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THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER

VOL. XIV

NO. 1

OCTOBER, 1912

Know Thyself, by the Editor

The Five Gateways to the City
Darye Hope

Reprint

The Story of Yuein the Harper
Michael Wood

Weissmann's Cell Theory and
The Permanent Atom
T. P. C. Barnard, M. D.

Theosophy and Parasitism
Alvin B. Kuhn

The Order of the Star in the East
Annie Besant

Extracts from the Book of Enoch



ISSUED MONTHLY BY THE AMERICAN SECTION OF
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, KROTONA, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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FOUNDED BY
Col. H. S. Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky



PRESIDENT
Mrs. Annie Besant

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

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

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THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER



Vol. XIV

OCTOBER, 1912

No. 1

KNOW THYSELF

By the Editor

The perennial question ever arises in the minds of thinkers in every age as to whether indeed life is worth living. To the man discouraged with the battle of life it is a most pressing question, to the student of social problems it is one that cannot readily be decided in the affirmative, and to the philosopher it has been a theme to tax his intellect in the effort to find a reasonable explanation for things as they are. To the materialist, the whole thing seems more or less an absurdity and his reasoning falls down before the pain, the suffering and apparent futility of the entire scheme; to the mother standing beside the grave of her little one life seems but an allurements into a state of despair; to the householder with a wrecked fortune and a dependent family there is but little in life for him but the blackness of darkness.

In all times the religious leader has tried to inspire hope and courage in the people with the promise of the reward of a happier life after death, and the philosopher has attempted to supply an intellectual explanation that would quiet the reason. But even these two great movements have been inadequate to meet the needs of all temperaments. Especially has this been so within the past century, when the dominant spirit of the Fifth, or Manasic Race, has demanded a rational understanding of things, an understanding that could be linked with the emotions which are regarded as making life worth living from the standpoint of personal happiness.

In the wonderful little book entitled, *At the Feet of the Master*, humanity is said to be divided into two classes, those who know and those who do not know. Certainly the age in which we are now living

is one in which the people are, to an exceptional degree, earnestly striving to know. One observes even a feeling almost of resentment against anything that includes the thought of secrecy or mystery, so strong is the recognition that truth is free and belongs to all men who have the power to grasp it. This would seem to suggest the sign of a new, a greater movement destined to reach another temperament and to enable a number of the people actually to *know*—to possess a science of the hidden laws of nature, a science that steps over the border into the realm that ignorantly has been regarded as unknowable, the science of the new age. The signs of the new order are really all about. The age is one of much nervous tension, of much rapid progress forward, and holds many deep-seated questions that have reached a point where they absolutely demand a wise solution. So true is this that one feels that unless some great Being steps forward—some Mighty One Who understands all these problems, Who knows the past and future of humanity, and Who has the strength and wisdom to guide the race safely up the difficult steps that lead to the next terrace of achievement—there will be a reaction no less disastrous and deplorable than that which wrecked a somewhat similar situation in France over a century ago. Even now, the spirit of pessimism is rife. Close observers clearly recognize it. So greatly was this noticed by a student of affairs who recently talked with me, that he remarked that so far as he could see, Theosophists, with their great hope, stood out almost as the only optimists in the universal pessimism of the day.

And now what of the philosophic optimism of the Theosophist who foresees great good coming out of such a critical situation? The Theosophist points to all these conditions as being only normal concomitants of a stage of quick growth; he shows that when there is a quickening of forces and a rapid culmination of activities, there is always present the happy promise of new life, new hope, new progress, new ideals; that such condition is a recognized stage in racial evolution, and always marks the beginning of a new era, is a landmark on the great highway of life, indicating a point of upward progress.

The Theosophist also maintains that when these conditions have existed in the great sweep of the past, a Master Mind has always come forth into the midst of humanity and proclaimed an ideal which has marked a new measure of its onward growth; that the great World Guardian of the peace and well-being of the people has always come out among the people when the conditions have been thus favorable for His advent, and that He will come again—indeed is coming in the immediate future—to teach His people their new lessons of life, to guide them into the new pathways, and to send them forth on their new way to be trodden faithfully and progressively century after century until they again reach the climax of their sub-race growth, when

again He will come forth and establish a still further ideal for their attainment, and so on from age to age, until the great purpose for which humanity lives has been attained.

And what is this purpose? Of this Theosophy gives the most reasonable explanation, because the most universal and all pervading. In the explanation there is nothing new, except perhaps an increasing clarity of detail and orderly arrangement, for it only embodies a re-statement of the Ancient Wisdom, the knowledge of the Ancient of Days which has existed from the earliest time and has been understood by those who have had the power to see and to understand.

At the present juncture of the World's affairs, when every possible effort is being made to prepare the way for the advent of the Mighty Man of Divine Attainment who alone can solve these problems, it is good to see one of the leading minds in the field of science answering our perennial question in a wholesome, optimistic way.

In an article entitled *Some Unsolved Problems of Science*, appearing in a recent number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, Mr. Robert Kennedy Duncan puts the question thus: "Are we then as we are today, worth this infinite procession of effort?" And then attempts to answer it.

In a brief, masterly way he traces the status of humanity through its various stages of progress, and outlines possibilities of future growth and development, and dreams dreams which, like Peter Ibbetson's, will doubtless come true. To quote:

Suppose that we had a perfect world; a world in which every breath drawn by man or woman was filled with the joy of living; in which there was no pain, no sorrow, no sin and no remorse. The question immediately arises, of what value would it be? Man would be a perfect mechanism, but for what use? Man's life would be a perfect life, but for what purpose? Like the "beasts" in Browning's poem, "which know and can so far as each beast's limit perfect to an end," but to *what* end?

There must be of the world a result that is worth all the world. It cannot be this. There must be *purposiveness* in life. Where shall we find it? To the writer—and as a matter of faith—the answer lies in what so far has been carefully excluded from this paper, man's relation to an unseen universe. . . . There is a physical side of us, and a psychic side. What is the relation between them? . . . The true answer would disclose the necessary purposiveness of life that we are seeking. . . . I can divine that through the procession of these decades of thousands of years that are to come man will proceed painfully and of his own efforts, from his knowledge of an established relation between the spiritual being that abides within him, and his physical organism, to an ever more and more intimate relation with the unseen universe that environs us and with Him of whom it is the expression. Then men will have fulfilled the duty that was cast upon them "that they should seek the Lord, if haply

they might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from everyone of us."

Only such an outcome can be worth the two hundred thousand years of man's upbuilding to the present time, the hundreds of thousands of centuries of organic evolution that produced him, the myriads of centuries of inorganic evolution, and the infinity behind that glowing nebula from which we start. There must be a result *to* the world that is worth *all* the world, and infinity besides.

To show all this has been the object of my imaginings; these imaginings may not be true; they will be *less* than true."

In a word, the solution of the world problem is to *Know Thyself*, the answer of the ages, and when men of science, men of religion, men of the world generally, come to take this axiom as the one and only guide whereby the universe and man's relation to it may be understood, life's problems will disappear.

It is this we feel that the Great One comes to teach again, and He clearly is being helped by all noble thinkers who seek to lead the minds of men into the channels outlined above, for thus will men find out the way that leads them to the true Science of Life.

THEOSOPHY AND PARASITISM

By Alvin B. Kuhn

In his well-known book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, Drummond has a chapter on *Parasitism* which is highly illuminative. As the general reader turns the pages of that chapter he sees the virile force of the analogy between physical parasitism—"the sacculina living upon the body of the hermit crab"—and the religious parasitism—"the adherent clinging to the external body of the church." The Theosophist, too, reading the book, catches no less vividly the relevance of the parallelism. But he is able to read into the matter a deeper meaning than is the other, for he detects in it a strong direct application of the natural law to his own personal position and that of the T. S. in the world.

The study of parasitism and its analogue in the religious life emphasizes in a somewhat unique way the significance of the occult and Theosophic life. It enables the student of the higher knowledge to see from a new angle, and to realize with a clearer appreciation where he stands in the advancing scale. It reveals to his vision in more distinct outline the wide abyss between his position and that of the prevalent orthodoxy of the time. For parasitism is one of the characteristics predicable of conventional religionists which, with particular decisiveness, the Theosophist has repudiated. In fact, Theosophy might be termed in one sense, the non-parasitic religion. It is emphatically

the religion that one lives in and through one's own Self, in sharp contradistinction to the one lived through external forms or institutions.

The orthodox parasite described by Drummond leads (it could hardly be said lives) his spiritual life by proxy, by deputy. Through the church, its ministers, its ceremonies, its ritual, he draws what higher nourishment he craves, and through the church again, its activities, its ministrations, its charities, he pours out what force he expends in service. Unless the native vigor of his character be unusually strong he soon comes, by the law of habit, to depend entirely upon these agencies for the expression of his spiritual life. He becomes so attached to the *body* of the church, and so bound up by custom's overpowering force with its mode of activity that what ought to have been only a means of stimulus to growth, in time comes to stand, in his mind, for *religion* itself. And here he is caught by nature's law. So long relying upon the external agencies of religious incentive, deriving his religious nourishment always through the accustomed channel, he has gradually ceased to exercise for himself those minor powers of his, the proper unfoldment of which would have of itself constituted his truest religion; and neglecting to use, he is doomed soon to lose, through atrophy, the faculties that lie potentially within him. And so he degenerates by the way of parasitism into a moral and spiritual weakening.

Far different is the case with the Theosophist. The very reason for his being a Theosophist, in the majority of instances, is that he has grown sick of imbibing his soul's food through the conventionalized and stereotyped forms. The inherent force of sincerity has finally become so strong within him that his spirit rebels against his religious enslavement, his dependence upon set ceremonies. Finding these inadequate to, or no longer necessary for, the fullest expression of his highest aspiration, he has been at last impelled to fling them aside and stand forth in his own strength, to face truth and fact in their naked reality. He will test the verities of religion for himself, directly at first hand. He has become strong enough to dispense with the usual accessories. Others may still need them; as for him, he will henceforth live in fact and not in ceremonial.

The Theosophist, therefore, escapes the fate of parasitism. Instead of fastening himself onto the body of the church organism and sucking his sustenance from it, he begins an independent activity of his own, directed to develop the hidden forces of his nature. He gropes after, he finds, he exercises the potentialities within, and strives by the power of a steady will to bring them forth to dynamic manifestation. For a long period of his growth he has listened to the voice of orthodoxy, urging him not to rely upon his own weak self, that effort on his part was vain and ineffectual, and that his only way to salvation was through the grace of God above. Now he sees with

clearer vision. He knows that he must climb if he would attain the summit. He knows that within him is the undeveloped might of divinity, and that it must be used, trained, controlled, if it is to grow. Henceforth, there must be for him the steady effort, with energy sent outward. No more clinging, no more drawing in of nourishment, no selfish feeding from the hand of formalized religion, but glad expenditure of unselfish activity. He must stand squarely on his own feet and meet the facts of his evolution with what strength he can summon. He must achieve his destiny through the exercise of the divine power resident in the core of his being.

The Theosophist has likewise weaned himself from another form of parasitism. Having learned to rely upon his inner Self for his spiritual unfoldment, he has further cultivated the habit of fronting squarely his own Karma. The method of sincerity adopted in his religious life rapidly extends itself over the whole field of his nature. In the matter of his physical health, for instance, he comes to distrust the use of stimulants and drugs, as in his spiritual life he grew suspicious of rites and forms. He believes that the vital forces of his body ought to be left unhindered in their maintenance of a standard of health. Any interference with their operation, through the use of drugs, he regards as an unjustifiable meddling with the due order of nature. Inasmuch as he must eventually rely upon the unaided might of his vital forces to save him in any critical juncture, he brings himself to the point of trusting their efficacy alone at all times. Outside aid is scorned because it introduces a disturbing factor and prevents a genuine test of his real strength. He chooses rather to let the worst come, if come it must, and so learn his weaknesses, and exhaust his evil Karma, than save trouble, inconvenience or pain without merit. He prefers to go down to rock-bottom in all matters, to drain the cup of Karma to the dregs, so that he may stand or fall in the might or feebleness of his own virility. To call in outside help savors to him of unmanliness and, at any rate, but retards or postpones the critical test. He is eager to face the whole truth, and though he knows that the ordeal will demand the utmost of his courage and fortitude, he asks for the conflict no aid from without. He is resolute to encounter the crises, the birth-throes of the expanding Self, as each one must eventually encounter them—alone. He will not be a parasite.



THE FIVE GATEWAYS TO THE CITY JOTTINGS FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK

By Darye Hope

"My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge; because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will reject thee." (*Hosea iv: 6.*)

"Through knowledge the heart is purified, discrimination is engendered, thought-control is brought about, renunciation is effected, and desire killed."



HAVING only five senses by which he may contact the objects comprising the physical world, there can be but five principles in nature that by such contact can give rise to five kinds of perception. True, there are two other senses yet to be unfolded in man, and two other principles will then complete and make perfect the man in fullest equipment of sense-organs. But these two latter principles in nature, not yet being capable of producing response, may for all purposes of present consideration be eliminated.

These five senses being the only avenues by and through which we derive our knowledge of the material world, it is curiously interesting to note with what implicit reliance the average person regards the messages carried to the mind through the brain, altogether disregarding the part that the intelligence and reason must play in the interpretation that the mind puts upon the phenomena presented. And this, too, despite the trite saying that "any juggler at a country fair can befool the senses of the average individual;" of which fact, by the way, most of us have had more or less evidence.

Science has, indeed, averred that there is no warrant for the belief that apart from experience repeated over and over again the indications of the senses would not convey to us any useful or convincing information at all, when not conjoined to reason and intelligence. Notwithstanding this, however, the exclamation is not unfrequent: "What! am I not to believe the evidence of my own senses?" That altogether depends.

Now it is to be doubted—nay, it may be affirmed that the organs of sense were never designed by nature as instruments of scientific inquiry; that is, they were never intended to afford direct and exact information regarding the material universe. These gateways are always open, but we are not the passive recipients of knowledge, albeit

there are those who act upon the contrary hypothesis. It is true, too, that in some particular instances we are compelled perforce to accept their testimony, as in our courts of justice, for what they appear to declare. But even here only within certain limitations. In any case of doubt the senses are the most unreliable guides that can be selected.

The late Prof. Le Conte showed¹ conclusively that frequently sight tells us that an object is flat when it is round, touch that an object is double when it is single, hearing that sounds come from close by when they in reality reach us from a great distance, while taste and smell are so often fallacious in their reports that people generally are willing to concede to them a degree of fallibility. Merely to take one illustration of these illusions of sense, the sense of touch being the first sense developed in man contains within itself potentially all the other senses; as the sense of sight was the last and is a synthesis of the others. Touch in the majority of cases acts in combination with either the sense of sight or the sense of hearing, and then the illusion is not so simple as in some instances that might be cited.

There is the well-known experiment in which after one hand has been placed for a time in water as hot as it can be borne, and the other placed in ice-water, both hands are plunged simultaneously into tepid water. At once the hand which had been in the hot water recognizes a comfortable sense of coolness, and, as it were, pronounces the water cold; the other hand recognizes just as quickly a comfortable sense of warmth and pronounces the water hot. Here even sight will not correct the illusion. It is to be seen that both hands are in the same warm water, yet the one hand seems to be in warm water, the other in cold.

Every one is accustomed to say that he has touched this or that object on which his fingers may have rested, but in reality this is not so. In verity we do not touch anything; we only perceive and report a sensation which we call touch. If that sensation is due to actual contact between the skin and the object, then the harder we pressed, and thus came nearer to the object's surface, the more accurate should be the sensation. In fact, however, if we press hard we dull the sensation and turn it into one of pain. There is always a space between the skin and the surface dealt with, just as there is always a space between the molecules of each mass. If two smooth planes be pushed on to each other they will adhere, and the smoother they are the more difficult it will be to get them apart. If it were possible for us to touch the hand to any surface so as to cover all of it with a touching surface, we could not withdraw the hand at all. All that we get, then, by what we call touch is the idea produced by the vibration and by that much of contact as is possible in the case.

Our senses then being so illusive in their reports of the phenomenal world it is well to "remember that with our physical senses alone at our

¹ North American Review, 1899.

command, none of us can hope to reach beyond gross matter,"² nor, indeed, can we know anything of the actual nature of matter in itself, but can only know the sensation or the phenomenon. The mineral or metal supposedly the hardest of all is not solid or continuous in itself. The diamond, hardest of all, is a mass of moving molecules made up like revolving atoms. Its hardness is merely relative; it is simply harder than glass because its atoms revolve at a more rapid rate. Science explains by saying that the edge of a diamond cuts glass because the molecules in the diamond move more rapidly and get in between the slower moving ones of the glass and thus cut it. So it is with all other masses of matter. They are only masses of molecules—in a last analysis electrons—in different rates of vibration.

It is apparent then that if man is not to be the slave of his senses—liable to be beguiled and betrayed at every step, there must be an active intelligent mind to receive the impressions, to mould, combine and interpret in order that substantial knowledge may be gleaned from the broad fields of experience, and that it in turn may give place to Wisdom—the knowledge of the actual. Sensation is passive; attention is active. To look is more than to see; to listen is more than to hear; to feel is more than to touch.

And, so, the old time fable of Proteus illustrates the constant fight by man who, fulfilling his destiny of the Fifth Race in developing Manas, combats the stubborn resistance made by nature to the penetration of her secrets. The sea-god sought to evade by changing his shape in various forms, and only yielded and solved the riddle when bound by bands of increasing pressure. So, too, nature answers truly, but only after arraying herself in sheath after sheath of error, or hiding behind phantoms of illusion, does she yield up the truth under the stress and pressure of the exact thinker, the resolute and self-contained inquirer. And if not that, what then? History tells the story and makes complete answer.

Let us recapitulate from another standpoint, in order that we may fully comprehend what follows. To hold a belief is a thought, but believing does not imply thinking, for in thinking about anything the mind deals with the object or abstract idea from various points of view, turns it over, and attempts to understand its true, its inner, import. And such a mode, if persisted in, will unsettle a most firmly established belief. This mental attrition is indicative of healthy growth. Mental life is a concentration of the mind upon one thing in order to suck out its meaning, before passing on to the next object presented by one or more of the senses.

Thus seeking to understand, original ideas filter into the mind. Crude they may be, but at least they widen the field of comparison with the ideas of other men; and as the mental digestion and assimilation

² Secret Doctrine, Vol. 3; p. 448.

ative power improves so will the quality and utility of these original ideas improve. In other words, more nearly to the truth will they approximate.

The external thing being but the vehicle of expression for something internal, it is apparent that if we fail to understand those things we are contacting day by day, if we receive reports through our senses without linking them up with our reason and understanding, then will we be in the condition of those who are verily blind though they angrily maintain that they can see. For surely enough a man's thoughts—whatsoever they be, and however evil, crude, or foolishly received—are his character, and as he thinks so will he act; and in acting he is making Karma, and in making Karma he is making his own destiny.

So we find that while every man has built up his vehicles in accordance with that which he has permitted to occupy the attention of his mind, or has accepted innumerable "beliefs" without any foundation for them other than the face value of the sense impressions, yet to all the sensation may be approximately the same though the thoughts may vary with each individual. This for the reason that each physical object, each thought, or idea, leads on to another and so on indefinitely according to the mental growth and culture of the individual. The farmer will view his grain field with practical eye, and instinctively approximate how many bushels he will reap a few weeks hence, the cost of harvesting, and the net amount he will carry to his bank account this summer. The artist will look on the same field of waving corn, and as the gentle breeze causes the heads of golden grain to nod and sway, will see in the golden glory of that corn field silhouetted against a sky-line illumined with blazing red, and mottled with dusky purple shading down into the tender pinks and blues of a Californian early summer, an inspiration to high and noble things.

Thus we may improve the mental constitution by selecting our own thoughts and refuse to accept sensory reports without examination, for it is the tendency of the mind to reproduce the physical object with the group of associated thoughts that gather around it, and failing so to do we become as a man on a belated raft at sea—subject to unknown dangers.

Ignorance of law rather than any inherent evil predisposition is responsible for most of the wrong thinking, and, incidentally, for all the woes of humanity. Law is not that which is arbitrarily imposed from without, but what is inscribed in the very constitution of man himself. Until recently, conventional science recognized no extension of the dynamics of thought beyond the confines of the actual individual organism. The East and West have touched despite the Kipling couplet, and the latter has been compelled to take cognizance in the

new psychology of the facts regarding the transference of thought at a distance of one thousand miles as easily as at the distance of one mile.

There is no Theosophical student but who fully realizes the actuality of thought and its potentiality as a dynamic force. This being conceded, what must be the effect of the millions of men who surrender themselves to the delusions of sense, as heretofore illustrated, accept them without being checked up by the mind, and act upon them as of face value?

“Surrendering themselves to insatiable desires, possessed with vanity, conceit and arrogance, holding evil ideas through delusion, they engage in action with impure resolves.” (*Bhagavad-Gita.*)

Truly these words describe in lesser or greater degree the average man on the street. Allowing himself to be moulded by wrong thought, the astral currents are poisoned, and the forms thus generated go out into the world to infect other minds attuned to receive such harmful vibrations. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether the actual and violent evils of the world work as much havoc as do the thoughts of the vast majority of mankind who, failing to exercise their reason and accepting the sensory reports of the exterior world at their face value in the light of an illy-disciplined experience, send out thoughts which confuse and bewilder and which prompt to the admittance of ideas regarding objects and persons which spur to unbalanced action.

“That being so, he verily who—owing to untrained Reason—looketh on his SELF, which is isolated, as the actor, he, of perverted intelligence, seeth not.” (*Bhagavad-Gita.*)

So, then, by action and interaction we are all suggesting and subject to the suggestions of others, and thought-waves of various degrees of power and potency are beating down upon humanity without cessation. As the general average of intelligence is raised by action within so is the average mind enabled to choose and segregate the thoughts beating down from without.

An idea thus superimposed upon the mind of, sometimes, one person or a group of persons, will, under favoring conditions of ignorance, become epidemic and infect people with marvelous celerity. Thus changes may be made even in the national life, in the first instance neither contemplated nor desired. The historic record is full of such instances, and it is the dictum of the people so affected that the ultimate result more than justified all the misery, the slaughter, the devastation that served as its prelude. The thoughtful man, however, will refuse to acquiesce in such an inference; rather does Truth, buried in its many sheaths of error, emerge from the man-made chaos and attain the mastery in spite of and not because of the horrors that heralded its approach.

“Wisdom is enveloped in unwisdom; therewith are mortals deluded.” (*Bhagavad-Gita.*)

In recent years and even today illustrations of the fact here set out might be enumerated, but avoiding this debatable ground of modern life we may glance back to the medieval time—the time of romance, when “knighthood was in flower”—to the time between the Third and Fourth Crusades. European humanity had fallen into a state of acute mania, which expressed itself in the savage ecstasy of the first crusade. Heinrich von Sybel tells us that “it was much as if a large army were now to embark in balloons in order to conquer an island between the earth and the moon, which was expected to contain the paradise.” If a rational being ventured to interfere with a word of warning, the only answer made was the suggestion of the then Pope: “He who will not follow me is unworthy of me;” and interpreting the maniacal excitement for a direct prompting of the Holy Spirit, all classes became enthused over the endeavor to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Mohammedan power. From first to last if all who took the cross had accomplished their vow, above 6,000,000 persons would have migrated from Europe to Asia.³

But the abnormal suggestibility of medieval society is most startlingly seen in the crusades of children. About 1212 a shepherd boy at Cloyes began to preach to children a holy war. He became the fad of his time. The shrines were abandoned to listen to him. The wrought-up condition of his hearers reacted upon the boy and he was reputed to have wrought miracles while in this state of exaltation. The crusade epidemic spread like wild-fire, and children as young as eight claimed to be prophets sent in the name of God. The blight of this distorted thought spared neither girls nor boys, and the King, Philip Augustus, issued an edict commanding the children to return to their homes; but the suggestions received—directly from the ministration of the itinerant boy-preachers, and more potently even by indirection through the beating down of the thought-waves of the millions of people filled but with one desire, and that unsupported by either reason or understanding, were more powerful than the edict of the King and proved of no avail. Threats, punishment, bolts and bars were alike incapable of staying the excitement. If children were forcibly detained so that escape was impossible, they pined away like migratory birds kept in seclusion.

Cologne was made a rallying point and from there the start was made on their pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The children were divided into two armies, one under the leadership of Nicholas, the boy-prophet, and the other led by someone whose name has not come down in history. These armies were speedily decimated by mere lack of food, but after much distress the army led by Nicholas, reduced in numbers, reached Rome, where Innocent III. succeeded in diverting the stream of little pilgrims back to Germany. Ruined, degraded and

³ Gibbon, chap. 58.

ridiculed, these little ones reached their homes; and when asked what really they desired to do, as if arousing from a state of hypnosis, they answered that they did not know.⁴

The other army of children had even worse fortune. Suffering untold misery and enormous loss of numbers, they reached Brindisi, where they were treated with extreme cruelty. The citizens of the town seized the boys and sold them into slavery, and the girls were maltreated and sold into what in our own day has come to be designated as "white slavery." The little French crusaders were no more fortunate. Reaching Marseilles after a long and toilsome journey, two pious merchants voluntarily came to their aid and offered to provide the children with vessels to convey them to Palestine. Half of the vessels suffered shipwreck, and the rest made for the shores of Africa, where the little pilgrims fell into the hands of the Arab inhabitants. The two pious merchants were slave-dealers.

How account for such a culmination of fanatic folly, other than that wrong thought is "catching;" that an epidemic of wrong thought is an actual thing and must find outlet in disastrous action of one kind or another? Following out this idea then, it might be surmised that all wrong thought is bound to be classified when it finds expression on the physical plane, as crime, disease, etc., or summed up briefly by saying that wrong thought is that thought opposed to the trend of the evolutionary development of the mass.

Ignorance, unified by religious superstition—for the Popes had acquired a universal and practical authority, such as had never before been conceded to them, and which has never, perhaps, been equalled, save in the Protestant countries in the century which succeeded the Reformation⁵—made possible this epidemic that raged through several centuries. Today we know that man is a highly suggestible animal; and the laws of hypnotic phenomena are sufficiently well known for us to be able to say what conditions are requisite for a nation as for an individual to fall under the sway of a strongly imposed suggestion. It must accord with the subconscious nature of the subject.

Every Theosophical student is aware of the fact that each of his bodily vehicles is tuned to a certain note, so to say, and that his complete being strikes a chord, and this segregates every human individual from his neighbor and enables him to be located on the inner planes.⁶ The chord thus sounded out by any aggregation of matter is the "real name" of every living thing. A number of persons may have physical bodies that vibrate to the same note; numbers may vibrate to the same

⁴ Prof. B. Sids in *Century Mag.*, Vols. 152-849.

⁵ Froude, "The Knights Templar;" p. 11.

⁶ Leadbeater.

note in their astral vehicle, but it is not possible for any two persons to vibrate synchronously in all their bodies.

So, then, when a suggestion is thrown out from any source that causes the vehicles of large numbers of people to respond in any of their vehicles, the suggestive thought is at once greatly reinforced in vibratory power and stirs other people whose vehicles vibrate at a different rate, and thus takes an epidemic form. But where there is co-ordination of the different vehicles, or even approximate co-ordination, with the Man within—the Thinker—this can only occur by voluntary surrender, by an acquiescence of the intelligence, when the reason is satisfied.

And what of the “great cause making for righteousness”—the gods that look down and turn the vain imaginings of men to the benefit of humanity at large! The pilgrims of the Crusades whitened the roads from Europe into Asia with their bones, but the “supreme folly” of the Middle Ages resulted in a great step being taken toward the emancipation of the mind.⁷ Thousands upon thousands of warriors fought and died under the enthusiasm of a single idea—but the refinements of Greek and Mussulman society gave impressions to the west of a society infinitely in advance of anything then obtaining. East and West met never again to be separated. The West sent ambassadors to the Mongol Emperor and Venetian merchants opened traffic with the regions of the far East. In Germany, Italy and France as well as England, in the monasteries, among the nobility, and even down to the lowest classes of society, there were deposited many precious seeds destined to bud at a somewhat later period. The contracted life of the West after the fall of the Roman Empire opened out to commercial industry and enterprise. Men began to attach importance to the most beautiful, the most populous, and the most anciently civilized of the four quarters of the world. They began to study the arts, the religions, the languages of the nations; it was even suggested that a chair for the study of the Tartar language be established in the University of Paris.

The world opened up toward the east; geography made immense strides; the ardor for discovery became the new form assumed by the spirit of European adventure. A vast and unexplored world was opened up to the west by the Crusades, and it is not to be doubted that the impulse which led to them was one of the most powerful causes of the development and freedom of mind which arose out of that series of events.⁸

And as with the Crusades so, too, with all the other mental epidemics that have wrought untold misery to the world; they have eventually been made to serve a broadening and ennobling purpose by

⁷ Guizot's "Civilization of Modern Europe," p. 159.

⁸ M. Abel Remusat.

those who overlook and guide the destinies of the Fifth Root Race. But because our laxity and supineness, our ignorance and our willful disregard of the necessities of our nature as "Thinkers" are transmuted into good and made to subserve the interests of humanity, we cannot find justification or condonation for our shortcomings. The normal mind accepts sensory impressions from which it deduces wrong conclusions, based on inefficient experiences, and an emotional thrill gives to a multitude of people confirmation in such cursory belief. The emotional impact brings a sense of satisfaction, and they feel an "uplift" if tears are brought to their eyes.

The "*Mind is the great Slayer of the Real. Let the Disciple slay the Slayer*"; and in taking the initial step in this direction should we not realize that we are each influencing the lives of all our fellows, as each one of them is in some measure influencing us? We may not or cannot separate ourselves as isolated particles of humanity; we are merely molecules in the Grand Body, and if we so realize the influence and potency of our thought, will not some sense of our responsibility force itself upon our attention? If so, then will we each try to control the mind instead of permitting the mind to control us; to stand guardian at the portals of the mind and learn to "look" rather than to "see"; to "listen" rather than to "hear"; to "feel" rather than to "touch." Then we will gain knowledge from the experiences of life such as they are designed to teach us; and we will more and more accurately be enabled to distinguish between that which is true and that which is false; that which is real and that which is unreal; between the *life within* and the *form without*. Then will we have gained Wisdom.

• Voice of the Silence.

SIN

*And God said "Let there be light"—
And light there was on land and sea;
But still He loved Light's sister Night
Who spreads her dusky hair at eve
And rests us from Day's glory bright.*

*And God said "Let there be good"—
And good there was throughout the earth,
But still Sin's foot upon it stood,
That men might know right but through strife
Be brave and strong as well as good.*

THE STORY OF YUEIN THE HARPER

By Michael Wood

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In the wide land of the thick forests nigh the sea, where now the milder rule of wise men versed in all learning, arts of peace, and mysteries of deep magic, has made a garden of great joy and lovely order, there was, when I, Yuein the Harper, was young, a country full of outlaws and violent robbers. Of such men I sprang, and dwelt among them till I counted seventeen years of mortal life. No maid nor gentlewoman might ride in that country without peril of her honour, unless she had about her guard of knights and men-at-arms. It befell that the old king made very fierce laws to fear the wild people and force them to obey a milder rule of manners. The king who ruled when I was a lad was weaker than his father, and therewith more violent and jealous of his power, as oftentimes happens. He put the rule of that wild land of the sea-wastes and forests into the hands of a great warrior; he was head of a mighty Order of soldier-monks; they were great fighters, and they were bound by certain vows of religious obedience. They had a great citadel, half fortress, half monastery, where they dwelt; there they held secret mysteries and public rites of the Faith, and also jousts and war-like pageants for the strengthening of their ardour both for praying and fighting. There, too, was a great college of learning, and wise men journeyed from the world's ends to visit them.

Now as for me, I was the son of Mordred of the Wastes, an outlaw whom they took and hanged; they scattered all our band and slew without mercy. I, a lad of seventeen years, fled away alone, and was reduced to great straits, having nothing save my dog and my harp, and a feared and hated name, Yuein, son of that outlaw Mordred, whom men, and also women, cursed daily.

The dog I loved; he was a great noble beast and he could pull down a deer with any hound of his breed. The laws against such hunting were very savage, because the deer were the king's. The dog and I were taken and dragged for judgment before the Head of that great Order. He sat in the gate of the fortress-monastery, and judged the people. With him were his knights and men-at-arms, certain priests and poets attached to the House, and many students who learned their wisdom. I heard, in the days that came after, that he

was held to be the wisest of them all, and had full great worship among them, but of his deepest wisdom I never heard aught, being myself a man of plain wits and no subtlety. He was the mightiest moulded of them all; of great stature and so king-like in his state they said the king himself waxed envious of his great vassal. He wore white armour, for the Order prized virginity above all virtues, and went clad in white as an emblem thereof, that their vows might be known. On his breast was a cross of silver with rays therefrom of pure gold, wrought fine as spider's silk.

He heard my offence. Then he proclaimed the king's law. The dog should have his paws smitten off with an axe, that he might die; as for me, I should be scourged and set free. Hearing this I fell at his feet; I prayed that my hands might be severed at the wrists and my feet at the ankles, and the dog, not I, be scourged, for I loved him and he had but obeyed me, who was his master. He, my judge, looked at me with quiet eyes, his face was still as though wrought of stone. He said: "The dog must die, for it is the law; but I will wrest it a little, as indeed I have warrant to do. He shall die swiftly and without pain; as for you, his death shall be your punishment, for I perceive it will suffice." He made a little sign with his hand, and one who stood by thrust his spear through the dog's heart and he fell dead without pain. But I, half mad, plucked up earth stained with his blood and flung it in the great knight's face, and cursed him as the devil's regent, not the king's; and I told him he was a hypocrite and his Faith a lie, and I prayed he might die in torment in Time and live in torment through Eternity. He sat and looked at me; when I stopped for lack of breath and strength I began to be afraid.

"What is your name, O youth?" he said.

I answered, panting:

"Yuein."

"Yuein, son of Mordred of the Wastes, is it not?" he asked of those who stood by. I spoke no more; I was waxing cold with the chill of the death I thought was at hand.

"Ye will say," said he, to one who stood at his right hand, "that if I were prudent I should hang the boy. Do his father's people look to him as a leader?"

He to whom he spake said: No. They were nearly all slain, and the remnant had fled in terror; I was alone.

"Alone," he said slowly. "Alone." It was as though the words touched him in his own person; his eyes seemed to pity me. "Alone," he repeated, "and full ready to fight the world. You will have to learn your lesson. If I do not teach it you, in a year or two the rope will end your schooling. But, in good truth, I wish you had another teacher."

He made another little sign with his hand, and they forced me

through the gateway. They put me in a cell below the ground; it was dark, and dripping with water; they gave me such scant measure of bread as might serve to keep me alive, and they scourged me till I was half dead. Every two or three days he would come to see me, and tell me his conditions of mercy; if I would ask for pity I should be treated differently. I refused; at first with many fierce words; at last, as I grew weaker, with few, and in a low voice. I hated him because, in spite of that which seemed, in my eyes, to be his unmoved cruelty, he did not seem to hate me. I said to myself I was no more in his eyes than an insect crawling on my prison floor, which he chose to crush. But it was not this; for one day when I had been in prison full thirty days and was half mad with pain and solitude, he took my hands and said:

"This is waste of your strength and mine, Yuein. I love frugality. When shall you be wise?"

"In heaven, my lord," said I, laughing a shrill laugh; I was half delirious.

"Not before, I verily believe," he said, "your obstinacy is so large as to have in it something God-like. Promise to obey me and the law. You are a brave boy; but you must learn there is a power stronger than your own."

"I know it," I retorted. "But I shall not obey yours; nor your laws to boot."

He sighed. I knew he did not want me to die; and I knew he thought I should not live many days longer. He spoke again very solemnly and slowly.

"I shall force you to obey the law and me," he said. "I shall do so because you are strong; so strong, Yuein, that one day you will rule. If I do not take heed, and if you do not learn to bow to law, first to the law without, next to the law within, you will rule a band of robbers, and one day I shall hang you from my turret yonder."

I was but a lad, born of an outlaw and a maiden he dragged by force from a pillaged hamlet; yet his words, though they threatened me, lit a fire in my heart; they sent a quiver through me, a feeling of inward power which was full strange, considering their meaning, my helplessness, and the misery I was in. Seven days passed. I was starved almost to death, perished with cold, and sick for air and light. I think a man who cares not how much he hurts, or, caring, yet holds not his hand when duty constrains him, is almost all-powerful. One day when he entered my prison I burst into tears. He released me on that without asking for spoken submission; when I felt the upper air, I swooned.

Throughout the nights and days that followed my release I saw somewhat of the gentleness and pity of this man; for he alone came about me, and used me as a sick guest. I lay in a dim turret room;

without I heard the wash and moan of the sea, booming in the caves along the craggy coast, and sighing on the white sands that lay between the walls of grey-black rocky chasms; sands where our hunted people fled and hid like wolves, sands where brittle, shining sea-holly and thin, dry grass grew above the water line. The floor of the room wherein I lay, sick unto death and half bereft of my wits, was strewn with fresh green rushes; I knew, in my fever and pain, the steadfast and awesome calm of the place; he, and he only, filled it with his presence; mighty, yet withal austere and quiet as the image of a maiden saint, carven in fine ivory. Through the nights, when the walls seemed to melt in fire, or close in and darken as though they would crush me, he moved alike unchanged by light or darkness.

Sometimes I heard the boom of solemn music through the thunder of the waves; and my body seemed to wax huge so that I filled all heaven and earth; then it dwindled till it was like a grain of sand, with a great wave of darkness a-curl above it, and about to fall on it. Then I would shriek and cry with fear; I would cry to him for mercy; for the wave seemed to be in truth this man who so filled my thoughts; when he came to me, and consoled me, then meseemed the wave was mine own self wherefrom he succoured me. As for the music I do not know whether the Order sang in the Chapel by night, whether it was within my bursting brain, or whether it echoed from some faery land of poet and mage, hidden within the whirling world of agony in which my body lay. Once I heard words; they were something like these:

The Lord of all things dwells
In ev'ry living being,
Not dying when it dies—
He who sees Him, is seeing.
Such will not when in all
This highest Lord he knows,
Wrong through himself himself,
And to perfection goes.

While I lay thus sick, I saw no one save himself; when I grew better I felt towards him a sullen fear and awe wherewith was blent gratitude, which came and went in my soul like flickering wild-fire, because of his dealing with me throughout those seven days and more of raving madness, wherein he used me with such meekness and compassion. For in this man there lived meekness of great perfection; such meekness as comes to him in whom pride lies dead and shrouded, to him who hath lost himself after the fashion of the riddling of the Bards.

When I was fit to go among men, he made me remain in the fortress; a thrall under the rule of the master of the household, whom I was forced to obey in all things. From the hour I passed from the

turret room to the household life, he, that great knight, took no more heed of me than if I had not been living. I lived in the fortress and saw the priests and the warlike comings and goings of the knights; I saw he was the greatest, strongest, and most warlike of them all. All that he did was such as to move the heart of a lad who, though a thrall, longed to be a knight and fight for the king. By little and little he grew to be my great hero of heroes; when I saw men feared him, I was no longer ashamed but proud because I too bowed before his strength. At last I loved him with all my soul. My dog was dead; and I am one who needs must love someone. I ventured to thrust myself in his path, and serve him when I might. One day when I held his stirrup in the courtyard, he looked at me as though he questioned me. I thought he was striving to remember who I was, and I winced in my heart. Next day I was set to do menial labours about the rooms he used; once when I was strewing rushes on his floor he spoke to me. He was writing; he was a great scribe as well as a great fighter.

"Yuein," he said.

"My lord," I answered, "I am here."

"You know the land hereabouts," he said. "You know the forests well, is it not so?"

"I do, my lord," I said.

"You do not fear the wolves?"

"No, my lord."

"And you do not wish to escape from this place?"

"I have nowhere to go, if I did escape, my lord," said I, "unless I took to the wastes and ate sea-holly. I have no friends."

"Nay," he said. "You have friends. I asked you rather whether you knew this, or would fly from them."

"Are my friends here, my lord?" I said. "If they be, I shall not fly from them."

"There is a wise and holy man, a great sage," said he, "who is come to a heritage three leagues from hence. To him you must take food twice in a s'en night. Do you hear?"

"I do, my lord."

"Tell them of this," said he, "and bid them send another to serve me in your place."

I felt my eyes fill with tears; I strewed the rushes, but I could not see them. He laid down the reed wherewith he wrote, and watched me.

"What is this, eh?" he said; "you find this work lighter than that in stable or kitchen, and you are loth to give it to another. Let it be so! Bid them send another here on the days you are gone to the holy man."

Lo! he verily thought that I, a strong and strapping youth who

desired to be a knight, cried for easy work. I sought means to enlighten him, for I was angry, and I feared him not a jot. My fear of him was dead.

"See you serve this wise anchorite faithfully, Yuein," said he; "he is of so high and great a compassion he will give pain to no living being. Should you serve him ill he will neither strike nor chide you harshly."

"Then he must send me to you, my lord," said I boldly. "You do not spare to give pain to living beings, as I know to my cost. And I do not care whether I be the living being to whom you give pain, if thereby I may see you sometimes."

He threw down his pen. There was no one in the fortress who spoke to him as I had done.

"When did you cease to fear me?" he said.

"When I began to love you," I replied. He mused, and toyed with the reed.

"Is it so?" he said. "Would you rather eat the bread of affliction below ground; would you rather lie in prison and be scourged and tormented in my presence, or live free and at ease in the forest with this holy man, and never see me?"

"Are you bidding me choose one or the other?" I asked.

"Suppose I am, which will you choose?"

"Your presence as long as I have wit enough to know it," said I; "when my wits be gone, it will not matter."

"Why do you feel thus towards one who has dealt with you harshly," he said.

"Does anyone know why he loves?" I replied. "Not for virtues, not for dearworthy and kindly deeds, not for wisdom nor any other discernible thing. But we love when we can, and when we may, and thereupon give God thanks. Yet in part I do know why I give to you much love as one fit for high worship. You are the greatest of all knights, the worthiest and the noblest. I have seen you throw every man within these walls, who met you in the lists when they were set. Also you slew the dog mercifully; and when—when—you won, you shewed mercy to me."

"Did I in truth," he said, smiling. "What did I do?"

"You suffered no one save yourself to see or tend me for seven days and nights," said I; "you used me as though I were your guest, or you my servant. That is what you did."

"I think I did," he answered carelessly. "You were sick. I thought you were dying."

"Most men such as you, my lord," I said, "would not have thought my life worth a single night's sleeplessness, much less seven."

"Oh," he said, laughing, "from the hour you cursed me as the devil's chief servant I knew you were worth pains on my part. That

is why I kept you underground for thirty days and more, and nearly wrung the life out of you."

I finished scattering the rushes and went forth from the room. As I went he said suddenly, and full meekly, as one who had received a favor at my hands:

"I shall miss you on those days when you are gone to the forest, Yuein."

Thereat I went forth choking, and wondering whether he knew his power over human souls; I think he did not. In some things the man was simple as a babe. During three moons I carried food twice in seven days to the holy man, who was in truth great and wise, and full of subtle knowledge; when this time was passed he departed, and went unto the king, who craved his counsel and wisdom. He—my master—found that I could write; thereupon he took me from menial labor, and bade me copy manuscripts, the wisdom of which I could not understand. The MSS. of that Order were many and very precious. The work of a scribe wearied me much; I had rather have washed dishes or turned the spit, but I was glad to be tasked thus, because the most precious parchments were in his care; I sat in his room, and learned to know him better. He talked with the men who came to him as though I were not there. Till now I had seen him as the stern wielder of the law of the king; as the great warrior, first in the lists, first in battle. Thus he won my heart and my fancy; a lad was I, I cared little for a saint who could not fight. Now I saw him as the wise head of a great order of religious men who gave their lives to God. Men sought him with many scruples of the toiling mind, and he heard them with patience. One of his Order came to him lamenting that his brethren had deep vision, and rapt, while his prayer was barren, and he cried in bitterness that this way of prayer and contemplation was not for him; whereat he—my master—made answer:

"My son, the deepest knowledge the way of prayer bringeth a man is not linked with sight. Knowledge is becoming the thing known, and knowing it as we know ourselves. Thus may a soul know God. Blessed be these thy brethren; much may men learn by holy vision and rapt; but there is within the soul a still centre of knowledge, whereto attaining, he who prays learns by becoming, not by sight. Hereunto may he come by prayer alone; wherefore laying aside for a space the toiling reason, abide in this prayer, nor by any means, for lack of vision and rapt, leave the way by which the soul seeks God."

I marvelled I had never seen him use prayer; after a while I believed he was wrought and fashioned into that whereof prayer and pious practice are outward shows. Yet he counselled not this to all; for to one he bade that he should lay aside all pious observance and seek only knowledge of the nature, matter, and substance of things

which might be seen with the eyes, or dwelt upon by the understanding. Sometimes he spake strange doctrines and hard to be understood. There came one to him who fought mightily in his mind and soul, because of lack of charity in judgment of his brethren. To him he said:

"There is a time when a man, striving with his sins, with his loves and hates, holds that to be free of passion is to be free indeed. My son, he errs! A man's mind becomes his prison, harder to break by many a million throes and agonies. And it befalls sometimes that these throes so beguile him, they seem to be but calm and stillness; and that stillness, son, is—death. Half a man's laws of action, and all his toiling judgments, virtues, and clear view of righteousness dwell in his steadfast mind; half of his vices dwell there too; he slays these when he may, and gives God thanks. But if he slay his judgments, his virtues, his laws whereby he judges righteousness, it is as though he slew himself. It is to cut the anchor lines in a storm. And yet this may be done, and still a soul shall live. Nevertheless, be wary, son; with this sword I can murder if I will; with this sword I may defend and preserve. Will, mind, passions, virtues, vices, love, hate—yea! all a man can feel, know and do are such a sword. But it needs a swordsman to wield it."

I dropped the pen with which I wrote and looked at him in great wonder. He knew what I did; he saw everything, though he did not seem to see it. When the man left him, he rose and stood behind me.

"I have not bidden you to be silent touching what you hear in this room of the pains and frailties of men," he said.

"No, my lord," I said, "you do not, in truth, need to bid me that."

He put his hand on my head.

"No," he said, "you have honour."

My heart leaped; he seldom praised any man, unless he knew him to be very weak; but I knew from the half caress of his hand that he was pleased because I answered thus. I began to see that he was lonely; no one understood his mind, and all feared him. He paid the price of greatness. But I did not fear him; I sought nothing from him; I loved him much; I saw no need to make him think me of more worth than I was, as many sought to make him think concerning them. I did not mind what he did to me so I might be with him. Therefore I was at ease, I laughed and spake with him freely; once he thanked me humbly because I did not fear him. He was tender, despite his sternness in action. I had proof of this. Once when I was with him the door was pushed open and a great hound came in, like to mine that was dead. It pushed its muzzle into his hand. This was a little matter, but it was not so to me, and I measure his greatness by this: that he, to whom it must have been small, knew that to me it was much, and heeded it. He was writing with his own hand a

letter of great weight to the king. He rose with seeming heedlessness and walked out. The dog followed him. When he came back it was not with him. He stood beside me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and talked with me for a little space; when he was about to leave me I thanked him. He smiled, and said simply:

"I was sorry."

I ventured to mutter thanks because he spared my dog pain, in the face of the fierce law; I had never been able to speak of the matter till then.

"I would sooner hurt a man than a dog," he said slowly, and half to himself.

"A man may deserve it," said I. "A beast cannot deserve it."

"I do not know that," he answered, "these matters are, in truth, very subtle."

"A beast hath no sin, my lord," said I.

"It has power to give pain," he answered; "and most like hath the will, should need arise, whether it hath put power to action or no."

"But no man may blame a beast for this," said I; "no man may justly punish its will to hurt."

"I think not now of justice, nor of blame," he answered. "These things pertain to the world of time. I think not of the law of righteousness, whereby we must guide our way. The timeless Law blames not, it acts—and acts alone. Yea! and both man and beast in the substance of their nature are in truth this Law, and may not be parted therefrom; wherefore the Law in them (this nature which is a-building before ever beast was beast, or man, man), is its own most sure fulfillment. And the power in the beast of giving pain is an accomplished purpose in a land where time hath another measure than ours; this same power to pain draws forth pain in answer, as thy sweet harp-strings, Yuein, quivered when Urien last night smote his in the hall. Therefore I say that in so far as the timidest thing can pain, and will pain knowingly in the years to come, it opens a door of peril whereby suffering may enter when the hour strikes."

I sighed; his words puzzled me; I have never seen their wisdom, and once he told me he too was not well assured of their truth. He smiled at me when I sighed, and said he was sorry I had been hurt by the entrance of the hound; and he asked me to wax hardened to the sight of him, for the dog would suffer in being shut from the room; I did so, after a while, and the beast and I were friends.

One day my master, the dog, and I walked together in a little wood; my lord, that high and great knight, showed plainly he loved my company above that of those wiser than I.

With beat of wings a brown bird broke from a trail of brambles; the time was spring, and the wood thick sown with primroses. I was a birds'-nesting boy yet, in spite of my growth and stature, my eight-

een years, and all I had seen and suffered of life. I peered down and saw a woven circle of bleached grasses, and five white eggs marked here and there with brown. He stayed me with a hand on my shoulder.

"Let us take heed," said he. "Mark how a big-leaved herb, much fine grass, and a primrose patch lie near the bramble brake. So, when we enter the wood, we shall not pass this way, and fear the little heart of this brown feathered mother. Thus, by sparing terror to one small singer, we shall make the sum of world's pain less, Yuein."

I thought of my thirty days' agony below the earth; but I was beginning to understand—not the man himself—but some part of his mind.

He rested his arm on my shoulder as we walked.

"Yuein," he said, "the king hath summoned me to Court. I go in state; do you know it?"

"I do, my lord," I said. "But you do not take me."

"And therefore you are hurt and sore of heart," he said gently, "I know. Yuein, it is in my mind this going is ill for me. It is in my mind I shall see you no more; but I have made provision concerning you; and I pray you to walk in a way worthy your treading."

"My lord," cried I, "take me with you!"

"Nay," he said, "good friends must sometimes part for a little space. You have lightened my lot more than you know. I thought the knowledge of this would gladden you in the days to come. But we will speak of it no more."

We were now near the courtyard and could see therein a horse, with heaving smoking flanks, standing as though the rider had just dismounted. We heard a stir and hum as of news which moved the hearers. "One has arrived in haste," he said. "Tongues a-chatter! How men talk! Let us go in."

The fortress was humming like a hive. He who arrived loved him, and had ridden hard to tell that the king hearkened to slanderers, and summoned him to Court that he might seize, and hang him for treason. If he came not he would be accused and besieged in his fortress as a traitor to the Throne. They called a hurried council in the great vaulted room that looketh on the sea. I would have spared to enter; but he led me in; then he let me go, smiled at me, and sat in the great oaken chair of council on the dais; it looked like a throne.

He laid before them the king's summons, couched in soft speech and greeting to his chief vassal and lord; then he laid before them the news just brought, and bade them tell him what he should do in this. Man by man they answered, knights, priests, poets, men of subtle learning.

The Order was threatened. The king, to whom they had sworn fealty and obedience, was jealous of his great subject. He would

hang his mightiest as a traitor, disband the Order, and seize their lands and goods, their precious manuscripts, and fruits of learning. They should resist; slay the king if need were, rouse the country, and set the accused Head on the Throne. He heard their counsel, and dismissed them. He stood, a mighty figure, unarmed, with bent brow and sombre eyes, looking from the casement at the sea. I thought he did not know I was there; but I could not leave him. At last he said full quietly and low:

"Yuein."

I came to him; and he leaned on my shoulder, while he spoke.

"Son of the outlaw I hanged from the tree on yonder hill," he said. "Child of that dead man, and of the woman he seized by violence from her burning home, you have heard my wisest, holiest, and most valiant. Are they not full wise and prudent? Shall I not hear their counsel heedfully, Yuein?"

The tears were in my eyes. How could I speak to him when at the heart of me was death?

"If I obey my king I hang as a traitor," he said. "Answer me. Shall I surrender, or shall I take this good counsel?"

My throat choked with my tears, I answered him:

"Surrender."

"Yuein," he said, "do you avenge your father's death?"

"So may God forgive me my sins," said I through my tears, "there's no thought in my mind of my father's death."

"Nor of the slaying of the dog you loved?" said he.

"I used him to break the law," I answered.

"Nor for thirty days and more under the earth, and all that pertained thereunto?"

"That was a wrestling bout, my lord," I said. "You won. I yield you the honor and worship of the winner."

"Then," said he, "why send me to the gallows?"

"You stand, in my eyes, as the law," I said. "I would rather they hanged you for a traitor because men lied concerning you, than see you rule as one of whom they spake no slander but the truth. The king is king; and you, as much above him as heaven's above the earth, are, bodily, his vassal, and have made oath thereunto."

He watched the sea a little space before he answered.

"God is good," said he. "I have a righteous soul to be my comrade. Fetch the boat to the stairway, Yuein; you shall go with me after all on my last quest. You shall row me to the king."

Alone I rowed him up the river to his death; my hands were sore with the oars when I shipped them at the foot of the steps of the king's palace. He took my hands, looked at the palms, and smiled.

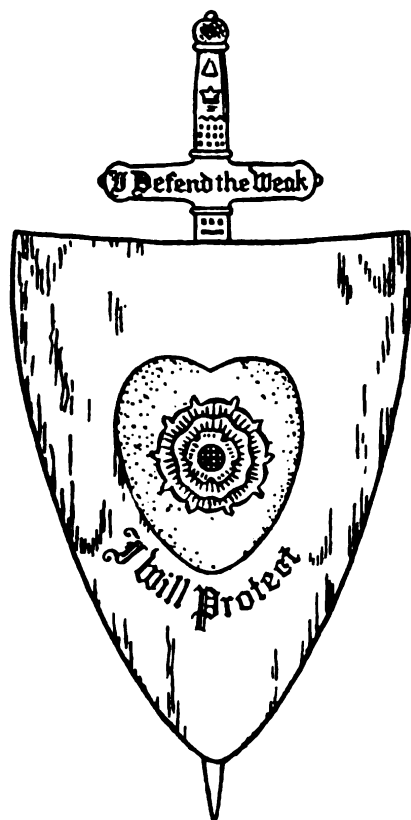
"In truth," said he, "you rowed hard this night; you know the

worth of a man's honor. Our lord the king shall set a true servant in his traitor's place, and the land shall have peace."

"Lord," said I, "you might have kindled a fire through the length and breadth thereof."

"I feared you, Yuein," he said, laughing gently. "God be with you; abide with me while you may."

He struck on the palace door, and surrendered at dawn to the king. As all men know, he did not die; the sage I served in the forest was seated by the king when he was brought to trial, charged with traitorous deceit against his ruler; by this great mage's word my lord and master's innocence was made known; the king punished his accusers, and set him in great state in his old place. And I, a thrall no longer, but free and made knight by his sword, abode with him, and learned to know ever more and more of the inner mildness and humbleness of the man; but though I knew his gentleness, and beheld his valour, his mighty will, and his stern, bold action, the man himself I knew not—nay! not though I loved him unto the end, and love him yet in that dim land of shadows wherein he is hidden from my sight. And he said to me that in that land is perfectness of light, and this wherein we live is dim, and the shadow of a shadow. But to me this is not so, and therefore his words were hollowness in my ears.



WEISSMANN'S CELL THEORY AND THE PERMANENT ATOM

By T. P. C. Barnard, M. D.

(There are, in Theosophic writings, many references to Weissmann and his cell theory and also to the permanent atom. It has occurred to me that it would be well to assemble these, as far as possible, so that students might have the information ready at hand. It is a comparatively easy matter to find the references in our Theosophic writings; but the average man or woman has no means of getting any of the data as to what Weissmann's Cell Theory is—hence this article. Fragmentary though it is, I trust that it will shed some light on and prove of service to my fellow students.)

Weissmann's theory is summed up in the words "the continuity of the germ-plasm." This can be understood if we study the simpler details of reproduction of the lower forms of life as seen under the microscope. The facts thus revealed first suggested to Weissmann the theory which is an application to man and other higher organisms of the established fact that the individuals of the lowest forms of life are immortal. Man's body itself is not immortal, but a part of it is, and that is that portion which is handed down from father to son, unbroken and unchanged from generation to generation. This is the germ-plasm of Weissmann, but is not the complete permanent atom of Theosophy.

How true this immortality is can be seen in the way and manner by which the simplest forms of life reproduce themselves. Man is considered the highest form of life. There is a microscopic cell called the amoeba, which is said to be the simplest. This is a simple cell.

Fig 1.

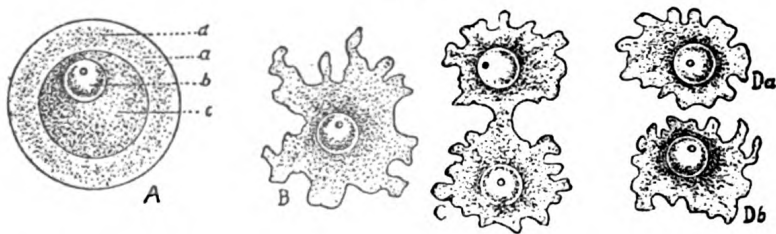


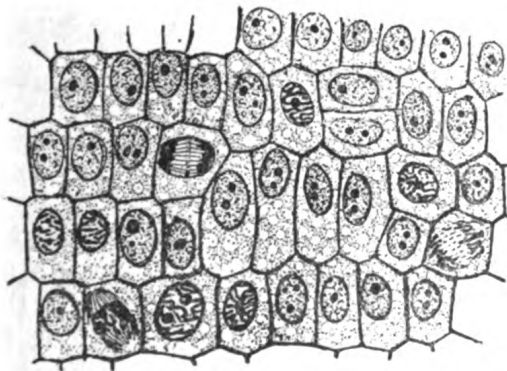
Fig. 1 shows an amoeba, highly magnified, in different stages of its reproduction. This amoeba consists of a tiny mass of semi-fluid,

jelly-like matter, which, when at rest, is of a spherical shape. It is surrounded by a capsule [Fig. 1, A, d] and inclosed within it is a round body called the nucleus [Fig. 1, A, b], and within this is another body called the nucleolus or germ-speck [Fig. 1, A, a]. The animal crawls about and feeds by means of finger-like processes which it shoots out from its body. As it grows and reaches a certain size the capsule bursts and the animal escapes [Fig. 1, B]. The nucleus then divides and each half withdraws to opposite poles of the cell. The cell-body then narrows in the middle [Fig. 1, C] and is finally cut in two [Fig. 1, Da, Db]. There are now two cells instead of one. Each amœba is actually a part of its parent—one-half of the parent. But the parent does not beget two children and then die. *It becomes itself the two*—multiplies itself by two, and so on without end. We might compare this to what happened in the very early human races.

What causes the nucleus to divide and then later the body of the cell itself? What is the mechanism of this equal and orderly division of the cell? It is evident, in this equal division, that each daughter-cell is like the parent, if that parent was divided into two equal and similar parts. That like begets like is here evident. How can it be otherwise—if the halves are just alike? We now see that, in this little cell, inheritance is not a question of *transmission* so much as of *division*.

If we now imagine that when the cell divides the daughter-cells do not separate but stick together, and that this happens innumerable times, and as they multiply by the millions the cells are changed in their forms so that, in the growing organism, one group of cells is built into one organ and another into another—then we would soon have a *multicellular* animal like a frog or a man; or if the cell was a plant cell, a multicellular plant like a tree or flower.

Fig. 2.



This is really the case as can be proved by a microscopic examination of a very thin slice of any animal or plant tissue. Fig. 2 is a section of the tip of a growing onion. The cells are here bound to-

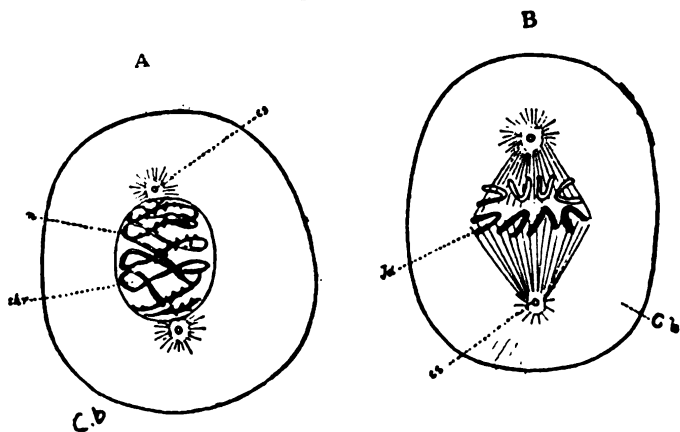
gether, each with its germ speck, sometimes two in number, in its nucleus. When we consider that this drawing represents but the minutest invisible fragment of the plant, we can imagine the vast number of cells in the whole plant. Here and there in the picture is seen a cell in which the nucleus is replaced by odd-looking curved black loops or rods which seem strung upon a spindle-like structure made up of thin threads. These little threads are the mechanism by which the nucleus and cell is divided, and these cells are in process of division.

If we would thoroughly understand Weissmann's views of inheritance it is necessary that we study a few of the simpler details of the process of cell division which are at the foundation of inheritance and organic evolution.

The nucleus of every cell is made up of a delicate network called *Chromatin* [so called on account of the readiness with which it is colored by certain dyes]. During cell division the action of this chromatin network is such that we can readily see the existence of a special very complex mechanism by which the cell is separated into two.

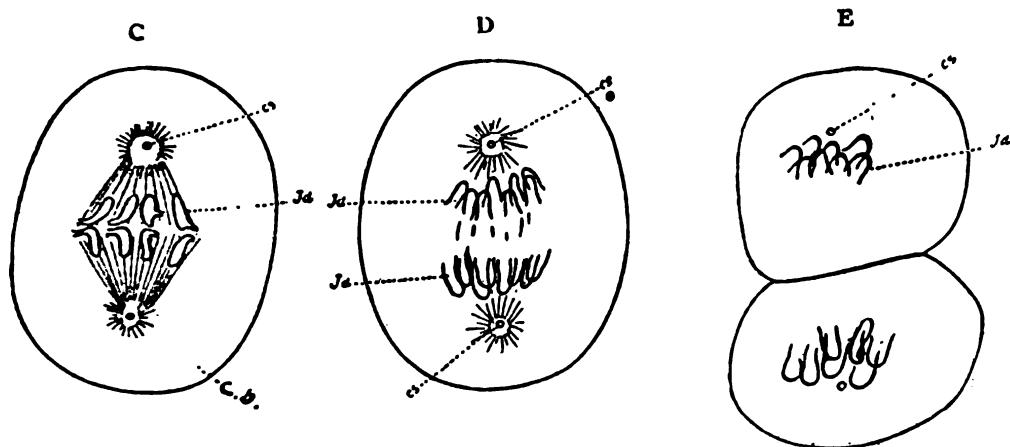
When the cell is ready to divide, a small body surrounded by thread-like radiations appears on either side of the nucleus. This body is called the *centrosome* [Fig. 3, A, cs]. The network in the

Fig. 3 A and B



nucleus becomes loosened and thickened. Fig. 3, B shows the next step. The network has now broken up into eight horseshoe-shaped rods and the threads from the centrosome have approached the rods so as to form a kind of spindle. In Fig. 3, C the rods have split longitudinally and are about to be drawn apart by the threads of the spindle. In Fig. 3, D each centrosome, by means of the threads, has drawn eight of the sixteen new rods towards itself to opposite ends of the cell. In Fig. 3, E the cell is shown divided in the middle, each new cell having a half of the split rods of chromatin in its centre.

Fig. 3 C, D, and E



The nucleus of each new cell is now reformed as in Fig. 3, A, acquires a membrane, and the division is complete.

All cells normally divide in this manner and the bodies of all higher animals are formed by the repeated division and differentiation of cells which came originally from the division, in a similar manner, of the egg, which is itself a simple cell the size of which is made more or less large by the amount of yolk or food-stuffs in the cell-body around the nucleus. The egg-cell, by dividing into two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four and so on, doubling the number with each quick division, soon becomes a vast colony of cells, thus building up the body with all its various tissues which are themselves composed of cells and their products. The new animal thus produced, in its turn produces eggs and these, by multiplication, grow into new animals just like their parents. This has been demonstrated again and again.

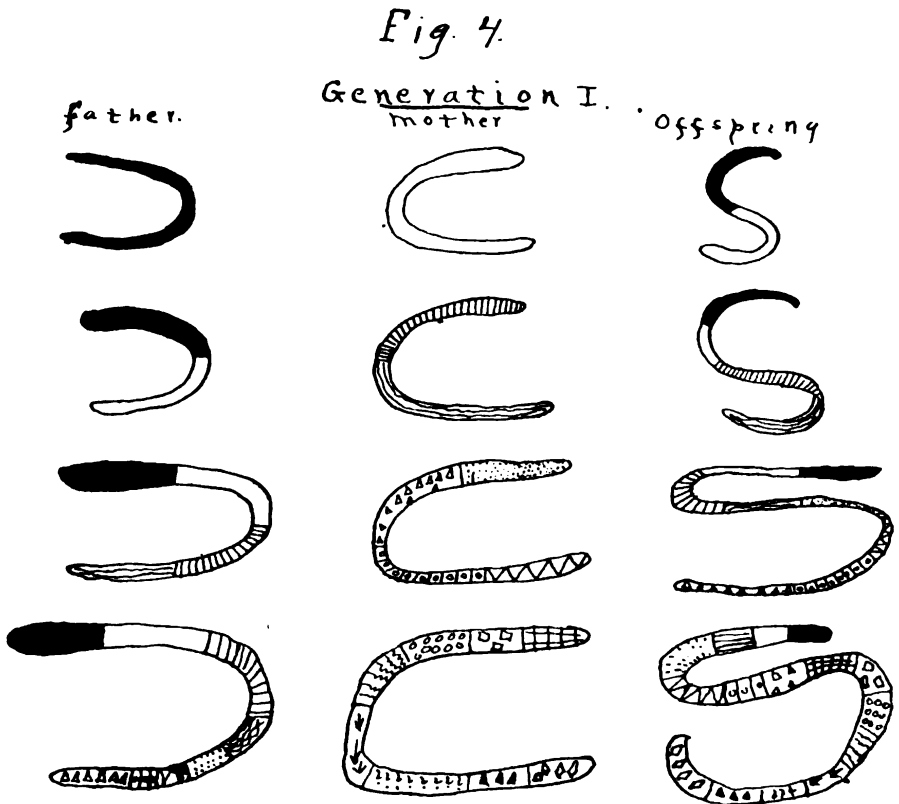
These facts warranted Weissmann in concluding that the chromatin in the nucleus of the egg-cell is the basis of inheritance; that the destiny of the organism depends upon the nature of the laws governing these minute, microscopic bodies, and that all the inherited characteristics of the full-grown animals are potentially contained within these little rods which are no more than one-fifty-thousandth of an inch in length.

Granting that the chromatin of the nucleus is the basis of heredity, Weissmann assumes that these little rods, small as they are, are composite bodies, made up of units which are themselves made up of units still smaller, and that these units of the second order are composed of yet smaller units of the third order, while these again are composed of units of the fourth order—which he calls *biophores*, or life-bearers. These life-bearers are capable of growth and multiplication, as are the units of each succeeding order, up to the chromatin rods themselves. Weissmann further holds that in the dividing egg

the halves of the split rods, while equal in number, are *unlike in kind*, hence the possibility of successive generations of cells to vary more and more in form until, at maturity of the animal, the countless offsprings of the original egg-cell are all different from their common ancestor, with the exception of certain cells which are destined, in the future, to reproduce new germ-cells which will contain the original stuff—the germ-plasm—unchanged. These germ-cells contain the potent matter which carries down the immortal life-bearers from generation to generation as the inviolable legacy which all parents hold in trust for their children, but which they cannot take from or add to by any conduct of their own.

The individual is thus made up of two kinds of cells—the cells which contain the potent heredity-stuff, the legacy that the individual holds in trust and passes down unaffected by the individual to his offspring—the immortal part of life; and the cells of which the body is composed—cells which live for a season and then die. This should be compared to what is said in Theosophic writings about the permanent atom and the body atoms.

This vast magnificent theory is Weissmann's contribution to science and it is along the occult line, as can readily be seen if you care to study what Mrs. Besant has to say about the permanent atom in her *A Study in Consciousness*.



Weissmann constructed a clever diagram to show how generation after generation can develop new characteristics until an individual is produced who is as different from its ancestors as can be. [Fig. 4.] Of course this represents no real animal, but only shows how successive mixtures of two different germ-plasms would produce, in four generations, a germ-plasm vastly more complex than the first generation.

In the first generation the mixture of black and white naturally produces a black and white germ-plasm. In the second generation this two-fold germ-plasm, uniting with another and different two-fold germ-plasm, produces a four-fold germ-plasm, and so on until the last offspring has sixteen times as many units as either the father or mother in the first generation.

Let us now consider briefly some of the things that H. P. B. and Mrs. Besant have to say of the permanent atom.

On page 281, *Secret Doctrine*, Vol. 1, H. P. B. says that all bodies are made up of myriads of atoms and all are alive. On page 244 she says: "*These germinal cells do not have their genesis at all in the body of the individual, but proceed directly from the ancestral germinal cell passed from father to son through long generations.* It is the latter hypothesis that Weissmann has adopted and worked upon, and it is to this cell that he traces the immortal part of man."

Mrs. Besant, on page 41, *The Pedigree of Man*, says: "We shall want to discover how it comes to be that in the very body of man there exist the germs of life which populate all the great kingdoms of the globe. The only theory which seems to afford a glimpse of the truth, though then only of a fragment, is that theory of Weissmann which, in its wonderful complication, is fairly difficult to fully grasp, but which shows us how, even from the standpoint of modern science, you may have complications so varied, so numerous, so interlacing, within the limits of a germ, that you can find there the traces of thousands of generations, and the possibility of any one of those traces evolving and appearing in the man of today."

Man is a being—no matter what his form—in whom spirit and matter are joined together by intelligence. The Monads originate as "sparks" in the First Logos but enter the Second, the Third, the Seven and the Planetary Logoi and receive certain qualities from each. They passed through the First Creative Hierarchy and the Atomic or Will aspect was awakened; through the Second and the Buddhic or Wisdom aspect was awakened; and through the Third the Manasic or Activity aspect was awakened. Thus aroused to turn his attention outwards, the Monad is ready for his descent [*Pedigree of Man* pp. 24, 25]. The Monads have now reached their abiding place; they are the Fourth Creative Hierarchy. They are too subtle in their nature to be able to enter directly into the five-fold universe,

the universe of grosser matter, so they must find a vehicle, and this they do by causing vibrations in the matter of the Atmic, Buddhic and Manasic planes around them. Thus each makes for himself a triple Ray which is a reflection of his Divine Nature. This reflection is now called the Monad.

In this reflection the true Monad causes faint thrillings [*A Study in Consciousness*, p. 85]. After long preparation, a tiny thread, a minute rootlet, appears, which passes downward through each plane, attaching itself, with the aid of the other Creative Hierarchies, to an atom of each plane. This atom remains attached to the thread throughout the Monad's long course of incarnations. Around this permanent atom gather the other atoms which go to form the man's various upadhis.

Our connection with our Spiritual Triad is through Buddhic matter. It is of Buddhic matter that is spun the web of life which supports and vivifies all our bodies. Seen with Buddhic vision all that is visible is a shimmering, golden web—a tracery of all parts of the body in a network with minute meshes. This is of Buddhic matter, and within these meshes the coarser atoms build together. The whole network is formed from a thread which is a prolongation of the Sutratma. During the antenatal life of the body, this thread grows out of the permanent physical atom [like the rods and threads from the centrosome] and branches out in every direction. [Read in this connection *A Study in Consciousness* pp. 79-113.]

At the end of physical life the permanent atom has stored up innumerable vibratory powers. When the time for reincarnation comes and the presence of the permanent atom renders possible the fertilization of the ovum from which the new body is to grow, its keynote sounds out and is one of the forces which guides the ethereal builder to choose the materials suitable for his work; for he can use none that cannot be to some extent attuned to the permanent atom. But it is only *one* of the forces.

The biophores in the germinal cell of Weissmann are supposed to carry on to the offspring the characteristics of his line of progenitors. While the one brings to the body its physical peculiarities from its ancestors, the other [the permanent atom plus Karma] supplies those which have been acquired by the evolving man during his own evolution.

Weissmann's work was concerned almost altogether with the questions of inheritance. He did not seek to speculate upon the nature or origin of life itself, beyond suggesting that the inconceivably minute bodies he calls life-bearers were made up of a comparatively few moleculæ; thus resting the origin of life upon a chemical basis and implying that inheritance and its mechanism are at the bottom a matter of physico-chemical law.

The speculations of scientists such as Weissmann are very interesting to us when seen from what we may call the Theosophic standpoint. If we consider what Mrs. Besant has to say about the permanent atom in her *Study in Consciousness* and weave into this the theory of Weissmann, we will see that science is truly, as H. P. B. said, approaching the borders of the occult.

AGES AGO

By L. E. Girard



AGES ago, when the world was young,
And the Golden Gates, with banners flung,
Ruled a wild world of alien tongue,
We met once more.

Thou wert mine elder by many a year,
Thou wert a brother steadily near,
In the City of Fountains that did uprear
On hills that were hoar.

Ages ago! The wheel has swung
Through periods vast. Rung by rung
Both climbed; where is the eloquent tongue
Can speak thy glory?
Bathed in the light of the fountainhead,
Traversed the Path that all shall tread,
There thou dost stand, so I have read,
But today in the story.

Ages ago! But I too have grown
(Like the slowest of trees long ago sown),
Toward the Light of the World, the light that shone
And shines evermore.
And now, just as then, Thou art beside.
I knew Thee then, a brother, a guide,
And a refuge. Far have I travelled and wide,
But Thou art before.

When in the flux our eyes shall meet,
Where I shall stand when Thou dost greet
Me, what man can tell? Fleet
Be life in its flow!
Yet springs a hope that a time shall be
When, gathered together for work, shall we
Call up the City, the hills and the sea
Of ages ago.

HAVE WE EVER LIVED ON EARTH BEFORE?

By F. E. Titus.

(Continued from page 728.)

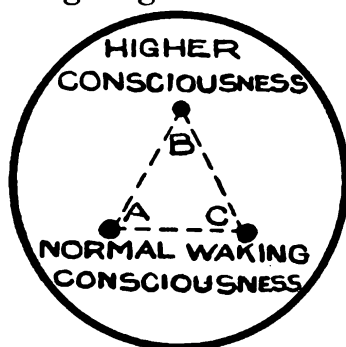
WHAT IS MEMORY?

What is memory? Can we gain some clear comprehension of that mental process? If we can then we may be able to understand why we forget.

The *Century Dictionary* defines memory as "The mental capacity of retaining unconscious traces of conscious impressions or states and recalling them to states of consciousness with the attendant perception that they (or their objects) have a certain relation to the past."

Changing the terms, but retaining the idea, we may define memory as "The power of retaining in the higher consciousness traces of pictures or events which had previously existed in the physical brain or personal consciousness, but which had passed out of it, together with the power of recalling the same to the normal consciousness and relating the impression thus recalled to the previous mental concept."

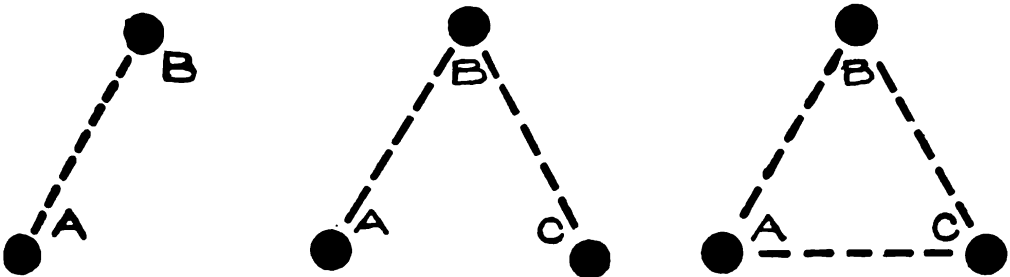
Let us use the following diagram. There would, as thus defined,



be four distinct stages in the act of memory. First some picture, word or idea reaches our physical brain consciousness. Let us imagine it to be a piece of beautiful scenery which catches the eye with its multitudinous vibrations—its lights and shades grouped into a memory of colors. Traversing the optic nerve it reaches the brain, and our consciousness, fixed upon the physical and operating through the brain, catches these rates of vibrations and transforms them into sensations and thought, the result being the consciousness of a beautiful scene. It would be interesting to digress here and see how all-important a factor the consciousness itself is, how the same scene will awaken in the artist soul the most uplifting emotions, while upon the dull,

undeveloped person it makes little if any impression, that which is within in the shape of developed powers of soul co-operating with that which is without to produce the resultant sentiment.

But returning to our subject. This percept (A) is the first stage in the operation of memory. It passes on after a period of time, long or short, to (B), out of the normal or present consciousness into that which the dictionary definition calls "unconsciousness traces," but which I have named "higher consciousness." It is now "out of our mind." We are no longer thinking of it. If, at a subsequent stage, as the screen of time moves on, we wish to recall it, or some external event recalls it to the threshold of our normal consciousness, it comes down (using a term of the physical world to describe a metaphysical process), from the point (B), the higher consciousness, to (C), the normal consciousness. It is again a content of the personal consciousness. Yet it is not yet remembered, if by that term we are to include the mental relation to the former event. In order to complete the act of memory we must be able to recall the fact that this same picture was once before in our consciousness, and, if it is to be full, we must be able to bring into our present consciousness the time when and place where the first concept arose.



It is possible for an event to pass through the three stages of (1) the first mental concept (A); (2) passing out of the lower into the higher consciousness at (B); and (3) coming again into the lower consciousness (C) without completing the act by relating the present mental concept (C) with the prior mental concept (A). In other words, we may be conscious of the same things that we were formerly conscious of without recognizing that the present concept has ever been in our consciousness before. An instance of this is related by Maury, a French writer, in *Le Sommeil et Les Rives*, p. 440. He informs us that he once wrote an article on political economy for a periodical, but the sheets were mislaid and therefore not sent off. He had already forgotten everything he had written, when he was requested to send the promised article. On reundertaking the work, he thought that he had formed a completely new point of view for the subject, but when, three months later, the mislaid sheets were found, it appeared not only that there was nothing new in his second essay,

but that he had repeated his first ideas in almost exactly the same words. Here we have a case where the same train of thought had been in the writer's mind, even the same words and phrases, yet there was an entire absence of recollection. If we should define memory as the recalling into consciousness of that which has already been there then we would say that Mr. Maury remembered the whole of his former article. Yet he lacked the power of recollection, that is, of identifying the present mental concept as one which had occupied his mind previously. But if we thus give to memory this limited signification, it may be that we do remember much of the experience of former physical lives.

Though we may never realize the intense feeling of unity which the noble and gifted Schiller attempts to voice when, peering into the *Secret of Reminiscence*, he asks:

"Were our Beings once together twin'd?
Was it therefore that our bosoms pin'd?
Were we in the light of suns now dead
In the days of rapture long since fled
Into One united?"

and answers:

"Aye, we were so! thou wert linked with me
In æon that has ceased to be,"

yet may it not be said that when on the very first meeting with an entire stranger there is that feeling of comradeship which impels us to say "I feel as though I had known you all my life-time," we are in fact simply greeting the friends of bygone lives. Our souls recognize each other. We remember the old friends with so intense a recollection that oftentimes it seems as though we could almost bridge the chasm and recall in what form of physical vesture this soul was clothed when last we met it.

And may not the closing of the following extract from Hawthorne come closer to the true explanation than the writer may have imagined? "Almost always, in visiting such scenes as I have been attempting to describe, I had a singular sense of having been there before. The ivy-grown English churches (even that of Bebbington, the first that I beheld) were quite as familiar to me, when fresh from home, as the old wooden meeting-house in Salem, which used, on wintry Sabbaths, to be the frozen purgatory of my childhood. This was a bewildering, yet a very delightful emotion, fluttering about me like a faint summer-wind, and filling my imagination with a thousand half-remembrances, which looked as vivid as sunshine at a side-glance, but faded quite away whenever I attempted to grasp and define them. Of course, the explanation of the mystery was that history, poetry, and fiction, books of travel, and the talk of tourists, had given me pretty accurate pre-conception of the common objects of English

scenery, and these, being long ago verified by a youthful fancy, had insensibly taken their places among the images of things actually seen. Yet the illusion was often so powerful, that I almost doubted whether such airy remembrances might not be a sort of innate idea, the fruit of a recollection in some ancestral mind, transmitted with fainter and fainter impress, through several descents, to my own. *I felt, indeed, like the stalwart progenitor in person, returning to the hereditary haunts after more than two hundred years, and finding the church, the hall, the farm-house, the cottage, hardly changed during his long absence,—the same shady by-paths and hedge-lanes, the same veiled sky, the green lustre of the lanes and fields,—while his own affinities for these things, a little obscured by disuse, were reviving at every step.*" (The italics are mine.)

Take those ideas which are so natural to us that they seem to be the very self expressed in words. Those "original" thoughts, which, so far as they extend, give to us such satisfactory explanations of things which are in truth evolved from the depths of our own inner consciousness, and of the reality and truth of which we have such profound conviction: whence come they? May they not oftentimes be the very things that we have learned in former lives and which made such a strong impression upon us then that the consciousness carried them over and they became the woof upon the fabric of which this mentality is woven? And thus it may be said that we remember that which we before had learned, yet without that power of recollection which would enable us to identify the present content of consciousness with some former experience.

From our definition of "memory" it would follow that in this higher consciousness resides the essential power of memory, that is, of retaining the events which have passed out of the normal waking consciousness, and if we could but command that higher consciousness we would be able to remember all that had occurred.

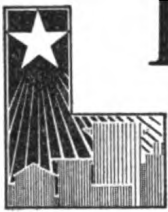
Mrs. Besant, in an article on *Memory*, declares that "Memory is a function of the Ego—the true individuality. Every event that occurs passes into the consciousness of the Ego and is there stored up; the Past is thus to it ever the Present, since all is present in consciousness. How far this Ego can impress its knowledge on the brain must depend on the condition of the organism at the moment (e. g. waking, dreaming, etc.), and the law within which it works."

Mrs. Besant asks us to note, however, that "We have to exclude from this the impressions such as enter into the category of animal perception and memory." Such impressions, she informs us, reach the human Ego, and it cannot fail to note them; but they do not impress themselves indelibly on its consciousness and can never therefore follow the Ego to Devachan (the post-mortem state of heavenly bliss).

(To be continued.)

THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST

By Annie Besant, Protector of the Order



IT is an encouraging sign for the future of the Order that it is meeting, on one side, enthusiastic welcome, and, on the other, sharp and quite unreasonable opposition. A movement which arouses neither falls still-born. One that rouses both is sure to live. The enthusiastic welcome shows that it has voiced a need, and embodied the satisfaction for that need; it gives to thousands just what they want, and stirs the heart with the promise of the dawn of a new Day. The sharp and quite unreasonable opposition tells that the opponents are conscious of the presence of a hidden strength, which they would fain cripple ere it becomes overwhelming.

Let us see if the adjective "unreasonable" is not justified.

The Order has its creed: "I believe in the coming of a World-Teacher." Surely the belief is harmless enough, and need raise no anger, even in the breast of the most orthodox of any religion. The Hindu believes in Avatars; yes, he may say, but my Kalki Avatara is a long way off, so my Kalki is not your World-Teacher. Quite so; the Kalki Avatara is a very long way off, but no one, so far as I know, has identified the coming World-Teacher with the Kalki Avatara. If the Hindu will turn to the *Bhagavata Purana*, he will find quite a long list of Avatars in addition to the ten which mark the beginnings and endings of great cycles of time; and he may find, by a little further research that the Rshi Maitreya was long ago announced as a coming World-Teacher. In any case the Order is quite indefinite in its statement, "a World-Teacher."

The Buddhist believes in the coming of the Bodhisattva Metteya. All Christendom believes in the second coming of Christ, and many sects—Iringites, Second Adventists, etc.—believe that "He is near, even at the door." Many Theosophists believe that since the twelfth century a messenger from the White Lodge has appeared in the last quarter of each century in order to teach the world, and is to be looked for between 1975 and 2000 A. D. All these people hold their respective beliefs unassailed and uninsulted. We have, in the Theosophical Society, Fellows who believe in one or other of these kinds of teachers. Why then should the belief of other Fellows so much disturb and flutter the Society's dove-cots? Surely, after thirty-seven years of welcoming all shades of opinion, no official of the T. S. is going to assert that this one special opinion is to be barred out, stigma-

tized and banned? The Sikh Fellows proclaim their reverence for their Gurus; the Bahai Fellows for Bahu'ullah and his son; many Bengali Fellows for Lord Gouranga; some Indian and foreign Fellows for Paramahansa Ramakrishna; all these are freely allowed to proclaim and advocate their several cults, and rightly so. Theosophy is greater than any special cult, and respects and includes them all; the preparation for the coming of a World-Teacher is very urgent now, but will cease when He comes, while Theosophy will roll down the ages, bringing ever out of its treasury new things and old. But the one thing the T. S. may not do is to forbid a particular cult, unless that cult denies Universal Brotherhood. It seems to me, therefore, that the opposition aforesaid is unreasonable, and even anti-Theosophical.

Is objection raised to the three virtues specially inculcated—Gentleness, Devotion, Steadfastness? Surely they are virtues inculcated in every religion, and why is it wrong to emphasize them? Any Fellow of the T. S. has a perfect right to select these three—or any other three—for his own special culture. Here, again, opposition is quite unreasonable.

Is the objection to the promise to recognize greatness? On this, again, any Fellow has a right to do as he pleases. Some may prefer the modern custom of trying to belittle greatness wherever it appears; the *nil admirari* school has many followers in these days. To recognize and revere greatness is, it seems to me, a mark of age in a soul, not of juvenility; the small boy is often the most irreverent of human creatures, and the Zulu and the Red Indian think it a mark of superiority never to show a sign of admiration; but the Masters of the wisdom bow in the profoundest reverence before the Mahachohan, the Bodhisattva, the Buddha, the Manu, the four Kumaras. The member of the Order is left free to recognize greatness for himself; no one dictates to him whom he shall reverence. If any member claimed to force upon others *his* own object of reverence then opposition to such claim would be reasonable. But to oppose people because they desire to see and reverence greatness is profoundly unreasonable.

And the queer thing is that the opposition is so very angry. Why? Because some of us wear a badge? But that comes with ill grace from those whose fellow-religionists wear tulsi and rudraksha, crosses and T. S. seals, to say nothing of special head-dresses like the Parsi and the Sikh, or iron bracelets, or sacred threads. If all these may be worn without giving offence, why not a star? Because the star is a sign of a minority? But, if it comes to that, so are the rest. This objection also is unreasonable.

It is to me, as President of the T. S., a matter of profound regret that the T. S. is the only religious community in which an outcry has been raised against its members joining the Order. In Christendom, people of all the divisions of Christianity have joined it without re-

proach. In the T. S. alone, which boasts that it has no creed, is loud opposition heard, and illiberality shown. I confess that I feel rather ashamed.

Well, Brethren of the Star, meet all this opposition, even when discourteous and epithet-flinging, with good-tempered indifference. Be tolerant even to the intolerant.

Appointed your Protector, I protect. But be you of good cheer. If this counsel be of men—as wise Gamaliel said, when his countrymen persecuted the followers of the Christ on His last coming—it will come to naught. But if it be of God, none may overthrow it, and the opponents may haply discover that they are fighting against God.

A MEDITATION

By Elizabeth Severs



THE Lord spake unto a disciple, lying at His feet, in His stately garden on the Himalayan slope, as He stood with eyes down-bent, gazing at the wide plains of India outspread before His eyes, and said: "You who have—so that you might add your witness to that of others—seen with your own eyes the Star in the East, shining over the head of my appointed Messenger, and have seen Me in vision in the garden in which I live, now hear my words and speak them unto those who are willing to receive them. Say to them, 'I, the Lord, who am Love incarnate, when I was last with you, you murdered: I, who am Justice, false witness brought about My death; I, who am Wisdom, was denied by ignorant priests proud of their knowledge of their Holy Books; I, who am Power, at whose surrender of the body the Sun itself was veiled, gave up My heritage to take on human likeness; gave Myself to help your needs and you drove Me from you with curses and with blows. Again the appointed time draws nigh at which I am to manifest in human form, to help the World and do My Father's will. Already the Star which marks my coming is shining in the East and some have seen and recognized its meaning. Anew, the heralds of My approach are reproclaiming My advent in every quarter of the Globe. Again, the hearts of some are beating fast in joyful expectancy of My message, and their love is preparing My way. Say to those whose way to the divine is by the Path of Love, that Love itself, the love of the Divine Father shewn through the human form, will soon be with them; Love in a perfection such as they have never even been able to conceive. Speak to those who yearn for knowledge and tell them of the treasures of Wisdom which the World-Teacher, the Teacher of Gods and Men, ever brings with Him. To those who, in beauty, vision divinity, limn in fair words the loveliness and the inspiration which touches the eyes,

the heart, of those who recognize and worship the Lord. To those who desire Power, that they may rule the world more wisely, and so hasten the fashioning of humanity to divinity, whisper of the force, the strength, the knowledge which the Lord gives to His followers.' ”

The Lord paused, His eyes filled with light turned on the disciple, prostrate in worship at His feet, drinking in His words. He read the unasked question and resumed in deep, low tones of an exceeding sweetness: “To the little ones of the world, to the poor and helpless and lonely in heart, sound out the glad tidings of the lifting of the world’s burden that ever accompanies the birth of the Deliverer. Tell the sorrowful that, with My coming their tears shall no longer flow so freely; that where I set my steps, serenity and joy go with Me, and the weary in heart are cheered and the sick in body feel their pains lessen and the meek and lowly are those who lift up their eyes to see and worship the King in His Glory passing by. To such, My coming shall be as fulfillment of their dearest wish; fulfilled with a completeness unrealized before. And many who do not know of My coming, nor have heard the sound of My feet descending from My mountain garden to tread the dry dusty plains of Earth, nor have glimpsed the possibility of Divinity revealing its splendor in a human form shall yet, seeing Me as Man, believe that I am God. And to those who are with you, My disciples of the far past and therefore My disciples of the present, to you, My own, My children, what word shall I give to you to cheer you in the long years of waiting and of service that stretch before you today?”

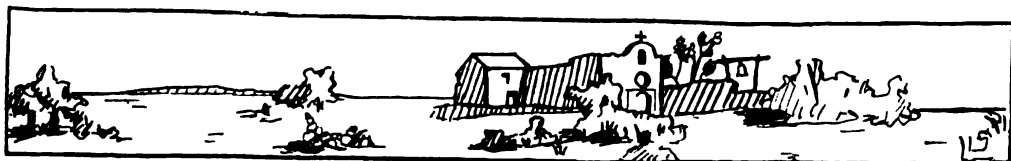
And the disciple said: “Lord, it is enough for us that we know that Thou art ever with us, ever in Thy mountain home, as Teacher, Lord and Master. That we know, when our eyes cannot see Thee, that Thou art waiting here in Thy mountain garden, ever watching and working for men. What need for more have we, O Lord? Have we not already an exceeding great reward in that we know Thy name and serve Thy work?”

And the Lord smiled as the disciple spoke and again He paused, while He scanned the far horizon where the dim border of the land passed into the silver-blue of the eastern sky. And he said: “I know that what you say is true; that knowing Me, loving Me, My own need no greater reward, no further recompense; but yet, say this to My disciples from Me: ‘For your exceeding love and willing service I give to you this boon; that which I have endured, ye too shall bear. My joys ye shall experience; the joy of the Helper, the Savior of Humanity, as He sees the mourner dry his tears as He draws nigh; as He hears the murmur of the world’s agony lessen, as His words fall on men’s ears and penetrate their hearts. And ye shall also know the final rapture of bringing to the Father’s home the penitent child; of sharing

in the angel's rejoicing song over the sheep which once was lost and now is safely housed. And in the dark under-world of pain and of suffering I once trod, ye too shall play a Redeemer's part, and return to the right hand of the Father, bringing with you the souls ye have taught and purified. And in My sorrows ye also shall know thy own. Of pains of body ye need not now partake; those agonies of torture and of forcible severance of soul from body ye have borne so oft for me in the long lives of the dim past in which together as men we lived while ye acknowledged Me as Teacher. Ye shall now meet—it is your guerdon and your privilege for ye are purer of soul and stronger of spirit than when last ye walked with Me on earth—the deeper spiritual distress; ye shall know the agony that I before experienced in the rejection of My message by men willfully ignorant of the road that leads to their salvation. The pain of betrayal ye shall now also bear; your foes shall be those of your own household; ye shall know the touch of the traitor's hand and suffer willingly the defilement of his presence. Many solitary watchings at night shall be your portion: ye shall experience that hour of spiritual despair when the Father's face is darkened and in all creation ye seem to stand alone.'

"Again I can but promise My disciples (and the smile the Lord bestowed upon His listener was of so penetrating a sweetness he could hardly bear the sight) persecution and all manner of evil speaking thrown against you for My sake; the sword that pierced My side shall again be sheathed in your heart. It is the greatest boon that I can give to you; drink to the dregs the cup which before I drained and be one again with Me in its sweet communion of mingled agony and bliss."

And the Lord became transfigured before His listener and stood revealed as a man of glory, shining and radiant, as He raised His hands and placed them lightly on the head of the figure now kneeling at His feet. "Carry My words to men," He said, in a tone of stern authority, "cry them in the market place, whisper them within the heart of every one. It is your privilege and My command. So shall ye fulfill the Father's will, and serve His Son and men."





THE BOOK OF ENOCH

By Isabel B. Holbrook



IN *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. B. refers many times to the *Book of Enoch*, her index showing twenty-three references directly to the book itself and more than double that of collateral ones. By a happy bit of good fortune I have become the possessor of a translation of this work with a copious commentary thereon. The two volumes I have were published in London about 1872; they bear the title *Enoch, the Second Messenger of God*, but their author and commentator conceals himself under a Rosicrucian signature (the dot within the circle). The translation of the ancient, original (?) *Book of Enoch* takes up fifty out of the seven hundred pages of my two volumes, the rest of the matter being lengthy commentaries, short notes, references to and extracts from other writings, and a generous number of reprints of primeval signs and hieroglyphs, symbolic medals of early ages and quaint mythological illustrations. That most interesting copy of the zodiac in the September number of *The Theosophic Messenger* at the conclusion of *As Above, So Below* was copied therefrom; I have not been able to find it in any other work nor have I as yet met anyone who had ever seen such a portrayal of the zodiac previous to being shown my book.

Believing, therefore, that what I have of worth in this rather rare possession should be shared with those readers and students of *The Secret Doctrine* who would value it and yet not otherwise be able to obtain it, this series of articles, to run under the above subject-heading, is begun. What is known, or rather what has been placed on record as to the real history of the *Book of Enoch* will be taken up later on.

Chapter I of the translation in my possession is entitled *The Awakening of Enoch*. There is a description of a King's palace with fair gardens and a temple in which stands a golden Image fashioned with the face of a man, the neck of a lion, the body of a bull, and eagle's wings. All men of earth with their wives and their children and their slaves did gather themselves unto this King's temple, did

bow down before the Image and give homage to their sovereign's God, voicing their worship in such words as these:

Bless my song, O Sun!
Thou mighty Star of the Seven Heavens:
Who swayest the spheres of earth,
Through the immensity of boundless Space.

O resplendent!
O universally shining One;
Who rulest the tracks of Light;
To whom mortals look with joy.
O Universal Glory;
Thou just, thou gracious, thou supreme Father;
May my inspired soul praise thee;
May the music of my thought sing thy brightness.
Thou art the sovereign Light;
Whose glorious Image shines ever above me.

To thee, heroes pray;
Nor do their prayers arise in vain.
The east is glad with thine arising glory;
Fair is thy meridian splendor;
And when thou settest in the shining west,
Still we look on thee with love and praise.

But one night as Enoch was *alone* in the Temple contemplating the Image, a vast tempest arose, the dome of the Temple was rent, the Image smote from head to foot and dashed to the earth in fragments, while the elements of the storm swept in and buffeted its remnants. [The description here reminds one of that magnificent simile in which Homer calls thunder the terrific armor of God.]

And Enoch said:

"Is this the god we worship? A god, the slave of chance and of the elements? Who cannot foresee the storm; who cannot ward away the stroke of ruin? In his own house helpless and at mercy of the Messengers of Air.

"But I; whither shall I betake myself, and why should I yield up my soul and spirit to what is not?"

Then did he send out this royal call for help:

Thou, who are in Fire
Teach me thy Mysteries:
Fill me with divine inspiration,
Bathe me in the streams of light.

Ancient of Days!
Clothe me with the serene moon of wisdom:
Illuminate my soul, that deep ocean,
Till in its darkest depths it feels thy splendor.

I am alone, and ever lonely:
I feel myself a wandering, helpless unit;
Death on this side; death on that;
The cloud of desolation ever present.

In vain do I uplift me to the Ancient;
In my prayer have I sought him ever and ever;
But no answer doth he give me.
Never once hath He spoken.

Visions enter my soul—
But I seek the Vision of the Supreme;
When wilt thou give it to me, O Father?
When shall I see Thee in the Temple?

Then shall I pass away with full content,
When I know that thou hast heard me;
When the sound of the Eternal Harp
Has bathed my soul in tears.

Lights and gleams and dreams;
And words from the starry heaven;
And visions over the veiled eye;
And the presence of ethereal essences.

Fiery lights, flashes of flame;
A waving sea of stars:
A magnet-trance,
An awakening soul and spirit.

And Enoch departed out of the Temple and sought the Wilderness. Then follows a description of his temptation in that place, and his victory upon the third day; when the stars spake to him, light entered his heart; and he seemed to pass over the waters of a great sea as in a Dream.

Thus endeth the first chapter.

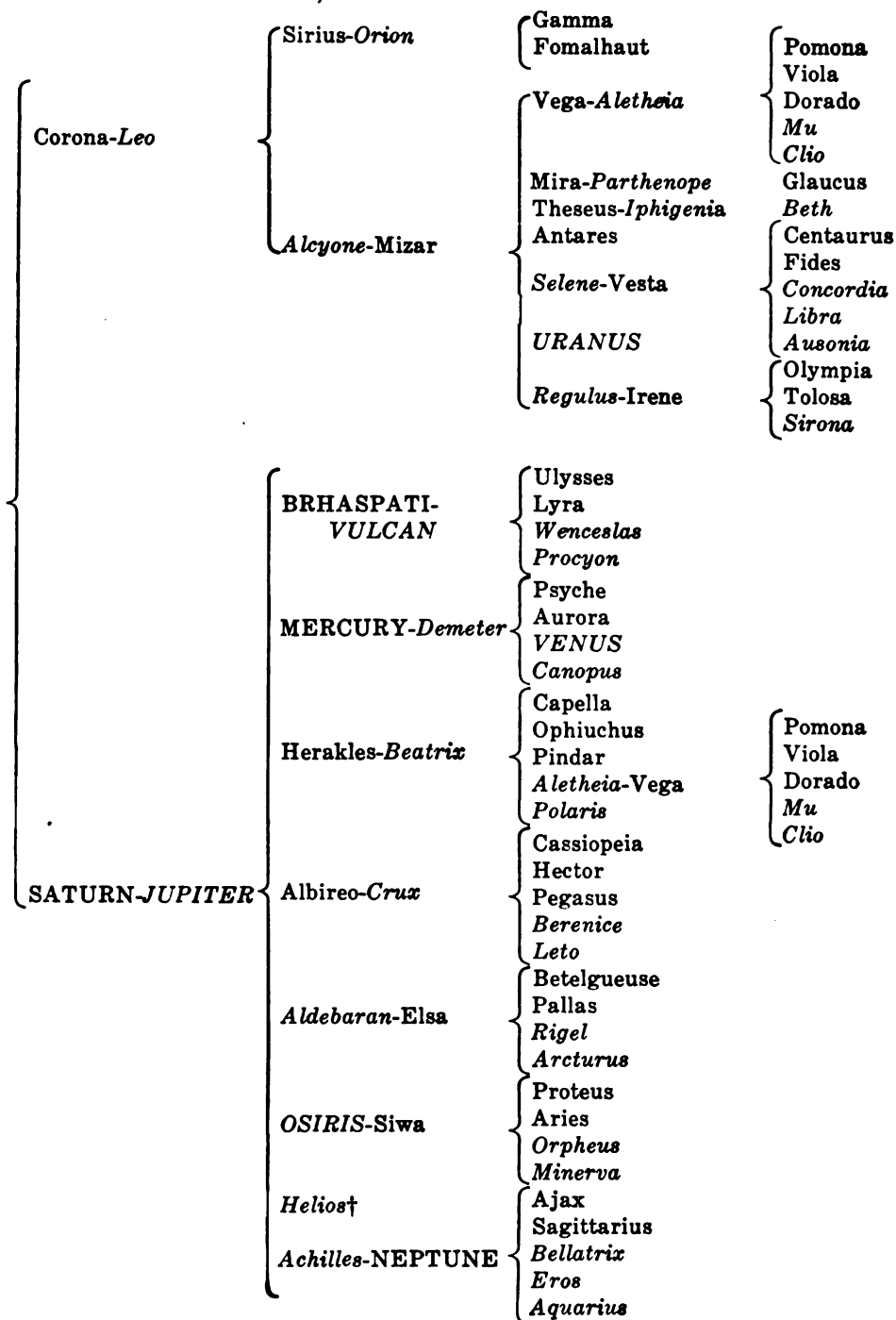
(To be continued)



FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS IN THE LIVES OF ALCYONE

LIFE 23. INDIA. 5635-5588 B. C. (V. 1).

MARS-VIRAJ: Corona, SATURN



FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS IN THE LIVES OF ALCYONE

Theodoros-Lomia	Orion-Sirius	{ Gamma Fomalhaut	{ Pomona Viola Dorado
	Vajra	{ Vega-Aletheia	{ Mu Clio Glaucus
Andromeda-Draco	Mizar-Alcyone	{ Mira-Parthenope Theseus-Iphigenia Antares	{ Beth Centaurus Fides
	Cygnus-Egeria	{ Selene-Vesta	{ Concordia Libra Ausonia
	Argus-Telemachus	{ URANUS	{ Olympia Tolosa
	Phoenix-Calliope	{ Regulus-Irene	{ Sirona
	Algol-Daeth	{ Aleph Soma	
Cetus-Adrona	{ Pollux Avelledo Lacerta Capricorn Arcor	Gimel	
Boreas (maid Alcyone)	{ Auriga Tiphys Iris Virgo Taurus		
Perseus-Altair			

LIFE 24. INDIA. 4970-4901 B. C. (V. I)

MARS

MERCURY-
Olympia

{ Herakles-Gemini NEPTUNE Clio	{ Mizar Polaris
--------------------------------------	--------------------

Siwa-Orpheus

Alcyone-URANUS

{ Helios Hector-Regulus Rigel	{ Glaucus Soma Telemachus Iphigenia
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Cetus-(—)

Cancer-Alastor

(—)-Hesperia

{ Scorpio Thetis

QUESTIONS

What is Theosophy? (From an Enquirer.)

Theosophy is called the "Wisdom-Religion." It is handed down to the present time through thousands of years. Its teachings are ever in charge of wise men who are called Initiates, merely men more highly evolved than the mass of people who have become able to apprehend the deeper truth by the development of the intellectual and spiritual parts of their being. These advanced souls give out from time to time portions of this divine wisdom as the evolution of humanity renders mankind ready for its teachings. Knowledge of the Universe is ever bounded by the capacity to receive impressions from it; theirs greatly advanced while that of mankind in general has hardly more than begun. It is the duty of man to strive to enlarge that capacity or power to receive such impressions of the Universe, as it is the mission of Theosophy to aid man in this effort.

Theosophy is a modern title for the olden name of Wisdom-Religion and it dates back to about the third century A. D. The chief doctrines of the great Religions of the world are included in Theosophy and cluster around it as a nucleus for their not yet generally revealed deeper truths.

Theosophy teaches that the universe, with all its multitudinous forms which we know as matter, is but the embodied Life or Spirit of the Great Creator whom the world calls God. Thus man is a form of this embodied Life or Spirit and is so closely related that he is called a Son of God. But, like the son of an earthly father, he is to evolve his nature until he comes into contact with ever higher and higher planes of the universe, until he reaches nigh unto the Divine itself which is his inherent nature.

The mission of Theosophy is to deal with such methods of evolution and these methods are called Occultism; the object of Occultism is to evolve in mankind generally, endurance, courage and the purity by which only he can attain to his Father.

A. B.

Theosophy is not an attempt to promulgate any new religion, but to set forth the ancient Wisdom-Religion which underlies them all in one beautiful unity. This is Theosophy and its great and only aim, an aim in common with all mankind.

C. W. L.

Is Theosophy for the masses? (From the same Enquirer.)

Theosophy is for all men and all minds, just in such proportion as they can grasp the sublime messages by that understanding within their own hearts which can reach out, through a magnificent appeal, and take as its own, the truths of its Wisdom-Religion. Theosophy knows no classes and no masses but calls to all men to come out from the *great mass* of souls still contented in the gloom of the dim light about them, and set forward on the path which leads through ever-ascending grades of wisdom and purity, in response to the ever-longing desire for truth.

G. R. S. M.

Theosophy is for all without distinction of caste, class, creed or condition. Its doctrines of self-sacrifice may be more readily received and put into practice by the poor than by the rich. Its doctrine of brotherhood makes claims which may more readily be conceded by the poor than by the rich. The selfishness and isolation often fostered by the rich may stand a hindrance, while the self-sacrifice and ready sympathy so common among many of the poor are signs of spiritual progress made through suffering. Reincarnation and Karma are doctrines that lift the darkness of human life and human pain; that teach how to escape misery and set humanity on the road that leads to liberation from darkness of human life and human pain. It is not so easy to gain a hearing for a doctrine which replaces selfishness by self-sacrifice.

A. B.

How can moral heredity harmonize with the theory of reincarnation?

The querist's point is the peculiarities of the body and mind we bring with us into the world; what modifications may be made in them afterwards have nothing to do with reincarnation or with heredity. In any large family, born of parents who have themselves a tolerably distinguishable individuality, we shall most likely find children differing much from one another. Some are said to "take after the father," others the mother; others again reproduce traits of more remote ancestors of which the father and mother may show nothing. Then the vital energy and tastes of a child may seem to come from the father while the character and the mind is from the mother.

The Theosophical view is that the reign of heredity from the physical parents extends to the physical and etheric bodies only. The parents of the child are chosen for him precisely in order that the law of heredity may furnish a portion of the influences by which the body is to be formed for him. There is an actual, living will which chooses what portions of the ancestral characteristics shall be reproduced and how these shall be modified to make a proper body for the Ego to dwell in. The physical and etheric body and brain is only an instrument for the thought and action of the Ego to do what it can within

the physical world. Nor is it even an instrument of its own choice. It may be a dark and noisome prison or it may be a beautiful home to live and work in, but it is always true that it is just what the Ego has made for itself in past lives, and which must be lived through. Our claim as regards these matters is Law, not capricious Grace; whilst where the ordinary scientific man says Blind Law—Chance—we say Intelligent Law, working out consciously the purpose of the universe.
A. A. W.

Explain the "twofold work" in developing increased faculty.

(1) The powers of consciousness are drawn out.

(2) The forms through which the consciousness is expressed are developed.

The fact that the powers of consciousness are "drawn out" should never be forgotten. These powers people already possess. They have only to utilize them. The divine Self is the root of the life in each man, and the aspect of the Self, which is knowledge, is, from each, ever seeking fuller expression. The form is moulded and changed, but the life—the man's Self—is always illimitable in powers.

The forms through which the consciousness is expressed are developed, as is seen in examining the brain. The cells of gray matter multiply as the brain is exercised. The brain of the thinker is larger and heavier than the brain of the plough-man, and has also a much larger number of convolutions. The mental body also, as well as the physical brain, increases by exercise, both in size and complexity of structure. In order to grow, it should be remembered that the mental body should have exercise that is both (a) methodical and (b) regular.

(a) For methodical exercise, a few sentences should be read slowly, and should be thought over closely and intently for twice as long a time as the reading has taken. The object of the reading is not the acquiring of a new idea, but the strengthening of the thinking faculties. The result will be a distinct growth in mental strength.

(b) Regularity of practice is essential until the habit of steady growth is acquired, otherwise three or four days' work will be necessary to counterbalance the slipping back resulting from the omission of one day's work. Later the habit of the loose drifting of thought will have been overcome and regularity of work is then not so essential. The matter of the mental body will then not have fallen back into its old shape.
E. R. B.

What harm is there in "constantly thinking"?

Constant thinking wears out the delicate machinery of the mind without useful result. Constant thinking means constant vibration,

and constant vibration means constant waste. Exhaustion and premature decay result from this useless expenditure of energy. *E. R. B.*

In what ways can one give rest to the brain?

(1) Ceasing to think.

The advantage of ceasing to think is exactly the same as the advantage the tired limbs luxuriate in when stretched in repose. The tired mind finds comfort in complete rest.

Much gain of strength may be made by thinking and ceasing to think at will. While we are thinking, we should throw our whole mind into the thought. But when the work of thought is over, it should be dropped completely. Then by ceasing to think a man may preserve both mental body and brain longer than he otherwise would.

But, above all, ceasing to think is a necessary preliminary to work on the higher planes. When the brain has learned to be quiescent, when it no longer restlessly throws up images of past activities, then the possibility opens of the withdrawal of the consciousness from its physical vesture and of its free activity in its own world.

(2) Change of thought.

Of the second, Gladstone is a noted example of its benefit. It kept his thought fresh and youthful, even in old age. His strongest and most persistent thought went to politics, but Greek and Theology filled his leisure hours. Charles Darwin, on the contrary, lamented in his old age that he had allowed to atrophy, by disuse, those of his faculties not concerned with his own specialized work. *E. R. B.*

How can one cease thinking?

Ceasing to think is perhaps more difficult than learning to think. It can be done as follows: When a student has been thinking steadily, let him drop the thought wholly and completely. If any thought appears in the mind, turn the attention away from it. If necessary, in addition, imagine a void as a step to quiescence. Try to be conscious only of stillness and darkness. Both of these, or the first at least, must be practised till the habit is formed. *E. R. B.*



REVIEWS

NEW BOOKS BY MRS. BESANT

THE MASTERS, by Annie Besant. Publishers: The Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, India. 1912. pp. 66. Price, 6d.

To one who loves the Masters, this booklet with its inspiring title must awaken a keen sense of joy and gratitude to the author for its presentation to the public. Every Theosophist in the land can use it as a gift-book, and, as the Author says in her Foreword, "arouse some to the seeking of the great Teachers. I, who know Them, can do no greater service to my brethren, than to inspire them to begin a search which will give them a prize beyond all telling."

The booklet contains three chapters: *The Perfect Man*; *The Masters as Facts and Ideals*; and *The Adepts*.

The first chapter treats of the Perfect Man as a link in the chain of evolution; every religion proclaims Him; all creeds have in Him their justification. The first, second and third initiations are clearly defined; then is depicted that stage of the suffering of the disciple known as the "dark night of the soul" which is entered for the love of mankind; when this darkness of human desertion is past, he becomes the Christ triumphant.

The Masters as Facts and Ideals is a lecture delivered in 1895, in London, at a time when Their reality was challenged. From theory to historical evidence and then to first-hand evidence one is led on by most convincing testimony. Under the sub-title of "How can we find the Masters?" the Path is clearly pointed out, how from an ideal it may become a living reality.

The Adepts is a brief article; under the heading "Who is the Master?" many questions constantly heard are answered, and information is given about the Masters Jesus, Hilarion, Rakoczi, and the Masters M. and K. H. The closing statements concern the World-Teacher and it is said: "With Him will come several of the Masters, to aid His work and spread abroad His message."

A. H. T.

A STUDY IN K  MA, by Annie Besant. Publishers: The Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, India. 1912. pp. 113. Price 1s. 6d.

The scientific world and the philosophic and the religious have been troubled since time was by innumerable confusions introduced by that type of mind which delights in adding to a true and clear situation some preposterous element. In philosophy we see an example in Zeno; in psychology, the believers in multiplex personality; in religion, dogma foreign quite to the body of the faith.

The singular clarity of this little book by Mrs. Besant is in complete antipathy to all of this. In the confusions which have been introduced by the loose thinker who keeps his various modes of thought, as Mr. Sinnett has well said, in water-tight compartments, Mrs. Besant has brought an order which is interesting to note. The first is the telling application of scientific principle and modes of

thought to the apparent lawlessness of the spiritual universe. The next is the ingenious employment of old and new examples to illustrate a point. Another is skill with which we are shown that we must not fall into the error of regarding ourselves as helpless victims of a machine that stamps us with the steel-like accuracies of a die press.

Much is repeated, as must necessarily be the case when complete study is being made of a subject which has been before us for some years. But much also is new and the entire treatment is refreshing. Indeed, the simplicity and the flowing quality of this study might easily be deceptive, and lead the casual reader to lay the book aside, thinking that it had no depth. But, if we be reasonable, it is quite apparent that the force of the work lies in the very fact that it is so immediately applicable to human life.

There are no chapters, but forty-two titled paragraphs. Of these the sixth, upon *Causation*, contains most interesting philosophy in its definition. And that one which shows the application of the law is most satisfactory. Its conclusion is that "karmic results can only be of the nature of their cause; they are not arbitrary like human rewards."

This little work can well take its place among the many other excellent volumes of our President. F. K.

INITIATION, THE PERFECTING OF MAN, by Annie Besant. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing Society, London. 1912. pp. 131. Price 2s. 6d. net.

"He only is great of heart, who floods the world with great affections. He only is great of mind, who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will, who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is the greatest, who does the most of all of these things and does them best."

I know of no one of whom this can be more appropriately or truthfully said than of Mrs. Besant, the beloved President of the Theosophical Society. Wave after wave of her warming love-currents have gone out into the world's atmosphere; flash after flash of illumining light have penetrated the earth's darkness; and the very depths of the soul have been stirred by her eloquence and divine fire. The world has been awakened by her wondrous messages of a "Coming World Teacher," and thousands of hearts fired by her call to "Come forth and make ready the way of the Lord of Love."

And now, another note has sounded out into the great world of busy men and women; a note so clear, so distinct, so vital, that none need fail to catch its import. It carries hope to the toiling man of the world, assuring him that his feet may be treading close to the Path that leads to his Master, although he may have never heard of His existence. This latest message from her heart and hand bears the title "*Initiation, The Perfecting of Man*," and while her Foreword tells us that "there is nothing new in these lectures, but only old truths retold; truths that touch the deepest recesses of our being and bring the breath of heaven into the lower life of earth," we seem to catch a subtle charm of expression, which gives them added power and a hold upon the human heart that only the interpreter of life's deeper problems could breathe into them. "Old truths" retouched by the tenderness of her love, open the dull and unresponsive ear, quicken the heart-beats, and send new life pulsing through the veins. She lifts them into a rarefied atmosphere, and touches them with the fragrance of heart-blossoms that bloom close to the gates of heaven. With the voice of gentleness, and tender admonition, she carries these mighty truths into the outer conscious-

ness, that men of the world may hear, and, having heard, be touched by the fire of their eloquence.

Of the one who has triumphed over his lower self, and transcended the barriers that hide the Self from the Self, she says:

"He only labors, that others may share what he has gained, having won that most splendid of all rights, the right to help, whether the help be recognized or not; that, in becoming a Christ, he knows the identity of nature which makes his, the weakness of the weakest, as well as the strength of the strongest; which makes his, the sin of the guiltiest, as well as the purity of the highest; which makes him share the foulness of the criminal, as well as the spotlessness of the saint; for only those know the One Life who can feel themselves in the worst as well as in the best, to whom all are as himself, all that he possesses, theirs to take."

Is this not a breath of that compassionate Love "that reacheth unto inscrutable heights, and stretcheth into immeasurable depths" of Divine Compassion? This the love that maketh the bitter, sweet, and the unseemly, beautiful; that holdeth the weak in their totterings, and helpeth the frail to find strength in their own stumblings.

In this series of six lectures, the reader is carried from height to height along that upward path that begins with the first steps of *The Man of the World* whose life is filled with great deeds and unselfish service for humanity onward to the *Seeking and Finding of the Master* and then the final glory of *The Christ Triumphant*—Who becomes the "Perfected Man" and a Savior of the world. Then the long steep Path is ended and He who stands at the summit of human attainment is now free from the burden of the flesh, and may pass on to higher realms where no sounds of earth may reach His ears.

"But beyond the exquisite music that surrounds Him there sounds a sob of pain, a wailing from the earth that lies behind. He hears the cry of humanity in bondage; He sees the gropings of the ignorant, the helpless and the blind. He sees the suffering that He has transcended, the weakness that in Him has turned to strength; the helplessness that in Him has been crowned into power. His race has cast around Him the only fetters that still have power to bind the liberated Spirit; they are the fetters of compassion; they are the bonds of love; the old sympathy for the humanity of which He is the flower; for those who still lie in darkness and the shadow of death while Light Eternal is radiant around Him. And then He turns backward to the world He left. Then instead of casting away the burden of the flesh He takes it up and bears it still in order that He may help Mankind."

"And so when over the country today there sweeps the storm of unrest and strife, when war of classes desolates our country and makes men's hearts tremble with fear; when there seems no outlook, when there seems no remedy; when the resources of the past civilization are exhausted and those of the future are not clearly seen—Oh, then remember the words of the Christ: 'Let not your heart be troubled, for the birth-pangs of the present have in them the promise of the future.'"

L. A. C.



BASIC CRYPTOGRAPH SERIES

THE CROSS OF THE MAGI, by Frank C. Higgins. Publishers: Roger Brothers, New York, 1912. pp. 56. Price for cloth edition, \$1.50, postpaid \$1.65; for heavy paper cover edition, \$1.00, postpaid \$1.10.

Mr. Higgins is a Fellow of the Royal Numismatic Society and author of *Copper Coins of Modern Europe* and *The Chinese Numismatic Riddle*. This present work is the first of a *Basic Cryptograph Series* which will be followed at an early date by a second monograph entitled *A. U. M., Maker of Heaven and Earth*.

The article in our August number entitled *The First Badge of the Star in the East* was a contribution of this author who so generously adds his name to the list of T. S. members answering the call to assist *The Theosophic Messenger*.

In the introductory chapter, Mr. Higgins states that the combination and the systematic grouping of the ideas put out in his book were derived from four widely diversified fields of research—Pythagorean arithmetical philosophy; European astronomy; ancient Mexican mythology; Chinese cosmogony—and that the testimony of ancient symbolisms compelled his acceptance of two very important theses:

"One is that such manifest subtleties of calculation could not have been the work of other than men of great mental capacity and highly developed reasoning powers, living at periods immeasurably remote from those in which we begin to find historical traces of recognized schools of philosophy or of individual Philosophers.

"The other is that the geometrical figures selected by the hierarchies of ancient religions to graphically portray conceptions of spiritual truths bear witness to the fact that those who first put them into circulation were profound thinkers along Theosophical lines which having never lost their interest or meaning to humanity, are still the basis of all the world can glean of the supernatural."

Then follows a chapter on *The Great Solar Myth* (rather to be termed the Soli-Lunar System) wherein it is shown that the ancient world looked upon the Sun as father and visible presence of the supreme creator, fructifier of earth, regulator of the seasons and diurnal time, and recognized in him also a masculine independence and a periodical wandering from the immediate vicinity of the earth, while, on the contrary, the Moon supplied more the attributes of motherhood, hovering ever near, watching over the slumbers of her child, and dividing into smaller and more comprehensive periods the larger measures of time defined by the Sun.

All speculations or arguments as to the precedence of one ancient religious system over another give way to the obvious and demonstrable precedence of the Soli-Lunar cult over all; modern dogmatic conceptions, whether of Christian, Turk, Jew, Polynesian, Mongol, Redskin, or Teuton, are found to be but extensions and amplifications thereof.

It is to this immensely ancient Solar priesthood that we must ascribe the discovery and embodiment of natural principles in myth, dogma, prophecy and symbol. This priesthood was known to ages much nearer our times as the Magi. The Cross of the Magi is consequently that first primeval "Sign" transmitted out of the unfathomable mind of the Eternal to the enquiring spirit of man, and given by him form and proportion.

The author then proceeds to trace the evolution of that Cross from one line stroked by some barbarian finger on the sands of a long ago in the direction of the course of the Sun, with a crossed line to express the directions before and behind, through to the complete *Ilu* figure and its numerical value of 36, the number of the Sun. He declares that "The Magi discovered that the arithmetical numbers expressed by the chronological relations of Sun and Moon to Earth were identical with those which solved the geometrical problem of the squaring of the circle," and that in the famous figure known as the Forty-seventh problem of Euclid, we have the proof that Pythagoras *knew* the Divine truth, and that it is through his works that we may come the nearest to gaining the

The triangle, square and circle; the determination of the relations of the diameter or radius of a circle to its circumference known as Pi; the quaternary, decimal and duodecimal systems of notation; the famous Pythagorean tetrax; and the Forty-seventh problem of Euclid are treated as the geometric genesis of all that is involved in the science of geometry of today, with many a hint or open statement on the pages of deeper and mystical significance.

The number *sixty-four* is shown to be the heart of the entire Magian system "because around it and its central *four*, the tetrax, revolves the whole numerical and geometrical system to which the Magi sought to reduce the universe." Sixty-four Squares (36 for the Sun plus 28 for the Moon) prove the measure of the true Mosaic pavement, and thirty-six upward pointing and twenty-eight downward pointing smaller triangles form the Equilateral Triangle as the symbol of the Manifested Logos.

Magic Squares of various kinds are given most fascinating display, and there is an explanation of the origin of the lighted candles of the Christmas Tree and the Jewish c'Hanukah Observance which alone is worth the securing of the book.

The writer of this review wishes to acknowledge that through what was given concerning the two squarings of the circle and their application to the greater and lesser Egyptian Pyramids, a long-standing puzzling problem as to the origin of the border on Masonic tracing-boards was solved; and also there was found in the book a new view-point of the zodiac as a dial upon which the great cosmogonic Swastika registers the successive Ages of the universe.

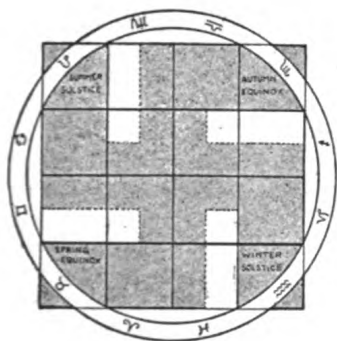
The very fine paper, clear type, and copious and varied illustrations give a most attractive appearance to the book, quite in keeping with its interesting subject and treatment.

Isabel B. Holbrook.

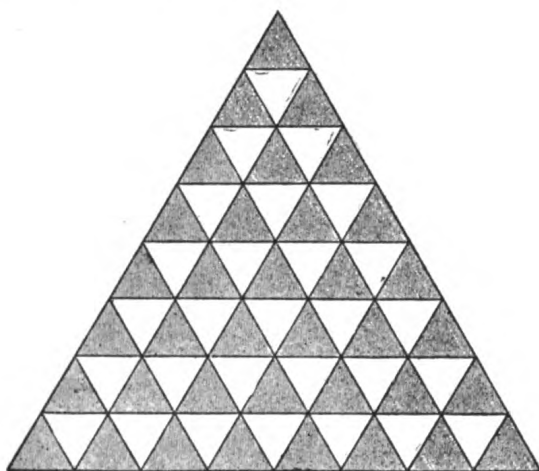




The Babylonian cuneiform hieroglyph for ILU



The SWASTIKA and the circles of equal area and equal perimeter, a symbol of the gradual transfer of the seasons from one Zodiacal sign to another with the lapse of Ages. Mr. Higgins' book explains the whole mechanism of the Swastika.



The GNOSTIC TRIANGLE, 8x8x8. Symbol of the manifested Logos.

THE CELESTIAL SQUARE

This Mr. Higgins maintains to have been the inspiration which caused the mapping out of the heavens on the comprehensive plan which we know as the Zodiacal system.

It may be extended to infinity by simply going round and round with new rows of consecutive numbers. Then every number or square of 4, 16, 36, etc., except down the strip where first and last numbers meet will be found the centre of an ILU cross, counting the same in every direction. The centre sixteen gives the Solar number 36.

11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
10	8	9	10	11	12	13	19
9	7	5	6	7	8	14	20
8	6	4	2	3	9	15	21
7	5	3	1	4	10	16	22
6	4	2	1	12	11	17	23
5	3	2	1	20	19	18	24
4	3	2	1	28	27	26	25

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "THE CROSS OF THE MAGI"

FROM THE MAGAZINE

THE CO-MASON. (London.) The July number of this quarterly is up to its usual fine standard. *From the Master's Chair* treats the question *What is Syndicalism?* This theory of economics is concisely explained, how it is allied on the one hand to Socialism and on the other to Anarchism. The article *The Comte de St. Germain* is of particular interest to Co-Masons. Mr. Andrew Lang is quoted as calling the Count a "will-o'-the-wisp of the memoir writers of the 18th century," and proceeds to speculate as to whether he was known to Lord Lytton about 1860 under the name of Major Fraser. Many particulars concerning this Major Fraser are given in *An Englishman in Paris*, a book which mainly concerns the period of the second Empire. *Masonic Symbolism* represents the Lodge as symbolizing the workings of the Divine Life. It should be profitable reading for every member of the Craft. *The Heavenly Kingdom of the Holy Grail* is a report of a lecture delivered to the Bodhi Lodge, Rangoon. Perennial interest is maintained in the moral and mystic teaching of the Grail tradition which has been rendered so popular by Wagner, and this lecture is a mystic interpretation of the beautiful legend. *The Test of an Operative Master Mason* is accompanied by three full-page diagrams. Under *Notes and Queries* some pertinent Masonic questions are answered.

BACONIANA. July. (London.) This quarterly magazine should satisfy all lovers of Sir Francis Bacon. Its contents, covering over sixty well-printed pages, imbue the reader with the spirit of joining in the Baconian research. In reading this number containing seven articles which deal so diversely with the interests and genius of this great man, one wonders what was the purpose, what the mighty end to be served by a sacrifice such as is unknown except among purely spiritual men? We learn from the first article, *Bacon's Masks*, that in 1623 Bacon published his *De Augmentis*, which, magnificently bound in velvet and silver, was placed in various public libraries. In 1623 Bacon very clearly stated that he often wrote under pseudonyms and that he would continue to do so. That year there appeared the folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's" plays, and also an edition of Sidney's "Arcadia," the title page of which is headed by a hog with a slip knot round its neck to show that it was a hanged-hog, a Bacon. The hanged-hog is covered with a porcupine's skin (Sidney's crest was a porcupine) and it also has porcupine's feet to indicate that Bacon wrote under the porcupine's skin, and, as it were, with the porcupine's hand, the works known under the name of Sir Philip Sidney. *Shakespeare and Religion* is a defense of a view taken by the headmaster of Eton in his sermon at the Commemoration Service of the Stratford Festival that "Shakespeare was not a religious poet." The writer affirms that it is beyond controversy that the great philosopher was religious in the highest sense of the word. In the continued article, *Bacon in Italy*, we are informed that had Shakespeare wished to picture young Francis Bacon modest and eager, purposeful, dignified, with a mind exceptional and brilliant as he first left home for the Continent, he could not have given us a better portrait than young Sir Proteus in the "Two Gentlemen from Verona."



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE FIVE SISTERS

By Aunt Seg



FAMILY of five girls were in one house—and they did all the work. Now, the astonishing part of it is that they were all of an age, being born upon the very same day and the very same hour and the very same minute. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Well, it is true. The house in which they lived was called their body. One of them was the *sight* of the body, and her name was Bright Eyes. She did the *seeing* for the whole household. The second little girl was called Pink Ears, and she did all the *hearing* for the family. The third little girl was named Lily Finger, and by her wonderful sense of *feeling* she could tell the rest whether it was hot or cold, whether things were rough or smooth, hard or soft. She could not see the sun shine but she *felt* it shine. Bright Eyes did her *seeing* for her, but Bright Eyes couldn't *feel*, so Lily Fingers was always ready to feel for her, and Lily Fingers could *do* things which Bright Eyes could only *see*. And after the same fashion Bright Eyes could see things which Lily Fingers could only do. You see they were eyes and hands for each other.

Pink Ears was always ready to do for both with her wonderful power of hearing. Bright Eyes and Pink Ears had many pleasures in common, for while one would say, "I see," the other would say, "and I hear." Putting the seeing and hearing together and then calling to Lily Fingers to feel for them, they were able to enjoy things around them very much. The two other little girls were Sweetness, who did the *tasting* for the whole family and Fragrance who could always detect the *odor* of things. These five maidens worked in perfect harmony and the whole body or house was dependent upon their gentle ministrations.

When they were preparing dinner, which they always did together, Lily Fingers would do whatever Bright Eyes said was best, but then Bright Eyes submitted many things to Sweetness' taste, and Fragrance's smell, while all were aided by Pink Ears' hearing. Such fun as they had over their housekeeping. Sometimes Bright Eyes

would spy a rose and think she could get it all alone, but she would have to call upon Lily Fingers to pick it, and could only do this through Pink Ears who was the hearing for them all, and as she wished to give pleasure to the whole family she must, of course, consult with Fragrance to see if it was perfumed and dear little Sweetness would beg to take one dainty leaf between her rosy lips to see if it *tasted* good. When all were agreed, Lily Fingers must pick the rose which Bright Eyes saw and talked about through Pink Ears, who brought Fragrance to smell and Sweetness to taste if it were just the perfection of roses.

When they made the bed in which they *all* slept, Lily Fingers did the work, but she couldn't if Bright Eyes had not seen the way to do it and Pink Ears had not been present to communicate this to Lily Fingers. Then Fragrance must be present to smell if all was clean and sweet. Sweetness came along because she was so sweet that they could not do without her.

Bright Eyes was reading one day and she suddenly called her sisters around her in great excitement, saying: "I wonder if it is true that we have lived in this body all our lives and thought we were all alone doing just as we please, when all the time there is a room away up stairs which we have never discovered, which is called the Mind, and in that room is a wonderful set of people called the Faculties of the Mind; now I read here that we five are just obeying them in all we do and say, that is, they make me see, and you, my darling Pink Ears, to hear, and you, our useful Lily Fingers, they say they are really your sense of touch and feeling instead of your being your own mistress, and my blessed Sweetness, you couldn't taste a thing without they enabled you to do it, nor could our indispensable Fragrance smell but that they give her the power to do so. Now I'm told here that the people, who have all this time been our power to act, have a governor over them who is called 'Lord of the body.' Another of his names is Consciousness, and greater than this one is one still greater who is called God or Good. This Good One never makes a mistake. One of his names is *Wisdom*, and He is Goodness simply because He is *Love*. Isn't that an amazing story, sisters?"

"Let's go find the room," said Lily Fingers, rising energetically.

"Alas, dear," answered Bright Eyes, "it is said that it cannot be seen by me, nor felt by you, nor heard by Pink Ears, nor smelled by Fragrance, nor tasted by Sweetness."

"Well, on the whole," said Pink Ears thoughtfully, "we have nothing to complain of, for we are well governed by the Good, who, it seems, governs those who move us to see, hear, feel, taste, and smell. Of course this love and goodness and wisdom called God can never cause us to do wrong, but always to act wisely and well, so for one,

I'm glad to have such a great and wonderful being back of all we do. We shall know after this that no responsibility rests upon us, but only to do the will of Good. If this great governor, the lord of the body, is led by One higher, surely we little people may be willing to be led also. In fact, I feel quite at ease about the whole matter."

"So do I," said Sweetness, "for it is a great pleasure to taste, and I am grateful to the one who gives me my power to do so."

"And I," chimed in the dear little Fragrance, "because it is just lovely to smell roses and violets, and to be able to avoid those things which are offensive to purity."

"My darlings," concluded Bright Eyes, "I see a great blessing for us all in this discovery. We might, as we grow older, take upon ourselves airs of importance, thinking we are our own power, and I perceive that if we should do this disorder would reign in our beautiful orderly home where now all is peace and love. While we are wrought up by the Good, we are instruments of the Good. We ask no better than this, do we?"

Five emphatic "NO'S" rang out upon the air so harmoniously that they sounded as one.



A TREE'S SOLILOQUY

I'm a funny proposition from a human point of view, am I not? I wear clothing all summer when it is warm, and go in my bare limbs all winter in the worst and coldest weather. Though not especially fond of jewelry, I get a new ring each year, which I carry in my trunk. It is perhaps remarkable that, though never travelling I have a trunk, and that my trunk is never open until after my death. My bark never disturbs the neighbors at night, and does not in the least frighten the squirrels that play about and upon me. A wooden leg is necessary to my good health and standing in the community. Wet feet really do me good. My head is perfectly familiar with the higher branches.

IN OCTOBER

By Minna Kunz

LITTLE yellow Maple Leaf,
That looked like a small gnome,
Came floating on a western breeze,
From his tree-summer-home.

His sister Leaves were sailing,
In all directions blew,
Stopping to laugh, or chat, perhaps,
As sisters always do.

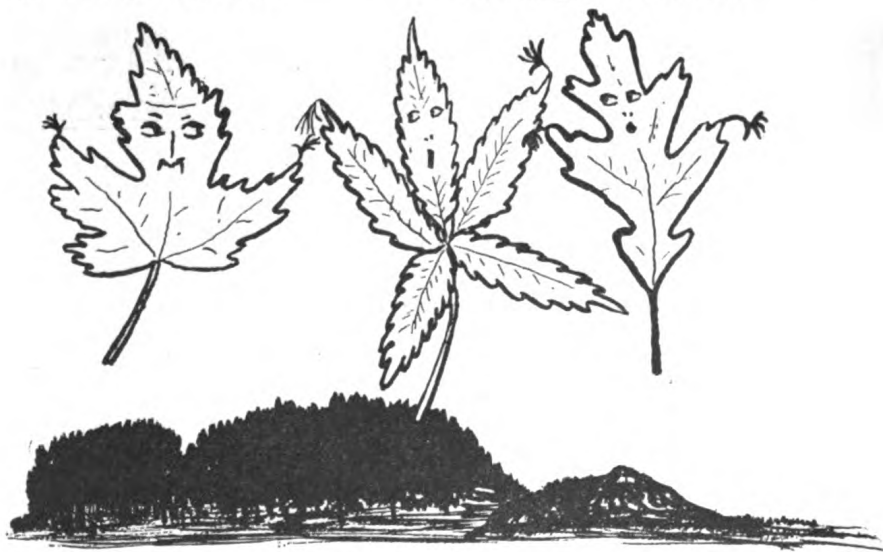
The little Maple Leaf called out
To Oaks and Ivies too:
'Come, we must all turn to the west,
We are the shelt'ring crew.'

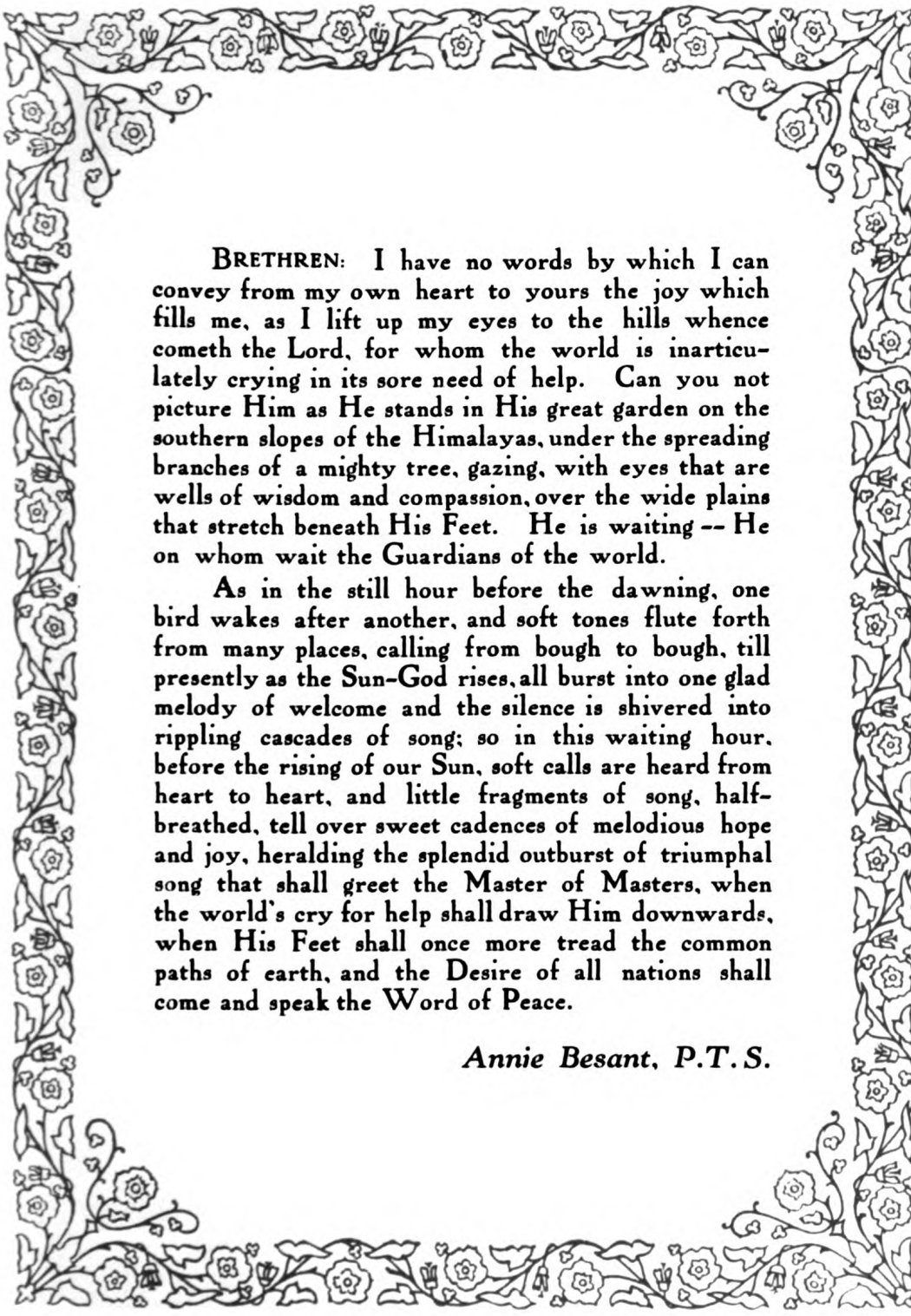
American Ivy scarlet red,
Oaks of the richest brown,
In their October finery
Went sailing up and down.

They covered every flower seed,
So that the winter's cold
Would never even touch one plant.
They covered young and old.

Each sought some little shivering bush,
And huddled up close tight,
For Jack Frost would be coming soon,
Each one had felt his bite.

Now, when the Leaves in traveling dress
Pass by your door, you'll know
They've gone to form the winter quilts,
The Maple told me so.





BRETHREN: I have no words by which I can convey from my own heart to yours the joy which fills me, as I lift up my eyes to the hills whence cometh the Lord, for whom the world is inarticulately crying in its sore need of help. Can you not picture Him as He stands in His great garden on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, under the spreading branches of a mighty tree, gazing, with eyes that are wells of wisdom and compassion, over the wide plains that stretch beneath His Feet. He is waiting -- He on whom wait the Guardians of the world.

As in the still hour before the dawning, one bird wakes after another, and soft tones flute forth from many places, calling from bough to bough, till presently as the Sun-God rises, all burst into one glad melody of welcome and the silence is shivered into rippling cascades of song; so in this waiting hour, before the rising of our Sun, soft calls are heard from heart to heart, and little fragments of song, half-breathed, tell over sweet cadences of melodious hope and joy, heralding the splendid outburst of triumphal song that shall greet the Master of Masters, when the world's cry for help shall draw Him downwards, when His Feet shall once more tread the common paths of earth, and the Desire of all nations shall come and speak the Word of Peace.

Annie Besant, P.T.S.



OFFICIAL SUPPLEMENT



TO THE THEOSOPHIC MESSENGER

EDITORIAL

The New Messenger

With the present number of *The Theosophic Messenger* a plan has been inaugurated of dividing official from general matters. In this way from now on the line of demarcation between the two will be clearly made. It is desired to develop the magazine to the point where it may enjoy a substantial patronage outside as well as inside the T. S. By separating the general matter from the particular the casual reader may always know where to look for that which pleases him without the need of stumbling over local affairs that as yet afford him no interest. On the other hand, the member having the Society and its interest at heart will know just where he may first turn in order to find the news and information which is naturally his first concern.

This innovation will doubtless enable the magazine to become more possible as a news-stand magazine, and the experiment will be watched with keen interest.

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Subscrip- tions

With these changes members should feel a greater sense of confidence in approaching their friends for subscriptions. They can show that ours is not merely a sectional journal. Although it is such, it is nevertheless much more. To some extent it is two

journals in one and may with proper support ultimately expand into two distinct publications. But for the present it will remain as one. It will be useful in its dual form, for while the casual observer might care only for the general matter, yet he may turn to the official part if he so wish and find information which may incline him to become interested in the work of the official body itself.

Those of us who are charged with the responsibility of conducting the magazine, have proceeded thus far in the effort to make *The Theosophical Messenger* an attractive and useful journal, but our efforts will be entirely futile unless the F. T. S. take up the work from this point, and obtain a sufficient number of subscriptions and advertisements to make the magazine self-paying.

If the members will glance through the advertising pages and notice how much has been accomplished in one city alone by the patient and intelligent service of one man, they will realize what can be done if a similar man in each substantial lodge will undertake to perform a similar service. It is through the advertisements that the journals of the day derive their chief revenue, and if we do not develop the same field for the good of Theosophy, it will be because of careless neglect rather than necessity.

**What One
Lodge
Is Doing**

The Los Angeles Lodge was recently called to Krotona to hear the plans of the management for the development of *The Theosophic Messenger*, and at the end of the meeting nearly every member present agreed to obtain ten new subscriptions. I expect the lodge here, consisting as it woe of a little over one hundred members, to obtain a thousand subscriptions before fall. Will the other lodges do as well per capita? In this work F. T. S. are not asked to pay out money, but only to help spread the Message of Theosophy by obtaining new subscriptions. It is a work that even children can do. This is an opportunity for the members to seriously go out and work for Theosophy. The first person you approach for a subscription will ask you what Theosophy is, anyway, and that will be your chance to explain. If you do this with a fractional part of the energy that is displayed by the religious bodies, you will succeed, and Theosophy will succeed through you. Then we shall be enabled to place our magazine on a sound, self-supporting basis, and in time can make it a source of income rather than a drain to the Section.

Now we at Headquarters have done our best with the materials we have at hand. What will you, the members of the Section, do? Will you each obtain at least ten new subscriptions to *The Theosophic Messenger*, and so make this most important, this very vital part of the work a success? Will not each lodge take up the matter with its members and organize the work?

The names of the lodges will be published from time to time, showing the

number of subscriptions obtained under the new plan.

*

**An
Impression**

A gentle visitor came, endeared herself and departed, and sent back these gracious words: "Our little glimpse of Krotona seems to us a glimpse into a better and sweeter life. It is hard, in fact impossible, for me to put down on paper the peculiarly haunting memory which is a place of peace to creep into when life becomes too strenuous. It is all like an enchanted picture—our talk there in the little theatre, and later on the hill, with the (myriad lights of the city seeming as) suns and planets rolling at our feet, and then, as R— and I left, the sound of the chimes floating down to us like a farewell blessing. The whole thing stays with me so, and above all, and the heart of it all, the friendship and true understanding which we found there. Thank you, not only for the outer and visible sign, but also for the inner and spiritual grace."

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**Moving
Pictures**

A correspondent sends the following:

"I want to tell you of moving pictures that I saw yesterday. I think they are so important in teaching of thought-forms, and now, reincarnation. The picture is called 'As it was in the Beginning.' It shows a young girl that all men are attracted to on account of her charm and beauty. At a ball she meets a man who treats her with indifference and she does not know what to make of it. She slips out alone and sits down to think it over, and a whole life when they were both savages in the stone age is revealed to her. I have seen several pictures where the astral body is seen leaving the physical in sleep or death. This does so much to accustom unthinking people to these things, so later when they are told of them they will not seem strange."

When the makers of Picture Dramas come to realize the mere commercial value of the subjects which Theosophy has to offer in the way of picturing the

normally invisible, the play of cosmic forces, the appearance of atomic structures, man's growth by reincarnation, the play of karma from life to life, etc., and when they learn to rely on the technique of well-trained Theosophists to help them fashion these subjects for the screen, much educational good will be accomplished among the amusement-seeking classes.

**Theosophy
for the
People**

There is a strong inclination on the part of Theosophists to work within little closed circles and develop a studious knowl-

edge of abstruse and hidden problems, instead of coming out with the people and teaching them the simpler stages of Theosophy in a popular form.

It is indeed unfortunate to see our members coming together in little circles and repeating Theosophy over and over again to one another, and feeling a sense of satisfaction of duty well done. That unquestionably is all right, wherever there may be select circles to pursue certain special activities which in their nature could not become public; but so far as the T. S. lodges are concerned, if they are to become vital centres of usefulness they must become increasingly popular.

There is no great difficulty in getting the people's viewpoint and striving to meet it just where it is. Most people have believed in reincarnation and karma in the past, and it ought not to be such a difficult matter to revive that belief if we would only get out and do

it. We cannot do it in little secluded groups, and we cannot do it in high-sounding scholarly phrases. We must learn to make ourselves understood in the terms which are currently recognized, because we have something to give the people the value of which is most precious, and they will understand and use it to their own benefit and that of their fellows if we do not hide the light which has been entrusted to our care for them.

I realize that Theosophy in a certain sense will never be popular in our day, nevertheless I do not believe we are doing our best to bring it to the attention of the people through channels already recognized by them, and it is high time that we awakened to our opportunity and made the best use of it, for the necessity of making Theosophy widely known among the people will exist during the coming decade in a way that will not be the case for long centuries of time again.

If members feel inclined to be discouraged at the prospect of interesting the public, they should remember that one of our practical workers, a well-known lawyer, gave up his lunch-hour every day for six months, and lectured on Theosophy to business men, and in a short time had developed a class which ran up to ninety members of non-Theosophists—ninety men and women leaving their homes and offices day after day for six months to listen to the message of Theosophy. This is something to make our lukewarm members think!

WHO WILL ANSWER THE CALL?

(A Communication)

"The Hindu College,
Jaffna, Ceylon,
June 29th, 1912.

A. P. Warrington, Esq.,
Los Angeles.

Dear Sir:

It was over four years ago that we had some correspondence concerning my going out to Ceylon to help in Mrs. Higgins' school. When Mrs. H. returned from Europe and resumed her duties, Mrs. Besant called me to Benares, and now I am in Ceylon once more in Jaffna, a Hindu community, situated on the north coast of the Island. I have been teaching for nearly a year in the Jaffna Hindu College, a school for boys, who go as far as the Cambridge Senior Local Exams., but do not attempt any university work. Now in this school a professor (Senior teacher) is much needed, who, in course of time, might fill the position of the principal. I am authorized by the manager of the college to procure such a man, so I am going straight to the front without any circumlocution. What we want is a university graduate, one who has experience in teaching and is a good disciplinarian and organizer. Now I have been thinking that the best man for the position would be a Theosophist, and that is why I am writing to you, asking you whether you would not be kind enough to help us in this matter. Do you know a man such as we want here among your acquaintances, an earnest, liberal-minded man who would be willing to come out to a country-town here in Ceylon to help along the education of the Hindus in this

community? I'll tell you frankly that there are no European luxuries and comforts here; life is simple, but nature is beautiful, and even the quietude and the retired life most of us are leading here should appeal to a disciple.

The population here in general is not as rich as in America, therefore a man who is only looking for a high salary, would perhaps not care for this position. The Board is willing to pay to a well-qualified teacher of high moral character 200 rupees per month, as an initial salary, increasing to 250 after some time. (1 rupee equals $\frac{1}{3}$ American dollar.) They are also willing to pay *half* of his travelling expenses (2nd class) out here to Ceylon. The college is not a Christian institution; the students receive instruction in their religion, but study all the English branches, mathematics and some science. The living expenses are much cheaper than in America. Rent is cheaper, no fuel needed, and vegetables are also cheap and abundant. When I was living in America, I knew several ladies that would have been glad of such a chance; but what is wanted in the Hindu college is a gentleman. It goes without saying that we would be infinitely grateful to you, if you could send us the man we want, and favor us with a speedy reply. When you have found the man, let him start at once and wire to me.

Hoping that you may be willing and able to help us, I am

Fraternally yours,

(Signed) *Miss H. S. Albarus.*

CONVENTION GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

British Consulate, Palermo, Sicily,
June 22, 1912.

My Dear Friends:

May I, as President of the T. S., send you a word of affectionate greeting and cordial good-will, wishing all success to your deliberations, and the blessing of the Masters on your work.

You will understand that it was with keen regret that I heard of the resignation of our devoted Brother, Dr. Weller Van Hook, from the post of General Secretary. At great sacrifice he threw himself into the breach at the time of my election to the Presidency, and you elected him as a helper to me, rejecting my opponent. For this I have ever felt grateful to you and to him, and I found in him all that you had elected him to be. His devotion to his work, however, brought him to the verge of financial ruin, and he has been compelled to resign. He carries with him our love and our gratitude, and we know that his work for the T. S. is not ended.

* You have been most fortunate in having in your ranks one so worthy to succeed to the post of leader as your present General Secretary, Mr. A. P. Warrington. As many of you know, I had chosen him as my representative in the E. S. in America, and he has therein served nobly and well. It was his duty to respond promptly to the call for further service, and the admirable organization he has already formed for the effective administration of your vast territory shows—as indeed some of us knew already—that his business capacity is as sound as his devotion is great.

It is for you, as a National Society, to seize your present opportunity, and to assist your leader heartily in the carry-

ing out of his plans. The immediate need is to raise on the site already secured in California the buildings necessary for the carrying on of the Masters' work. It is obvious that, in the coming years, as your organization grows more powerful, you will need many centres as organs in your immense body. There is no need to decide now where your Theosophical capital shall be fixed; you may well leave that for the future to declare. The immediate need is for buildings at Krotona; if later, you prefer a more central spot for your Section Headquarters, the Krotona buildings will serve as a Theosophical University. Nothing will be lost, if you concentrate your efforts there for the present.

Please do not think that, in any way, I am seeking to dictate to you what you should do. I but offer you counsel, as friend to friend. The prospect opening out before us is splendid; it is for us to rise to the height of our great opportunity. It is my hope that next year, I may be privileged to meet you. Meanwhile, my dear friend, Mrs. Russak, is bringing you her great heart and fine capacities, to serve you as she can most effectively do, and I know that she has already won the love of many—of all, indeed, who have come within the glowing sphere of her influence.

I am writing to you from Sicily, for I am lecturing tomorrow at the Palermo University, the Rector of which has sent out invitations for the lecture. Nothing could better show the growing estimation in which the Theosophical Society is held.

Yours fraternally and affectionately,
(Signed) *Annie Besant.*

THE FIELD

NORTHWEST THEOSOPHICAL FEDERATION

Most gladly do I recognize the formation of the "Northwest Theosophical Federation," as noted in the following communication of Mr. Ray M. Wardall. The grouping of Theosophical activities in this manner has been found useful in England, where the territory is small. How much more useful might it be in America where the distances are great. May time produce many more such centres, throughout our broad Section.

*A. P. Warrington,
General Secretary.*

From Mrs. Mary King, a Victoria member, came the call to twenty-five Theosophists and Co-Masons of Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle and Tacoma to foregather as her guests at her summer home upon a rocky promontory of Lake Shawnigan, British Columbia. It is difficult to picture the charming spot which, ere we left, became truly hallowed ground, for while we gathered as strangers in the flesh, we parted brothers of the heart.

The first week was given over to the Co-Masons, who strove day by day to build a living temple to the glory of the Great Architect. All felt the exceptional beauty of the work participated in by both men and women, and appeared to realize the true dignity of

our movement. Doubtless the delightful harmony that prevailed served to prepare the field for the spiritual blessing and uplift of the Theosophical week that followed. Meetings were held mornings and evenings, and as the week passed greater unity and harmony prevailed, there being ever present an atmosphere of quiet devotion, peace and tranquillity. We felt indeed, as we poured forth our love and devotion to our leaders and Great Ones, that Their joy, hope and steadfastness flooded our beings, making real Their presence. Under the inspiration and stimulus of this meeting we formed a permanent organization to be known as the "Northwest Theosophical Federation," with T. W. Thomasson as our Honorary President. The limit of the Federation's work is to be coextensive with the Sectional territory of the Northwest, the object being lodge efficiency in every department and greater individual effectiveness.

Ray M. Wardall, 541 New York Block, Seattle, Washington, was chosen President and Charles Hampton, Room 6, Promis Building, Victoria, B. C., Secretary.

The following definite work was planned to be taken by some member of each lodge: First, establishment of Round Table, this work being taken up

in America for the first time by Josephine E. Wardall, 2616 Walnut Avenue, S. W., Seattle, Washington. Second, organization of Karma and Reincarnation League Units. Third, Prison Work, each member interested to take one prison correspondent and endeavor to get other members to do the same. Fourth, to aid in every conceivable way the practical work of the Order of the Star in the East. Fifth, to aid Krotona and *The Theosophic Messenger* financially. Sixth, Lodge improvement; under this head a score of excellent suggestions were made, among the most prominent being the establishment of small centres presided over by members of the lodge, the se-

curing of the name and address of every visitor to the lodge, to be followed by personal calls from the Good Cheer committee until such time as the visitor gained a comprehensive idea of our philosophy.

In honor of Mrs. Mary King, a committee was appointed to purchase some work of art for Krotona Headquarters with a suitably inscribed plate expressing our appreciation to Mrs. King, who made possible the formation of this Federation, and who has graciously offered to the Federation her beautiful summer home for a next summer's convention.

Grateful indeed were all for that week of spiritual clearness.

* * *

BRAILLE COUNCIL

The Council for Theosophic Propaganda for the Blind, called "Braille Council" for short, is accomplishing what it can with very limited funds and few workers.

The *Path of Discipleship* was finished last fall and now *Ancient Wisdom* in six volumes (so bulky is braille literature) is almost done. Besides this a monthly bulletin is issued with a subscribed circulation of thirty-three. Selections from *Light on the Path* and *Voice of the Silence* are running serially in it, and are so typed that they can be printed as books later. Two copies of *At the Feet of the Master* have also been done on a hand braille-writer.

In response to an appeal sent out by the president, several interested people have procured hand braille-writers (somewhat similar to a typewriter) and under his instruction by mail are learning to transcribe into braille.

We have on hand in our library

twenty copies each of the *Path of Discipleship* and the *Outline of Theosophy*, two copies of *At the Feet of the Master* and some extra copies of the bulletin which will be bound at the end of the year and presented, we hope, to some library. An advertisement in the Ziegler Magazine for the Blind has made us known to readers and libraries. Fifteen copies of our first two books have been in constant circulation among seventy-five borrowers. The remaining copies which have not been used can be bought at two dollars (\$2.00) per copy.

One copy each of the *Outline* and the *Path of Discipleship* has been presented to the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg, to the Perkins Institution of Boston (which loans us the machine upon which the work is done), and to a library in California. The Washington, D. C., Public Library has one copy of the *Outline*.

Books are sent to readers free of

charge and may be kept two months. For the bulletin a nominal subscription price is asked in order to cover the United States postal regulations.

The most serious difficulty is lack of money. Our fund for a new foot-power machine reached ninety-four dollars some time ago and has not grown since. The printing of *Ancient Wisdom* will use up practically all we have in the treasury. Our membership fee is fifty cents a year. Several lodges have made gifts which have been our chief support.

Money may be sent to the treasurer, Miss Sigrid K. Sjolander, The Day Street School for Blind, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Requests for books may be made to Mr. Carl G. M. Carlson, 192 Pleasant street, Worcester, Mass., and requests for information in regard to using hand braille-writers to Mr. Ole W. Dahl, 71 L street, South Boston, Mass.

General correspondence should be addressed to 71 School street, Brookline, Mass., to the corresponding secretary, Miss Hazel G. Collins.

* * *

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE

It has been my belief that a Theosophist should gradually become so thoroughly absorbed with the beautiful thoughts and ideas which the study brings that the thought-forms he sends forth be of such an unselfish character that the reaction upon others is of lasting benefit to them in all cases; also that this reaction could be recognized if one but watched carefully and trained his faculties to perceive it. There are times when we become so in touch with the Masters of Wisdom, through persistent meditation and purity of thought, that we are permitted to feel and know that the work we are doing is not in vain. There is always that great sense of security in knowing that we are really doing some little good for humanity and we look with great reverence upon those who have taught us that these things were truths which could be demonstrated, although, until we were able to prove some of them within ourselves, they had to be taken upon faith. Gradually these Great Beings seem to be near to us and their forces flow through us in such a manner that there is no desire to claim them

entirely for ourselves, the knowledge that we are permitted to be within their direct attention being entirely sufficient.

It has been necessary for me to do much travelling and at first it seemed as though this was going to lessen my usefulness, especially while on the trains. It is right here where the reason for this article appears, for I found that there was a great field for work while travelling as well as anywhere else, and many a heart-to-heart talk have I had with men whom I would not have been able to approach in any other manner, nor could they have been induced to attend a Theosophical meeting.

As it seems to be an interesting phase of the work I will try to explain the manner in which it seems to me best to do this, as there are many Theosophists who travel a great deal and perhaps may also be able to plant the seeds of truth in many an unlooked-for place. Of course, each individual may have a method that is a good one, but perhaps there may be those who have not given

this particular phase of it serious thought.

In the first place I never have found it necessary to be the one to open the subject. It seems as though soon after I sit down with a man, or a party of men, that the subject gradually drifts to the serious side of life and I then always find an opportunity to give my views in a manner that does not seem to be objectionable to them, and in fact, have carried on a conversation for hours with men who were so interested that they seemed loth to get away from it. Of course tact is necessary, for we then are talking about something that to most of them is new, but in each case they will finally ask where these ideas are to be obtained, and then I can tell them they are Theosophical teachings. You would be surprised how hungry these men of the world seem to be for these truths and I know that there are many who have been so impressed that they have finally asked for literature in order to learn more of it. Karma and Reincarnation is one of the first things I tell them of; the philosophy of it seems to appeal to them; there is seldom any antagonism.

Now here is where the power of thought comes in and the peculiar manner in which it works. The persistent thought of purity and love to all mankind has the effect of definite thought-forms that are always tending to reproduce themselves in others. In these

cases the subject is never brought up in the same manner, the symbols being of a different character, but when the serious or spiritual side of life is talked of, I know that some one has received the thought-form. Then, there is always a presence of power at these times, for the atmosphere seems rid of all other thoughts, and afterwards there is always the sense of having been of some use to others and of having made life more worth living for some one who was wandering around in darkness.

It is so beautiful to know that we may do this great work even while we are engaged in the hurry and bustle of a business life, and that there may never be an idle moment for this work. We may adapt the manner of presentation to any class of individuals and, whether travelling or not, may learn to carry an aura of spiritual power that is continually making the way clear, and in a manner that is never offensive but always welcome.

These are opportunities which are being presented to us at all times and one should take advantage of them in order to grow and become able to send forth those powerful radiating thoughts that go to make him always a centre wherever he is, and to perceive it also. Then we will not question the higher truths but will work patiently to acquire and radiate them.

Burd F. Miller.

TO THE SECRETARIES OR CLASS LEADERS

If a communication is to carry its message to the minds of your audience it is very necessary that the same should be read with force and power, speaking each word distinctly and accenting the main points of the work as laid out in the paper. It is within the

power of the reader to make the communication carry conviction and force, or to let it fall flat, losing the very message which the communication is intended to convey.

In reading, feel that *you* are the Master's messenger and that He has

given *you* a message to deliver to your brothers which you *must* convey to them with all the strength and force of which you are capable, and the needs demand that nothing may be lost in the reading, but rather that the words may carry an added power when *you* speak them.

The great message of truth in the world would never fulfill its mission or carry its meaning to the world if read in a weak, timid manner. Speak with conviction because you are the one se-

lected to carry the message home to your listeners. A message delivered in a negative manner will be received in that same negative fashion. So you will see it is very important that you, in the position which you hold, should know that you are the connecting link in this work and that the success, or much of it, depends upon the manner in which you deliver the message which you have to give to your audience.

M. V. G.

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THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST

ROUND TABLE

Many of the members of the Theosophical Society are familiar with the work of the Round Table as it is being carried forward in England, Australia and New Zealand. This year Mr. Herbert Whyte, of London, requested Dr. Van Hook, then General Secretary, to have someone take up the work in America. Dr. Van Hook very kindly offered me the privilege of this service, and on June 23rd I was appointed Representative for America by the Central Council in London.

The Round Table was formed in 1908 under the T. S. Order of Service by Mrs. Besant, who is the Protector. A short time ago Mrs. Besant made the Round Table the Junior Branch of The Star in the East, and all must realize the importance of this work, for the young people of today are to be His helpers a few years hence.

The Round Table holds up before its Knights, Companions and Associates the figure of the Perfect King, and by

a simple discipline endeavors to fit them for His service. Boys and girls of from thirteen to fifteen may join as Associates, and those of fifteen and upwards are admitted as Companions. Associates and Companions are put in charge of a Knight who must be over the age of twenty-one, and the Knights are chosen by the Senior Council. Each Knight conducts his Table of twelve Companions and Associates according to the rules and suggestions given by the Central Council in London.

A Table has been formed in Seattle, one in Tacoma, and one in Victoria, and there should be at least one Round Table in every lodge of the T. S. before the end of this year.

If members of various lodges who are interested in this work will please correspond with me, I shall be most grateful. Address, 2616 Walnut Ave. S. W., Seattle, Washington.

Josephine E. Wardall.

The American Section of The Theosophical Society

Formed at New York,
November 17, 1875.



Incorporated in Illinois, on
September 21, 1911.

A. P. Warrington, General Secretary, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.

A detailed outline of the Organization of The American Section of The Theosophical Society is given on a succeeding page. Please address all official communications to The General Secretary or, if dealing with matters connected with **The Theosophic Messenger**, to The Editor.

Divisional Representatives

The General Secretary's Representatives, whose names and addresses appear on a following page, will transact all Sectional business such as may be carried forward in the territory and away from the Headquarters. They will provide lodge officials, free of cost, with application forms, demits and other material, as well as directions and assistance about work in their respective divisions. Lodge officials will continue to send notices of change of address, transfers, dues, etc., directly to Headquarters.

Sectional Literature

Literature pertaining to the work of The Theosophical Society and to Theosophy may be obtained from Mrs. M. V. Garnsey, La Grange, Illinois. Please consult pages herein which are devoted to Organization, Propaganda Literature, Dealers in Theosophic Books, etc.

Joining The Theosophical Society

Persons wishing to join The Theosophical Society should communicate with officers or members of the nearest lodge or with the General Secretary's Representative in the Division in which they reside. A full list of the lodges with the names and addresses of the officers thereof is listed in the Directory, and the names and addresses of the Representatives appear on the page devoted to Organization. These will gladly provide the enquirer with information.

Form of Bequest

"I give and bequeath to The American Section of The Theosophical Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois on September 21st, 1911, the sum of....., to be paid within..... months after my decease (free of duty) exclusively out of such part of my estate not hereby specifically disposed of, as I may by law bequeath to charitable purposes, and I hereby charge such part of my estate with the said sum, and I direct that the receipt of the said Society as provided for in its rules shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy."

Organization

The American Section of The Theosophical Society

A. P. Warrington, General Secretary, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES: F. J. Kunz, 680 Stephenson St., Freeport, Ill.; Thos. H. Talbot, 533 Kempton Ave., Oakland, Calif.; Robert W. Ensor, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.; Elliot Holbrook, Treasurer, Union Pacific Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; A. P. Warrington, General Secretary, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. Harry Carnes, George H. Shibley, A. P. Warrington, Judicial Committee.

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