to the food we took one hundred leaflets to distribute, and have had two talks with these men. On Jan. 6 we will have a lecture and take more literature to their headquarters. Three of the men are deeply interested and attended the last Sunday evening lecture.

Through personal calls six people have become interested in theosophy.

We welcome 1912, and hope our reports will grow in interest as the work progresses and more opportunities for service are given us.

Josephine E. Wardall.

THE BOY AND THE DRAGON

Long ago in a land which exists now only in God's memory, there was a beautiful little village. It was shut in on all sides by rough craggy mountains so the people very seldom heard news from the busy outer world and consequently they were very old-fashioned. And because they were old-fashioned, they knew all sorts of wonderful things about the nature spirits who live in the forest, about the water elves who played in the river, and about the big gorgeous devas who guarded the mountain peaks. And, knowing as they did, about the wonderful doings of the nature spirits and deva-people, the simple hearted villagers were never much surprised at any strange thing that happened.

So when one day a beautiful, dark haired lady, footsore and weary, came down the mountain path leading by the hand a strong active little boy, the villagers were very curious but not much surprised. "A great sorrow has driven her away from the big city in the plains," they said, "and the fairies have guided her to our little village. The fairies wish us to be good to her." So the good village people made the strangers welcome, gave them food and shelter, and after a while the strong men and boys built a little yellow stone cabin on the mountain-side for the woman and the child to live in. That is the way the Boy came to the village.

The Boy and his mother lived in the cabin on the mountain for over a year, and the Boy grew to be a strong little fellow who was able to help the mother in all sorts of ways. It was he who took the entire care of the steep garden-patch while the mother spent her time down below in the valley teaching the people how to cook and weave and how to brew healing medicines from the mountain herbs. But after a while the beautiful mother fell ill and died, and the villagers wept and sorrowed as they built a funeral pyre by the river. And after the flames had died down, one of the good village mothers, who had already a house full of her own children, came to the small Boy and put her arms around him and said she would take him home to be one of her boys. But the Boy gravely and steadily shook his head. "I shall still live up on the mountain-side with my mother," he said, and nothing that the good dames could say would change his mind. So they had to let him go and the Boy slept in the little stone cabin and kept it tidy. But that was not very hard to do, for there was not much in the cabin,—only a pile of soft heather to sleep on, a bench and a table, and a very, very few dishes. So after the Boy had swept the floor and gathered fresh heather, he could roam over the mountain side at his own free will, or go down to the village to get a bowl of milk or a corn cake. For the kind village wives were always glad to spare a bun for the motherless Boy who told their children such beautiful stories about the devas and mountain spirits. And with the mountain berries and nuts and roots, and the milk that the villagers gave him, the Boy got along very nicely up there. And amid the quietness and sweetness of the mountains, he grew very wise.

Now in a certain cave which reached way down into the very centre of the earth, there lived a Dragon. He was a real orthodox Dragon, a ferocious fellow who was all that the stories say a real Dragon should be. He had a terrible scaly alligator tail which he swished around, horrible skinny bat-like wings, great horny feet with monstrous claws,

a bony leathery neck, red glaring eyes, forked tongue, sharp teeth, and flames coming out of his mouth and nose and eyes and ears. And his stomach was all soft and slimy and green and yellow like a frog's, and he crawled and writhed along close to the ground so that no one could get underneath to stab him in the soft place. And he had a frightful temper and he was very big.

One of the openings to his cave was in a mountain near the village where the Boy lived. Oftentimes the Dragon would come out of this opening and sun himself on the cliff, or he would crane his long neck out of the hole to see if he could find a lost traveller to gobble up. And when his temper was especially bad, he would lash his tail against the sides of the cave and make an earthquake that could be heard for miles. Whenever the young men of the village wanted to show how brave they were, they would arm themselves to the teeth and start out to kill the Dragon. But either the Dragon would not be at the opening of the cave, or he would scare the men away, or sometimes he would eat them up. So he never got killed. And in course of time the villagers came to have all sorts of terrible stories about him. Whenever a baby villager got cross and cried, all the mother had to do to stop it was to say, "Hush, or the Dragon will get you." They used often to warn the Boy about him, but the Boy was so full of stories of the great angel-devas who stand saluting the sunset, that he never had time to think much about the Dragon.

One day, however, the Boy wandered far off among the mountains and all at once he saw, not very far away, a great hole in the ground. He had completely forgotten about the Dragon, but when he heard a great rumbling, he suddenly remembered, and he stood wondering if the Dragon would come out. Sure enough, an ugly head appeared, and soon the whole Dragon poked his way out and looked around for lost travellers. When he saw the Boy, he glared terribly and began writhing towards the little fellow, swishing his alligator tail like everything. But the Boy just stood stock still with his hands in his pockets and watched to see what the Dragon would do. Somehow this confused the Dragon a little bit, for he had never seen a helpless little boy before. So he stopped a moment to consider. Then he began to show off all his accomplishments to frighten the Boy. He spouted fire and gnashed his teeth, and flapped his wings and tore up the ground with his claws,—but he came no nearer to the Boy. So the Boy sat down on a stump and began to chew a blade of grass while he watched the Dragon's performance. Finally, with a terrific effort, the Dragon rose on his hind legs, flapped his wings tremendously, lashed his tail, bristled his scales, opened his mouth, and, in a burst of fire, uttered a frightful roar—"Yah-ah-ah-ow-ss-phsht!"

But still the Boy chewed his grass as if he had seen nothing but Dragons all his life, and the poor Dragon dropped down dejectedly on to his four feet and mopped the sweat off his brow with the back of his paw. Finally, he could bear the situation no longer, so with a last show of ferocity, he addressed the Boy, saying in a loud voice, "Didn't you know I could kill you?"

The Boy took the grass out of his mouth. "Yes, I know that," he said. "But if you had killed me it wouldn't have mattered much, for I should have kept on living just the way mother did, only I shouldn't have had to eat and people couldn't have seen me. Mother says it isn't at all bad to die. You just have a good time until you have to be born again."

The Dragon gasped with astonishment. "But aren't you afraid to die?" he asked.

The Boy shook his head. "Mother says we've all died lots of times in other lives, so I don't mind it. It's just like going to sleep and of course you always wake up again."

The Dragon didn't know what to say to this, so he thought it over while the Boy pulled another blade of grass to chew. At last the Boy looked up and said thoughtfully, "I wonder why you are such a bad-tempered old Dragon."

The Dragon had not expected a remark like that and somehow it touched his heart. He began to whimper and weep, and great oily tears that smelled like kerosene fell out of his eyes. "I've got an awful sliver in my

paw," he sobbed, "and it hurts and makes me lash my tail against the cave and roar. And my teeth are too big to pull it out."

"Come here, and I'll get it out for you," said the boy.

So the Dragon writhed over and held out his paw which was really quite swollen. It hurt very much to have the big sliver pulled out for it had been in a long time, but the Dragon only said "ouch!" once or twice and lashed his tail a little. When the sliver was finally out, the Dragon seemed quite grateful and humble. He hung his head down and looked so discouraged and dejected that the Boy really felt sorry for him and asked what was the matter. Then the Dragon brokenly poured forth his secret troubles. "It is such a terrible fate to have to be a Dragon," he wailed. "My tail is so scaly and my wings so skinny and my teeth so ugly! And every place I go, I breathe fire and scorch things. Nobody could ever possibly like a Dragon. I used to lash my tail and try to be fierce just to show that I didn't care, but I can't see what Dragons were ever made for." And the Dragon wept floods of hopeless tears and dug his head into the ground and was a very miserable Dragon indeed.

When the Dragon had quieted down a little and only sobbed once in a while, the Boy spoke slowly.

"Well, you know," he said, "the real reason why you are so scaly and ugly and awkward is because you used to do such horrible things in your past lives. But if you would only try to be a kind and useful Dragon, your tail would be less scaly next life, and your wings softer and your eyes more beautiful. And after many lives, you would be a great big wonderful Thing. That is what Dragons were made for,—to grow to be beautiful Things."

But the Dragon was in too black a cloud of depression to grasp this ray of hope. "It would take so many, many lives to get to be a beautiful Thing," he said, "and I would have to die so many times. I don't want to come back to this earth, even if I could be a prettier Dragon next time. I'd only have to suffer and die again and I'm afraid to die."

"You weren't afraid to have that splinter pulled out of your sore paw," said the Boy, "and dying hardly ever hurts a bit more than that; and you felt lots better after it was over, didn't you?"

"Yes," the Dragon admitted, as he licked his paw with his forked tongue.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what to do," continued the Boy. "You go back to your cave and learn not to lash you tail nor roar nor spout burning fire for one year. And then after that I'll come and take you down to the valley and teach you how to be a useful Dragon. But of course you see, I couldn't take you down if, at the first thing that vexed you, you spouted flame or lashed your tail. You'd burn the villagers' crops and houses or kill someone. So you must cure yourself of flashing flame."

The Dragon rather cheered up at this interesting prospect, and then too, his foot had stopped aching. Still he had a few doubts left. "But don't you think I'm too old to begin to control my flame? I've spouted it all my life, you see. Hadn't I better wait till next life before I begin to control it and then I'll have a fresh start?"

"No, sir!" replied the Boy. "You must begin right now. If you can conquer that flame in this life, you won't be born with any flame next time, and there will be that much gained. Otherwise, you'll be born again and again with a flame inside you until you learn to conquer it. And as long as you spout flame, you can never be that beautiful Thing the Gods intend you to be."

So the Dragon said he would try and the Boy shook hands and went back to his cabin on the mountain side.

The poor Dragon felt very lonesome after the Boy had left. You see, he had never met anyone before who had not wished to kill him so he felt that the Boy was really a friend. And he tried hard to do as the Boy had told him. Still it was a very hard task, because all his life he had roared and lashed and spouted without any restraint at all. So when he tried to do differently it was dreadfully hard. But in spite of all discouragements the Dragon entirely rid himself of the habit of roaring and lashing his tail. The flame, however, was harder to

control. It *would* flash out before he could check it. But finally he found that by thinking of the Boy he could prevent the flame from springing out and doing any damage. Nevertheless it was a year and six months before he entirely got over spitting flame. And then, when it was quite certain that the Dragon would never spit flame again, no matter what happened, the Boy came to take him down to the valley.

But when it actually came time to go, the Dragon had one more test to go through. Being an orthodox Dragon as you know, he of course had a treasure of gold and jewels hidden in his cave. And just as he was about to go with the Boy, he suddenly thought of the treasure. Back he ran to the cavehole and the Boy wondered what was the matter.

"My treasure!" gasped the Dragon in an agonized tone. "All my labor has been in vain. I can't leave the cave. I must guard the treasure!"

In vain the Boy protested.

"My father and grandfather and great-grandfather guarded this treasure," the Dragon persisted, "and it is my duty to guard it too."

"Nonsense!" said the Boy. "Because your father and grandfather and great-grandfather were so silly is no reason at all why you should be silly too. You don't have to guard that stuff at all; you only *think* you have to."

But would you believe it, it took three days to convince the Dragon that gold was not made to be guarded. But on the third day a bright idea came to the Boy.

"Take it down with you and give it to the villagers," he suddenly exclaimed.

That solved the difficulty and the Dragon was so delighted that they started right off.

Now, you must know that all the year and a half while the Dragon was learning to control his temper, the Boy had been having his troubles too. Down in the village when he told the people that he was going to bring the Dragon to help them, they only laughed and mocked him at first. But when they saw that he really meant what he said, they got very angry.

"You have betrayed us!" they cried. "You have told the Dragon to come down and kill us with his fiery breath and lashing tail. How could a Dragon ever *help* us?"

It was no use for the Boy to remind them that the Dragon would have learned not to flash and flame. They would not listen to his pleading. And they drove him away from the village, even away from his mountain cottage. But there were a few children in the village who had loved him on account of the beautiful stories he used to tell them about the fairies and devas. These children set to work to convince their parents that the Boy could be trusted, and after a time they succeeded in making the parents understand, all except a few parents. And those few families were so unreasonable, so afraid of the Dragon, that they actually went off to a far away valley to live and were never heard of again.

So when the Dragon eventually came, the people were prepared to welcome him. And the Boy taught the Dragon how to help the people plough their fields and dig irrigation ditches and how to drag stone for their buildings. For the Dragon was strong and powerful and could do the work of a hundred horses. And in a surprisingly short time the village grew into a beautiful city with big marble buildings decorated with the Dragon's gold and jewels. And the Dragon was very happy to find that he could be useful. He got to be great friends with the villagers and his red eyes came to have a very gentle look in them. And when, after many years, a great army came up from the cities of the plains to attack the mountain city, the Dragon and the Boy were foremost in the fight of defence and they succeeded in saving the city. But the Dragon was mortally wounded during the battle and a few days later he died with his ugly head on the Boy's knee.

The Boy and the people of the city sadly missed the good Dragon. But at the funeral the Boy made a speech which comforted them much, for he promised that the good Dragon would soon come back and help them again.

And sure enough, he did come back. For one day the Boy went up to the old dragon-

cave in the hills and who should come running out of the hole in the cliffs but the Dragon himself. But what a change! No longer a big awkward slimy smoky Dragon, but the cunningest *baby* Dragon you can imagine. He frolicked out in the greatest delight and nearly smothered the Boy with caresses just as a roly-poly puppy would have done. And instead of skinny wings, leathery neck and bony paws, he had the dearest little feathery wings just like a wild duck's green and purple throat, and he had a delightful little wrinkled neck just like green satin, and soft furry paws. And instead of smoke and fire, he breathed out a lovely perfume that hovered around like a pink cloud. The Boy was delighted to see him looking so well.

The baby Dragon grew even prettier as he grew up and when he was full grown, he went down again to help the people in the city and was welcomed by a band and a procession. For many years the Boy and the reincarnated Dragon lived in the city helping the people until there was nothing more to be done. And then they left that city and went to help another smaller one far away. And on the way, the Dragon found some more Dragons in the mountains, fiery smoky bad-tempered ones just as he himself used to be. And our Dragon, in the course of time, convinced these Dragons that it was better to be useful than bad-tempered. And soon all the Dragons in the world heard of the Dragon and the Boy and they also decided to be useful and to follow the Path that the Dragon and the Boy showed to them. Of course the Dragon and the Boy grew old and died, but they both came back again and again to continue their work of helping the people and the other Dragons. And the Dragon, each time he was born, was prettier than the last time, until finally, just as the Boy had prophesied so long before, he became one of the big beautiful Things that guard the world. And when the other Dragons heard of that, they all tried harder than ever to be useful until they, also, became beautiful Things And that, I think, is why there are no longer any smoky, fiery, bad-tempered Dragons in the world. They have all become beautiful Things, and sometimes, if you have very clear eyes, you may be able to see hosts of them up in the sky guarding the world.

Marjorie Tuttle.