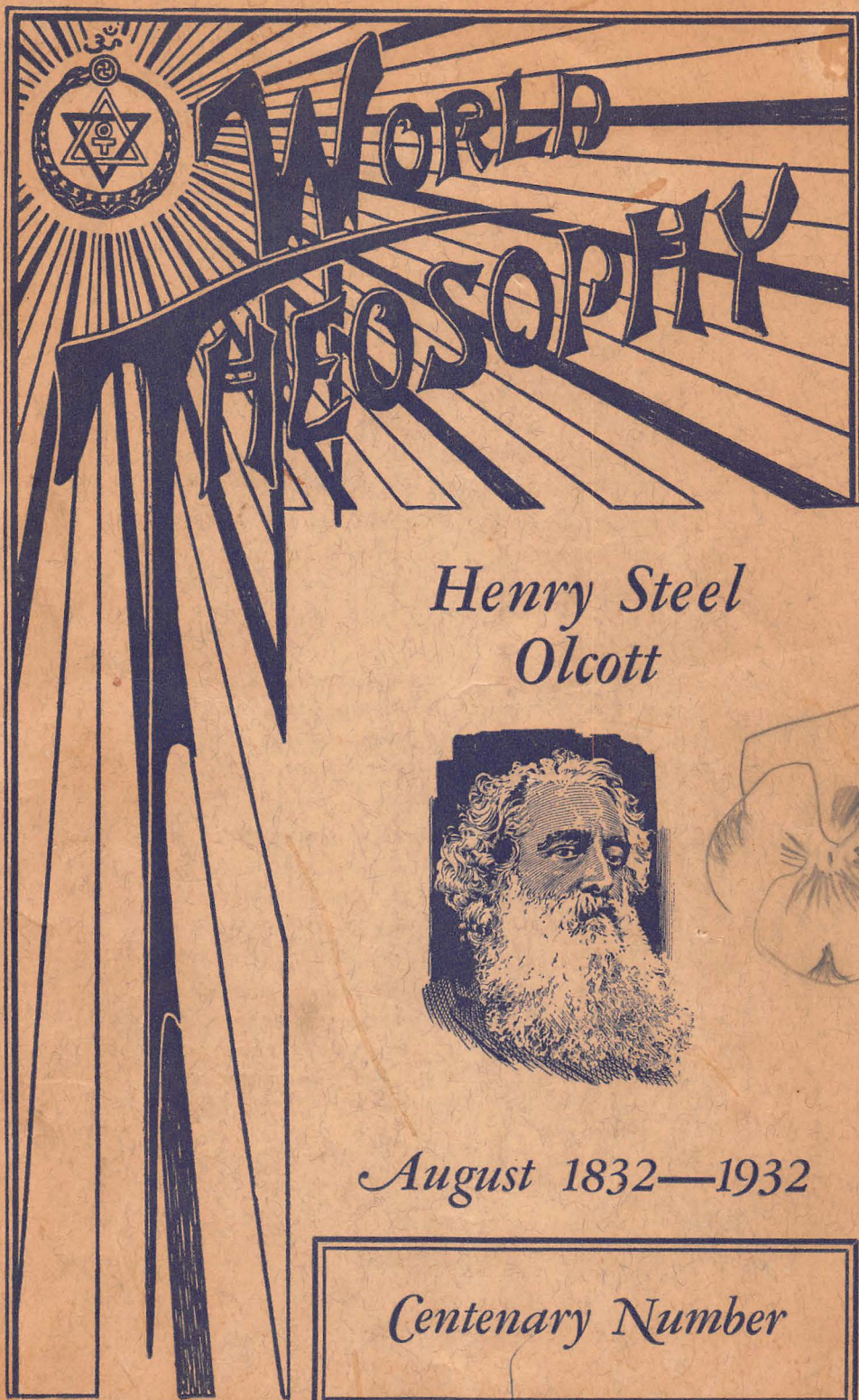
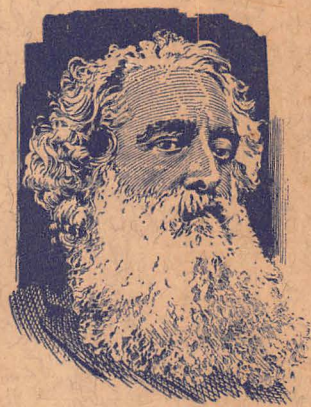


*M. E. Leckley
420 So Idaho*



*Henry Steel
Olcott*



August 1832—1932

Centenary Number

WORLD THEOSO

VOLUME

Our Policy

World Theosophy is an unsectarian publication dedicated to the art of living, to world Brotherhood, and to the dissemination of truth. Theosophy means Divine Wisdom.

Contributions will be considered on the subjects of Theosophy, philosophy, religion, education, science, psychology, art, health, citizenship, social service, and all other branches of humanitarian endeavor.

Contributors are earnestly requested to remember that harmony, understanding, and cooperation are vital essentials of practical brotherhood, and are impeded by controversial opinions of a critical, personal nature.

The pages of this magazine are open to all phases of thought provided they are in consonance with the ideals of Theosophy. But the Editor is not responsible for any declarations of opinions expressed by contributors.

"The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, the preference of it; and the belief of truth, the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature."

Wm Stephens



Colonel Henry Steel Olcott

By Annie Besant



S. Olcott, who came from an old English Puritan family settled for many generations in the United States, and whose grandmother was a descendant from one

of the early members of the Dutch East India Company, was born in Orange, New Jersey, on August 2nd, 1832. He was only twenty-three when his success in the model farm of Scientific Agriculture, near Newark, led the Greek Government to offer him the Chair of Agriculture in the University of Athens. The young man declined the honor, and in the same year he founded, with Mr. Vail of New Jersey, "The Westchester Farm School," near Mount Vernon, New York, a School regarded in the States as one of the pioneers of the present system of national agricultural education. He there interested himself in the cultivation of sorghum, just brought to the United States, and produced his first book, *Sorgho and Imphee, the Chinese and African Sugarcanes*, which ran through seven editions and was placed by the State of Illinois in its school libraries. This book brought him the offer of the Directorship of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, an offer which he declined, as he also declined offers of the managership of two immense properties.

In 1858 Mr. Olcott paid his first visit to Europe, still bent on the improvement of agriculture, and his report of what he saw was published in Appleton's *American Cyclopaedia*. Recognized as an expert, he became the American correspondent of the well-known *Mark Lane Express* (London),

Associate Agricultural Editor of the famous *New York Tribune*, and published two more books on Agriculture.

This phase of his life concluded with the outbreak of the American Civil War, when his passion for liberty drove him to enlist in the Northern Army, and he went through the whole of the North Carolina Campaign under General Burnside, and was invalided to New York, stricken with fever. As soon as he recovered, he prepared to start again for the front, but the Government, noting his ability and courage, chose him to conduct an enquiry into some suspected frauds at the New York Mustering and Disbursing Office. Every means was adopted to stop his resolute investigation, but neither bribes nor threats could check the determined young officer in his conduct of a campaign more dangerous than the facing of Southern bullets in the field. His physical courage had shone out in the North Carolina Expedition; his moral courage shone out yet more brightly as he fought for four years through a storm of opposition and calumny, till he sent the worst criminal to Sing Sing Prison for ten years, and received from the Government a telegram declaring that this conviction was as "important to Government as the winning of a great battle." Secretary Stanton declared that he had given him unlimited authority because he "found that zeal and fidelity which have characterized your conduct under circumstances very trying to the integrity of an officer." The Assistant Secretary of War wrote: "You will have from your fellow-citizens the respect which is due to your patriotism and honorable

service to the Government during the rebellion." The Judge Advocate-General of the Army wrote: "I cannot permit the occasion to pass without frankly expressing to you my high appreciation of the services which you have rendered while holding the difficult and responsible position from which you are about to retire. These services were signally marked by zeal, ability and uncompromising faithfulness to duty." These words signalize the qualities most characteristic of H. S. Olcott's life.

Mr. Olcott now became Colonel Olcott, and Special Commissioner of the War Department. After two years, the Secretary of the Navy begged for the loan of his services, to crush out the abuses of the Navy Yards, and he was made Special Commissioner of the Navy Department. With resolute and unsparing zeal, he plunged into this work, purified the Department, reformed the system of accounts, and at the end received the following official testimony: "I wish to say that I have never met with a gentleman intrusted with important duties, of more capacity, rapidity and reliability than have been exhibited by you throughout. More than all, I desire to bear testimony to your entire uprightness and integrity of character, which I am sure have characterized your whole career, and which to my knowledge have never been assailed. That you have thus escaped with no stain upon your reputation, when we consider the corruption, audacity and power of the many villains in high position whom you have prosecuted and punished, is a tribute of which you may well be proud, and which no other man occupying a similar position and performing similar services in this country has ever achieved."

This was the man to whom Madame Blavatsky was sent by her Master to the United States to find, chosen by Them to found with her the Theosophical Society, and then to spend the remainder of his life in organizing it all over the world. He brought to his task his unsullied record of public services rendered to his

country, his keen capacity, his enormous powers of work, and an unselfishness which, his colleague declared, she had never seen equalled outside the Ashrama of the Masters.

He was found by Madame Blavatsky at the Eddy's farm, whither he had been sent by the *New York Sun* and the *New York Graphic*, to report on the extraordinary spiritualistic manifestations which were there taking place. So valuable were his articles that no less than seven different publishers contended for the right to publish them in book form. So keen was the interest aroused that the papers sold at a dollar (Rs. 3) a copy, and he was said to divide public attention with the second election of General Grant to the Presidency. The two clasped hands in a life-long union, terminated on earth when H. P. Blavatsky left in 1891, but not terminated, so they both believed, by the trivial incident of death, but to be carried on upon the other side, and when returned again to birth in this world.

Colonel Olcott, who had resigned from the War Department, and had been admitted to the Bar, was earning a large income as Counsel in Customs and Revenue cases when the call came. He abandoned his practice, and in the following year founded the Theosophical Society, of which he was appointed by the Masters President for life, and of which he delivered the inaugural address on November 17th, 1875, in New York. He studied with Madame Blavatsky, and largely Englished for her her great work *Isis Unveiled*, one of the classics of the Society.

In 1878, the colleagues left for India, and for a time fixed their residence in Bombay. There Colonel Olcott inspired the first exhibition of Indian products, urging on Indians the use of their own goods in preference to those of foreign manufacture; at the first Convention of the Theosophical Society in India, Svadeshism was first proclaimed, as at a later Convention the Congress was begotten. A vigorous propaganda was now carried on all over India, much hindered by

Government hostility, but welcomed by the masses of Hindus and Parsis.

In 1880, began the great Buddhist revival in Ceylon, which has now 3 colleges and 205 schools, 177 of which received Government grants this year [1907]; 25,856 children were in attendance in these schools on June 30th, 1906. This work is due to the whole-hearted energy and devotion of Colonel Olcott, himself a professed Buddhist. Another great service to Buddhism was rendered by his visit to Japan in 1889, during which he addressed 25,000 persons, and succeeded in drawing up fourteen fundamental propositions, which form the basis of union between the long divided Northern and Southern Churches of Buddhism.

In 1882, the Founders bought, almost entirely with their own money, the beautiful estate of Adyar, near Madras, which they established as the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society. The work done from 1875 to 1906 may be best judged by the fact that up to the year 1906, the President had issued 893 charters to branches all over the world, the majority grouped in eleven Territorial Sections, and the rest scattered over countries in which the branches are not yet sufficiently numerous to form a Section. The most northerly branch is in the Arctic Circle, and the southernmost in Dunedin, New Zealand.

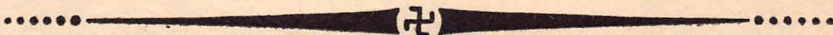
His time, his thoughts, his money, were all given to his beloved Society. One day I said to him: "Henry, I believe you would cut off your right hand for the Society." "Cut off my right hand!" he cried; "I'd cut myself into little pieces if it would do the Society any good." And so, verily, would he have done.

He traveled all the world over with ceaseless and strenuous activity, and the doctors impute the heart-failure, while his body was still splendidly vigorous, to the overstrain put on the heart by the exertion of too many lectures

crowded into too short a time. "You will die as I am dying," he said to me lately; "they drive you just as hard." To the furthest north, to the furthest south, he went, cheering, encouraging, advising, organizing. And ever joyously he returned to his beloved Adyar, to rest and recuperate.

Many difficulties have confronted this lion-hearted man, during these thirty-one years. He stood unflinchingly through the discreditable attack on Madame Blavatsky by the Society for Psychical Research, and has lived to see Dr. Hodgson accept more marvels than he then denounced. He steered the Society through the crisis which rent from it for a time nearly the whole American Section, to see that Section welcome him to his native land with pride and exultation. He saw his colleague pass away from his side, and bore the burden alone, steadfastly and bravely for another sixteen years, knitting hands with Annie Besant, her favorite pupil, as loyally and firmly as with herself. Through good report and evil report he has worked unwaveringly, until his Master's voice has called him home. At that same order, he appointed his colleague Annie Besant as his successor, to bear the burden H. P. Blavatsky and he had borne. He endured his last prolonged sufferings bravely and patiently, facing death as steadfastly as he had faced life, and cheered in the last weeks of his illness by the visits of the great Indian Sages, to whom he had given the strength of his manhood, the devotion of his life. He has passed away from earth, and left behind him a splendid monument of noble work, and on the other side he still will work, till the time comes for his return.

India has had no more faithful helper in the revival of her religions than this noble American, and she may well send her blessing to the man who loved and served her.—*The Theosophist*, March, 1907.



H. S. O.

By *Elsie Hulet Gamble*

(California)

Guardian of mankind —
Akbar of old,

Across thy brow was writ
In living gold

The Buddhist Law
Of Harmlessness.

Man of Courage—
Who dared to breast

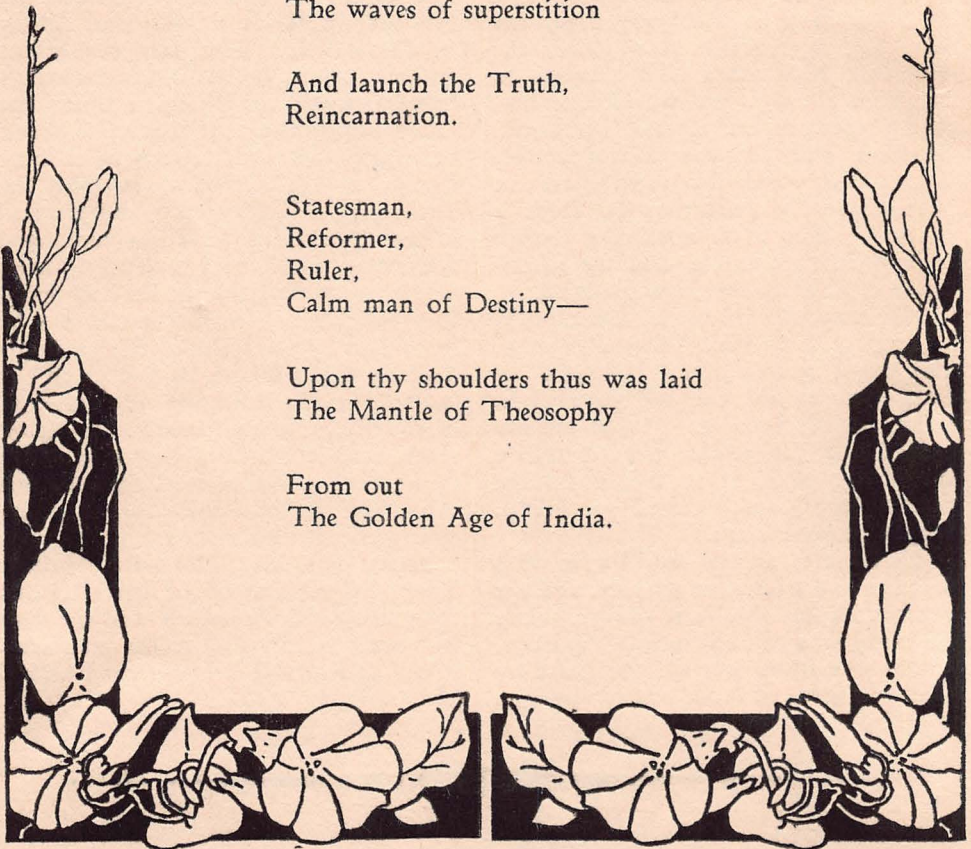
The waves of superstition

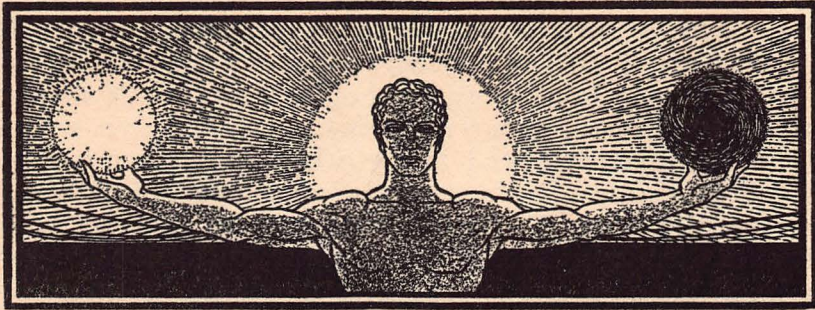
And launch the Truth,
Reincarnation.

Statesman,
Reformer,
Ruler,
Calm man of Destiny—

Upon thy shoulders thus was laid
The Mantle of Theosophy

From out
The Golden Age of India.





Tributes from the White Lodge

Him we can trust under *all* circumstances, and his faithful service is pledged to us come well—come ill. . . . Where can we find an equal devotion? He is one who never questions, but obeys; who may make innumerable mistakes out of excessive zeal, but never is unwilling to repair his fault even at the cost of the greatest self-humiliation; who esteems the sacrifice of comfort and even life something to be cheerfully risked whenever necessary; who will eat any food, or even go without; sleep on any bed, work in any place, fraternize with any outcast, endure any privation for the cause.
—*Master K. H.*



The doctrine we promulgate being the only true one, must—supported by such evidence as we are preparing to give—become ultimately triumphant as every other truth. Yet it is absolutely necessary to inculcate it gradually, enforcing its theories—unimpeachable facts for those who know—with direct inferences deduced from and corroborated by the evidence furnished by modern exact science. That is the reason why Colonel H.S.O., who works but to revive Buddhism, may be regarded as one who labors in the true path of Theosophy far more than any other man who chooses as his goal the gratification of his own ardent aspirations for occult knowledge. Buddhism, stripped of its superstitions, is eternal truth, and he who strives for the latter is striving for Theos-Sophia, Divine Wisdom, which is a synonym of Truth. For our doctrines to practically react on the so-called moral code or the ideas of truthfulness, purity, self-denial, charity, etc., we have to popularize a knowledge of Theosophy.—The Chohan, *Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom, 1st Series*



But they [H.P.B. and H.S.O.] have that in them (pardon the eternal repetition) which we have but too rarely found elsewhere—

unselfishness, and an eager readiness for self-sacrifice for the good of others; what a "multitude of sins" does this not cover! It is a truism, yet I say it, that in adversity alone can we discover the real man. It is true man-hood when one boldly accepts one's share of the collective Karma of the group one works with and does not permit oneself to be embittered, and to see others in blacker colors than reality, or to throw all blame upon some one "black sheep," a victim, specially selected. Such a true man as that we will ever protect and, despite his shortcomings, assist to develop the good he has in him. Such an one is sublimely unselfish; he sinks his personality in his cause, and takes no heed of discomforts or personal obloquy unjustly fastened upon him.—K.H., *Mahatma Letters*



My good friend—it is very easy for us to give phenomenal proofs when we have necessary conditions. For instance, Olcott's magnetism after six years of purification is intensely sympathetic with ours—physically and morally is constantly becoming more and more so.—K.H., *Mahatma Letters*



. . . . for he [H.S.O.] represents the entire Society, and by reason of his official position, if for no other, stands with Upasika [H.P.B.], closest to ourselves in the chain of Theosophical work.—K.H., *Mahatma Letters*



The Master K.H. Visits Colonel Olcott Physically

I come to you not alone of my own accord and wish, but also by order of the Maha-Chohan, to whose insight the future lies like an open page. At New York you demanded of M. an objective proof that his visit to you was not a maya—and he gave it; unasked, I give you the present one: tho' I pass out of your sight this note will be to you the reminder of our conferences. I now go to young Mr. Brown to try his intuitiveness. Tomorrow night when the camp is quiet and the worst of the emanations from your audience have passed away, I shall visit you again for a longer conversation, as you must be forewarned against certain things in the future. Fear not and doubt not as you have feared and doubted at supper last night: the first month of the coming year of your era will have hardly dawned when two more of the "enemies" will have passed away. Ever be vigilant, zealous and judicious; for remember that the usefulness of the Theosophical Society largely depends upon your exertions, and that our blessings follow its suffering "Founders" and all who help on their work.—K.H., *Letters from the Masters*, 1st Series

The President-Founder*

By Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

“**R**UTH does not depend on show of hands”; but in the case of the much abused President-Founder, Colonel H. S. Olcott, it must depend on the show of *facts*. Thorny and full of pitfalls was the steep path he had to climb up, alone and unaided, for the first years. Terrible was the opposition outside the Society he had to build; sickening and disheartening the treachery he often encountered within the Headquarters; enemies gnashing their teeth in his face around; those whom he regarded as his staunchest friends and co-workers betraying him and the Cause on the slightest provocation. Still, where hundreds in his place would have collapsed and given up the whole undertaking in despair, he, unmoved and unmovable, went on climbing up and toiling as before, unrelenting and undismayed, supported by that one thought and conviction that he was doing his duty. What other inducement has the Founder ever had but his Theosophical pledge and the sense of his duty towards Those he had promised to serve to the end of his life? There was but one beacon for him—the hand that had first pointed to him his way up: the hand of the Master he loves and reveres so well, and serves so devotedly, though occasionally, perhaps, unwisely.

President, elected for life, he has nevertheless offered more than once to resign in favor of anyone found worthier than he, but was never permitted to do so by the majority—not of “show of hands” but *show of hearts*, literally—as few are more beloved than he is, even by most of those who may criticize occasionally his actions. And this is only natural: for cleverer

in administrative capacities, more learned in philosophy, subtler in casuistry, in metaphysics or daily life policy, there may be many around him; but the whole globe may be searched through and through and no one found stauncher to his friends, truer to his word, or more devoted to real, practical Theosophy—than the President-Founder; and these are the chief requisites in a leader of such a movement—one that aims to become a Brotherhood of men. The Society needs no Loyolas; it has to shun anything approaching casuistry; nor ought we to tolerate too subtle casuists. There, where every individual has to work out his own karma, the judgment of a casuist who takes upon himself the duty of pronouncing upon the state of a brother’s soul, or guide his conscience, is of no use, and may become positively injurious. The Founder claims no more rights than every one else in the Society: the *right of private judgment*, which, whenever it is found to disagree with Branches or individuals, is quietly set aside and *ignored—as shown by the complainants themselves*. This, then, is the sole crime of the would-be culprit, and no worse than this can be laid at his door.

And yet what is the reward of that kind man? He, who has never refused a service—outside what he considers his official duties—to any living being; he who has redeemed dozens of men, young and old, from dissipated, often immoral lives, and saved others from terrible scrapes by giving them a safe refuge in the Society; he who has placed others again on the pinnacle of Saintship *through their status in that Society*, when otherwise they would have indeed found themselves

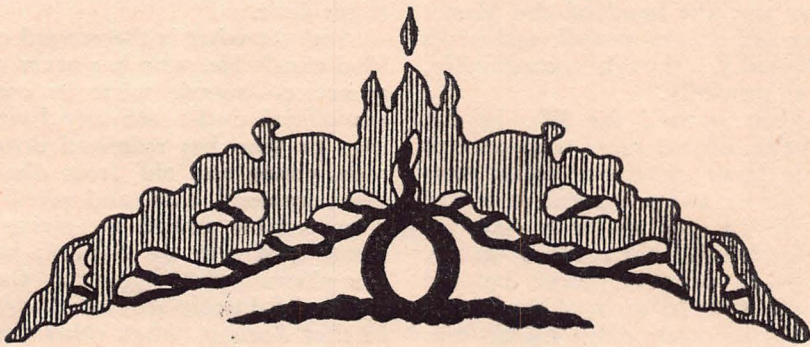
* Notes from a defense of Colonel Olcott and the Society written by H.P.B. in 1886. It was published in *The Theosophist* in June, 1924.

now in the "meshes of worldliness" and perhaps worse; he, that true friend of every Theosophist, and verily "the readiest to serve and as unconscious of the service"—he is now taken to task for what?—for insignificant blunders, for useless "special orders," a *childish*, rather than untheosophical love of display, out of pure devotion to his Society.

Is then *human nature* to be viewed so uncharitably by us, as to call *untheosophical*, worldly and sinful the natural impulse of a mother to dress up her child and parade it to the best advantages? The comparison may be laughed at, but if it is, it will be only by him who would—like the fanatical Christian of old, or the naked, dishevelled Yogi of India—have no more charity for the smallest human weakness. Yet the simile is quite correct; since the Society is the child, the beloved creation of the Founder, he may well be forgiven for his too exaggerated love for that for which he has suffered and toiled more than all other Theosophists put together. He is called "worldly," "ambitious of power," and *untheosophical* for it. Very well; let, then, any impartial judge compare the life of the Founder with those of most of his critics and see which was *the most Theosophical*, ever since the Society sprung into existence. If no better results have been achieved, it is not the President who ought to be taken to task for it, but

the members themselves; as he has been ever trying to promote its growth, and the majority of "Fellows" have either done nothing, or created obstacles in the way of its progress, through sins of omission as of commission. Better unwise *activity*, than an overdose of too wise *inactivity*, apathy or indifference which are always the death of an undertaking.

Nevertheless, it is the members who now seek to sit in Solomon's seat, and they tell us that the Society is useless, its President positively mischievous, and that the Headquarters ought to be done away with, as the organization called Theosophical *presents many features seriously obstructive to the progress of Theosophy*. Trees, however, have to be judged by their fruits. It was shown that no "special orders" issuing from the "Centre of Power," called Adyar, could affect in any way whatever either Branch or individual; and therefore any Theosophist bent on "self-culture," "self-involution," or any kind of *selfness*, is at liberty to act; and if, instead of using his rights, he will apply his brain power to criticize other people's actions, then it is he who becomes the *obstructionist* and not at all the "Organization called Theosophical." For, if Theosophy is anywhere practised on this globe it is at Adyar, at the Headquarters. Let "those interested in the progress of true Theosophy" look around them and judge.






*My Stand for the Theosophical Society**

By H. S. Olcott

Notes from his Inaugural Address at the first regular meeting of the Theosophical Society, November 17, 1875.

N future times, when the impartial historian shall write an account of the progress of religious ideas in the present century, the formation of this Theosophical Society, whose first meeting under its formal declaration of principles we are now attending, will not pass unnoticed. This much is certain. The bare announcement of the intended inauguration of such a movement attracted attention, and caused no little discussion in the secular as well as the religious press. It has sounded in the ears of some of the leaders of the contending forces of theology and science, like the distant blast of a trumpet to the struggling armies in a battle. The note is faint as yet, and indicates neither the strength nor purposes of the body approaching. For either side, it may mean a reinforcement that will help turn the tide of victory; it may herald only the gathering of neutrals to watch events; or it may threaten the discomfiture and disarmament of both antagonists.

From what little has been said in its behalf, it is not yet clear to the public how this "new departure" should be regarded. Neither church nor college knows whether to adopt a policy of denunciation, misrepresentation, contumely, or amity. By some

secular journals it is patronizingly encouraged as likely to "enliven a prosaic age with exhibitions of mediaeval tricks of sorcery," while others denounce it as the forerunner of a relapse into "the worst forms of fetishism." The spiritualists began, a few weeks ago, with voluminous and angry protests against its promoters, as seeking to supplant the prevalent democratic relations with the other world by an aristocratic esoterism, and even now, while they seem to be watching our next move with the greatest interest, their press teems with defamatory criticisms. Neither of the religious sects has definitely committed itself, although our preliminary advances have been noticed in a guarded way in some of their organs.

Such being the state of the case at the very onset of our movement, before one blow has been struck, am I not warranted in repeating the statement that in the coming time it is inevitable that the birth of this Society of ours must be considered as a factor in the problem which the historian will be required to solve?

The present small number of its members [in 1875] is not to be considered at all in judging of its probable career. Eighteen hundred and seventy-odd years ago, the whole Christian Church could be contained within a

* It is deeply interesting and profitable to read once more some of the original ideals that filled the mind and heart of our President-Founder when the T.S. was born.

Galilean fisherman's hut, and yet it now embraces one hundred and twenty millions of people within its communion; and twelve centuries ago, the only believer in Islamism, which now counts two hundred and fifty million devotees, bestrode a camel and dreamed dreams.

Let the future take care of itself; it is for us to so shape the present as to make it beget what we desire and what will bring honor upon us. If we are true to each other and true to ourselves, we shall surmount every obstacle, and attain the peace of mind which comes of absolute knowledge.

If we are divided, irresolute, temporizing, jesuitical, we shall fail as a Society to do what is now clearly within our reach; and future years will doubtless see us bewailing the loss of such a golden opportunity as comes to few persons in a succession of centuries. . . .

About us we see the people struggling blindly to emancipate their thought from ecclesiastical despotism—without seeing more than a faint glimmer of light in the whole black horizon of their religious ideas. They struggle from an irrepressible desire to be free from shackles which bind their limping reason after their volant intuitions have outgrown them. Upon the one side, the philosophical chemists invite them to an apotheosis of matter; upon the other, the spiritualists fling open the painted doors of their "angel world." The clergy hold them back and hiss warnings and anathemas in their ears. They waver, uncertain which way to go. Heirs to the spiritual longings of the race, they shrink back from the prospect of annihilation, which, in their own case, when life's burden presses heavily, may not always seem unwelcome, but which was never meant for those near and dear ones who have died in their youth and purity, and left behind a sweet fragrance when the alabaster box was broken and they passed behind the Veil of Isis. . . .

If the founders of this Society are true to themselves, they will set to work to study the religious question from the standpoint of the ancient

peoples, gather together their wisdom, verify their alleged Theosophic discoveries (I say *alleged*, as President of a non-committal Society of investigation; as an individual, I should omit that word, and give full credit where it is due) and contribute to the common fund whatever is of common interest. If there be any who have begun without counting the cost; if there be any who think to pervert this body to sectarian or any other narrow, selfish ends; if there be any cowards, who wish to meet with us in secret and revile us in public; if there be any who begin with the hope or expectation of making everything bend to their preconceived notions, regardless of the evidence; if there be any who, in subscribing to the broad and manly principle enunciated in the by-laws, that we will discover all we can about *all* the laws of nature, do so with a mental reservation that they will back out if any pet theory, or creed, or interest is endangered; if there be any such, I pray them, in all kindness, to withdraw now, when they can do so without hard words or hard feelings.

For, if I understand the spirit of this Society, it consecrates itself to the intrepid and conscientious study of truth, and binds itself, individually as collectively, to suffer *nothing* to stand in the way. As for me—poor, weak man, honored far beyond my deserts in my election to this place of honor and of danger—I can only say that, come well, come ill, my heart, my soul, my mind, and my strength are pledged to this Cause, and I shall stand fast while I have a breath of life in me, though all others shall retire and leave me to stand alone. But I shall not be alone, nor will the Theosophical Society be alone. Even now Branch Societies are projected in this country. Our organization has been noticed in England, and I am told that an article upon the subject is about to appear in one of the greatest of the quarterlies. Whether it shall be couched in friendly or hostile spirit matters little; our protest and challenge will be announced, and we may safely leave the rest to the natural order of events.

Faithful Through Life and Death

A Tribute to Colonel Olcott

By C. W. Leadbeater



MILLION years ago in old Atlantis, in the great City of the Golden Gate, there reigned a mighty King. One day there came to him a soldier whom he had sent out to head an expedition against a troublesome tribe on the borders of that vast empire. The soldier reported victory, and as a reward the King gave him the position of Captain of the Palace Guard, and placed specially in his charge the life of his own only son, the heir-apparent to his throne. Not long afterwards the newly appointed captain had an opportunity of proving his faithfulness to his trust, for when he was alone with the young Prince in the palace gardens a band of conspirators rushed upon them and tried to assassinate his charge. The captain fought bravely against heavy odds, and though mortally wounded succeeded in protecting the Prince from serious harm until help arrived, and the two were borne together into the presence of the King. The Monarch heard the story and, turning to his dying captain, said: "What can I do for you who have given your life for me?" The captain replied: "Grant me to serve you and your son for ever in future lives, since now there is the bond of blood between us." And with a last effort he dipped his finger in the blood which flowed so fast from his wounds, and touched with it the feet of his sovereign and the forehead of the still unconscious Prince. The King held out his hand in benediction, and replied: "By the blood that has been shed for me and mine, I promise that both you and he shall serve me to the end."

So was the first link forged between three leaders of men of whom we all have heard; for that great King is now the Master M., the Prince, his son, has been known to us as Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and the Captain of the Guard as Henry Steel Olcott. Through all the ages since, through many strange vicissitudes, the link has been kept unbroken and the service has been rendered, as we know, and it will be through the ages yet to come.

Since then as Gushtasp, King of Persia, he protected and assisted in the foundation of the present form of Zoroastrianism, and later as the world-renowned King Asoka he issued those wonderful edicts which remain until this day graven upon rocks and pillars in India to show how real were his zeal and his devotion. And, when at the end of that long and strenuous life he looked back upon it with sorrow to see how far short of his intentions even his wonderful achievements had fallen, his Master showed him, for his encouragement, two visions, one of the past and one of the future. The vision of the past was the scene in Atlantis when the link between them was forged; the vision of the future showed the Master as the Manu of the Sixth Root-Race and our President-Founder as a lieutenant serving under Him in the exalted work of that high office. So Asoka died content in the certainty that the closest of all earthly ties, that between the Master and His pupil, would never be severed.

Having thus taken a prominent part in the spreading of the two great religions of the world, Zoroastrianism and Buddhism, it was appropriate that

he should be so closely associated with the work of this great movement which synthesizes all religions—the Theosophical Society. Never himself the spiritual teacher, he has always been the practical organizer who made the teacher's work possible. In this life as in all those others, his ruling principle was always that of passionate loyalty to his Master and to the work which he had to do. When first I met him, a quarter of a century ago, that was the dominant feature in his character; through all the years that I have known him that above all other motives ruled his actions.

Few of our members realize the extent and the success of his labors for the Theosophical Society, for much of what he did can be properly appreciated only by those who have traveled in those Eastern lands which he loved so well. To his untiring exertion was due the rebuilding and enlargement of the Society's Headquarters at Adyar. It was he who founded the great library there, and on the occasion of its opening gathered together to bless its inception priests of all the leading religions of the world—the first occasion in history on which such representations had met in fraternal accord, each freely acknowledging the others as standing on an equal footing with himself.

To him is due the great movement for Buddhist education in the island of Ceylon, in consequence of which up to the present [1908], 287 Buddhist schools have been founded, in which over 35,000 children are being taught. He it was who brought together on a common platform of belief the Northern and Southern Schools of Buddhism, separated for more than a thousand years; he it was who took up the education of the neglected Pariah class.

Many and great were the difficulties in his way in holding together and directing so complex a movement as the Theosophical Society; yet in every land he was always popular, by every nation he was eagerly welcomed. His utter devotion to the wel-

fare of his Society and the transparent honesty of his purpose could not fail to impress all who met him. I speak of him with feeling, for I had special opportunities of knowing him well. I shall never forget his fatherly kindness to me, when as a comparatively young man, quite new to Indian life, I first went to reside at the Headquarters at Adyar. Since then I have met him in many countries; I have passed weeks alone with him (except for an interpreter and a servant) in a bullock-cart in the jungles of Ceylon; I went with him on the journey which carried Theosophy into Burma in 1885. Under circumstances like these one quickly gets to know a man with far greater intimacy than is afforded by years of ordinary social life, and I can unreservedly bear testimony to the whole-souled devotion of the man—to the fact that during all this time his one anxiety was the furthering of the Theosophical work, his one thought how to please the Master by doing with all his might that which had been given to him.

We all know how courageously he bore his sufferings, how all through his illness his constant thought was still the welfare of the dear Society to which his life had been devoted. We remember how when the time came for him to leave the body three of the great Masters stood beside him, as well as his old colleague and friend, H. P. Blavatsky. His cremation was a grand and worthy ceremony. The pyre was of sandal-wood, and his body was covered with the American flag and the Buddhist flag, the latter a standard which he himself had invented, bearing in their right order the special colors of the aura of the Lord Buddha.

He was unconscious for a while after death, but is now fully awake and active. As I was always deeply attached to him, his Master told me to act as a kind of guide to him when necessary, and to explain to him whatever he wished. He had always been keenly interested in the powers and possibilities of the astral plane, and as soon as he could see it clearly he was full of eager and insatiable desire to

know how everything is done, to understand the rationale of it, and to learn to do it himself. He has an unusually strong will in certain directions, and that made many of the experiments easy to him even when they were quite new. He is most at home in work which involves the use of power in some way—to fight, to cure, to defend. He is full of big schemes for the future and is just as enthusiastic as ever about the Society which he loves.

His attention has been attracted by the strong thought about him involved in writing this; he stands beside me now, and insists that I shall convey to the members his most earnest advice to give whole-hearted loyalty and support to his noble successor, to put aside at once and for ever all pitiable squabbling over personalities, all unprofitable wrangling over matters which are not their business and which they cannot be expected to understand, and to turn their attention to the one and only matter of importance—the work which the Society has to do in the world. His message to them is: *Forget yourself, your limitations and*

your prejudices, and spread the truths of Theosophy.

Of his future we can say little as yet. His own wish is to take another body quickly so as to work along with Madame Blavatsky in her present incarnation, but I do not yet know whether this can be arranged. It depends partly upon the stage of his own development, and partly upon when and where the Masters think that he will be most useful. His great talent is organization, and we have seen that he has already practised it in Zoroastrianism, in the great missionary enterprise of Buddhism and in the foundation of the Theosophical Society. No doubt he may have similar work to do in connection with the next religion, and again at the establishment of the Sixth Root-Race, but as yet we do not know exactly when these events will take place. Be they when they may, the great man whom in this life we *know* as Henry Steel Olcott will be ready to bear his part in them, to lead us as he led us before, devoted as ever to the service of his Master, faithful as ever through life and through death.—*The Theosophist.*

H. S. O.—“Of Great Moral Courage”

So, casting about we found in America *the man to stand as leader*—a man of *great moral courage, unselfish* and having *other good qualities*. He was far from being the best, but—he was *the best one available*. With him we associated a woman of most exceptional and wonderful endowments. Combined with them she had strong personal defects, but just as she was, there was no second to her living fit for this work. We sent her to America, brought them together—and the trial began. From the first both she and he were given to clearly understand that the issue lay *entirely with themselves*. And both offered themselves for the trial for certain remuneration in the far distant future—as K.H. would say—soldiers volunteer for a Forlorn Hope. For six and one-half years they have been struggling against such odds as would have driven off any one who was not working with the desperation of one who stakes life and all he prizes on some desperate supreme effort.—*Mahatma Letters*

You Have Forgotten*

By Colonel Henry Steel Olcott



THE full report of the Convention appeared in *The Theosophist* for September 1891, but as a whole decade** has passed, it has, of course, been forgotten even by the readers of our magazine; and as the book into which these pages are destined to pass will come into the hands of hundreds who have never known about this historical meeting, I take the advice of friends and reproduce here the substance of my Address to the Convention. I do this the more readily because there are certain views expressed in it which ought to be widely known in the best interests of our Society. I quote, therefore, as follows:

Brothers and Sisters: When I try to concentrate my thoughts to speak to you, I find a very great difficulty in translating them into words, because my heart is so oppressed by the grief that has fallen upon us, by the presence of this empty chair, by the memories of seventeen years of intimate association, that the tongue refuses its office, and I can only leave you to infer what my feelings are on coming to meet you here. . . . It was not until I came to this spot that I realized that H. P. B. was dead. We had, for the last few years, been working apart. I had not been accustomed, as before, to see her every day and hour, and therefore I did not realize the fact that she was gone until I came here and saw her empty room, and felt that we had indeed been bereaved. I passed some time alone in her room, and I received there what was necessary for my guidance in the future; I may simply say, in one word, the gist of it was that I should continue the work as though nothing whatever had happened.

I have been delighted beyond

measure to see that this spirit has been imparted to her late associates, and that they have become inspired by her zeal to that extent that, while their hearts have been wrenched by this blow, their courage has never faltered for a moment, nor has there been the least vacillation nor the least intimation that they were ready to abandon the work in which she had enlisted them.

Now, for the first time, I feel ready and willing to die. It has been the great anxiety of my life, since we left New York for India, lest I might die in the various exposures to which I have been subjected, and thus leave the movement before it had gained vitality to go on. If H.P.B. and I should die, it has been said by the Hindus everywhere, "the thing would collapse." Now her death has shown that it will not collapse, and therefore I feel much more fearless than I have been heretofore as to exposing myself in different parts of the world. I feel now that this movement has acquired an individuality of its own, and that nothing in the world can drag it down.

I have had recently in Australia the most striking proof of the existence throughout the world of this yearning after the Secret Doctrine, after Mysticism, (after the truths to be obtained by soul development.) I found everywhere throughout Australia latent inclination, potency in this direction, which only requires an excuse to manifest itself. I found it in Great Britain, and Mr. Judge has found it in America; so that now I feel satisfied that though the most of us who are engaged in this work as leaders should die, the movement itself is an entity, has its own vitality, and will keep on. How it shall keep on is a question for us to consider.

We have heretofore had within

* From his Convention lecture in England, death. Reprinted from *Old Diary Leaves*.

**Now over four decades.

September, 1891, four months after H.P.B.'s

easy reach a teacher who, like an inexhaustible well of fresh water, could be drawn upon at any time that we were thirsting for information. This has been an advantage in one way, but a great detriment in another. The very inaccessibility of the Masters is an advantage to all those who wish to acquire knowledge, because in the effort to come near them, to get any communion with them, one insensibly prepares in himself the conditions of spiritual growth, and it is when we are thrown upon our own resources that we are enabled to bring out the powers latent in our characters. I consider that H. P. B. has died at the right moment. She has left work unfinished, it is true, but she has also done work which is quite sufficient, if we make use of it properly, to supply us for many years to come with the help that we need in Theosophical progress. She has not gone away and left us absolutely without unpublished remains; on the contrary, she has left a large body of them, and in the custody of her chosen depositary, Mrs. Besant, who, in the proper way and at the proper moment, will give them out to the world. But I maintain that even though not another book had been written save *Isis Unveiled*, that would have been enough for the earnest student.

I may say that my Theosophical education has been obtained almost entirely from that book; for my life has been so busy of late years that I have had no time for reading. I cannot read anything serious when I am traveling, and at home my mind is so overwhelmed with the anxieties of my official position that I have no time and no inclination to sit down and meditate and read; so that of what I know about Theosophy and Theosophical matters, a large part has been obtained through *Isis Unveiled*, in the composition of which I was engaged with her for about two years.

Our effort should be to spread everywhere among our sympathizers the belief that each one must work out his own salvation, that there can be no progress whatever without effort, and that nothing is so pernicious, nothing

is so weakening, as the encouragement of the spirit of dependence upon another, upon another's wisdom, upon another's righteousness. It is a most pernicious thing and paralyzes all effort.

Now a method that is pursued in schools of Yoga in India and in Tibet is this: the Master gives at first no encouragement whatever to the would-be pupil, perhaps he will not even look at him, and frequently persons attach themselves to a Yogi as chelas, despite his trying to drive them away, perhaps with blows, or, at any rate, despite their being apparently scorned and put upon in every possible way by the Yogi. They perform most menial offices, sweeping the floors, making the fires, and everything of the kind, while perhaps the Yogi will reward them with indifference for months or years. If the aspirant is really desirous of obtaining the truth, he is not discouraged by any of these rebuffs. A time finally comes when, having tested him sufficiently, the Master may turn to him and set his foot on the path by giving him the first hint. Then he waits to see how he will profit by that hint, and the rapidity of his subsequent progress depends entirely upon his own behavior.

But we may say we have been far better off than that. We have had H. P. B. with us as an active worker for the last sixteen years, during which time she has given out in various channels, in *The Theosophist*, in *Lucifer*, her books, and her conversation, a great volume of esoteric teaching, and hundreds of hints which, if taken, understood, and followed up will enable any one of us to make decided progress in our Theosophical direction.

I have been for a number of years holding Conventions of Delegates representing the Society. On these walls you see photographs of some of those Conventions. This is the first one that has been held in Europe. You are behind America, where they have been having splendid Conventions for several years past. But everything must have a beginning, and this is the beginning in Europe. We have a fair

representation of our movement in different parts of Europe, but nothing like as full an one as will come after this initiative has been understood and followed up.

At the threshold of the work we have every promise before us of an immense extension of our movement. We have every reason to be satisfied with the outlook. When we consider the enormous reactionary influences at work in different parts of Christendom; when we consider the progress of vicious tendencies and of materialistic opinions in European countries; when we look at the distribution of our literature, and see how devoted persons in different countries, like our splendid Spanish group, are rendering the works into their vernaculars and are circulating them in their countries, and see what results we are obtaining, I think my observation is correct, that we have great reason to be satisfied with the outlook.

I wish that every Delegate in this Convention representing any country might take to heart to avoid as a pestilence the feeling of local pride or local exclusiveness. With political divisions we have nothing to do; with distinctions of rank and caste and creed we have nothing to do. Ours is a common, neutral ground, where the standard of respect is the standard of a purified humanity. Our ideals are higher than those of time-serving communities. We have no king, no emperor, no president, no dictator here in our spiritual life. We welcome everybody who is eager after the truth to a seat beside us on the bench, on the sole condition that he or she will help us in our studies, and will receive in a kindly

and brotherly spirit any help that we are ready and able to give. We should therefore know no England, no Scotland, no France, no Germany, no Sweden, no Spain, no Italy. These are geographical abstractions. For us the terms do not exist in our Theosophical consciousness. We have Swedish brothers, and German brothers, and French brothers, and Spanish, and English, Irish, Welsh, and so forth; as brothers we know them, as brothers we are bound to them, and in every way; so that in your work in your different countries you should try to imbue your fellows with the feeling that this is a union that has no regard to geographical or national boundaries or limitations, and that the first step in the development of the Theosophist is generous altruism, forgetfulness of self, the destruction and breaking down of the barriers of personal prejudice, an expanding heart, an expanding soul, so as to unite oneself with all peoples and all the races of the world in trying to realize upon earth that Kingdom of Heaven which was spoken of in the Bible, and which means this universal brotherhood of the advanced and perfected humanity which has preceded us in the march of cosmic evolution. . . .

I hope the spirit of amity may dwell in this meeting; that we may feel that we are in the presence of the Great Ones whose thoughts take in what is transpiring at any distance as easily as what is transpiring nearby, and also that we are imbued, surrounded, by the influence of my dear colleague and your revered teacher, who has left us for a while, to return under another form and under more favorable conditions.





*The Love and Devotion of H. P. B. and H. S. O. to Each Other and to the T. S.**



HOSE who follow me through all the incidents of past years are virtually watching the building up of the structure of the Theosophical Society, course by course, from its foundation-stone to its finals; the slow but sure erection of the modern temple of Theosophy. They know, as outsiders do not, who were its architects and builders, and what it would have been without them.

When I look through my papers of those days of stress and storm, and read the letters written me from exile by Mme. Blavatsky, the solemn feeling comes over me that the binding mortar of its blocks was stiffened by the blood of her heart, and in her anguish were they laid. She was the Teacher, I the pupil; she the misunderstood and insulted messenger of the Great Ones, I the practical brain to plan, the right hand to work out the practical details. It is painful beyond words to read her correspondence from Europe, and see how she suffered from various causes, fretting and worrying too often over mares' nests. . . . She unraveled plots

to oust us, to turn me away from Adyar and put another in my place, and to use her as the center of a new Society to be formed in Europe, and again and again warned me to be on my guard. Undoubtedly there was some such scheme latent in the minds of some, but it never came to aught, for two reasons, viz: (1) *She refused point-blank to lead any Society that did not recognize Adyar as its central head; and* (2) *I was not the sort of person to be easily driven away from a post where I had been put on guard by the Masters, and by Them bidden to hold it to the end of my life.*

She begs me, on the score of the "real, more than fraternal affection" she has for me, her "internal, not external, loyalty" to me as her "colleague, chum, and co-worker in Master's work," to break up the Indian part of the conspiracy. In another letter she writes: "I love you more than any one on earth save Master, my friendship and brotherly affection for you are eternal; and if you believe me capable of going back on you, let alone the T. S., then—you are a" Her use of the word "eternal" has a deeper mean-

* These excerpts are selected from *Old Diary Leaves* as bearing on the subject, but not in their sequential order in the book.

ing than appears on the surface, as those who have traced back the mutual relations of us two in past lives (both men in them all) will understand. Suffice it to say that this is not the first time that we have been closely associated in the evolutionary paths of our two entities. One day, in despair on the discovery of a case of treachery which had nearly cost her the friendship of some of our ablest colleagues, she writes that here is one more case going to prove that we two ought to place absolute trust in no third party whomsoever, but to stick together all the stronger as each new case of disloyalty shows itself.

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As regarded her [H.P.B.'s] return to India, . . . it had been reported to her through third parties that if she returned the Government would send her to prison on some paltry pretext. This was the sheerest nonsense, but she did not realize it, so positive had been the correspondents (not Hindus, of course) of her informants. So there she was, hoping and yearning to be allowed to come back to, as she writes, at least die in, India, yet unable to get out of her London engagements, torn by conflicting emotions, made almost wild by the tone of my letters, which were sometimes very harsh—as I, too, had enough to drive a more nervous man crazy—and suffering from mortal diseases which made her life a burden. Yet through all, like the faithful sentinel of Pompeii, she stuck to her duty, passed many of the twenty-four hours at her desk, reconciled enemies, made new friends enthusiastic, and, little by little, poured into receptive minds the sublime teachings of which she was the channel. Ah! cruel world, when shall you have another Helena Petrovna to martyrize!

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It was a real sacrifice to have to deny myself the pleasure of the close com-

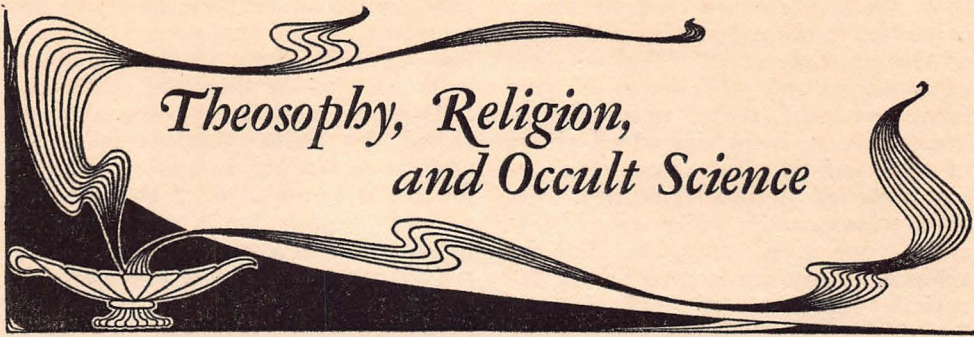
panionship of H.P.B., for, as in New York, when we two were working together alone, the door between us and the Teachers seemed ever open; uplifting ideas came pouring into my mind, and the spiritual intercourse was very real. Her habit of counting on me as an ever willing and loyal helper had become so fixed, and our tie was so much closer and so different from that between her and our juniors, that she appeared to delight in the renewal of the latter. In those pleasant hours she used to tell me all she thought of those around her, and consult me as to how to treat them, and the best way to push on the movement.

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To refute the many falsehoods spread by third parties who wanted to breed dissension between us, or give the impression that the Society was on the point of splitting—a belief held by many, my Executive Council included, on the strength of H.P.B.'s hysterical letters—she and I issued the following joint note:

“To dispel a misconception that has been engendered by mischief-makers, we, the undersigned Founders of the Theosophical Society, declare that there is no enmity, rivalry, strife, or even coldness between us, nor ever was; nor any weakening of our joint devotion to the Masters or to our work, with the execution of which They have honored us. Widely dissimilar in temperament and mental characteristics, and differing sometimes in views as to methods of propogandism, we are yet of absolutely one mind as to that work. As we have been from the first, so are we now united in purpose and zeal, and ready to sacrifice all, even life, for the promotion of Theosophical knowledge, to the saving of mankind from the miseries which spring from ignorance.”





Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science

[The following excerpts are selected from Colonel Olcott's book *Theosophy, Religion and Occult Science*. The book was published in 1884, and unfortunately is out of print.]

WE Theosophists are fully convinced that all religions are but branches of one sole Truth; and the aim of our public teachings and private discourses has always been to force this fact upon the attention of our auditors. In short, we are not "all things to all men," as has ungenerously been said, but the same thing to all men—viz., Theosophists, who believe in the essential identity of all men, race, caste, and creed, to the contrary notwithstanding. . . .

What are the suppositions of religion with which it is assumed that "Science" can never deal? That there is a world or objective state beyond the cognizance of our physical senses; that man is a subject who, in addition to his physical organism, has faculties—it may be undeveloped at the present stage of human evolution, or it may be only dormant—fitted to relate him by immediate consciousness and perception with that other world;* and that physical disintegration affects only the mode, and not the existence, of individual consciousness. Lastly and chiefly, though in connection with the foregoing propositions, religion carries her account of man yet higher, asserting his relation to a Principle which is the source and inspiration of his moral consciousness, and which manifests itself in him as the perpetual tendency to realize an *universal will and nature*, and to subor-

dinate the individual limitation. . . .

These are the propositions which religious intelligence never can dispense with, which physical science has not refuted, and which transcendental science affirms. . . .

In the closing chapter of Lange's *History of Materialism*, it is well said:

"One thing, however, is certain: if the New is to come into existence, and the Old is to disappear, two great things must combine—a world-kindling ethical idea and a social influence which is powerful enough to lift the depressed masses a great step forward."

It is such an idea as this that the Theosophical Society seems to give a formal, if not already a quite practical expression. It is no new discovery, certainly, this reassertion of the essential unity of the race, of Brotherhood as a principle to be elevated above all accidental or historical distinctions. It is, on the contrary, the one vital ethical result out of religious thought. Is it therefore a truism too barren or abstract to form the basis of practical association? Is it nothing to extricate it from the diversities of dogma in which its significance is buried, to renew it in the hearts of men and women of all sects and creeds as the vow and obligation of their lives? Is it an objection that the Society does not come before the world with a single, well-devised application of the principle? Those who would offer this as an objection cannot have realized

* "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body" (I. Cor. XV. 44).

how much more than abstract assent is implied in the recognition and study of the principle itself. The conquest of selfishness and prejudice in all their forms, national, social, sectarian, political, private, is the aim which grows in every individual mind out of a living sense of human fraternity. Its applications on the wider scale of law and coöperation must be self-developed. They are not to be the fanatical impulses of half-educated "world-betterers." They will emerge spontaneously and surely from the unity of spirit and habit acting upon an intelligent and well-informed apprehension of the problems, and from the subordination of self-interest.

Many practical problems which seem insoluble to individual thinkers can only find their solvent in an altered disposition of mankind. All religions seek to effect this change of disposition in the individual consciousness. But nearly all religious systems have preferred their specific and distinctive tenets to their true universal basis and inherent tendency, and have thus become the most discordant of influences in the world they would regenerate. Therefore it is that the Theosophical Society has no room for propagandists of any exclusive creed. Its principle indeed requires that none of its members should even mentally assert the *exclusive* sanctity of his own religious denomination. . . .

We have spoken of the advocacy of the principle of Universal Brotherhood, or, to avoid the charge of utopianism, of a kindly reciprocity and mutual tolerance between men and races, as a primary object of the Theosophical Society. . . . Its second object is the promotion of the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religions, and sciences. . . . The Society's third declared object relates to the investigation of the unfamiliar laws of Nature and the faculties latent in man. An inordinate prominence has been given to the psychic phenomena produced by Madame Blavatsky, which, however striking in themselves, are nevertheless but a small part of Theosophy as a great whole. To a

very limited extent these questions are considered in the following Lectures; but for full details the reader must be referred to the literature of the occult sciences, now being constantly enriched by new publications. No amount of reading, however, will suffice for a knowledge of the subject; at best, it gives but a smattering of information as a basis of belief. Nor can a teacher develop the psychic powers in a way to make them docile and trustworthy to the student's will. Psychic growth is the fruit of self-mastery; the Initiate is, more than any one else, "a self-made man"! The Theosophical Society does not make Adepts: it but hints at Their existence and points to the path.



. . . . We have proved that there is an inner range of percipient faculties, more acute, and much more unerring, than "the five gateways" of the outer body. We have verified the existence of sublimer states of matter than the form we are told about by our fashionable scientific authorities. The "Unseen Universe," or subjective world, of Professors Balfour Stewart and Tait has ceased to have for us the aspect of a hypothesis, for this *terra incognita*, this polar circle of official science, has been explored by us, with the Adepts of the East as our guides and teachers. I know as a fact that these grand Men are not to be moved as to Their inner selves by anything, good or ill, that may be said of Them: the reviler's abuse but recoils upon himself, as, in the Eastern proverb, the dust blows back into the eyes of the fool who throws it against the wind. And, as an old student of psychology, I feel the enormous vitality the subject derives from the fact that these Masters live as really for us as Their predecessors did for Apollonius, Plato, and Pythagoras; that They can be seen, and conversed with, as They have been seen and conversed with by many among us; and that They furnish in Their own persons a tangible, actual ideal of a hitherto unsuspected human perfectibility. And so realizing, I shall,

until They command me to keep silence, continue to bear testimony to Their existence, to Their benevolent philanthropy, to Their angelic qualities, mental and moral. To Them, through Their agent, Madame Blavatsky, I owe the first glimpse of the true light. By Them I was taught to detect its glow under the exoteric masks of the world's various faiths, and to know it for Their silvery psychic spark. They taught me to see that the color of my brother-man, his dress, his formal creed, his social prejudices, were but the results of his external environment, and but tinted, without obstructing the inner shining of the immortal ego: as the cathedral panes give for the watcher outside their glowing hues to the light that burns in the chancel and along the aisles. To Them my life-long fealty is pledged. My earnest hope is that I may not fail in my duty; my chief desire that, through the extension of the Theosophical Society, I may succeed in causing hundreds as hungry as myself after the spiritual truth to know of Their existence and partake of Their teaching.



The study of occult science has a twofold value: First, that of teaching us that there is a teeming world of Force within this teeming visible world of phenomena; and, second, in stimulating the student to acquire, by self-discipline and education, a knowledge of his psychic powers and the ability to employ them. . . .

To what highest good do we aspire? What *is* the highest good, but to know something of man and his powers, to discover the best means to benefit humanity—physically, morally, spiritually? To this we aspire: can our interrogator conceive of a nobler ambition? In common with all thinking people we have, of course, our individual speculations about that infinite and awful something which Anglo-Saxons call God; but, as a Society, we say, with Pope—

“Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan;

The proper study of mankind is Man.”

. . . . Let us not drown ourselves in oceans of vague metaphysical speculation, in trying to drag the next sphere down to this, but rather strive to elevate our present plane of matter, so that one end of it may climb to some sort of proximity to the higher realm of spirit.

How can one be helped to acquire mastery over his baser nature? Mighty problem!—how change the brute into the angel? Can any other but one's own self effect this purification, this splendid conquest, in comparison with whose glory all the greatest victories of war sink into contemptible insignificance? There must be, first, the belief that this conquest is possible; then, knowledge of the method; then, practice. Men only passively animal, become brutal from ignorance of the consequences of the first downward step. So, too, they fail to become godlike because of their ignorance of the potentiality of effort. Certainly one can never improve himself who is satisfied with his present circumstances. The reformer is of necessity a discontented man—discontented with what pleases common souls; striving after something better. Self-reform exacts the same temperament. A man who thinks well of his vices, his prejudices, his superstitions, his habits, his physical, mental, moral state, is in no mood to begin to climb the high ladder that reaches from the world of his littleness to a broader one. He had better roll over in his mire, and dismiss Theosophy with signs of impatience.

Great results are achieved by achieving little ones in turn; great armies may be beaten in detail by an inferior force; constant dripping of little water-drops wears away the hardest rock. You and I are so many aggregations of good and bad qualities. If we wish to better our characters, increase our capabilities, strengthen our will-power, we must begin with small things and pass to greater ones. Friend, do you want to control the hidden forces of Nature and rule in her do-

main as a king-consort? Then begin with the first pettiness, the smallest flaw you can find in yourself, and remove that. It may be a mean vanity, a jealousy of some one's success, a strong predilection or a strong antipathy for some one thing, person, caste; or a supercilious self-sufficiency that prevents your forming a fair judgment of other men's countries, food, dress, customs, or ideas; or an inordinate fondness for something you eat, drink, or amuse yourself with. It matters not; if it is a blemish, if it stands in the way of your perfect and absolute enfranchisement from the rule of this sensuous world, "pluck it out and cast it from thee." This done, you may pass on.

You understand now, do you not, the meaning of the various sections and degrees of our Theosophical curriculum? We welcome most heartily across our threshold every man or woman, of ascertained respectable character and professed sincerity of purpose, who wishes to study the ancient philosophies. They are on probation. If true Theosophists at bottom, they will show it by deeds not words. If not, they will soon go back to their old friends and surroundings, apologizing for having even thought of doing different from themselves. . . .

It is evident from the foregoing that there is room in our Society for all earnest, unbigoted persons and groups of such persons now working disunitedly. *Divided*, they are comparatively powerless to do much; *united*, they would make a strength to be felt by the reactionists.



With the most absurd blindness to the experience of the race, we, Founders of the Theosophical Society, are constantly being asked to turn its membership into Adepts. We must show them the short cut to the Himavat, the private passages to the Asramas in the Neilgherries! They are not willing to work and suffer for the getting of knowledge, as all have done who have got it heretofore; they must be put into a first-class carriage, and taken straight behind the Veil of

Isis! They fancy our Society an improved sort of Miracle Club, or School of Magic, wherein, for ten rupees, a man can become a Mahatma between the morning bath and the evening meal! Such people entirely overlook the two chief avowed objects of the Society—the formation of a nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood for the research after truth and the promotion of kind feelings between man and man; and the pursuit of the study of ancient religions, philosophies, and sciences. They do not appreciate this purely unselfish part of the Society's work, nor seem to think it a noble and most meritorious thing to labor for the enlightenment and happiness of mankind. They have an insatiable curiosity to behold wonders, seeing which they would not, in many instances, be stimulated to search after the hidden springs of wisdom, but only sit with open mouth and pendulous tongue, to wonder how the trick was done, and what would be the next one! Such minds can get no profit by joining the Theosophical Society, and I advise them to stay outside. We want no such selfish triflers. Ours is a serious, hard-working, self-denying Society, and we want only men worthy to be called men, and worthy of our respect. We want men whose first question will not be "What good can I get by joining?" but "What good can I do by joining?" Our work requires the services of men who can be satisfied to labor for the next generation, and the succeeding ones; men who, seeing the lamentable religious state of the world—seeing noble faiths debased, temples, churches, and holy shrines, thronged by hypocrites and mockers—burn with a desire to rekindle the fires of spirituality and morality upon the polluted altars, and to bring the knowledge of the Rishis within the reach of a sin-burdened world. . . . We welcome most those who are ready to trample under foot their selfishness when it comes in conflict with the general good. We welcome the intelligent student of science, who has such broad conceptions of his subject that he considers it quite as

important to solve the mystery of force as to know the atomic combinations of matter; and feeling so, is not afraid or ashamed to take for his teacher any one who is competent, whatever be the color of his skin.



A religion that can only be propagated at the point of the sword, or upon the martyr's pile, or under instruments of torture, or by devastating countries and enslaving their populations, or by cunning stratagems seducing ignorant children or adults away from their families and castes and ancestral creeds—is a vile and devilish religion, the enemy of truth, the destroyer of social happiness. If a religion is not based upon a lie, the fact can be proved and it can stand unshaken, as the rocky mountain, against all the assaults of skeptics. A true religion is not one that runs to holes and corners, like a naked leper to hide his sores, when a bold critic casts his searching eye upon it and asks for its credentials. If I stand here to defend what is good in Hinduism, it is because of my full conviction that that good exists, and that however fantastic, and even childish, some may think its tangled overgrowth of customs, legends and superstitions, there is the rock of truth, of scientific truth, below them all. On that rock it is destined to stand through countless coming generations, as it has already stood through countless generations which have professed that hoary faith, since the Rishis shot from their Himalayan heights the blazing light of spiritual truth over a dark and ignorant world.

It is most reasonable that you should ask me what those of you are to do who are not gifted with the power to get outside the illusion-breeding screen of the body to acquire an intimate actual perception of "divine" truth through the developed psychical senses. As we have ourselves shown that all men cannot be Adepts, what comfort do we hold out to the rest? This involves a momentary glance at the theory of rebirths. If this little span of human life we are now en-

joying be the entire sum of human existence, if you and I never lived before and will never live again, then there would be no ray of hope to offer to any mind that was not capable of intellectual suicide of blind faith. The doctrine of a vicarious atonement for sin is not merely unthinkable, it is positively repulsive to one who can take a larger and more scientific view of man's origin and destiny than that of the dualists. One whose religious perceptions rest upon the intuition that cause and effect are equal: that there is a perfect and correspondential reign of Law throughout the universe: that under any reasonable conception of eternity, there must always have been at work the same forces as are now active—must scout the assertion that this brief instant of sentient life is our only one. Science has traced us back through an inconceivably long sequence of existences—in the human, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms—to the cradle of future sentient life, the ether of space. . . .

So, then, conceding the plurality of births and coming back to our argument, we see that even though any one of us may not have the capacity for acquiring Adeptship in this birth, it is still a possibility to acquire it in a succeeding one. If we make the beginning we create a cause which will, in due time, and in proportion to its original energy, sooner or later give us Adeptship, and with it the knowledge of the hidden laws of being, and of the way to break the shackles of matter and obtain *mukti*—emancipation. And the first step in this beginning is to cleanse ourselves from vicious desires and habits, to do away with unreasoning prejudices, dogmatism and intolerance, to try to discover what is essentially fundamental, and what is non-essential, in the religion one professes, and to live up to the highest ideal of goodness, intelligence, and spiritual-mindedness that one can extract from that religion and from the intuitions of one's own nature. . . .

"The world was not made in a

day"; and we are not such ignorant enthusiasts as to dream that in a day, or a year, or a generation, long established errors can be detected and done away with. Let us but always desire to know the truth, and hold ourselves ready to speak for it, act for it, die for it, if necessary, when we may discover it. People ask us what is our religion, and how it is possible for us to be on equal terms of friendliness with people of such antagonistic faiths. I answer that what may be our personal preference among the world's religions has nothing to do with the general question of Theosophy. We are advocating Theosophy, as the only method by which one may discover that *eternal something*, not asking people of another creed than ours to take our creed and throw aside their own. We two Founders profess a religion of tolerance, charity, kindness, altruism, or love of one's fellows; a religion that does not try to discover all that is bad in our neighbor's creed, but all that is good, and to make him live up to the best code of morals and piety he can find in it. . . .

Call me a Conservative, if you will; I am conservative to this extent that, until our modern professors can show me a philosophy that is unassailable; a science that is self-demonstrative, that is, axiomatic; a psychology that takes in all psychic phenomena; a new religion that is all truth and without a flaw, I shall proclaim that which I feel, which I know to be the fact—*viz.*, that the Rishis knew the secrets of nature and of man, that there is but one common platform of all religions, and that upon it ever stood and now stand, in fraternal concord and amity, the hierophants and esoteric initiates of the world's great faiths. That platform is *Theosophy*.

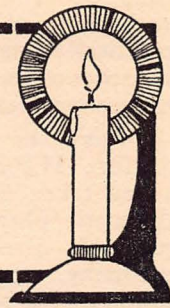
Theosophy, properly understood, has not one feature calculated to excite the hostility of reasonable men of any school of science or religion. I will lay down two cardinal propositions—(1) That, psychically, all men are brothers, all equally entitled to know divine truth, and, without

distinction of nationality or faith, should join for the general good of humanity; bound by a common tie and common sympathies. For *united effort* not only mitigates the hardness of the task, but produces tenfold greater results in the same time. One ant can carry but a grain of dust at once, but a colony of ants laboring together can remove the largest house in time. So one man, unless endowed with extraordinary advantages, can accomplish comparatively little; but with coöperation everything is possible. . . . (2) My second proposition is that every human being has within his own nature, in a greater or less degree, certain sublime faculties which, when fully developed, will give him divine knowledge. The theory upon which almost all formalized religions rest is that only a certain favored class of men have these spiritual capacities, and alone can be permitted to exercise them. But there have been "emancipated" or "illuminated" ones under all the various religions, and the testimony they have brought back to us from their soul-flights into the inner world has essentially agreed. We have seen that when a certain point of this interior development is reached, the seer loses all sense of his nationality, his theology, even of his personality. . . . From the consciousness of being a microscopic point as compared to the whole, he feels that he is in all, bounds all, is all.

Ah! the dream of Universal Brotherhood of Man, when nations will cease to enslave nations, and the only strife will be who can best live up to the ideal of human perfectibility! The bright vision mocks us even as we gaze upon its splendor, yet happy he who has even been so blessed as to see it in his dreams. Theosophy is the enchantress that alone can conjure it up; and though hard be the task and disheartening the delay in gaining the divine wisdom, when once gained, the sacrifices of a life seem no adequate price to pay for its acquisition.



People From The Other World



Colonel Olcott's Experiences as Psychic Investigator

Compiled by Herbert Radcliffe



O those familiar with the history of the Theosophical Society Col. H. S. Olcott is remembered as Co-Founder, with Madame Blavatsky, of that Society, as the pioneer who planned and perfected the organism, attended to the business details connected with the outer side of its growth, such as the purchase and establishing of its international headquarters in India and aiding the growth and development of national sections in practically all of the larger countries of the world, while at the same time Madame Blavatsky poured forth the stream of occult teaching which is the basis of all the varied and voluminous Theosophical literature which is available in the world today.

But perhaps there are not many who know that Col. Olcott, even before he met Madame Blavatsky, was a well-known writer and experimenter in the realm of psychic phenomena. For many months, in 1874, he witnessed the spiritistic manifestations at the Eddy Homestead in Vermont which were then arousing the attention of intellectuals in America. He participated actively in these séances, and wrote detailed accounts of them for the *New York Sun*, and also examined the alleged materializations of John and Katie King under test conditions in Philadelphia.

Early in 1875 he published his account of these phenomena in a book of nearly 500 pages, *People from the*

Other World. It is profusely illustrated, brilliantly written, fascinating in interest, illuminating on all phases of spiritualistic materializations, and indicative of that straightforwardness of character, accuracy of observation, and judicial quality of decision which marked Colonel's career as President of the T. S.

Unfortunately the book has long been out of print, but the earnest reader can obtain it at some Theosophical Lodge libraries, and he will find it not only exciting to read but also instructive as to the conditions under which these phenomena occur. He will be amused to see the precautions (scientific in the extreme) that Colonel took to assure himself against fraud. He guarded against every possible deception and even introduced scales into the séance room and there weighed and recorded the "spirit" manifestations in terms of pounds and ounces!

Some of these precautions are described in greater detail in his book, *Theosophy, Religion and Occult Science* (also out of print), from which we quote the following:

"I had been a student of practical psychology for nearly a quarter of a century. From boyhood no problem had interested me so much as the mystery of man, and I had been seeking for light upon it wherever it could be found. To understand the physical man, I had read something of anatomy, physiology and chemistry. To get an insight into the nature of mind and

thought, I had read the various authorities of orthodox science, and practically investigated the heterodox branches of phrenology, physiognomy, mesmerism and psychometry. . . .

"For some years previous to 1874 [before H.P.B. came to America], I had taken no active interest in mediumistic phenomena. Nothing surpassingly novel had been reported as occurring, and the intelligence communicated through mediums was not usually instructive enough to induce one to leave his books and the company of their great authors. But in that year it was rumored that at a remote village, in the valley of the Green Mountains, an illiterate farmer and his equally ignorant brother were being visited daily by the 'materialized' souls of the departed, who could be seen, heard, and, in cases, touched by any visitor. This tempting novelty I determined to witness; for it certainly transcended in interest and importance anything ever heard of in any age. Accordingly, in August of that year, I proceeded to Chittenden, the village in question, and, with a single brief intermission of ten days, remained there until the latter part of October. I hope you will believe that I adopted every possible precaution against being fooled by village trickery. The room of the ghosts was a large chamber occupying the whole upper floor of a two-story wing of the house. It was perhaps twenty feet wide by forty long—I speak from memory. Below were two rooms, a kitchen and a pantry. The kitchen chimney was in the gable end, of course, and passed through the séance room to the roof. It projected into the room two feet, and at the right, between it and the side of the house, was a plastered closet, with a door next to the chimney. A window, two feet square, had been cut in the outer wall of the closet, to admit air. Running across this end of the large room was a narrow platform, raised about eighteen inches from the floor, with a step to mount by at the extreme left, and a handrail or baluster, along the front edge of the platform. Every evening, after the last meal, William

Eddy, a stout-built, square-shouldered, hard-handed farmer, would go upstairs, hang a thick woolen shawl across the doorway, enter the closet and seat himself on a low chair that stood at the extreme end. The visitors, who sometimes numbered forty of an evening, were accommodated on benches placed within a few feet of the platform. Horatio Eddy sat on a chair in front, discoursed doleful music on a fiddle, and led the singing—if such it might be called, without causing Mozart to turn in his grave; a feeble light was given by a kerosene lamp, placed on the floor at the end of the room farthest from the platform, in an old drum from which both heads had been removed. Though the light was certainly very dim, yet it sufficed to enable us to see if anyone left his seat, and to distinguish through the gloom the height and costumes of the visitors from the other world. At a first sitting this was difficult, but practice soon accustomed one's eyes to the conditions.

"After an interval of singing and fiddle-scraping, sometimes of five, sometimes of twenty or thirty minutes, we would see the shawl stirred; it would be pushed aside, and out upon the platform would step some figure. It might be a man, woman, or child, a decrepit veteran, or a babe carried in a woman's arms. The figure would have nothing at all of the supernatural or ghostly about it. A stranger entering at the other end of the room would simply fancy that a living mortal was standing there, ready to address an audience. Its dress would be the one it wore in life, its face, hands, feet, gestures, perfectly natural. Sometimes it would call the name of the living friend it had come to meet. If it were strong, the voice would be of the natural tone; if weak, the words came in faint whispers; if still more feeble, there was no voice at all, but the figure would stand leaning against the chimney or handrail while the audience asked in turn—'Is it for me?' and it either bowed its head or caused raps to sound in the wall when the right one asked the question. Then the anxious

visitor would lean forward and scan the figure's appearance in the dim light, and often we would hear the joyful cry, 'Oh! mother, father, sister, brother, son, daughter,' or what not, 'I know you.' Then the weird visitor would be seen to bow, or stretch out its hands, and then, seeming to gather the last strength that remained to it in its evanescent frame, glide into the closet again, and drop the shawl before the hungry gaze of the eyes that watched it. But sometimes the form would last much longer. Several times I saw come out of the closet an aged lady clad in the Quaker costume, with lawn cap and kerchief pinned across her bosom, grey dress and long house-wifely apron, and calling her son to the platform seat herself in a chair beside him, and, after kissing him fondly, talk for some minutes with him in low tones about family matters. All the while she would be absently folding the hem of her apron into tucks and smoothing them out again, and so continuing the thing over and over just as—her son told me—she was in the habit of doing while alive. More than once, just as she was ready to disappear, this gentleman would take her arm in his, come to the baluster, and say that he was requested by his old mother whom we saw there, although she had been dead many years, to certify that it was indeed she herself and no deception, and bid them realize that man lives beyond the grave, and so live here as to ensure their happiness then.

"I will not attempt to give you, in these few minutes of our lecture, even the bare outline of my observations during those eventful weeks. Suffice it to say that I saw as many as seventeen of these *revenants* in a single evening, and that from first to last I saw about five hundred. There were a certain few figures that seemed especially attached to the medium's sphere or influence; but the rest were the appearances of friends of the strangers who daily flocked to the place from the most distant localities—some as far away as 2,000 miles. There were Americans and Europeans, Afri-

cans and Asiatics, Red Indians of our prairies and white people, each wearing his familiar dress, and some even carrying their familiar weapons. One evening the figure of a Kurd, a man whom Madame Blavatsky had known in Kurdistan, stepped from the closet, clad in his tall cap, high boots, and picturesque clothes. In the shawl twisted about his waist were thrust a curved sword and other small arms. His hands were empty, but, after salaaming my friend in the native fashion, lo! his right hand held a twelve-foot spear which bore below the steel head a tuft of feathers. Now, supposing this farmer medium to have been ever so much a cheat, whence in that secluded hamlet did he procure this Kurdish dress, the belt, the arms and the spear at a moment's notice? Madame Blavatsky had just arrived at Chittenden, and neither I nor any one else knew who she was, nor whence she came. All my experiences there were described by me, first in a series of letters to a New York journal, and afterwards in book form, *People from the Other World*, and I must refer the curious to that record for details, both as to what was seen and what precautions I took against deception. Two suspicions have doubtless occurred to your minds while I have been speaking: that some confederate or confederates got access to the medium through the closet-window, or dresses and dolls were passed up to him from below through a trap or sliding panel. Of course they would occur to any one with the least ingenuity of thought. They occurred to me; and this is what I did. I procured a ladder, and on the outside of the house tacked a piece of mosquito-net over the entire window, sash, frame, and all, sealing the tack-heads with wax, and stamping each with my signet ring. This effectually prevented any nonsense from that quarter. And then calling to my help an architect and a clever Yankee inventor and mechanic, with those gentlemen I made a minute practical examination of the chimney, the floor, the platform, the rooms below, and the lumberloft overhead. We were all

perfectly satisfied that if there was any trickery in the case it was done by William Eddy himself without confederacy, and that if he used theatrical dresses and properties, he must carry them in with him. In the little narrow hole of a closet there was neither candle, mirror, brush, wig, clothes, water-basin, towel, cosmetic, nor any other of the actor's paraphernalia; nor, to speak the truth, had the poor farmer the money to buy such. He took no fee for his séances, and visitors were charged only a very small sum for their board and lodging. I have sat smoking with him in his kitchen until it was time for the séance to begin, gone with him to the upper chamber, examined the closet before he entered it, searched his person, and then seen the selfsame wonderful figures come out as usual in their various dresses. I think I may claim to have proceeded cautiously; for Mr. A. R. Wallace, F.R.S., quoted and eulogized my book in his recent controversy with Professor W. B. Carpenter. Carpenter himself sent to America to inquire into my character for veracity, and publicly admitted it to be unimpeachable. Professor Wagner of St. Petersburg reviewed the work in a special pamphlet, in which he affirms that I fulfilled every requirement of scientific research, and three European Psychological Societies elected me Honorary Member. It should also be noted that four years of very responsible and intricate examinations on behalf of the War Department—during our late American War, the proofs of which service have been shown by me to the Indian authorities—qualified me to conduct this inquiry with at least a tolerable certainty that I should not be imposed upon. Having then seen all that has now been outlined to you, will you wonder that I should have been thoroughly convinced of the reality of a large group of psychic phenomena, for which science helplessly tries to offer some explanation? And can you be surprised that whatever man of science has, since 1848, seriously and patiently investigated modern Spiritualism, has become a

convert, no matter what his religious belief or professional bias?

“ . . . Suffice it that with my own eyes I saw, within the space of about three months, some five hundred of these apparitions, under circumstances which, to my mind, excluded the possibility of trickery or fraud. My observations were communicated to a New York daily journal during the whole period, and the facts excited the greatest wonder.”

Equipped with his unique experiences, Col. Olcott was doubtless the better prepared to understand and accurately describe the long series of psychic phenomena which he observed during his years of intimate collaboration with H.P.B. from 1875 onwards, which he also records in his *Old Diary Leaves*. In that later book he gives in detail the occasion of his first meeting H.P.B., but in *People from the Other World* he narrates the phenomena that developed on that famous day in the Eddy Homestead, well worthy of quotation:

“The arrival of a Russian lady of distinguished birth and rare educational and natural endowments, on the 14th of October (the very day after a certain pseudo-investigator, who has since made his ‘statement,’ left), was an important event in the history of the Chittenden manifestations. This lady—Madame Helena P. de Blavatsky—has led a very eventful life, traveling in most of the lands of the Orient, searching for antiquities at the base of the Pyramids, witnessing the mysteries of Hindu temples, and pushing with an armed escort far into the interior of Africa. The adventures she has encountered, the strange people she has seen, the perils by sea and land she has passed through, would make one of the most romantic stories ever told by a biographer. In the whole course of my experience, I never met so interesting and, if I may say it without offense, eccentric a character.

“As I am about to describe some of the spirit-forms that appeared to her at the Eddy homestead, and am dependent upon her for a translation of most of the language they spoke, it is

important that I should say a few words concerning her social position, by way of preface. The lady has been so obliging as to comply with my request to be furnished with some account of herself, and cheerfully submitted to my inspection documentary proofs of her identity. Among others of the latter, I have seen familiar letters from Prince Ferdinand W——, a relative of the Czar, Baron M——, and other noblemen, a certified copy of her father's will, and her passports, which, as well as the last named document, fully attest her rank. She is the granddaughter, on the mother's side, of the great General Fadeef and the Princess Helen Dolgorouky, granddaughter of the Prince Iakoff Dolgorouky, the best friend and counselor of Peter the Great. Her grandaunt was Natalia Kirilowna, Princess Dolgorouky, who was the betrothed of Peter II., and would have been Empress, had not that unfortunate Prince died on the eve of their intended marriage. On the father's side she is related to the powerful Kourland family of the Hahn-Hahns, who trace their line in unbroken descent back to the first Crusades. Her father's father was Lieutenant-General of Kourland, and his mother found a second husband in the Prince Nicholas Vasiltschikoff. Her father was a General on the retired list, and died at an advanced age, after some sixty years of service in the army and civil department. His high rank is proven by the fact of his being in the 'Corps des Pages,' to which none but the sons of the highest families are admitted. Mme. de Blavatsky herself was married to General de Blavatsky, Governor of Erivan, in the Caucasus.

"It will be seen, therefore, from the above recital, that here we have a lady of such social position as to be incapable of entering into a vulgar conspiracy with any pair of tricksters, to deceive the public, while her education and travels have necessarily made her acquainted with many different languages. This is my witness; and now to my story.

"On the 14th of October Mme. de

Blavatsky reached Chittenden, and attended the séance that evening. Honto, as if to give the amplest opportunity for the artist and myself to test the correctness of the theory of 'personation,' that the 'investigator' previously alluded to had expounded to us, stood at the right of the cabinet, motioning us to observe her height, her feet, the head trimming on her dress, and then unplaited her hair and shook it out over her shoulders. Santum came, too, and 'Wando' and 'Wasso'; and then the first of the Russian lady's spirit-visitors made his appearance.

"He was a person of middle height, well shaped, dressed in Georgian (Caucasian) jacket, with loose sleeves and long pointed oversleeves, an outer long coat, baggy trousers, leggings of yellow leather, and white skull-cap, or fez, with tassel. She recognized him at once as Michalko Guegidze, late of Kütais, Georgia, a servant of Madame Witte, a relative, and who waited upon Mme. de B—— of Kütais.

"He was followed by the spirit of Abraham Alsbach, who spoke some sentences in German to his sister; and he, in turn, by M. Zephirin Boudreau, late of Canada, the father of a lady who accompanied Mme. de Blavatsky to Chittenden, and who, of course, was attending her first séance. She addressed her questions to him in French, he responding by rapping with his hand against the door-frame, except in one instance, when he uttered the word 'Oui.' This gentleman stood so that I saw him in profile against the white wall. He had an aquiline nose, rather hollow cheeks, prominent cheek-bones, and an iron-gray beard upon his chin. It was a marked face, in short, of the pure Gallic type, one of the kind that Vergne calls 'numismatic faces,' for they seem as if made expressly for reproduction upon coins and medals. In stature he was tall, and in figure slim, and altogether had the air of a gentleman.

"A little girl spirit came after him, and conversed by raps with her mother, who spoke in the German language; and this brought William's circle to a close.

"After that we had a light circle—one of the kind in which, as the reader will remember, certain persons assert that the phenomena are *all* done by the hand of the medium. Among other things that occurred was the writing of Mme. de Blavatsky's name upon a card, by a spirit-hand, in *Russian script*, which it will scarcely be said that Horatio could write, with both hands free. Various detached hands were shown through the aperture in the shawls, and among the number that of the boy Michalko himself, which the lady recognized by some peculiarity, as well as *by a string of amber beads wound around the wrist*. Recollect that she had only arrived that afternoon, had barely become acquainted with the medium, had had no conversation whatever with anybody about her former life, and then say how this Vermont farmer could have known:

"(1) Of the existence of Michalko Guegidze; (2) that he had any relations of any kind with his visitor; (3) that it is a custom among the Georgian peasants to wear a string of amber beads upon their arms; and then the skeptic will have to account for the possession of so unusual a thing as this kind of a rosary, by a family working a Green Mountain farm.

"It instantly occurred to me that if this hand belonged to the spirit I had seen in William's circle, the spirit must be attached to it behind the curtain; and that he must be able to prove his identity by playing some familiar air; so I whispered to Mme. de B., in French, to ask him in his own language to play such an air upon the strings of the guitar that lay upon the table behind there. She first asked him, in Georgian and Russian, if he were really Michalko, and certain other questions; to which he responded by sweeping the guitar strings once, or thrice, as he wished to indicate 'Yes' or 'No.'

"Among other things she said: '*Ilaparakey sheni tscheerimy*' (Georgian)—'Speak to me, my good fellow.' No response. '*Koli te to postoutschi piatraz* (Russian)—'If it is you,

knock five times or five sweeps of the guitar.' Then she said: '*Poegrai Lezguinka*.'—'Play the *Lezguinka*'—a famous but far from melodious national air. He then played the air as it is found printed in this chapter; Mme. de B. having been so kind as, with the assistance of Mr. Lenzberg, the Hartford music professor, to transcribe it for me.

"This song being finished, after repetition upon repetition, she asked the spirit to play another Caucasian song and dance known as '*Tiris! Tiris! Barbaré*.' She said: '*Sigrai Gourinkou*'—'Play the Gouriél dance'—and straightway it was played by the invisible performer with great animation. My fellow-spectators sat listening to the strange sentences of the Russian lady, without understanding either what she said, the nationality of the music that was being played, or, until it was all over, the nature of the important test that was being given; for I believe I was the only person present who spoke French, and our conversation was confined to that language.

"The instruments upon which the Georgian musicians play the two airs in question are the *zourna*, a curious sort of bagpipe, and the *tchicharda*, or *tschunggourou*, a four-stringed wooden instrument, something like an ancient mandolin, if I am not mistaken—which, in the matter of music and musical instruments, is the most likely thing in the world.

"In the *Lezguinka* dance the movement is at first slow and measured, but, little by little, the time quickens, until finally, as the dancers warm to their work, they abandon themselves to the excitement of the moment with mad enthusiasm. The effect upon the spectator, of this monotonous repetition of the slight melody there is in the air, must be the reverse of agreeable.

"I am fortunately, in the most unexpected manner, put in possession of a conclusive bit of evidence in corroboration of Madame de Blavatsky's story of Michalko's identity as a Georgian, in two letters from a

LEZGUINKA.

Allo.

The first system of music is in 2/4 time and marked *Allo.* with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The second system continues the musical piece, maintaining the same melodic and harmonic structure as the first system.

p Presto.

The third system is marked *p Presto.* The tempo is increased, and the dynamics are reduced. The melodic line in the treble staff is more active, and the accompaniment in the bass staff is more rhythmic.

f Da Capo. f

The fourth system is marked *f Da Capo. f*, indicating a repeat of the first system. The music returns to the original tempo and dynamics.

merchant in Philadelphia, which, in view of their public importance, I have obtained his permission to publish *verbatim*:

"The first introduces the writer to me in the following terms:

Philadelphia, 430 Walnut St.,
October 29, 1874.

Henry S. Olcott, Chittenden, Vt.,
Eddy's Homestead.

Dear Sir: Though I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I take the liberty of addressing to you a few words, knowing your name from the *Daily Graphic* correspondence on Eddy's manifestations, which I read with greatest interest.

I learn from today's *Sun* that at Eddy's, in presence of Mme. Blowtskey, Russian lady, a spirit of Michalko Guegidse (very familiar name to me) has materialized in Georgian dress, has spoken Georgian language, danced Lezguinka, and sung Georgian National Air.

Being myself a native of Georgia, Caucasus, I read these news with greatest astonishment and surprise, and being not a believer in spiritualism, I do not know what to think of these manifestations.

I address today a letter to Mrs. Blowtskey, asking some questions about materialized Georgian, and if she left Eddy's please forward it to her, if you know her address.

I also earnestly request your corroboration of this astonishing fact, materialized Georgian, if he really came out from the cabinet in Georgian dress, and in your presence. If that occurred in fact, and if anybody will regard it, as usually, trickery and humbug, then I will state you this: There are in the United States no other Georgians but three, of whom I am the one and came first to this country three years ago. Two others whom I know, came over last year. I know they are not in Vermont now and never been there before; and I know they do not speak English at all. Besides us three, no other man speaks Georgian language in this country, and when I say this, I mean it to be true fact. Hoping you will answer this letter, I remain, yours respectfully,

M. C. BETANELLY.

"Upon receipt of this, I wrote to Mr. Betanelly, answering his questions, giving the names of other spirits that appeared to Madame de Blavatsky, and suggesting that it would interest the public, if he and his two friends would unite in a certificate that they knew the persons in life. Here is his reply:

Philadelphia, November 18th, 1874.
Colonel H. S. Olcott, Rutland, Vt.,

Dear Sir: I am perfectly willing to give you all information and certificates concerning materialized Georgian spirits at Eddy's. Un-

fortunately I kept no correspondence lately with my Georgian friends, but I think they are somewhere in New York or out West, but I know they had no personal acquaintance of persons in Georgia that materialized at Eddy's.

I knew Michalko *when alive* in Kütais, and think could recollect his face at Eddy's if I was there that night. He was late serf of Alex. Guegidse, a Georgian nobleman, and employed servant in Col. A. F. Witte's family. Mr. Witte still lives in Kütais, and occupies a position of an engineer under Russian Government.

I also knew personally late General Faddeyeff, a tall and old Gentleman in Tiflis, who died several years ago. He occupied one of the highest rank in Tiflis under Government, and possessed the Cross of St. Ann, and other merits of honor for his military and civil services. The names of Hasan-Agha and Safas-Ali-Bek are also very familiar to me.

"Lezguinka" is real National Georgian play and dance. "Tiris tiris, Barbaré," is Georgian air, commonly song by lower classes and paysantry. "Tiris" in English means "crys," "to cry." "Barbaré is Georgian feminine name." Whole verse means: Crys, crys Barbaré, &c.: this is one verse of the whole and long song, which it is not, I think, necessary for you to describe or translate.

I send you for curiosity, a Georgian weekly newspaper, "The Times" (*Droeda*), published in Tiflis, Caucasus.

Your obedient servant,

M. C. BETANELLY.

"Of course I never heard either of the Georgian airs before, and so leave to Mr. Betanelly and his compatriots in this country to speak for themselves. I can only say that the music printed in this chapter is the music I heard played behind the curtain in Horatio G. Eddy's light-circle on the evening of October 14th, 1874; and now pass on to my next point. After stating that having since made the acquaintance of Mr. Betanelly, he corroborates all that he says in his two letters, and, since they were written, has actually seen the face of a Georgian spirit-friend at the cabinet window of a certain medium.

"Among the evidences of the genuineness of the phenomena furnished us on this evening were: The playing on the guitar and tambourine, and the ringing of two bells, all at once; the playing of the guitar by Michalko, with the instrument held flat against the south wall, farthest away from Horatio; the simultaneous playing of the guitar, at the extreme left, beyond Horatio, with its end resting upon a

chair in sight of the audience, and the patting of the lady-sitter's head and shoulders by two unseen hands; and finally, the simultaneous pressure of three hands upon the backs of Mr. J. M. Peebles and Mrs. E. D. Stronk, the gentleman and lady who sat with the medium in front of the curtain. Following, as this séance did, immediately upon the pretended 'exposure' of the fraud of Horatio, I determined that no chance to discover trickery upon this particular evening should be neglected; so I took Mr. Peebles into my confidence, and instructed him to move his arm frequently, and turn it so as to present new nerve surfaces to the pressure of the medium's fingers. That he followed the suggestion may be seen from the following certificate:

Colonel Olcott:

My dear Sir: Granted the privilege of sitting in the light séance of Horatio Eddy, to witness what are demonstrated spiritual manifestations, I beg to make the following statement:

Taking a seat forward of the cabinet to the right of Mr. Eddy, he tightly clasped with both his hands my bare arm. This done, music was heard immediately, and simultaneously upon three different instruments.

This was followed by hands tapping me on the back—on the right shoulder; and then they were projected from behind the curtain, patting my face and pulling the beard. The hand which I both saw and felt distinctly was cold, white, and delicate, utterly unlike in shape and appearance, that of Mr. Eddy's. And what is more, during this and other manifestations, I purposely moved my arms in different directions, to be certain that both of Mr. Eddy's hands were still clasping mine.

This hand and arm appearing the second time, there was upon the wrist amber-colored beads. These I not only saw, but I felt and heard them jingle. Instruments of music were played upon at a distance beyond the medium's reach, even if his hands had been at liberty. And yet, during all of these marvels, if I can trust my senses in connection with reason and consciousness, his hands were not for a moment unclasped from mine—neither were the nerves of sensation so benumbed as to prevent, in the slightest, the usual acuteness of feeling.

This materialized hand also smoothed my hair, rung bells, and wrote upon cards before the eyes of both the circle and myself. And I am as certain it was not Horatio Eddy's hand, as I am it was not mine.

J. M. PEEBLES.

"Mr. Peebles is well known as an eloquent speaker and scholarly writer

upon Spiritualism, but that does not imply that he is either a fool or a knave. He was recently United States Consul at Trebizond, and is an Orientalist, a Fellow of the Anthropological Society of London, and Corresponding Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of India. In Part II of this work, will be found an interesting paper by him, describing some remarkable magical performances he witnessed in the East.

"It was upon the following evening that I saw Honto suddenly sink away up to her waist, just as she was about to pass into the cabinet. Three persons—two gentlemen of Philadelphia, Mr. E—— and Mr. M——, and one lady, Miss E.S—— of Albany—have written to me concerning a similar phenomenon which happened in their presence, upon one evening, before my visit, and subsequently to the occurrences certified to in a former chapter. I was in hopes that they would have consented to unite in a certificate to the fact, but all manifest great reluctance to having their names associated with Spiritualism in a public manner. I content myself, therefore, with saying that they are each of excellent character.

"It is a curious affair, this progressive disintegration of the 'materialized' spirit-body! If we can conceive of the body being made, by a supreme effort of the spirit's will, from the invisible atoms of the atmosphere, there is nothing difficult in the theory that, by a like effort, it could be destroyed. In fact, it is to be noticed that most ghost-stories relate how the apparition suddenly evaporates, or dissolves back into its original unsubstantial elements. Thus the Phantom Carriage, of Chapter Vth, was seen to fade away in the moonlight, and so faded the White Lady of Avenel before the eyes of the affrighted sacristan. But here we have Honto sinking suddenly into the solid floor, waist-deep; and then, with what might be called the stump of a body, sliding behind the cabinet curtain. The same thing happened to Katie King in the course of Mr. Crookes' experiments. He mentions having seen her sink away

until nothing remained but her head, which appeared to rest upon the carpet of the room.

"Mrs. Bolles' mother fell to pieces, as though every atom of her form had suddenly lost its coherence with every other atom. Why is this? How can the discrepancy be explained? Has one spirit so superior a power over its materialized body that it can only be dissolved in progressive ascension, from heels to head, while another falls into fragments, at the instant it loses its hold on a single one of the molecules of which its evanescent shape is composed? Ah! that is one of the problems that await the philosophical chemist.

"The next evening, a new spirit, 'Hassan Agha,' came to Madame de Blavatsky. He was a wealthy merchant of Tiflis whom she knew well. He had a sneaking fancy for the Black Art, as well as our own mediums, and sometimes obliged his acquaintance by divining for them with a set of conjuring stones, procured from Arabia at a great price. His method was to throw them upon the floor, beside his mat, and then, by the way they fell into groups, prophesy the future and read the past for his wondering visitors. He claimed that the stones possessed some magic property by which and the muttering of certain Arabic sentences, the inner sight of the conjuror was opened, and all things hidden became clear. Hassan's dress was a long yellowish coat, Turkish trousers, a *bishmet*, or vest and a black Astrachan cap, *pappaha*, covered with the national *bashlik*, or hood, with its long tasseled ends thrown over each shoulder.

"Another of her visitors was an old woman dressed in the costume of the Russian peasant-woman, of whom the artist has given a sketch. She was an old nurse in the family, and took charge of both Madame de B. and her sister in early childhood. She advanced towards the lady, and, after making a respectful salutation, said something to her in her native tongue, of which I could distinguish the words '*Michalko*'

and '*Barishnia*,' which latter means 'Miss.'

"Hassan Agha returned the next evening, and not only stayed out longer than before, but, after retiring, reappeared at our side of the curtain so as to give the artist a good look at him. He spoke to Madame de B. this evening, and, listening with close attention, I heard the words *Peshkesh*, *Bolshoi djelha*, and *Backsheesh*, for the spelling and translation of which I am indebted to the lady. The first means 'a present,' the second and third 'a big fortune,' and the last, which is only too familiar to every traveler in the East, 'Money.' 'Is it for me?' asked Madame de B. '*Abou*' (for you), answered the old man, with a gracious salaam."

That Colonel's researches into spiritism were not prompted merely by curiosity but were motivated by the higher altruistic purpose which thereafter guided his life, unto death and beyond, is clearly indicated by the closing paragraph of his preface to the book:

"Our homes are seemingly invaded by an invisible host of good and evil spirits, and we turn in vain to scientific men for instructions as to how the one class may be detained, and the other expelled. They bend in laboratory and study, over wriggling insects and squirming reptiles, insensible of the glorified beings who stand, perhaps, behind them, and blind to the magnificent field of research that lies before them in the direction of the Inner World. They leave us to grope our own way toward the Truth, and if we fall into error, we have the right to hold them accountable, for they are the custodians of knowledge, our teachers, and guides. If they do not help us, we must search for ourselves. We cannot remain ignorant, for we are all urged on by:

"The wish to know;—th' insatiate thirst

That e'en by quenching is awaked;
And that becomes, or blest, or curst,
As is the fount at which 't is slaked.'"

Memories of Colonel Henry Steel Olcott

By Marie R. Hotchener

"We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something from him, . . . in his radiance all souls feel that it is well with them."

ON many Theosophical occasions since the passing of Colonel Olcott I have spoken of some of my memories of the last few months of his life, having been with him almost constantly during that time. Some of our leaders and members have urged me to write down *all* these memories so that they may be enjoyed by those who have not yet heard them, and, too, may perhaps remain as an interesting part of his life's history. I am also encouraged to record these personal and impersonal events because *The Theosophist* is publishing old letters of H.P.B., H.S.O., and A.B., and members are enjoying greatly the more intimate touch with their beloved leaders.

In consenting to write these memories let me say that I cannot give the whole story without becoming a constant part of it. Because of this I have long hesitated to publish them, fearing to be misunderstood: I shall no longer fear this. And the occasion of the 1932 centenary celebrations of Colonel Olcott's birth seems to be an auspicious time to open my heart and mind fully to the cherished recollections of his last days.

My First Meeting with Colonel Olcott

It was in January, 1906, that I wrote to Colonel Olcott at Adyar, Madras, India, and asked him how to proceed to become a member of the Theosophical Society. I also wrote him frankly that my request to join was the result of my father's appearing phenomenally to me and my maid-companion, Mina Renda, in Nice, France, immediately after his death in

California. Up to that time I had had no such psychic experience, and I had never heard of Theosophy. My father said he had been guided to find me by some discarnate Hindus, who wished him to tell me to get some books on Theosophy which would explain many problems of life that I was trying to solve. My father, prior to his death, had never known of Theosophy. This fact was confirmed later by my mother, and also many other evidential facts concerning the details of his passing which he had related to me. The dark, mysterious gate of death was thus flung wide, and he came through to bring me a clearer understanding of life.

In reply to my first letter Colonel Olcott (who was at Adyar) referred my application to join the Society to some members in the West who sponsored my doing so, and then he himself signed the usual certificate of membership.

He also mentioned in his letter that my experience at my father's "return" was very important and he would like to see me. He said he was to be in Europe in May and would write me then so that I could visit him.

To return a moment to the psychic appearance of my father at Nice: He warned me (at the request of the persons who brought him there) to avoid consulting spiritualistic mediums to try to get messages from him, but said that if I would practise meditation, according to the teachings of Theosophy, after a short time I would be able to raise my consciousness to the realm where death had placed him, instead of trying to draw him back to speak to me through mediums; that by so practising I would eventually in sleep

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be able to remember being with him when I awakened in the morning. This proved true, and for many years, until he went into the heaven-world, I received great help from him, and also many indisputable proofs of our association on the astral plane when I slept. This fact is mentioned here because it was through this association that I met Colonel Olcott for the first time in this life.

There are two additional facts that also need mentioning here, as they bear directly on some incidents relating to Colonel Olcott:

For the greater part of six and a half years after my father's death I lived in seclusion. He advised me to get books on many other philosophies than Theosophy, and compare them with the latter as I continued my study of it. This I did, but he also advised not to join the Theosophical Society until I had studied and knew the philosophy first.

Another point: I did not meet any Theosophist during these years of seclusion. Theosophical books were somewhat rare at that time. My only books at first were *The Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism*, by A. P. Sinnett, *The Key to Theosophy*, by Madame Blavatsky, and *Clothed with the Sun*, by Anna Kingsford.

The Key to Theosophy was my bible; and the part which explained what a Theosophist should do, and not do, became my daily meditation. I used constantly to think of what a joy it would be when I could join a Society whose members were living those ideals, and be in a company of truth-seekers, where peace and happiness reigned!! I knew absolutely nothing of the troubles that had occurred within it.

One morning, a few days before Easter in 1906, when I was staying for a time in Dresden, Germany, I awakened with the memory that my father had told me to go to Southampton to meet Colonel Olcott—to go immediately—as he would arrive there from India about the week end: I went at once. I had had no word from anyone else that he would arrive

then, in fact, no one in England knew it. But more of that fact in a moment.

When the first foreign passenger ship arrived at Southampton, which, if I remember correctly, was very early Saturday morning, I went on board, enquired for Colonel Olcott, was conducted to his cabin, and knocked at the door. He opened it and I enquired if he were Colonel Olcott. He answered, "Yes," and in great astonishment asked who I was. I explained about having previously written to him at Adyar, and that my father, in what people might call a dream, had sent me to meet him. He accepted my statement without question, because the ship that had brought him from India was quarantined at an Italian port, because, if I remember rightly, of plague being discovered among the steerage passengers. The kind captain, an old friend of Colonel's, transhipped him to another vessel just leaving for England, and scheduled to arrive there earlier than the one on which his London friends expected him. Colonel had had no opportunity to telegraph them of his earlier arrival; hence none of them were there to meet him.

After we had discussed fully the strange circumstances of our meeting, the Colonel suddenly said: "Well, let's pack up and be off for London, Little Mother." I was "Little Mother" to him until his death. (This name was evidently a remembrance from a previous life when I was his mother, as was verified later.)

In the "boat-train" to London we sat at a little table between our chairs, having luncheon. There was the usual *table d'hôte* menu. The Colonel accepted each course as it was passed; I refused the meat. He looked at me rather surprised and said, "Are you one of those 'hay eaters'?" Considering my novitiate ideas, it was my turn to be surprised, and I feel sure my face must have expressed it, and even more, for the Colonel laughed heartily at me. He said he had tried unsuccessfully to be a vegetarian, but in traveling almost continuously he had found that vege-

tables were often hard to obtain. At Adyar, and other places in India, it was possible, as the Hindus were practically all vegetarian. He said that H.P.B. also found it impracticable to avoid eating meat when traveling in the West. However, he appeased my distress of mind at this news by saying that he, and H.P.B. also, considered a vegetarian diet very desirable indeed when it was possible to maintain it. Sometimes, he said, meat was considered necessary to health and strength, because all the "life" was taken out of vegetables when boiled—as was the usual manner of cooking them; so many times he had found it necessary to eat chicken and fish: he did not care for red meats.

I have purposely related this incident, because one sometimes hears Theosophists say, when they desire to defend their meat-eating habits, "H.P.B. and Colonel Olcott ate meat." It is well for them to know that both these leaders thought it very desirable to maintain a vegetarian diet, and did so themselves for long periods of time.

It is also known that the Colonel was an inveterate smoker, so was H.P.B., but perhaps what he explained about it is not known. During his service in the Civil War the noise of the guns used to give him violent headaches. One of the physicians recommended smoking strong tobacco as a convenient remedial agent. The Colonel tried it and found that the nicotin fumes from the tobacco deadened the pain; it was especially helpful at bedtime when the pain often prevented sleep. The smoking habit persisted until his death. He knew that it was considered harmful, but he enjoyed such robust health that he did not notice any particular harm. He also explained that H.P.B. found her smoking dulled somewhat the occult energies that flowed through her nerves, and that at times were almost too powerful to bear. During the last illness before her death, physicians had found serious results from her smoking, on certain organs of her body.

But to return to our journey to

London: I cannot find words to describe sufficiently my first impressions of the Colonel. So strong! so practical! so sincere! His wholesome good humor was overflowing and contagious. The railway carriage was filled with ship passengers and he seemed to know them all, and they in turn were glad he knew them, especially the children. He simply radiated cordiality, good-will, and happiness.

The London Visit

I had been so sure of his arriving at the time my father had predicted that as I passed through London on my way to Southampton I engaged a suite of rooms for him at a large hotel, and another for a friend of mine, the late Margaret Clifford, and myself.

As it was Easter week-end and his friends were not expecting him for some days, many of them were out of London, and we had the opportunity to visit him uninterruptedly for that time. My friend and I, so young in Theosophical knowledge and experience (the Colonel was the first Theosophist I had known, and I had not yet read his *Old Diary Leaves*), must have made a strong appeal to his kind heart, for he talked with us for hours at a time about his meeting with H.P.B., their experiences together, the founding of the Society, the Masters, what Theosophy meant to them both, and what it would mean to us if we lived its "priceless teachings." Again and again he described the wonderful days with H.P.B. in New York.

One incident, he said, showed how human the Masters were, how suddenly They would occupy her body, and how sometimes, he felt sure, They were amused at his embarrassment.

One day H.P.B. had been rather exacting, and even cross with him. So finally he said to her, "You had better go back to bed and get out on the right side of it!" "Are you speaking to *her* or to *me*," was the reply, in the strong, deep voice of Master Serapis!!

Never shall I forget those precious days with Colonel. Then followed the return of his friends from their week-

end absence, and their visits to him began. They were all invited to a tea party for him on Tuesday, and he seemed so very pleased to meet these old friends again.

It was not long before there arose discussions of Theosophical matters. And what discussions they were! My friend and I, being strangers to most of those present, found a secluded corner of the room and remained interested listeners most of the time. The heated discussions and arguments centered around a great crisis in the Society, occurring at that time, and those present overwhelmed the Colonel with all their different critical opinions. The afternoon turned out to be a sort of fiery council meeting to discuss the disturbances of the crisis. The joyous radiance of the Colonel gradually left him and after the last guest had departed he sank into a chair completely exhausted and sorrowful.

As for myself, I also felt exceedingly troubled. Was this the Society of love, peace and brotherhood, which I had for years dreamed of joining? Here were old and leading members of it (I shall not mention their names, as they are almost all dead now, or have left the Society), unhappy, unbrotherly, criticizing A.B., C.W.L., C.J., and even the Colonel's conduct of the organization, the crisis, etc. It was a disturbing revelation indeed!

The Colonel divined that Miss Clifford and I were somewhat shocked at what we had heard of gossip and criticism, and so he very kindly explained the situation to us, and also the natures of the people who were making the work of the Society so difficult. The tenderness of his heart, his great understanding of the frailties of human nature, his courage, his forgiveness, and above all, his complete trust in the Masters to carry the Society safely through the storm, were disclosed to us.

It was only one of many moments of his greatness that I witnessed and that were to occur in the months that followed to the time of his death.

On the following morning I told the Colonel that I had gone to bed

with a heavy heart, wondering whether it was worth while being a member of a Society where there seemed such useless turmoil. But on awakening I had remembered that in the night my father had said to me, "Base your Theosophic life on the *principles* of Theosophy, not on the conduct of *personalities*," and that I had promised him I would do so.

(How many times I have recalled this advice and promise, and how many times it has been needed!)

He pointed out how wise was this advice of my father's, because the occasional crises of the Society were always caused by or centered around some personality and the principles of Theosophy were forgotten in the troubles that resulted. That many members would follow and worship some leader or teacher, and then if something happened that threw doubt on that personality they would condemn Theosophy and leave the Society. He said he quite understood how members could feel affection and gratitude to a leader or teacher, but human beings were far too imperfect to be the objects of hero-worship. He added that that had always been the difficulty even in the early days of the T.S., for new members actually worshipped H.P.B., and then when she was charged falsely by the Society for Psychical Research many of them fell away from the Theosophical Society. The same had been true when other leaders were accused of this or that fault.

He then added a very significant statement of fact: His experience showed that, "Once a real Theosophist, always a real Theosophist"; and he had found that when a person was *well-grounded in the principles and truths of Theosophy*, he would stand firm, no matter how many leaders or members might be criticized or found imperfect. Even if such left the Society they would still remain students of the philosophy.

After twenty-five years of experience as a member of the T.S., and after passing through some crises in it, I have found this to be true. "The truth

shall make you free"—especially from the vagaries of personality, even one's own.

The Colonel was soon to be on his way to the Convention in Paris, to be followed by his voyage to America, and needed to make the necessary preparations. For these Miss Clifford and I assumed responsibility, and one amusing incident of it is vivid in my memory:

When he arrived in London from Southampton we had helped him unpack his belongings. It was plain to be seen that great economies had been practised, and that there had been no one at Adyar to "mother" him. He held up one pair of socks (or what remained of them) and in a spirit of fun said he had on his only other pair: he washed one pair while he wore the other, and had found them "quite enough"! And as for the holes in these and his underwear, doctors claimed that porous garments let necessary air in to the body! His witticisms and humorous stories were a constant source of merriment. He also played practical jokes on us, but we "got even" with him in a "big way":

Once when he was out for a day's visit to friends in the suburbs of London, we surreptitiously removed every garment he was not wearing, took them (for sizes) to a large shop, and bought complete sets of everything. Added to this there were a large traveling bag, rug, gloves, hat, etc. We had them delivered at once, and placed them all around his sitting room, so that when he returned he would see them. At that time we were hiding behind a door. He stood for a moment glancing around the room and then said in a frightened voice, "Heavens! I am in the wrong room," and turned to leave it. We rushed from our hiding place and reassured him. Never shall I forget his expressions of pleasure at our purchases — nor the good-natured scoldings we received for what he considered our extravagance.

It was the occasion for stories of how in the early days at Adyar H.P.B. and he had even to pawn their belongings to buy food, to maintain the

Headquarters at Adyar, and to help the Society in other ways. He added: "So you see, I felt quite rich with two pairs of socks!"

It was just such things as this that display the depth and refreshing simplicity of Colonel's nature. One is reminded of Tennyson's lines:

"Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good grey head which all men
knew."

What debts of gratitude we owe to those great, courageous, self-sacrificing Founders of our Society—H.P.B. and H.S.O.!

On one occasion the Colonel was able to demonstrate his unique powers of healing. Miss Clifford caught a severe cold, and was suddenly attacked with pleurisy. The pain in her lungs was very severe. The Colonel placed his hands on her chest for a few moments, then breathed upon it, and the pain ceased completely; the cold itself left her a few hours later.

One day when, in a hansom cab, we were on our way to a meeting, there occurred an event that greatly amused the Colonel. A large wagon heavily laden with all sorts of odds and ends of scrap iron, was blocking the traffic, especially our cab. Presently the patience of our "cabby" was exhausted and (it being a little time after the Japanese victory over the Russian navy at Vladivostok) he exclaimed: "Move along there, you poor old Russian Navy!"

On one occasion he told the story of an interruption that occurred at a lecture when his subject was Reincarnation. A burly Irishman arose and, interrupting in a very loud voice, said: "If the gintilman knaws so much about this, kin he tell me what I wuz in me last loife? Wuz I Julius Caesar or a mummy?"

Colonel answered: "If you had remained quiet, as during the first of my lecture, I might judge you had been a mummy; but since you have broken out in this obstreperous manner it is

possible you were Julius Caesar!"

The days in London passed all too rapidly with many meetings, and journeys to several other English cities, where the greatest kindness and respect were shown him. This served somewhat to obliterate the memory of the first unhappy occasion to which I have referred, when a few of the oldest members came to have tea with him at the hotel. In fact, the other London members were quite different and gave him many evidences of their affection and appreciation. He was pleased with their successful work for the Society. The same was true of the members in Paris, where the Colonel journeyed after his London visit. He spoke French well, and a very successful Convention was held. It was there the photograph was taken which is here reproduced as a frontispiece, and was the last ever taken of him.

The Paris visit was followed by a successful visit to Holland, then a voyage to America which I could not arrange to take with him. Before sailing he invited me to join him as his permanent Honorary Private Secretary, and to go to India with him on his return from America. I replied that, as greatly as I desired to do so, it was impossible, as there were too many ob-

stacles to prevent. He replied: "Make your preparations to join me in Italy in October, the obstacles will be removed, and you will go home to India with me."

I was very sceptical about this at the time, though I yearned to have that joy and privilege, and so some weeks went by before I was aware that the obstacles, one by one, *were* actually being removed, and, strangely enough, without any efforts on my own part. At last the way opened and I made ready to go, taking my maid-companion, Miss Renda, with me. We joined the Colonel at Genoa on his return voyage from America.



The above is but an introduction to the most important events of the last months of Colonel Olcott's life as I witnessed them. In a series of future articles in this magazine I shall describe his return from America to Genoa as he related them to me; how the accident occurred that resulted in his death some months later; the deeply interesting events of our journey to India; the visit to Colombo, Ceylon; the return to Adyar; the appearance of the Masters at his bedside, and the many happenings prior to his passing.

The Middle Path

The great mistake made by beginners is to take a violent issue at the start, with a materialist, and make no concessions to his natural inclination to secure firm footing before proceeding on to the next step. After all, what he wants is to be perfectly sure of the ground on which he is to stand, and it always seems to me that in Practical Psychology one has the means, the only means, of giving that rational basis for the evolution of an idea of the Unity of Nature and the infinitude of the One Principle lying behind. Many times I have seen materialistic enquirers sitting for hours together discussing those problems good-temperedly and in the most friendly spirit. It is among the nicest gifts to be able to find the middle path between the extremes of belief and feeling shown by the materialist, on the one hand, and the spiritualist on the other; and yet the path exists and can always be found, with proper care and by keeping under strict control all impulses and prejudices.—H.S.O. in *Old Diary Leaves*

Colonel's Last Visits to America

By Henry Hotchener



THE details of the founding of the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875 by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Henry Steel Olcott are fully described in the latter's *Old Diary Leaves*, which gives a delightful account of the history and world-wide importance of that Movement. There one can learn how two of the Masters of Wisdom, belonging to the Great White Lodge which is the Inner Government of the world, selected and brought together these two people, each extraordinarily gifted in his own special way, to institute this work. Its object was to check the growth of materialism by showing the spiritual basis of all life as taught by the occult Wisdom of the ages. Colonel Olcott's book (of which four volumes have already appeared) shows how this object was to some extent attained through the world-wide growth of the Society and the teachings released through it.

Colonel Olcott was the Society's President from its beginning to his death in 1907. After founding the Society in New York, Colonel and H.P.B. went to India in 1878 and there established its international Headquarters, where it still is.

In the course of his life Colonel was obliged to leave Adyar at times and to travel to many lands, for while H.P.B. was the principal source of Theosophical knowledge, Colonel was the vitalizing source of the business and management of the Society functioning in different countries and tongues. There were several such occasions that called him to America late in his life, and it is possible that

some phases of his visits, as they impressed themselves upon a young man and a new member of the Society may be of interest:

It was when the Colonel came to New York en route to Cuba to settle an estate that had been left to the Society. His stay was brief, but through the kindness of my dear friend, Alexander Fullerton, then head of the American Section, I had the good fortune of being invited to attend a dinner given to him by the officials of the Society and some other old friends. I shall never forget my thrills at the expectation of meeting a man whom I considered one of the greatest of his age. (I still consider him such.) He was then about seventy years young, with snow-white hair and flowing beard ("flowing" is the word!), he moved with the agility of a man in the prime of life, radiated an extraordinary amount of vitality, and fairly exuded power. While he was not tall, but rather short and stocky, his enormously broad shoulders and leonine head gave one an impression of tremendous force, an impression that was strengthened when he began to talk about his work and his plans.

Having read the story of his life, and knowing of his remarkable experiments in the weird realm of spiritism, his witnessing the countless wonders performed by Madame Blavatsky, his meeting the Masters personally, and being accepted by Them as a trusted co-worker, his accomplishing miraculous cures by mesmeric power, I naturally looked with awe and reverence at the greatest man I had ever met. But his manner of meeting strangers was so friendly, even cordial, that he in-

stantly dissolved any such feelings of superiority. In fact, he was so simple and unaffected that he won my heart at once, and kept my admiration and devotion until his death—and beyond. He impressed one as being absolutely honest and dependable as a witness, and as he was one of the few then living who had seen the Masters in the flesh, and could testify to Their existence, it strengthened my already growing conviction of Their reality and the pragmatic value of Theosophy.

He was charming as a host, genial, interspersing the dinner with delightful remarks and reminiscences, but I remember this as but the sparkling froth of the evening. The underlying substance was that his life was based on two great convictions: that Theosophy is the most valuable wisdom to acquire, and that the Theosophical Society is the most important organization in the world. From that moment they became my convictions, too, and they are stronger than ever after the thirty years that have passed since I first met him. I venture this personal remark because I soon learned that one secret of Colonel Olcott's success as President of the Society was his ability to transfer to others the enthusiasm which he felt for the work of the Masters, and thus to bring into the Society people who would devote themselves to it.

The next time he came to New York was in October, 1903. He met all the members of the New York Lodge, and I well remember what a delightful occasion it was. Colonel had the happy faculty of making new friends feel like old ones, and soon everybody gathered around him like children around a favorite grandfather. There was nothing formal about Colonel, he was no aloof, self-centered mystic, but rather a warm-hearted human being, a friend and leader to whom one could go for advice, especially on Theosophical matters.

When Colonel Olcott ascended the platform, he announced that he would not give a set lecture, as he always felt when talking to members that he was in the midst of his own family and

would prefer to speak informally and on any subjects that interested them. The result was delightful, for not only was Colonel an attractive speaker because of his personal charm, sincerity, and good-nature, but he had had such an amazing career in his association with the Masters and H.P.B. and his world-wide travels, that it would have to be a dull person indeed who would not find him intensely interesting. That evening he held us spellbound for well over an hour, discoursing upon his reminiscences of the early days, his interpretation of the meaning and value of Theosophy, his praise of the selfless work done by H.P.B., A.B. and C.W.L., his comments on the Masters, and other subjects dear to every Theosophist. Many of us thought it more fascinating than any book of travel or adventure, and certainly much more inspiring.

Among my shorthand notes of the Colonel's remarks that evening are some paragraphs which may be of interest:

"It is always my desire to keep before the minds of the members the eclecticism and international character of this Movement, to uproot from their minds all parochial, limited, local, national feeling. . . . My idea of the Theosophical platform is that we should do our best to create among men loyalty to the sentiment of universal Brotherhood, and so bring about reciprocity, mutual tolerance, mutual help, and mutual encouragement among the nations. . . . The reason the Society has succeeded is that we have a platform to which no person can object, so broad that all men can stand upon it, all thinkers can accept it and become members without a sacrifice of self-respect.

"Ours is a scheme of practical Philanthropy, not repaid by capital but repaid by enthusiasm and knowledge, and the best way in the world to preach Theosophy and bring people into the Society is to set them an example of consistent Theosophical acting and living. . . .

"There is one golden rule I try to bear in mind, it is in the *Bhagavad-*

Gita: 'Do your duty, and think nothing of the consequences.' . . .

"I am a worker, my prayer and my teaching is in work, and I have scant sympathy with those who spend their time in discussing impractical metaphysical questions. I was asked once what I thought about the nature of the Logos! I said to the questioner, 'Have you any faults?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'every one has faults.' 'Then,' said I, 'you're like the rest of us. You begin with the smallest of your faults and cure that, then go on to the next one and cure that, and then on to the next; and, on my word, when you have cured six of your faults you will not be asking questions about the nature of the Logos!'"

After the laughter had subsided, Mr. Fullerton, then head of the American Section, asked Colonel to explain what he meant when he said in *Old Diary Leaves* that there are some sins which, like beauty, are only skin-deep. This was the reply:

"When we were first at Bombay, the Masters had a meeting together at a certain place one evening and They caused a stream of astral light bearing pictures and reflections of each member of the Theosophical Society to pass before Them so that They could see how light or how dark each of them was. And I was asked to guess who, out of all of the Indian members of our Society, proved to be the brightest. I said Damodar, who was our secretary at that time and a model of a devoted worker. Madame Blavatsky laughed and said that it was a certain Brahmin of Bengal who was a drunkard, a drunkard who had fallen into this vice to satisfy the nervous cravings of his physical self, but whose corruption did not go inwards and soil his soul. And that is what I meant by sins that are only skin-deep, they are sins committed through thoughtlessness, want of premeditation, done on the spur of the moment, soon repented of, and that do not go deep enough to corrupt the source of the consciousness."

But it was when Colonel spoke about the Masters and his many per-

sonal contacts with Them that he made the most profound impression on the members. To everyone else at the meeting the Masters were an abstraction, a magnificent ideal truly, but still an abstraction. To Colonel They were a glorious reality, he had met several of Them in the flesh, talked to Them, and knew Them as human beings. His own Teacher, the Master Morya, he regarded as affectionately as a father. (So much so, that he called himself "Morya Junior," and his Master called him that in writing about him to another disciple. The intimacy of their relationship is revealed by a published letter from the Master to another pupil, in which He says, "At my request, Olcott has explained the theory of chelaship.")

No wonder that Colonel could convey to his hearers that evening a sense of the reality of the Masters, also an assurance that if one gave a full measure of selfless devotion to the mission of the T.S., one too might in time know the Masters at first hand as he knew Them! How grateful we were to Colonel for that transference of spiritual assurance!

And it was on the following statement of the Masters as our spiritual ideals that he closed his address on that, to many of us, memorable occasion:

"How did the Masters get to Their pinnacle? By climbing the hill of experience step by step, and by leaving Their blood on the flints by the way, despising all things for the sake of truth, forgetting pain, desire, everything, for the sake of arriving at the truth. For what? For the purpose of blessing mankind by showing them the true Path. Theirs the example: do we want any nobler ones? And how do we look in comparison? A mere smudge of dirt, of smoke, with a little glitter in the center. Let us try to make that glitter into a light, and let us try to make our light shine before people, so that they will point to a good man or a good woman and say, 'Why, that man or woman acts just like a Theosophist!'"

Well do I remember how the mem-

bers gathered around Colonel again as he bade them farewell, and how as a young man I regarded him as the very apotheosis of loyalty and devotion to the highest ideal of human service. I regard him so still.

There was another occasion, equally impressive, and where an amusing incident occurred, the date and place of which I do not accurately remember, though it was in New York or Chicago, when Colonel presided as chairman at a meeting of members at which Mr. Leadbeater gave a lecture. Colonel was a chairman *par excellence*, for he was perfectly at ease and enlivened the event by his instructive and good-natured remarks. Sometimes he astonished the speaker as well as the audience. He did so this time. As Mr. Leadbeater finished and was about to be seated, Colonel turned to him and said, "Charles!" Mr. Leadbeater looked rather surprised, not knowing quite what to expect. (It should be added that in those days Mr. Leadbeater was a rather shy and reserved man who did not personally enjoy public work.) "Charles," continued Colonel Olcott, "that was a very good lecture, with splendid ideas in it; you must have been reading some of my books recently!" Mr. Leadbeater was taken aback for a moment but soon joined in the merriment that swept through the room.

Colonel's next and final visit to America occurred in the summer of 1906, when he was invited to attend the T.S. Convention in Chicago during one of the periodical upheavals in the Society. The membership was divided rather sharply in a controversy then raging, and it was a very unhappy occasion. Even the Colonel's customary geniality was severely put to test. One remembers how troubled he was over the danger that he considered threatened his beloved Society. He listened to all sides, and did his utmost to bring about peace. That he could not, was not in the least his fault. He did everything that a great and good man could do in the conditions then existing—conditions for which he was not responsible.

On Sunday evening, September 16th, Colonel gave a public lecture in Kimball Hall on "The Dangers of Psychism; A Plea for Common Sense." The hall was crowded to the doors, and there were so many more who could not get in that it was necessary to hold an overflow meeting in another hall. The following evening he gave another public lecture on "The Use and Abuse of Asceticism." The audiences always enjoyed the Colonel. He not only had the gift of making things clear to the public mind, but his geniality was so infectious and his honesty and sincerity so patent, that he always won the sympathy and friendship of his audience. Moreover, he remembered that he was trying to win recruits for the T. S., and perhaps that is one reason that he was such a magnet all over the world for those who were ready to study Theosophy seriously and try to live it.

One evening, after the proceedings for the day had finished, and a number of us were gathered in his room at the old Victoria Hotel, he told us of an experience he had had on the train on his way to Chicago. It was so much enjoyed that when he had finished the narrative I said to him, "Won't you please repeat that for publication?" and thereupon took it down in shorthand. Here it is from those old notes: "During his recent tour in the United States our President-Founder had what he regards as one of the most delightful incidents of his life.

"He was seated in the dining-car of a train when he suddenly felt a small hand laid upon the arm that was towards the aisle. On turning around he saw what he describes as an angelic-looking child, about four or four and a half years of age, with beautiful features, rosy cheeks, golden hair, and blue eyes. The electric light was shining upon her face and made it a picture to sink deep in the memory.

"Without a word of preliminary she looked up into his face with an expression of perfect love and perfect trust, and said, 'You bring me a tricycle,' taking it for granted that he was Santa Claus and that she had only

to ask in order to have her wish gratified. The Colonel was very much moved by this, and he went to the mother of the child and asked whether she had prompted the child to do it. She answered No, that the child saw him and said, 'There is Santa Claus, and he has on his black clothes, not his red ones, and I am going to ask him to get me a tricycle.'

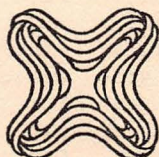
"The Colonel says that very frequently in his travels, especially at sea, children make love to him on the supposition that he is Father Christmas, but that there is usually some skirmishing before the approaches are made. This time, however, this little dear was so absolutely convinced of the fact of his identity that she went immediately to the root of the question, and when, in reply to her demand, he said, 'All right, dear,' she smiled, turned around, and went to her mother fully satisfied that she would at the right time receive the coveted object."

As one remembers Col. Olcott's enjoyment at this episode, one is reminded of the charming little note that H.P.B. once wrote to George Arundale when he was a child, and of Mr. Jinarajadasa's comment on it: "I feel utterly convinced that no one who did not have the heart of a child could have written such an exquisite letter to a child." So with Colonel: no one who did not have the heart of a child could so have evoked the love and trust of a child. In fact, he once wrote, "I ask no better epitaph when I am dead and gone than to be called the friend of children."

And perhaps this power in Colonel of evoking love and confidence from others and reciprocating it by a devotion to their spiritual welfare was another reason that the Masters chose him, among all men in the world, to cooperate with H.P.B. in the titanic task of permeating the modern age with the Ancient Wisdom.

But even when he had successfully accomplished it, for the membership of the Society numbered many thousands, Colonel did not feel any too sure of their devotion under fire. Perhaps the disquietude during that 1906 Convention strengthened this feeling, for when the writer said to him at that time, "How happy you must feel that the membership is so large that the Society is certain to endure despite these temporary setbacks," he replied sadly, "I should flatter myself if I thought that even as many as eighty would remain absolutely true to the Society in case of a very severe crisis." (It is a comfort to think that now he *knows* that many thousands did and will ever so remain.) The Society which the Masters had entrusted to him—that was his precious charge—it was that he sought to safeguard when any crisis arose. And in those troublous times that clouded his last days, it was not that he loved less any individuals against whom he had to act, but that he loved the Society more. He seemed incapable of any personal enmity, Brotherhood was too real to him for that, but like a general in supreme command, he regarded the objective—the interests of the Society—as more important than the interests of any particular individual, including even himself.

That was ever his guiding motive, and he impressed it upon those close to him. Some of us who shared his friendship and his confidence in that last visit to his native land realized this then, and have realized it still more fully as the years have passed, and we shall never cease to be grateful to him for the ideals that he exemplified throughout his long life, and for his unswerving loyalty to the Society and to the Masters who loved him as one of Their chosen few, and who took him to Themselves at his death.



The Originality of H. S. Olcott

By Fritz Kunz, M.A.

(New York)



HENRY Steel Olcott emerged from the Civil War with the title of Colonel. This was no insubstantial honorific. He had been active in the service, a prisoner (rescued from execution, I am told, under the most dramatic circumstances contrived by his own nimble wits out of unpromising resources), and a man marked out by action for distinction. This came to him in the special form which was so serviceable in his later career. He was employed to search out evidences of fraud in the army and navy departments of the Federal government. For this sort of activity a man of keen intelligence, aggressive and original character, and unquestioned integrity is essential. These powers he displayed, and in consequence he received from the departments concerned the highest possible commendation, presently confirmed by the President himself. Upon his retirement from service into law practice in New York, therefore, he was not one of hundreds of undistinguished officers developed by the war, but a man of established position in public affairs attained in consequence of those special features I have mentioned, and (I may add) further marked out by a mellow humanity and salty sense of humor.

He was, at this time, a handsome man, except for one particular. He had exceedingly dark hair, worn a bit long, displaying a soft wavy gloss, and continuing down his cheeks in two seductive chops to the point of the jaw. This decoration was called "side burns," and in the case of the Colonel it set off a distinguished face with a touch of romantic beauty. His brow was admirable, and his whole face generous and noble as well as intelligent and intellectual in appearance. A portrait in my possession places him in

a window, probably a camera studio property and quite false, side view to the observer, calm, dignified. Here is a man of accomplishments not altogether unconscious of his power and attraction. It does not show, in this position, the slightly wall eye which lent to his appearance a touch of *diablerie* mingled with that faint suggestion of bewilderment which a cast eye somehow conveys. In this man that feature has, in a manner I cannot quite determine, a perfectly fitting place. The inner man shows so vigorously through the high countenance that this, which might be a disfiguring oddity in a commonplace person, was but a touch for contrast, as a small dark mole may serve to set off the otherwise unblemished complexion of a woman of beauty. This I say of him as I knew him in his later years; still more was it true in those days of his physical maturity as a man of powerful body, truly and nobly intelligent head and dignified carriage.

He tells himself in his recount of his Theosophical adventures how his life as a New York lawyer was interrupted by a recrudescence of interest in spiritualistic doings. But he does not convey—nor this because of mock modesty, for he had none—what it meant in the metropolis of that day when a man of his position took interest in such matters. I was deeply impressed by the atmosphere which the newspapers provide for this episode, and I wish it were possible to convey to a reader, who has not poured personally over the yellowed pages of the press of the day, the state of affairs. We must bear in mind that Spencerian-Darwinian evolution was then in full possession of the scientific field, and the commonalty was enamored of a naïve materialism just about as primitive as that ascribed to Democritus. Everything was to be

explained by a few varieties of chemical atoms, bumping about without design, by chance giving solid combinations of rocks and crystals; further and more complicated mischances supplied vegetables, and exceedingly intricate fortuitous combinations gave rise to animals; until finally the whole was crowned by that ultimate weird mistake in nature called man. As the atoms were atoms there was of course nothing beyond hydrogen. The present "gossamer world" of Jeans, instinctive with plan, order and design, the flight of "electrical bees," living and intelligent, presented to us by Eddington, the spacious universe with ample room for mansions of invisible life and beauty—all this was yet to come, after Rutherford.

Because of this barren, pathetic and disorderly materialism, I say, the Colonel's conduct stands out with an especial vividness which he entirely fails to convey in his *Old Diary Leaves*. And for this I have come to respect him far more, in consequence of my own inquiries. In the later years the Blavatskyan colossus threw him into shadow. It was inevitable, for her greatness was in that field of living experience of the world of light. But a candid reader of the record cannot help feeling a thrill of admiration at this man, standing out with the utmost indifference against the arrayed vanity of the current materialism like some soldier outlined by the light of a coming dawn, indifferent to personal peril at the hands of a multitude of observers, lost in contemplation of something faintly promising upon the horizon beyond their lower position. It is all the more wonderful because Colonel Olcott had little of that gift of mental clairvoyance which enables some people to see into the heart of things. Nor had he had as yet a philosophy of the invisible. He was in many ways a worldly and a lusty man. War and the hunting down of venality had left an inevitable mark. There was then no tumultuous H.P.B. to warm into life the spiritual cockles of this man's heart. Let there be no mistake about the man's cool and

conscious courage: it was Olcott against the world, in a deliberate sense.

The deepest need in man demands that he think of the world as a unity. For this reason monistic philosophies alone content us, and are attempted by all thinkers despite the difficulties they present. Now if the world be unified by some principle as yet only imagined by ordinary people, certain things must follow. For one, that unifying principle must be exceedingly simple because it must enter into everything in order to bring everything into the compass of the unity. Think how simple must be that least common denominator which unifies a rat, a giant redwood tree, a Senegambian chief, M. K. Gandhi, an emerald, the sea, a Buddha! Again, the principle of unity must be utterly independent, for of the multitude of factors which enter into a manifested universe there must be that which survives change; and that alone can survive which is the unity. How can it survive unless it be completely independent of all else, entering into all else though it may? Hence, with simplicity we can set down independence as a property of that which has no properties but gives rise to all. And finally, for the moment, since this Something enters into everything—as it must to be universal—it must also be infinitely original, since the universe never is the same from instant to instant; since of millions of snow crystals no two are known to be identical. Now it happens that Colonel Olcott displayed natively, before he met again the age-old companion, Madame Blavatsky, these three characteristics. It is for this reason that the man has grown upon me as I came to see him through the medium of publications of the day and his own early writings. He was independent; there was a Bohemian freedom about him. He was a simple person and direct, with a generous heart. And against the herd-stupidity of the unintelligent materialism of his day he stood out as original. Can one say more of soul?

These are reasons which establish him as a big man in one's appreciation. Later the wonder of his colleague's

character, the whole occult cast given necessarily to the Theosophical Society, the emphasis upon official discipleship and the like, tended to minimize a little the value of the Colonel's distinctive powers. He had also, in a sense, the misfortune—though it was our good fortune—of surviving the Co-Founder of the Society. In our later days he was not seen against her living background, and the color of the man was therefore not made so patent. Besides, no doubt, the forces of the soul came in the later days to run into enrichment of personality. I do not minimize the importance of the priestly office. The original experience of those who penetrate the veil and are hallowed by the constant presence of the inner glory—the Blavatskys and the Besants and the Krishnamurtis—this is the vital principle in the relation of the visible to the unmanifested; they are the ladders of living beauty between the ineffable and the evanescent. But we must not forget, in zeal, that under the veil rests that homogeneous and primal Being, and that those are no less required who display *in spite of themselves* the essential qualities of that Truth that is before the ritual of *kalpa*.

There has been, for me, an illuminating experience in seeing the soul of this man moving in the chaos of his times. When the Eddy spiritualistic manifestations came under his notice, he could and did move in direct response to that truth which I say was in him. He was quite indifferent to the animus which contemporary ignorance displayed, nor was there any Movement to shelter his nascent stirrings. Upon personal observation of incontestable phenomena he could no other than report publicly and impartially upon them. When, in due time, the Powers-that-be set down the portly, but vivacious, form and radiant soul of H.P.B. before him, he could

and did respond with an instant and warm rush of feeling to that which she was and which she represented.

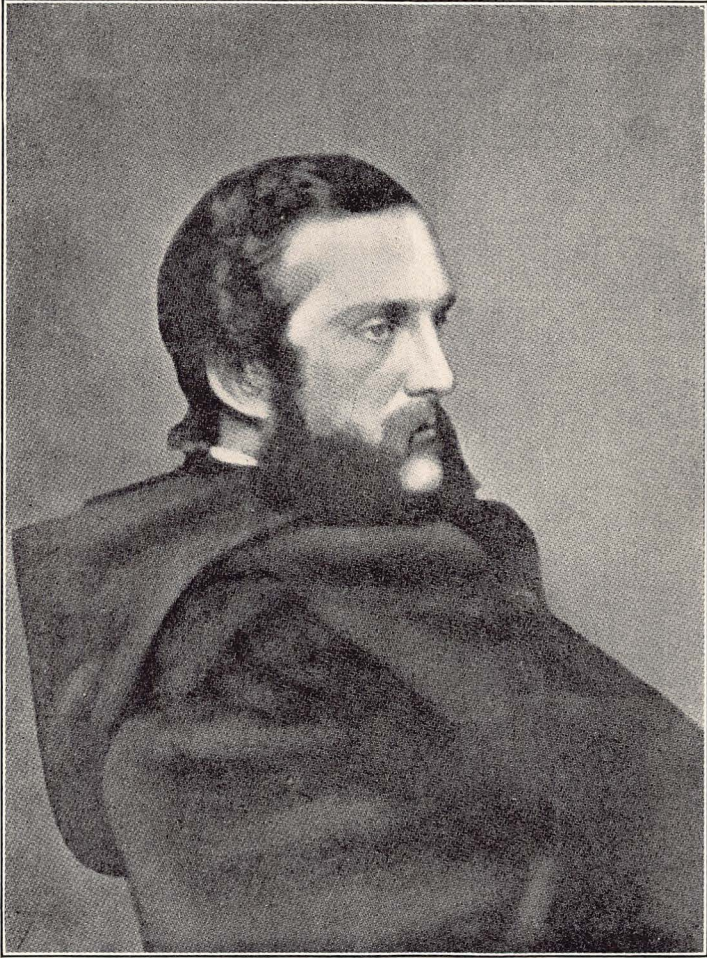
But in particular one comes to appreciate the readiness with which he acted upon the experiences which came to him. He must explain to his friends. He must share the new knowledge with any who could respond. He must create channels down which the new life could pour. The intrepid soul held the squirming and often suffering personality in the midst of the swirl, whatever the pressure of almost unendurable spiritual energy from the immortal levels of the Masters. We witness here an interposition of primitive forces into the causal chain of the world's outer life, with all the stress consequent upon those rare alterations at comparatively lower levels of the direction of events. Very little power is available for such adjustments. All the evidence shows that such stimulus is so difficult to bring about that the power to produce it must be husbanded before the event and skillfully applied during the hour of action. Nothing is more inspiring than the manner in which the Colonel responded to all this. It is the more admirable just because he was without direct knowledge. The question was never really at issue as to his own comfort or repute, despite the inevitable yearnings of personality under strain.

I did not know all this when I met the man in the later years, both in America and in India, the lands of his birth and his fulfillment. Would that I had! Yet it does not much matter. One can only recommend to all the use of imagination, especially in these days of Theosophical transition, of spiritual freshening and spiritual dryness, so that the quality of this man may be appreciated. Believe me, friendly readers, insight into this personage will do much to give good values in times when so few seem to have the vision.

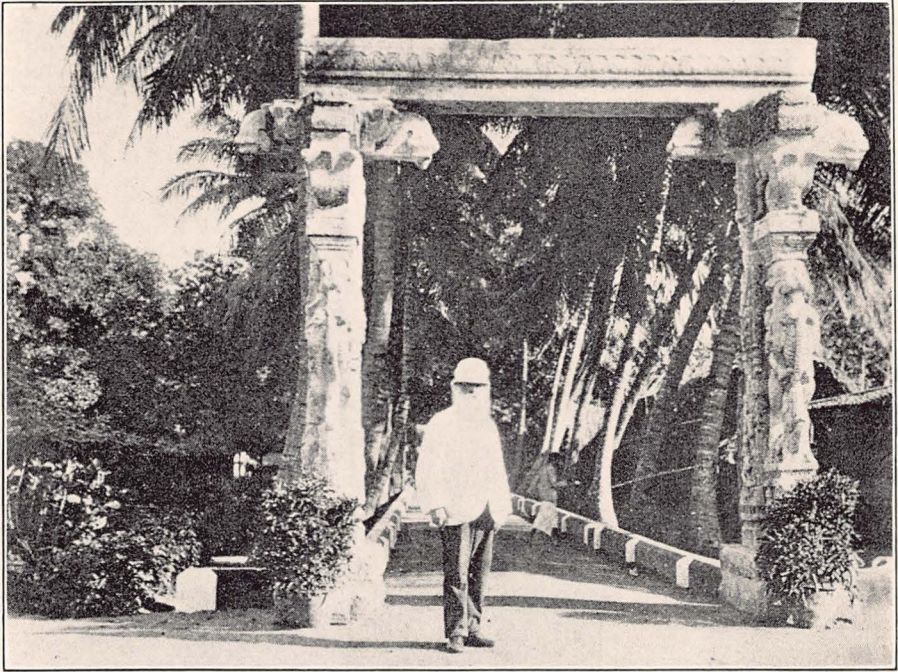


Colonel H. S. Olcott

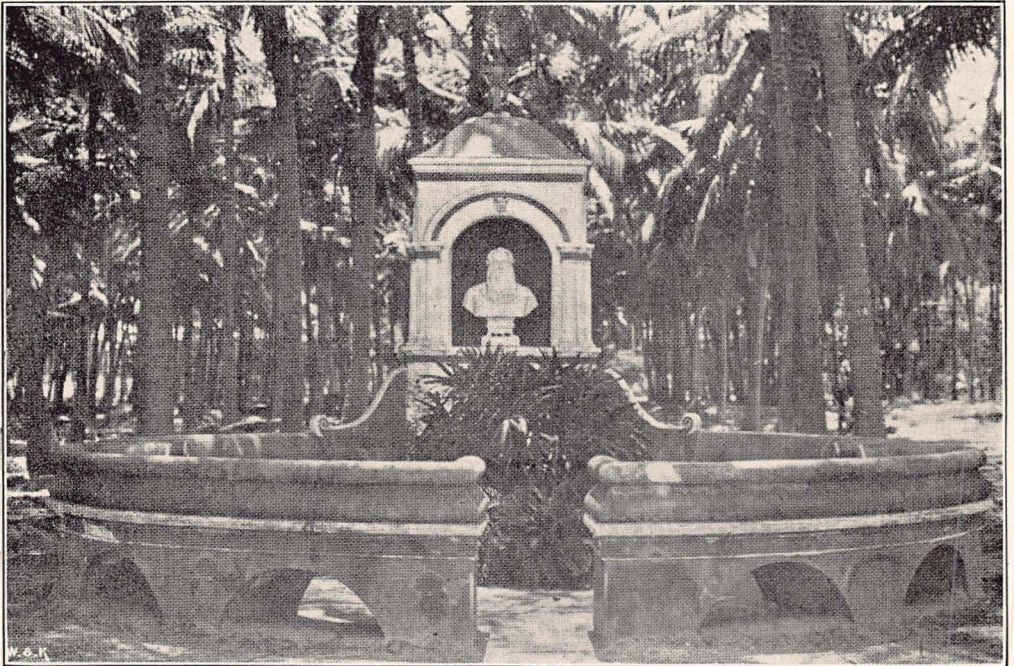
Civil War, U.S. A., 1861—1865



*"He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to the world, 'This was a man!'"*



Colonel Olcott at the Third Portal, Adyar, India



Memorial to the President-Founder, Adyar, India

Colonel Olcott's Healing Miracles

By John Elliot
(New York)



HERE is no more interesting phase of Colonel Olcott's life than that of his healing miracles. I call them miracles because no other word describes them. He had long been interested in the subject, especially as expounded by Dr. James Esdaile in his book *Mesmeric Anaesthesia* during his experiments at Calcutta in 1846 and 1850.

In his studies of the Ancient Wisdom of the East he had come across the statement, "By the aura of the inner man is the aura of the outer man perceived." And another from Atharva Veda, which affirmed that if a person came within about three feet of a person suffering from a contagious disease, the malady might be communicated by the aura.

The Colonel seems first to have exhibited some of his own mesmeric powers (not as yet using them for healing) in Lahore, India, in which results H.P.B. was greatly interested. They were entertaining some visitors and the Colonel wished to discover how they differed in their response to mesmeric influence. He said: "I made them stand with their faces to a wall, their toes touching it, and their eyes shut, while I stood silently behind each in turn, and, holding the palms of my hands towards his back without touching him, concentrated my will-power and caused him to fall over backward into my outstretched arms. She watched their faces to see fair play, and I did the 'drawing.' I should like to know how hypnotists who deny the existence of a

mesmeric aura would explain this simple yet striking experiment. Not one of the subjects had the least acquaintance with mesmeric science, nor did I utter a word to suggest my purpose."

The Colonel's first miracles of healing took place in Ceylon in 1882, and they are recorded in his *Old Diary Leaves*:

The Healing Well and Cures in Ceylon

An incident occurred on the 29th of August, at China Garden, a quarter of Galle, which has become in Ceylon historic. After my lecture, the subscription paper was laid out on a table and the people came up in turn to subscribe. A man named Cornelis Appy was introduced to me by Mr. Jayasakere, the Branch President, and he subscribed the sum of half a rupee, apologizing for the pettiness of the amount because of his having been totally paralyzed in one arm and partially in one leg for eight years, and therefore unable to earn his livelihood by his trade. Now at Colombo, on my arrival from Bombay, the High Priest had told me that the Roman Catholics had made their arrangements to convert the house-well of a Catholic, near Kelanie, into a healing-shrine, after the fashion of Lourdes. One man was reported to have been miraculously cured already, but on investigation it proved a humbug. I told the High Priest that this was a serious matter and he should attend to it. If the hypnotic suggestion once got started, there would soon be real

cures and there might be a rush of ignorant Buddhists into Catholicism. "What can I do?" he said. "Well, you must set to work, you or some other well-known monk, and cure people in the name of Lord Buddha." "But we can't do it; we know nothing about those things," he replied. "Nevertheless it must be done," I said. When this half-paralyzed man of Galle was speaking of his ailment, something seemed to say to me, "Here's your chance for the holy well!" I had known all about mesmerism and mesmeric healing for thirty years, though I had never practised them, save to make a few necessary experiments at the beginning, but now, moved by a feeling of sympathy (without which the healer has no healing power to radically cure), I made some passes over his arm, and said I hoped he might feel the better for it. He then left. That evening I was chatting with my Galle colleagues at my quarters on the seashore, when the paralytic hobbled in and excused his interruption by saying that he felt so much better that he had come to thank me. This unexpected good news encouraged me to go farther, so I treated his arm for a quarter of an hour and bade him return in the morning. I should mention here that nobody in Ceylon knew that I possessed or had ever exercised the power of healing the sick, nor, I fancy, that anybody had it, so the theory of hypnotic suggestion, or collective hallucination, will scarcely hold in this case—certainly not at this stage of it.

He came in the morning, eager to worship me as something superhuman, so much better did he feel. I treated him again, and the next day and the next; reaching the point on the fourth day where he could whirl his bad arm around his head, open and shut his hand, and clutch and handle objects as well as ever. Within the next four days he was able to sign his name with the cured hand to a statement of his case, for publication; this being the first time in nine years that he had held a pen. I had also been treating his side and leg, and in a day or two

more he could jump with both feet, hop on the paralyzed one, kick equally high against the wall with both, and run freely. As a match to loose straw, the news spread throughout the town and district. Cornelis brought a paralyzed friend whom I cured; then others came, by twos and threes first, then by dozens, and within a week or so my house was besieged by sick persons from dawn until late at night, all clamoring for the laying on of my hands. They grew so importunate at last that I was at my wits' end how to dispose of them. Of course, with the rapid growth of confidence in myself, my magnetic power multiplied itself enormously, and what I had needed days to accomplish with a patient, at the commencement, could now be done within a half hour. . . .

Quite recently, while in Ceylon, on my way to London, I met one of my bad patients of those days, whom I had cured of complete paralysis, and asked him to tell those present what I had done for him. He said that he had been confined to his bed for months in a perfectly helpless state, his arms and legs paralyzed and useless. He had been carried upstairs to me. I had treated him a half hour the first day, and fifteen or twenty minutes the next. I had cured him so effectually that in the intervening fourteen years he had had no return of his malady. Fancy the pleasure it must have been to me to have relieved so much suffering, and in many cases to have restored the invalids to all the enjoyments of good health and all the activities of life.

I see that the first patient that Cornelis brought me, after he was cured, had the thumb and fingers of his right hand clenched with paralysis so that they were as stiff as wood. They had been so for two and a half years. Within five minutes the hand was restored to flexibility. The next day he returned with his hand all right, but the toes of his right foot constricted. I took him into my room and made him as good as new, within a quarter of an hour. This sort of thing went on even at the country villages

on my routes through the Southern Province. I would reach my stopping-place in my traveling-cart, and find patients waiting for me on the verandahs, the lawn, and in all sorts of conveyances — carts, spring-wagons, hand-carts, palanquins, and chairs carried on bamboo poles. An old woman afflicted (how much, indeed!) with a paralyzed tongue was cured; the bent elbow, wrist, and fingers of a little boy were freed; a woman deformed by inflammatory rheumatism was made whole. At Sandaravela, a beggar woman with a bent back, of eight years' standing, gave me a quarter-rupee (about 4d.) for the Fund. When I knew what she suffered from, I cured her spine and made her walk erect. . . .

I was amused by a case that came under my hands at the little hamlet of Agaliya. An old, wrinkled native woman of seventy-two years of age had been kicked by a buffalo cow while milking, some years before, had to walk with a staff, and could not stand erect. She was a comical old creature, and laughed heartily when I told her that I should soon make her dance. But after only ten minutes of passes down her spine and limbs she was almost as good as new, and I seized her hand, threw away her staff, and made her run with me over the lawn. My next patient was a boy of seven years, whose hands could not be closed, on account of a constriction of the tendons of the backs. I cured him in five minutes, and he went straight away to where the breakfast was ready for the family, and fell to eating rice with his right hand, now quite restored.

In due time I got back to the Galle Headquarters, where a second siege by the sick had to be undergone. I have noted down an incident which shows the uncharitable and selfish spirit which actuates some of the medical profession—happily, not all—with regard to the curing of patients by unpaid outsiders; for, remember, I never took a farthing for all these cures.

A number of former patients of the

Galle General Hospital, who had been discharged as incurable, came to me and recovered their health; and, naturally, went to shouting the news on the house-tops, so to say. The medical profession could not very well remain blind or indifferent to such a thing, and one day my doings with my patients were overlooked by one of the civil surgeons of the district. On that day 100 patients presented themselves and I treated twenty-three; making, as I see it noted, some wonderful cures. Dr. K., recognizing one of the men, brought him to me with the remark that he had been pronounced incurable after every treatment had failed and he would like to see what I could make of him. What I made was to enable the sick man to walk about without a stick, for the first time in ten years. The Doctor frankly and generously admitted the efficacy of the mesmeric treatment and remained by me all day, helping me to diagnose; and doing the duties of an hospital assistant. . . .

The acquisition of the power to relieve physical suffering by mesmeric processes is so easy that, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, it would be one's own fault if it were not developed,

A Secret of Psychopathic Healing

There had been an unexplained mystery in healing that as yet the Colonel had not understood—that of the relapse of one part of the body and not of the other—and which was revealed to him quite unexpectedly and remarkably:

The secret question was revealed to me by an experience I had at a small village in Southern Ceylon, during this tour which we are now tracing. I think it was at Pitiwella, five miles from Galle, though I am not sure, having failed to record the case apart from others treated on the same day. My interpreter, secretary, and servant, together with many other witnesses, will be able to recall the facts if my word is challenged, so it does not matter. A man suffering from hemi-

plegia, or paralysis of one side, was brought to me for treatment. I began on his arm, making passes along the nerves and muscles, and occasionally breathing upon them. In less than a half hour I had restored the arm to flexibility; so much so that he could whirl his arm around his head, open and close his fingers at will, grasp and hold a pen or even a pin, and, in fact, do anything he liked with the limb. Then—as I had been kept continuously at work on similar cases for several hours, and felt tired—I bade the Committee to make him take a seat and give me time to rest. While I was smoking a pipe, the Committee told me that the patient was well-to-do, had spent rs. 1500 on medical men without getting relief, and was an avaricious person, well known for his closeness. Now, of all things that are disgusting to the occultist, money-greed is one of the chief: it is so low and ignoble a passion. My feelings underwent an instant change towards the patient. The Committee, at my suggestion, asked him how much he had decided to give towards the Buddhist National Fund for schools. He whined out that he was a poor man and had spent much on doctors, but he would give one rupee! That capped the climax. I told them to say that, although he had spent rs. 1500 in vain, he had now had his arm cured gratis, and he might now spend an equal sum, and see if the doctors would not cure his paralyzed leg, and he had better keep the rupee he had just offered for Buddhist schools, towards the doctors' fees. I told them to take the creature away and never let me see him again. But the Committee, with one accord, begged me to recall my order, as the mere mention of money would assuredly be misconstrued and misrepresented by our bitter opponents, who could not say that I had ever taken a cent for my healings, or that they had been made by the Buddhist Committee an excuse to influence subscriptions. So after a while I had the patient brought before me, and within another half hour had released his leg from its state of paral-

ysis, and sent the man away walking as well as any one. My secretary took from him, it seems, a certificate of the cure, and I have it among the papers connected with that Ceylon tour.

The Committee in charge of my work had arranged a series of loop tours of about a fortnight each, which brought me around each time to Galle, the central point. When this particular one was finished I was asking one day how it had fared with a certain few patients whose cases had more particularly interested me than the rest, and among others, I mentioned this miser's. The reply surprised me very much; the arm, they said, remained cured, but *the leg had relapsed into the paralytic state*. Although I had read of no similar case in the books on mesmerism, the reason suggested itself at once—I had felt no real sympathy for the man *after* hearing about his miserliness, and therefore my vital aura had not vibrated along his nerves, as it had when applied to the nerves of his arm: there had been a momentary healthful stimulus followed by a return to the state of nerve-paralysis. In both cases I had had exactly the same knowledge of the science, and the same measure of vital force to transmit, but in the latter, none of that feeling of sympathy and benevolent intent which, in the case of the arm, resulted in a permanent cure. I am aware that some writers on Psychopathy — among them Younger, whose work (*The Magnetic and Botanic Family Physician*) appeared five years later than my Ceylon experience — have affirmed that "sympathy is the keynote of nearly all the phases of development of the mesmeric state, It is to be observed further, in reading up from the authorities, that although I felt no sympathy for my patient, I nevertheless did restore his leg to functional activity for the time being: I made him walk as well as he ever did. My will and skill were powerful enough for that, but not being moved by the third element, compassion, there was a relapse after the first effect of nerve

stimulation had passed off. It seems to me that it also goes to prove that mesmeric healing is not necessarily attributable to the exercise of faith, but rather to the transfusion of vital aura to the patient, and its operation under varying conditions within his system.

Here was a patient who, if moved by faith in the case of his arm, must have been doubly so in the case of his leg, after the paralysis had been removed from the former; here were several bystanders whose minds and outward demonstrations of belief would follow the same rule; here, finally, was I, exercising the identical power and applying the same technical knowledge in both cases, and, if you choose to so regard it, silently making the self-same suggestion of possible cure, yet curing the arm and failing to permanently cure the leg. It is a most important bit of evidence in the question of psychopathic science, and well worth keeping in mind. . . .

The Ceylon case powerfully suggests the truth of the ancient teaching that kind thoughts sent out from one to another carry with them an almost magical power for good, while evil ones have the contrary effect. How much it behooves us, then, to guard ourselves from even thinking harm to our neighbors, and how easily we can grasp the idea that the old dread of sorcerers and workers of spells had a solid foundation of fact, and that the subtle powers of nature may be handled to the undoing as easily as to the blessing of men.

Magnetized Water

Among the scientific practitioners of mesmerism there have never been two opinions, so far as I know, as to the efficacy of magnetized water as a therapeutic agent. Deleuze says "it is one of the most powerful and salutary agents that can be employed. . . . I have seen magnetized water produce effects so marvelous that I was afraid of having deceived myself, and could not be convinced until I had made a thousand experiments. Magnetizers in general have not made sufficient use of it." How long the water retains the

aura has not—he says—been clearly determined, but "it certainly retains it for many days, and numerous facts seem to prove it not to have been lost after many weeks." . . .

On the 17th February I was again on the move, embarking for Calcutta on the French mail steamer "Tibre." After a pleasant voyage, I reached my destination on the 20th, and was put up at the Guest Palace (Boitakhana) of the Maharajah Sir Jotendra Mohun Tagore. His house was virtually converted into a hospital, for the sick crowded in upon me for treatment and their friends to look on. One of my first cases was an epileptic boy who was having fifty to sixty fits every day. His disease, however, speedily succumbed to my mesmeric passes, and by the fourth day the convulsions had entirely ceased. Whether the cure was permanent I do not know: perhaps not, for it seems unlikely that deep-seated causes, so powerful as to produce such a great number of fits in a day, should be driven out by a few days' treatment; one would have to keep up the treatment for, possibly, weeks before one could say there was a complete restoration of health. Yet it may have been so for aught I know. Epilepsy, while one of the most fearful of diseases, is at the same time one of those which yield most surely to mesmeric treatment.

I had a number of equally interesting subjects. Among them a young Brahmin, of probably twenty-eight years, who had been suffering from face paralysis for two years, sleeping with his eyes open because unable to close the eyelids, and incapable of projecting his tongue or using it for speech. When asked his name, he could only make a horrible sound in his throat, his tongue and lips being beyond his control. It was a large room where I was at work, and I was standing at one end of it when this patient was brought in. He was stopped just within the threshold by my committee, for examination. When they stated the case they drew back and left the sick man standing alone and looking at me with an eager expression. He indicated in dumb-show the nature of

his affliction. I felt myself full of power that morning; it seemed as if I might almost mesmerize an elephant. Raising my right arm and hand vertically, and fixing my eyes upon the patient, I pronounced in Bengali the words "Be healed!" At the same time bringing my arm into the horizontal position and pointing my hand towards him. It was as though he had received an electric shock. A tremor ran through his body, his eyes closed and reopened, his tongue, so long paralyzed, was thrust out and withdrawn, and with a wild cry of joy he rushed forward and flung himself at my feet. He embraced my knees, he placed my foot on his head, he poured forth his gratitude in voluble sentences. The scene was so dramatic, the cure so instantaneous, that every person in the room partook of the young Brahmin's emotion, and there was not an eye unmoistened with tears. Not even mine, and that is saying a good deal.

A third case was the most interesting of all. One Babu Badrinath Banerji, of Bhagulpore, an enrolled pleader of the District Court, had lost his sight. He was completely blind, and had to be led by a boy. He asked me to cure him—to restore sight, that is, to a man suffering from *glaucoma*, with atrophy of the optic disc, who had passed through the hands of the cleverest surgeons of Calcutta, and been discharged from the Hospital as incurable! Ask the nearest surgeon, and he will tell you what that means. Now I had never treated a blind man, and had no idea whatever as to the chances of my doing the patient any good; but in mesmerism one can do nothing if one has the least doubt of his power to do: self-confidence is the one thing indispensable. I first tested the man's sensitiveness to my mesmeric current, for these were not cures by hypnotic suggestion that I was making, but downright, honest, old-fashioned psychopathic, *i.e.*, mesmeric ones. I found, to my great satisfaction, that he was the most sensitive patient I had ever met with. Blind, unable even to distinguish day from night, and, there-

fore, unable to see my motions and take suggestions from them as to my purposes, he stood before me, and as I advanced my finger-tips to within a half-inch of his forehead, and concentrated my will upon my hand that it should be to his nerves as a strong magnet to the suspended needle, his head inclined forward towards my fingers. I moved them slowly away, but the head also moved, and so kept following them until his forehead was within a foot's distance from the floor. I then shifted the hand noiselessly to the back of his head, and at once he moved it upward and upward until I thus drew him backwards, so that he overbalanced, and I had to catch him in my arms to keep him from falling. This in silence, without a word or a sound to give him the clue to my proceedings. My way being thus cleared, I held the thumb of my clenched right hand before one of his eyes, and that of the left over his neck, and willed a vital current to run from the one to the other, completing with my body a magnetic circuit, of which one glaucomic eye and the optic tract, to its seat of development in the brain, formed parts. This process was continued for about half an hour, the patient remaining fully conscious always and making remarks from time to time as he chose. At the end of the experiment he could see a reddish glimmer of light in that eye. The other eye was then operated upon similarly, with the same result. He returned the next day for further treatment, and this time the light lost its reddish color and became white. Persevering for ten days, I was finally rewarded by seeing him with restored sight, able to read with one eye the smallest type in a newspaper or book, to dispense with his leader, and go about like anybody else. A surgeon friend of mine pointing out to me the signs of glaucoma, I found the eyeballs as hard as nuts, and set myself to make them normally elastic, like my own, which I did by the third day, by simple passes and the holding of my thumbs, with "mesmeric intent," *i.e.*, with concentration of will upon the result aimed at, be-

fore the sightless orbs. This cure naturally created much talk, as the patient held every needed written proof of his malady having been pronounced incurable by the highest medical professionals; besides which, his blindness was well known to the whole community of Bhagalpore.

Once More in Ceylon

. . . . A young man of twenty-five or thirty was brought me through the press, by his father, with a prayer that I would restore his speech, which he had lost three years before. Having neither elbow-room nor breathing-space, I climbed up on the continuous pedestal or basement that supports a long line of monolithic carved figures of Hindu deities, drew the patient up after me, called for silence, and made the father tell the people about the case. What then happened may as well be quoted from the printed contemporary record—a letter from the well-known late S. Ramaswamier, F.T.S., in *Theosophist* Supplement, August 1883. "Amidst a great crowd," says he, "right in front of the Nelliappa temple, the Colonel laid his hands on the unfortunate dumb man. Seven circular passes on the head and seven long passes, all occupying less than five minutes, and speech was restored to the no more silent man! The Colonel, amidst deafening shouts of applause and thundering clapping of hands, made him pronounce the names of S'iva, Gopala, Rama, Ramachandra and other deities as glibly as any other bystander could. The news of this restoration of speech spread at once throughout the town and created a great sensation." And no wonder, for when I made the patient shout the sacred names at the top of his voice, half the crowd rushed out into the street in mad excitement, waving their arms over their heads, and crying, in Indian fashion, *Wah! Wah! Wah!*

The Healings End

These are but a few of the thousands of cases of mesmeric healing by Colonel Olcott. The demand on his strength finally grew so great that

through the advice of his Master he was forced gradually to abandon the practice at the end of 1883.

He says:

"At Bombay I received orders from my Guru to suspend all healings until further advices, The prohibition came none too soon, for I am persuaded that I myself should have become paralyzed if the strain had been kept up. One morning, at Madras, just before starting on the present journey, I found my left forefinger devoid of sensation—a clear warning to be careful; and between Madras and Bombay it had taken me much longer and demanded far greater exertions to effect cures than it had previously: there was also a much larger percentage of failures. This is not to be wondered at, for, after treating one way or another some 8000 patients within the twelve-month, the sturdiest psychopath, let alone a man of fifty-odd, might be expected to have come to the last "volt" in his vital battery: a state to which the tiring journeys, the nights of broken sleep, the often meager food, and the ceaseless intellectual strain of a large correspondence, daily conversazioni, and almost daily extemporaneous lectures on profound themes must, naturally, have greatly helped to bring about."

In *The Theosophist* for October, 1884, we find the following item, entitled "Colonel Olcott's Healings":

It seems that the exhaustion of the President's vital strength by his magnetic cures of the sick in Ceylon and India last season was greater than he suspected when he left for Europe. Though his general health has been as usual excellent, and his constitution appears as able as heretofore to stand the strain of his official work, yet a few attempts that he has made in Europe, by his Guru's permission, to relieve suffering friends of their maladies, warned him that he could not recommence healing with impunity. He writes that he could distinctly notice throughout the course of the spinal ganglia a condition of lassitude and prostration threatening the most serious consequences, unless the nervous

system were reinforced by rest and total abstinence from psychopathy for a long time. "Nothing," says he, "seemed to restore the tone of the spine; it was like an uncoiled spring, without elasticity." But one bright day, when at Ammerland, in Bavaria, on the shore of the lovely Starnberger Sea, the summer villa of Prof. Gabriel Max, F.T.S., he bethought himself of a fact, taught him long ago by his Guru, that nervous power may be regained by one's lying flat on the back, upon the ground beneath a healthy fir, pine, cedar or spruce tree, and putting the soles of the feet up against the trunk, and making oneself negative, or absorptive, to the magnetism of the earth and the tree's *jiva* or aura. Putting this into practice, he derived benefit instantly, and, at each repetition of the experiment, normal vigor began to be felt again in the spinal cord. He now hopes to be all right after a few months; but his Guru has not removed his restriction against the Colonel's making those drains upon his vitality, and it is doubtful if he will be permitted to heal the sick again, for some years to come at all events. Needless to say, no one so regrets this fact as Col. Olcott himself, whose compassion for the sick and suffering is sincere and deep; yet nothing will tempt him to disobey the orders of his beloved and revered Master. Our friends throughout Asia will kindly make a note of the above fact,

and "govern themselves accordingly."

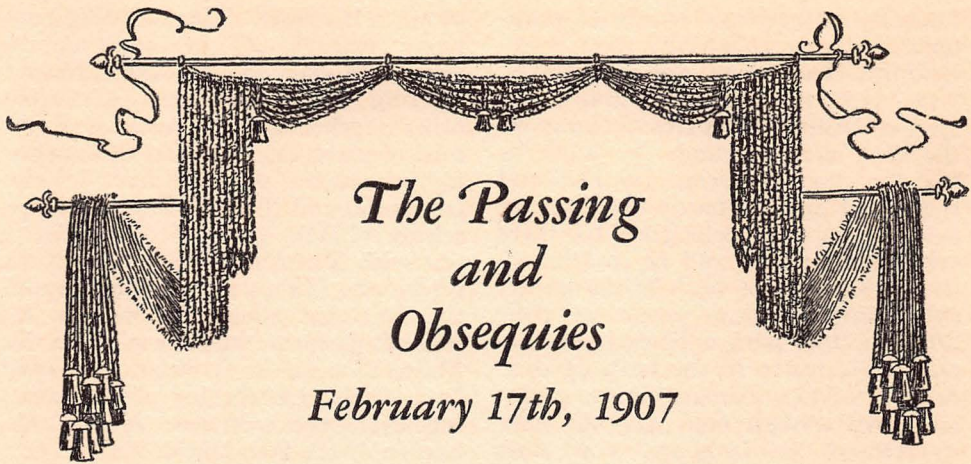
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As doubt is sometimes expressed concerning the permanency of cures wrought by mesmeric passes, it may be of interest to quote the following paragraph from *Old Diary Leaves* which describes conditions seven years after the cure:

On the 27th June, 1890, I had a visitor from Madura, from whom I had the satisfaction of hearing that three of the cases of paralysis which I had psychopathically treated in 1883 had proved permanent cures, and that after an interval of seven years my patients were as well as they had ever been in their lives. One of these cases was that of a young man who came to me one day during my tour in India in 1883 as I was about sitting down to my meal, and asked me to cure his paralyzed left hand, which was then useless to him. I took the hand between my two, and after holding it a couple of minutes and reciting a certain mantram which I used, made sweeping passes from the shoulder to the fingertips, some additional ones around the wrist and hand, and with a final pass declared the cure completed. Immediately the patient felt in his hand a rush of blood; from having been without feeling, it suddenly grew supersensitive; he could move his fingers and wrist naturally, and he ran away home to tell the wonder.

It Requires Courage

I am thoroughly convinced that Western science will be compelled in the near future to accept the ancient Eastern explanation of the natural order of things. We have had more than enough talk about "mysterious providences" and extra-cosmic interferences; we have outgrown superstitions because we have conquered some of our ignorance; and since we see the daybreak glimmering beyond the encompassing hills of our ignorance, we will never be satisfied until we have climbed to where the light can shine upon us. It requires courage still to profess oneself an uncompromising seeker after truth, but the whole race is moving in its direction, and those who first arrive will be those who, by keeping alert through a long and complicated course of evolution, have gained the knowledge and the strength to outstrip their contemporaries.
—H.S.O. in *Old Diary Leaves*



The Passing and Obsequies

February 17th, 1907



COLONEL OLCOTT died peacefully at the Theosophical Society's Headquarters, Adyar, at 7:17 A. M. yesterday, in the presence of Mrs. Annie Besant, Mrs. Russak,* Miss Renda, and his professional night nurse, Miss Smart. He was laid on his bier at 12:30, and it was lowered over the parapet into the garden, and carried into the large hall where a flower-ringed space had been prepared for its reception. At the east were placed small tables, bearing the Vedas, the Zend-Avesta, the Pitaka, the Bible, Alkuran, the Adigrantha and a Jain Manuscript—representing the varied faiths of the world. The body, with the head uncovered, draped with his own national flag and the Buddhist flag, lay in the hall, while hundreds of people—men, women, and children, Westerns and Easterns, Hindus of all castes, Buddhists, Panchamas—filed past it, each casting on it a few flowers, until nothing was visible save the white head and a great mass of blossoms. At 3:30 the representatives of Buddhism, Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, and Christianity came within the enclosure, and grouped themselves round Mrs. Annie Besant on the platform. The ceremony was opened by the Buddhists—as the Colonel was a professed Buddhist—and they chanted

some Pali verses, and one of their number spoke a few words of gratitude for what the Colonel had done for Buddhism. Two Brahmanas followed, chanting some Sanskrit verses, and the Honorable Sir S. Subramania Iyer voiced the Hindu love and thanks. Then came a representative Parsi, who chanted from the Zend-Avesta, and made a short speech of gratitude for the services rendered to Zoroastrianism by the Colonel. A fine passage from the Book of Wisdom preceded a well-spoken tribute from a Christian.

Mrs. Besant's Oration

As the promised representatives of Islam had not arrived, Mrs. Besant advanced to the side of the body and said:

Brothers, we are here today not to bid farewell to our dear President, for there is no farewell between spirit and spirit, but to bid farewell to this cast-off garment of his, in which for the last thirty-one years he has so bravely striven to serve humanity. We are here to take, with all love and reverence, this cast-off garment to the fire, which shall give back to the elements that which is theirs, so that Nature, the mother, may use again these elements for new forms of beauty and of life. You heard our Buddhist brethren chant their loving farewell, and you heard Buddhist lips, with

* Now Mrs. Henry Hotchener.

faltering tongue, say words of gratitude for what this man, their co-religionist, had done for Buddhism. Then came the solemn rhythm of the familiar Sanskrit, and Hindu lips spoke the same deep gratitude for what he had done for Hinduism. For he found these two ancient faiths despised; he found the men belonging to them ashamed of them; and he so labored, that the youth of both faiths respect their Scriptures, are proud of their Dharma, and, with uplifted heads, declare their fealty to the faith of their fathers. Then Zoroastrianism spoke, and even though you may not have understood the language, you must have been conscious of the power of the chanted words of blessing, and our Parsi brother spoke Zoroastrian gratitude to him who had worked so nobly for their faith, so that in each Parsi community today words of benediction will follow him who loved their faith and loved its people too. Next came a noble passage from the Christian Bible, telling of man as the image of God's eternity, and Christian lips added their testimony to the brotherhood of religions, and prayed that light might rest on him who served the light. One faith was missing of the world faiths, not unwilling, I fain would hope, but only coming too late, to speak Islam's thanks to one who spoke so well for Islam, that one of her Moulvis, hearing him, declared that he expounded her faith better than one of themselves.

And I—I am Theosophist, what shall I say of him who, loving all religions, yet loved most that God-Wisdom in which all faiths are blended, from which they all proceed? How shall I speak our gratitude to him who, with his noble colleague, H. P. Blavatsky, founded this Theosophical Society for the revitalizing of religions and the spiritual good of men? For this he labored ceaselessly; as he lay dying through long weeks of weariness and suffering, this was his constant thought, and even when from excess weariness, his thoughts began to wander, even then they ever lingered round the welfare of this movement, dearest

of all to his heart. This morning came from their far-off Ashramas in the snowy Himalayas, his own Master wearing the Rajput form, with that other gentlest One in form of Kashmiri Brahmana, and yet One other, Egyptian born, who had had him also in charge, and They, with his dearest friend, H.P.B., came to fetch him to rest with Them in Their home in the far North. His own *gurudeva* snapped the cord that bound the man to his cast-off garment, and sleeping in his Master's arms, as it were, he passed from earth. Oh the joy of the suffering over, the weariness at rest, the burden of the flesh laid down!

(Turning to the body, Mrs. Besant said:)

And now, dear friend, we bear away your body; we bid you not farewell, for you, unborn, undying, perpetual, eternal, there is no such thing as death. We have served your body while we could, tended it, loved it, now we give it back to the elements whence it came. Brave soldier of Truth, striver for good, we wish you light and peace. And by this dead body we pledge you our faith—I to bear on the standard of Theosophy, fallen from this cold hand, if the Society confirm the choice you made, along the road as you have borne it; all to serve Theosophy through life to death, as you have served it. So long as this Society endures, through the years of an unmeasured future, so long shall your name live in and with it.

The President's Last Message

Here is our President's last message, signed by his own hand, on February 2nd, to be read above his body. Dear friend, your lips are still, my voice speaks your words:

"To my beloved brothers in the physical body. I bid you all farewell. In memory of me, carry on the grand work of proclaiming and living the *Brotherhood of Religions*.

"To my beloved Brothers on the higher planes, I greet and come to you, and implore you to help me to impress all men on earth that 'there is no religion higher than truth,' and that in the *Brotherhood of Religions* lie the peace and progress of humanity."



The bearers then advanced, six Brahmanas and four Buddhists, and the bier was raised and the procession formed to the funeral pyre, raised in a secluded spot in the compound. Reverently and tenderly the body was placed on its last resting-place, and the wood piled around and over it. Soon the flashing flames leaped up, radiant even in the sunlight that poured through the leafy palm grove, and the great concourse sat around the pyre, paying their last tribute of respect. Gradually the people left and all was over.

This morning the ashes were collected, and part of them was carried out to sea and scattered on the waves; part was put into a casket, to be carried to Benares, to rejoin, in the bed of the holy Ganga the ashes dropped therein of H. P. Blavatsky.—*Madras Mail*

The Last Days of the President-Founder

This month will ever be memorable in our annals, for it saw the long illness of our beloved President-Founder ended by gentle Death. His faithful physician, Dr. Nanjunda Row, almost in despair, on February 1st, called in the leading English physicians in Madras, Lieutenant-Colonel Browning and Major Robertson. They declared the patient's case to be hopeless, symptoms of heart-failure being present; he might die at any moment by a sudden movement, or he might linger till his vitality was exhausted.

From January 14th, his descent was unbroken, though very slow; every day saw him a little weaker, and the fits of panting, which threatened immediate dissolution, became more frequent. He could not sleep, for, if he laid himself down, he choked, and from January 14th to February 11th, he did not have one full hour of unbroken sleep. His courage, patience and endurance never wavered, and he even preserved a gentle gaiety, which deceived those who only saw him rarely, into the idea that he was not so ill as the constant watchers by his side knew him to be.

His joy in the Masters' presence and in that of H. P. B. gave to Death the

appearance of a longed-for friend; "Let me go," he would whisper softly; "Brothers, let me join your glorious company, and join in your work. God bless us all." And as the weariness grew deeper: "Oh! take me away; Master, take me home." His room became as a Temple, a peaceful vestibule to the Holy Ashrama he longed to enter.

At last, from sheer sleeplessness, his mind began to wander, and he would murmur sentences in many languages, think himself on board ship, long to be at Adyar. But from time to time, he would become lucid, and through all knew those dearest to him. But on the evening of February 11th, he began to sink into definite unconsciousness, and his words became almost inaudible. In all his wanderings, the work, the Society, were uppermost.

And in his deeper unconsciousness, a watcher heard him murmuring: "I bless Annie. I bless Annie," as though his thoughts clustered lovingly round the one to whom he had bequeathed his sacred work.

The unconsciousness deepened day by day, and on Saturday, February 16, the last signs of the dissolution of the body appeared; Saturday night was quiet, and I left him at 5:30 A. M., to bathe. At 6:30 I looked in, and found him much the same, and left him to take my morning coffee, but a little before 7:00 the nurse summoned me, and said he had had two violent convulsions, and she thought he was dying. There was another slight convulsion, and seeing the end was close at hand, I sent for Mrs. Russak (now Mrs. Hotchener), and Miss Renda, who came at once. We sat quietly beside him, an occasional long breath being taken, till 7:15. A slight shiver ran through the body two minutes later, and he was gone. The three Masters to whom he had been nearest during his life, and his old comrade, H.P.B., were there in astral presence, and at 7:27 H.P.B. said: "The cord is broken." He was free.

Thanks be to the Blessed Ones, who have taken their faithful tired servant home.

The Unveiling of Colonel Olcott's Statue

(Reprinted from *The Theosophist of January, 1908*)



HERE was a large gathering at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, on December 7th, 1907, to witness the unveiling of the statue of the first President by the second. The statue has been wrought by Mr. Govinda Pillai, an Indian artist of exceptional ability, who was chosen by Colonel Olcott to make the statue of his great colleague, H.P. Blavatsky, and who was selected by Mrs. Besant to place beside the admirable piece of work the likeness of her nearest friend. The Colonel stands beside H. P. Blavatsky, who is seated, with his hand on her shoulder, an upright, robust figure, with venerable beard and strongly cut features.

Mrs. Besant, who presided at the meeting, announced that she would call upon a few of the intimate friends of the late Colonel Olcott to make brief remarks before the unveiling, as to his work amongst them.

The first to be called to address the meeting was *Sir S. Subramania Iyer*. In so doing he said:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I respond to the call which the President has made upon me. My acquaintance with Colonel Olcott began in the year 1882, so by the time of his departure it was almost a quarter of a century. From the day when I became acquainted with him up to the time of his departure our friendship continued to increase. The whole world is under the deepest obligation to Colonel Olcott as one of the Founders of the Theosophical Society, which, as the President remarked the other day, is the vehicle through which the future religion of humanity, the religion of Universal Brotherhood, is to be brought into complete existence in the course of many, many centuries to come. A work so splendid as that which this Society has had to do, could hardly have been undertaken by

any but the most advanced members of humanity; and if one only looks back on what has been done since 1879, when the two Founders came to this country, there cannot be the slightest doubt that the work was entrusted, by those who can see far deeper than ordinary men can see, to individuals than whom better servants could not have been selected. To Colonel Olcott, I believe, every Indian has, in a most special sense, been placed under obligation. At the time he came to this country with Madame Blavatsky, Hindu philosophy and the true tenets of Hindu Religion were looked upon as the lifeless remains of a bygone superstition, and also looked upon by many educated men as not worth attention. If only you see now how opinion has changed, if you consider what deep respect is paid to those tenets, to that philosophy, you can well imagine the wonderful work done by those Founders, by Colonel Olcott as one of them. The work to be done by the President-Founder required powers of organization which are given to but few, and Colonel Olcott was one born with a genius for organization. In every country in the world where the doctrines of Theosophy prevail, he was received with equal admiration and equal love; and he was, indeed, quite a personal friend to every Theosophist, once a Theosophist became acquainted with him. Though his work lay all over the world, yet by an irresistible destiny, as it were, he was attracted to this land, which is to play, in the future, an important role in the growth of spirituality, and the progress of humanity. And Madras considers itself extremely fortunate in being selected as the place where the Headquarters were located. These noble premises which are his sole work, if I may say so, attest the spirit in which the work was done; and it is absolutely fitting that his memory

should be preserved here, so that every visitor to the Headquarters may see (not merely hear, of the President-Founder) a likeness, which has been made by an artist whom Colonel Olcott himself discovered. I am sure, this statue will show that it is genuine love for Colonel Olcott which enabled the artist to preserve such a likeness of him. I feel extremely proud that the work is by one of India's sons. I do not wish to detain you, I submit that it is one of the happiest of days that we, Theosophists, are permitted to be present at this unveiling ceremony."

Mr. V. C. Seshachariar, who next spoke, also paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the late President-Founder and referred to his great and successful attempt in arresting the tide of materialism in this country, and to the colossal work that had been done by the Theosophical Society and its Founders in the cause of the revival of interest in the study of Hindu religion and philosophy.

Dr. W. A. English, who has been living at Adyar and assisting Colonel Olcott in conducting the *Theosophist Magazine*, for about twelve years, dwelt on the utter unselfishness and devotion to the welfare of all people, which, he said, were dominant traits in the late President's character. He also spoke of the personal gratitude which filled his heart for so true, loyal and devoted a friend.

Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar referred to the exuberant vitality exhibited by Colonel Olcott in all that he did, especially with reference to the establishment of the Adyar Library, to the resuscitation of Indian literature, and of several of the fundamental ideas enshrined in Hindu sacred books, also to the investigation of the occult sciences.

Mr. Sitarama Shastri drew attention to the great good which the late President did in starting Boys' Associations all over the country and in working for the establishment of Panchama Schools in India and Buddhist Schools in Ceylon.

Mrs. Russak [Hotchener], one of the recent European recruits to the

ranks of Theosophists, also dwelt on the extreme unselfishness which characterized all the deeds of the late Colonel Olcott. She was one of those who were with him all through the long illness he endured, and at his death-bed. She spoke of the message of devotion, selflessness and nobility his life (during those trying months of suffering) had brought her; for at such a time a man's true character stands forth as a result of his living, and his ideals. She placed her laurel wreath at his feet with deepest devotion and gratitude.

Mrs. Annie Besant, in proceeding to unveil the statue, said:

"Friends—Those of you who would really understand Colonel Olcott's life should look upon it as a whole and try to learn from it lessons for the conduct of your own. Sometimes I think, and quite naturally, we let our minds rest perhaps entirely on the life, as we knew it, of the President-Founder of the Society; but I have sometimes thought that it is instructive for all, and especially for the young, to look back beyond the day when he met this great colleague and see the life that before that meeting he had led in the world; for it was a life full of usefulness, a life full of patriotism, a life full of devotion to public duty. He was when quite a young man, devoting himself to the improvement of the agriculture of his country, working entirely on the material plane; then later going out to fight for the unity of his country; later again giving his services, in peril of life and reputation, to the purifying of the public service, to the cleansing of great departments of the political life of his people. And it was after all that experience, after all that clear evidence of real power to serve and to rule, that he was called to organize the world-wide Theosophical Society, to devote himself to a great spiritual work for the uplifting of men.

"We have met to unveil a statue to Colonel Olcott's memory, and that statue has been placed side by side with his great colleague, so that whenever we meet in this great hall we may have before us the outer forms of the two

who made this whole movement at the present time possible for us and for the world. But not by a statue will Colonel Olcott's memory be preserved to later days; his true monument in the spiritual world is the Theosophical Society that he organized and the ever-increasing work that it will do, and down through the countless generations of time as the Society grows mightier and mightier; as its work spreads in great waves of spiritual blessing for the whole world, so long as that endures, so long will his monument and his memory last. (Cheers.) For in that Society his name is enshrined, and men can never speak of the Theosophical Society without mentioning with it the name of Henry Steel Olcott. Nor is there need of a statue if we look around us at the present moment; for as it was said of Sir Christopher Wrenn, when he built

St. Paul's Cathedral and when no statue of him was placed therein, "If you would seek his monument look around you"; so we may say of Colonel Olcott—if we would seek his monument, look around at the Headquarters that he built, that he watched over with fatherly care, that he loved, protected and improved. The *whole* of Adyar is also a monument to Colonel Olcott. Because we feel for him human love and because human love seeks the semblance of a form in which the loved one was enshrined, because we would that that pictured semblance may preside over meetings in the future, as the body presided over many meetings in the past, therefore we have placed his statue here, not as his true monument, but as our loving tribute, rather to satisfy our own hearts than to add to his greatness and to his fame." (Cheers.)

To Henry Steel Olcott *On Looking at His Photograph*

By Jack Knoche
(Illinois)

Soul's great, but noble too is body;
Spirit's beautiful, and splendid too the garment,
All-revealing, which it wears.

This face before me—
Look! The depth, grandeur, the fineness!
Mark how lips, half hidden, speak,
Though motionless, of strength
And tenderness.

Brow of dominance and judgment
Lending surge to eyes which tell of
Patience infinite, unhurried.
Here there's writ a grand perception of the Life-Force;
There, expression of the peace of Cosmic wisdom.

See! This face—
While shining beatific with the knowledge
Of Realities, Abstractions' consummation,
Is yet sublimely radiant with invulnerable faith
In Man's humanity.

Tributes

**A. P. Warrington,
Vice-President, T. S.**



REMEMBER well my first touch with the Colonel. It was in the early part of the present century following hard upon a tour which had just been made by Mr. Leadbeater. I had gone from my home in Virginia to Washington expressly to meet him. I had learned that he was to give a lecture on "Personal Magnetism," or something of the sort, in some hall in Washington, and I made it my business to attend. When he entered the hall I remember distinctly being impressed by two things: first, his royal carriage as he marched with splendid dignity and self-confidence down the aisle to the platform; and the other, his shortness of stature, that is to say, shorter than his manner would suggest.

The Colonel gave an interesting lecture, and afterwards shook hands with many people. One elderly lady came up to him to be healed. She complained of suffering some kind of pain or ailment in the lower part of her back. The Colonel was seated at the moment and said to her: "Give me your handkerchief." The lady did so. He placed the handkerchief upon the indicated spot on her back and proceeded to blow on it with a deep breath two or three times. He then removed the handkerchief, handing it back to her with some remark about feeling better.

When we left the hall I joined the party and the Colonel said there was one thing he wished very much to have, and that was a drink of American soda water. "Warrington, I have not had a drink of American soda

water for twenty-five years. Take me to the nearest drug-store and let's have one together."

The next day we went together to Mt. Vernon. It was my first visit, by the way, to our national American shrine, and, therefore, it was a double pleasure that I could go there with Colonel Olcott. He seemed to enjoy the visit almost as a boy would do. All the old-fashioned gardens with the borders of boxwood, unchanged since they were planted in the eighteenth century; the old kitchen fire-place and the antique utensils; the various treasures of the house of Washington, especially interested him; but above all, I think, he was captivated most by the beauty of Mt. Vernon as an admirable and rare place of residence, for he said to me a number of times what a beautiful model it was for a country gentleman's home, with its charming old residence, its great trees and lawn, and especially the exquisite location upon the river.

I can say to you from experience that the Colonel was an early riser. As a matter of fact I was not such, and never had been. I had always valued my sleep of the sunrise hours; but during the visit at the Massé house, morning after morning the Colonel would come to my window which opened on the patio, and standing there in his pajamas would recite poetry to me, thus making sleep impossible. I seem to remember now at this distance of time the tones of his voice rolling into my window soon after sunrise: "Arise, Awake, Seek out the Great Ones and Get Understanding."

From the day of my birth to the present moment it has been very diffi-

cult for me to make the electric battery of my body do its proper duty, and during those weeks with Colonel Olcott I had an excellent opportunity to see for myself what a dynamo of energy was his body. He was fully aware of the inefficiency of my body, and he kept me near him much of the time. As he sat close beside me I could feel the superabundant energy of his powerful body flowing into mine and energizing it, giving it its proper feeling of well-being.

The Colonel had a little box. In that little box he had some useful trinkets which he showed to me over and again. He seemed as proud of these curious little things as a small boy of his strings and toys. I knew then that he was a man of very wide scope of sympathies, for he could be at once the boy or the great organizer and leader. It is my opinion anyhow that the best men never grow up. If they did, they would simply be some sort of an adult machine.

I count it as having been one of the greatest privileges of my life that I could have come into touch with this striking personage of our Theosophical history. A kindlier man there never was, nor even a friendlier one, nor one more thoroughly devoted to his ideals. To him the Masters of the Wisdom were living presences. In no sense were They in his life the far-off deities of an act of Sunday worship. They lived in his every thought and speech, and his entire life turned upon the axis of Their being.

It would be hard to believe that anyone who had created an organization in which he had become so thoroughly enwrapped as the Colonel with the Theosophical Society, would not soon again find his way into that Society by an immediate rebirth. I hope, therefore, that some day we shall have the honor once again of looking to him as the Society's leader and organizer; for few can put the amount of zeal, continued interest and reverent thought into a work that can be given by him who created it, whose child it is.

A. Schwarz,
*Many Years Hon. Treasurer
of the T. S. (Adyar, India):*

The memory of Colonel Olcott calls up the picture of a unique personality, striking in appearance, a born organizer, independent, open-minded, large-hearted, of a lovable and joyous disposition, possessing in a remarkable degree the qualities which eminently fitted him for the office of President of the Theosophical Society, and accounted for a splendid record of public work in his earlier career.

I had my first glimpse of him in 1893, when he came to Ceylon to meet Mrs. Annie Besant on her first visit to the East, and when he presided at a lecture on "Karma" which she gave in the Public Hall of Colombo. That lecture was my introduction to Theosophy, but I little dreamed at the time that in later years I should become closely associated with Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott. During the next few years, whenever I passed through Madras I took the opportunity of calling at Adyar for the purpose of buying books and also in the hope of making the personal acquaintance of Colonel Olcott. As ill-luck would have it, he was absent on the first two or three occasions and I did not meet him till February 18th, 1897, a date I had forgotten and only discovered accidentally when, looking through his *Diaries* some years ago, I found my visiting card pasted in at that date.

I have a happy recollection of that first meeting with him, for it was the beginning of a lasting friendship. I had, however, to remodel my preconceived notion of what the President of the Theosophical Society might be like. I had pictured him as a solemn old gentleman who would talk to me about Theosophy, the Masters, the Society, instead of which I found him to be a man of the world, jovial, frank, leading the conversation on to topics of the day, yet at the same time revealing in some undefinable way the serious and deeper side of his nature. Before I left he was good enough to depute Dr. English to show me, at my perhaps bold request, the paintings

by Schmiechen of our two Masters, a favor which I greatly appreciated.

From that time onward I had many opportunities of coming into ever closer touch with him, for on his frequent visits to Colombo he usually stayed in my bungalow, and my appreciation of our President-Founder grew, as I learned to know the real man. Often, when in the mood, he would talk to me till late at night about H. P. B., the Masters, and the early days of the Society, his frankness and love of truth being so apparent that his testimony regarding the existence of the Masters and H.P.B.'s relation with Them has ever since carried supreme weight with me. Through his work for the revival of Buddhism and of education he had immense influence with the Buddhists of Ceylon. His genial ways and real friendship for the people endeared him to them to such an extent that his name became a household word in the Island, as well as in many places in India. I remember how for years after his death the quickest way to find our Headquarters at Adyar, or the Colonel's bungalow "Gulistan" in Ootacamund, was not by asking for *The Theosophical Society* or *Gulistan*, but for *Olcott Bungalow*, his name being the better known.

From 1899 till his death I attended most of the Annual Conventions at Adyar, events to which I always looked forward with keen anticipation both of a spiritual refreshment and a physical rest. The combination of Mrs. Besant as teacher, giving her magnificent lectures on "Āvataras," "The Pedigree of Man," "The Bhagavad-Gita," etc., and of Colonel Olcott as President, keeping every one in good humor with his friendly, jocular remarks, was a happy one indeed. Compared with our present-day larger Conventions, those early ones were more in the nature of large family-gatherings. This gave them a peculiar charm, for members got to know each other, and year after year one met the same old friends. The few Europeans were usually housed at Headquarters

in cadjan (palm-leaf) huts or cubicles on the roof; the Indians in one or two large cadjan sheds. Many of them however settled down at night in the spacious Headquarters Hall, which then served as a dormitory, and was usually filled with rows of figures sleeping side by side on the floor. In the morning, the bedding was rolled up and piled against the walls. The Colonel was an ideal host. He knew his Theosophical family, personally received his guests (literally embracing his older friends), looked after the comfort of every one, and always presided at the European table in the old dining-room which in those days could easily accommodate the small number of Europeans and Parsis who attended. Meal-time offered a great opportunity for his jokes and he was fond of teasing his more intimate friends.

Convention visitors were considered guests of Headquarters, but a collection was made to cover expenses as far as possible, the well-to-do brothers being expected to pay for the poorer ones. At these collections the Colonel proved an excellent auctioneer. "Who will give Rs. 100 for an arm-chair in Devachan?" and similar jocular remarks kept the audience in roars of laughter and brought many a currency note from its hiding-place. Being a good organizer, he naturally had an eye to business. Some years before I settled at Adyar, I confided to him during one of my visits that it was my wish to work for the Society in some way after retiring from business, but that, not being a writer or lecturer, I did not see in what capacity I might be useful. Promptly came his reply that it was always possible to work by proxy, by paying for a lecturer or efficient worker who could not support himself. I did not take his very practical advice, but bided my time, and not long after, at the time of his death, the problem solved itself when I was offered the office of Treasurer which fortunately I did not need to work "by proxy."

I wonder whether newer members realize how much the Society owes to

its President-Founder, what courage, hard work and self-sacrifice were needed to start and guide the Movement, how his organizing capacity was indispensable to H.P.B. for the spreading of her teachings. Madame Blavatsky was the teacher and occultist; Colonel Olcott the organizer. He never claimed to be an occultist, but his writings and lectures disclose the possession of a great deal of occult knowledge, and deserve careful study, for no one can have a complete insight into the foundation, growth and problems of the Theosophical Society who has not read them. He was fond of saying that he had been bidden by his Master to be the doorkeeper of the Society and that position he meant to and *did* hold to his end. *That* he considered his special dharma; in its fulfillment he found his satisfaction and inspiration, setting an example to all of us.

Such was Colonel Olcott as I knew him, an outstanding personality whose greatness largely overbalanced a few weaknesses, and whose memory I cherish not only for his personal friendship but also for his invaluable services to the Theosophical Society and to the world. What more could any of us wish for than to have to our credit a life of service and aspiration such as has been that of the President-Founder?—*The Theosophist*, December, 1931.

***Peter De Abrew, President of
Musaeus College, Colombo, Ceylon:***

I had the privilege and pleasure of knowing the late Colonel Olcott ever since the day he first arrived in Ceylon, in May, 1880, up to the time of his death in 1907.

My father, William De Abrew, and the Colonel were very great friends; in fact, the Colonel affectionately named him "Uncle Bill." They used to travel about Ceylon on Theosophical and Buddhist propaganda work. Their journeys were made in a bullock traveling-cart, the accommodations of which were designed by the Colonel. It was as comfortable as such a cart can be—a sort of moving

bungalow—drawn by two handsome white bulls: time was no object. All conveniences possible were provided in the cart for the many journeys. Villages were visited by them everywhere, a sort of triumphal, picturesque march followed by thousands of people. My father also once traveled with Colonel Olcott in India.

Whenever the Colonel visited Colombo he was apt to be my father's guest, and I had the opportunity of knowing him intimately and loving him sincerely, as did my father.

Colonel's first visit to Ceylon was at the invitation of that "silver-tongued orator," as the Colonel used to call the chief monk, the venerable Mohattiwatte Gunanda. In the Colonel's party were H.P.B., Damodar, and two others. The object of their visit was to spread Theosophy and to revive interest in Buddhism which was at that time dying. The learned monks were helpless and unable to accomplish this revival themselves, and so they appealed to the Colonel to organize a campaign to restore the ancient religion of Ceylon, which at one time was at the zenith of its glory and power. The monks knew that Colonel was very sympathetic to Buddhism, and his arrival was hailed with great joy by thousands of the populace. He later became a Buddhist. The tour was a very great success throughout Ceylon, and for the special details of it one should read Volume II of *Old Diary Leaves*.

On his second visit, a few months later, the Colonel continued his work of organizing a Buddhist propaganda, founding Theosophical Lodges, and establishing a Buddhist Educational Fund for the education of the children of the island. He held solemn convocations, public meetings, etc., with the monks and the laity, had interviews with His Excellency, the Governor, and other government officials, then proceeded to London and interviewed the Secretary of State in order to gain his assistance to remove impediments in the way of the restoration of Buddhism and Buddhist schools. His mission was crowned with great success.

He established the *Buddhist Press*; published the well-known book, *Buddhist Catechism*, which is now translated into all civilized languages; he founded hundreds of Buddhist schools; he caused to be established the office of Official Buddhist Registrar of Marriages; he originated the declaration of a public and government holiday on the anniversary of the birth of the Buddha; he caused the adoption of a Buddhist flag, designed according to the colors of the rays which emanated from the Lord's aura. These are some of the most important accomplishments of his mission, and are today acknowledged as the fruit of his work in the island of Ceylon.

In addition to all of this he later founded in Ceylon the Buddhist Theosophical Society, a section of the international Society with headquarters at Adyar, India, and this enabled him to keep in touch with his work in Ceylon. He visited Ceylon almost annually, and whenever he came he revived the work which he had already established. He was ever received with great enthusiasm and regarded as a national benefactor.

When he died the Buddhist population of Ceylon felt keenly their loss, for his work, advice, and sympathy had been of enormous help to them over a period of many years.

His last words to me were, "Continue to make your life work the success of the Musaeus School for Girls (now the Musaeus College), and you will never regret it." Let me explain that this School was founded by the late Marie Musaeus Higgins at the request of Colonel and H.P.B., and it was under their aegis that Mrs. Higgins came to Ceylon to undertake the education of women there. The Musaeus College now stands as a monument to the success of her work, and it has been a great privilege to me to cooperate in it. (Excuse this personal note.)

A few words about Colonel Olcott himself personally will, I trust, not be out of place: His name is a household word in this island. He was loved by the people, and thousands came to hear him whenever a lecture was an-

nounced. Through his mesmeric power he healed large numbers of people. His wise words were reinforced by his sincerity, and his magnetic personality captured the hearts of his great audiences. They recognized him as their friend and ally.

He was a gentleman of the utmost refinement, culture, and charm, witty and entertaining, and he made a host of friends wherever he went, and was a distinguished guest at all social functions. All classes, high and low, felt quite at home in his presence. He lived a very simple life. Wherever he went, he traveled "second-class," either by ship or railway. His simple, frugal meals were prepared by "Bob," his faithful Sinhalese attendant, who passed away a few years after the Colonel's death.

On his last voyage from Europe to Adyar, the Colonel passed through Colombo and owing to an accident which he had received some weeks before, had to remain here for about a fortnight in the care of Dr. Thomas, an English physician, and faithful friends. For the entire period he was devotedly ministered to by his friend and honorary private secretary, Marie Russak [Hotchener], who later accompanied him to Adyar. Her assistance to him and her later service to the Theosophical Society are well known.

Colonel Olcott is gone from our midst, and no one so dear has ever replaced him in the hearts of the people of Ceylon.

Josephine Ransom
(Adyar, February 17th, 1929):

It gives me the greatest pleasure to speak of Col. Olcott. I met him first in Ceylon where he had done so much for the Buddhists. He had deeply sympathized with their difficulties, and it was due to him that the temples were opened again, and the people could quite freely call themselves *Buddhagama* (followers of Buddha). Whenever I am passing through Colombo and have the time, I try to go out to the old Kelaniya temple and look at the lecture hall there near the *Vihara* in the temple grounds where the Colo-

nel used to lecture to the Buddhists, and appeal to them to draw once more into their own hands the education and training of Buddhist youth. That has been done most effectively. Then I came here to Adyar, thirty years ago, and met the Colonel in his own home. One could not contact him without feeling very strongly that he held the world in his heart. Neither Ceylon nor India held him exclusively—he was a brother to all. He loved and worked for all. He could not touch a country without wanting at once to pour new life into it.

When he arrived in India, the first thing he did was to appeal to Indian Youth. It is interesting to read his pamphlet—*The Peril of Indian Youth*—showing how vividly he realized that the youth of that day must arouse itself and restore something of the power and influence of India that it might take its place in the modern world. We know how that appeal has been answered and the work of regeneration has gone on, so that India today stands on the verge of expressing herself as one of the great and essential countries in the world.

Colonel Olcott loved his home here in Adyar and drew on the treasures of the country to bring them here and make this center a worthy representation of all that Theosophy stood for. He was a most delightful host, and to the young folk of those days he was very kind. We loved him and called him Uncle Henry. He took a warm personal interest in everyone and his affection flowed out to all, men, women or children. He was so straight, too, with everyone, so honorable, so that his memory is a delight to those who knew him.

He organized the work, and made it strong and sure. Organization was his gift. He laid those splendid foundations upon which we still are building, for our Theosophical edifice is not yet complete, there is still much to do. Madame Blavatsky gave us the grandeur of occult knowledge, and the Colonel shaped the vessel to hold it.

—*Adyar Notes and News.*

Sitarama Shastri
(*Adyar, February 17th, 1929*);

I made the acquaintance of the Colonel about thirty-six years ago. In those days the Society's Convention meetings were not huge. The premises included only about twenty acres. Some cadjan huts used to be put up in the Compound, as also a big dining shed for Indian members. Only two hundred or three hundred persons attended. This small attendance gave us opportunities of knowing each other; the Colonel also moved about freely among the people.

In the evenings, after dinner, those who lived in Indian style slept in this hall, that is, some sleeping, some talking and some singing sacred songs, disturbing the sleep of others who put up in the cadjan sheds on the roof above.

Now and then some of the members would secure a big carpet, fold it and use it as a pillow, while others would lie without a carpet, forced to sleep on the bare floor. At such times Colonel Olcott would descend into the hall, detect the carpet and pull it out, at the same time making great fun of the men who had appropriated it.

Usually a few would remain on after the close of the Convention; they would use this hall as their dwelling.

Originally the hall had a very low roof. The Colonel made up his mind to pull it down and give us the present high-roofed hall. This meant considerable money. Moreover, the Library building was then only half, or less than half, its present size. The Colonel decided to enlarge it, and these alterations were undertaken together. Poor Colonel had not nearly enough money so he sought to remedy that condition. At Conventions and White Lotus Day gatherings members from mofussil towns used to come here. He would select some of the most well-to-do members with large hearts and take them round the buildings, as it were, to show them the plans, but it was also to suggest to them how nice it would be if such and such improvements were made, then he would round off with the refrain: "I have

no funds." Their hearts would be touched and in most cases he would get help in money or its equivalent. I know that one member supplied polished Cuddapah slabs and another Teakwood and a third marble slabs, and so on. The donors would not feel the sacrifice, and the Colonel always was thankful to get the smallest things on the theory: "No toil is too great; no spoil is too small."

The Colonel was very democratic and cosmopolitan. No man was too poor or too low for his companionship and sympathy. I was a very modest, obscure member and yet he picked me out and talked to me about my poor health, and advised me to stay at Adyar Headquarters and receive medical treatment from his friend, Dr. Nanjunda Rao, gratis—or, I suspect, at Colonel Olcott's expense. I know I did not pay for medicines nor for board.

His sympathy was not for members of the T. S. alone. Even a coolly was dear to him. One incident in my knowledge will illustrate this: One day a *jutka-walla* (an unclean looking person) was kicked by his pony just in front of the hall and he was bleeding. Some of us stood about looking at him, with words and thoughts of sympathy, but the Colonel plunged into the crowd, lifted the man, brought him into the hall, laid him on a sofa and gave him what we call "first aid."

While I was at Headquarters receiving medical treatment, one day he brought me a bundle of proofs and asked me to correct them. I represented to him that proof-reading was not to my liking; all the time during my Government service as a clerk I used influence to keep away from that branch of the District Administration. The Colonel, however, was ready with an advice which was truly prophetic. He told me that his Master had said to him, "Reach us through work." Therefore, "Sitaram Babu," (so he used to call me) "if you want to reach the sacred feet of the Masters you should work for Them. Now, because you evade proof-reading, you

will, perhaps, be made to stay here at the Headquarters and do the work of proof-reading. Considering my work here for the last twenty years, his words were, I believe, really prophetic.

These are some of my memories of, and my experiences with, the great soul whose life we are reviewing and commemorating.—*Adyar Notes and News* (1929).

G. Subbiah Chetty (India):

Who was Colonel Olcott? And what was he? are questions very often asked. I answer them by saying that he was the chosen agent of the Great Hierarchy, the Inner Government of the World. He justified the choice by his strenuous and good work. He had a strong personality. He was bold and courageous. He was the speaker, and H.P.B. was the channel through whom forces and knowledge were sent to him.

He was chosen at a time when the world needed spiritual aid most. Materialism was rapidly spreading and religion was neglected and considered a burden. The greatest religious textbooks were declared babblings of child humanity by some of the Western philosophers. Time was quite ripe for the advent of the Theosophical Society. Colonel Olcott spoke with authority and declared that religions were not made on earth but in Heaven and sent out as messages through chosen disciples to selected people and centers, and in such a wise as was most needed and in a manner suited to the conditions and circumstances of the people.

He was kind-hearted; he sacrificed his personal comforts for the sake of the work he was given to do. He had the capacity, which very few possess, of making capital out of conversation with people. His book on sugar-cane was the result of such talks with the exhibitors of sugar-cane in a show. It was he who recognized the evil of untouchability in India, and to destroy it he tried to raise the standard of living of these people by establishing free schools for them. He was one of

the few who founded the Indian National Congress.—*The Theosophist*.

S. A. Gilbert (New Zealand):

We all know that the late Colonel Henry Steel Olcott was Co-Founder, with that heroic soul Madame H. P. Blavatsky, of the Theosophical Society. It was my joy and privilege to entertain the late Colonel for a few days in my own home when on his visit, in 1897, to Woodville, New Zealand.

There was of course great expectancy about his visit among our Lodge members. I had already seen the Colonel's picture, so when the original arrived there was no mistaking his dignified bearing, snow-white head, and long white beard. Our meeting was a most joyous and helpful one. Personally, I cannot express in words all I felt when first he took both my hands in his, saying, "I have met you at last." We had corresponded frequently, and had been comrades in past lives, so it was a joyful recognition. Those of my readers who have met him as a real kindred soul will perhaps better understand how I felt.

In this life the Colonel's special work was organizing the Theosophical Society, while his co-worker, Madame Blavatsky, was the teacher. To many of us the Colonel seemed an ideal organizer, in that he had that true touch of human nature; his frankness, fellowship, and understanding of his fellow-man gave him the rare tact of making all feel at their ease before they would be many minutes in his company. Yet to me he was so singularly free from what we would term cant or humbug, his talks were so full of common-sense, emphasizing the need of *our own personal study and self-reliance*.

Another strong point in the Colonel was his earnestness in expressing the truth of the actual brotherhood of man: he gave the hand of fellowship to all. That human touch binds as naught else in helping us to understand life's troubles and sorrows.

His visit was a profitable time for all connected with the Lodge. His great concern for the Society's progress, his

love and devotion to His loved Master's work were inspiring; nothing mattered so long as he could fulfill his duty.

At first my thought was, whether I could give the Colonel satisfactory comforts and proper food, but he said that so long as he was to stay with a Theosophist nothing else mattered—whatever comfort and food was ours would satisfy him. To those of us who know a little of those early days, does it not fill our hearts with deepest gratitude and love when we remember our "pioneers"?

Yes, the Colonel was a true lover of humanity. We all know of his sympathy with human suffering, especially in the days of his healing power. His tenderness and love for little children was very great. He told me about his starting the Olcott Free Schools for the outcaste children of India. My own interest was much in this compassionate work for children's education. I can still picture him sitting on a chair in my home, my little girl upon his knee, with his arm around her; she nestling her head in such perfect trust against his big loving heart as he talked to her. It was a beautiful picture, bringing to mind how in the long ago the Master Jesus was so tender to the little ones.

The following shows another side of the Colonel's nature and humanity—I know we all like the human touch, it comes nearer to us all: My husband was proud of the garden, a fairly large one arranged in flower beds, lawn, etc. I, being passionately fond of flowers, could feel and sense the consciousness of all flowers and plants that grew there, and used to feel thrilled by their loving response. So you can understand my satisfaction and gratitude when the Colonel linked my arm in his and took me round the garden, explaining about the flowers, shrubs, old trees, etc. It was a joy to listen to him tell about their feelings of loneliness when separated, and if placed where they were not in close affinity, how they would seem to pine and die—all of which I had proved from experience to be correct.

How often have we sensed and felt the "individuality" of old trees and the sweet response that comes from them! All this is *not* one's imagination, but an absolute fact in our wonderful universe. We are but feeling the *one life* in them that throbs through all creation, humanity included.

The Colonel's sense of justice was keen. The following is a copy of a notice which appeared in the *Evening News*, Sydney, Australia, July 15, 1896:

It was six years ago that Colonel Olcott, the President-Founder of the Theosophical Movement attracted some attention in Australia, and particularly in Queensland, by his unexpected arrival in the northern Colony from India, for the purpose of restoring to the rightful heirs of the late Carl H. Hartman, of Toowoomba, the estates which had been willed to him, the Colonel, as President of the Theosophical Society. The estates comprised real and personal property, and the ready generosity with which they were restored to the family was, at the time, the more noticeable as it was coincident almost with a case in which a religious society, similarly placed, refused to give up anything at all, although the heirs of the donor were not in good circumstances.

We all loved the Colonel, and grieved deeply when a letter came from Adyar telling us how ill he really was. A short time after receiving this letter he seemed to call me in a dream. I found myself standing upon a garden path at the other end of which stood the form of the Colonel. Overhead hung the branches of a large tree. I did not advance for the reason that he had raised his arm. Then waving his hand, the words gently floated towards me, "Farewell, farewell." As I gazed upon his form it gradually melted and was gone. In my heart of hearts I knew what had happened, and so noted the date. When word finally came of his passing, the time coincided with that of my dream.

What a deep debt of gratitude we feel towards our loved and devoted Messengers of the Great White Lodge, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Colonel Henry Steel Olcott! We love and revere their memories. It is only in the years to come that their real worth will be fully acknowledged, recognized and understood.

A. B. Grossman,
First President of Atlanta Lodge,
(1917-1918):

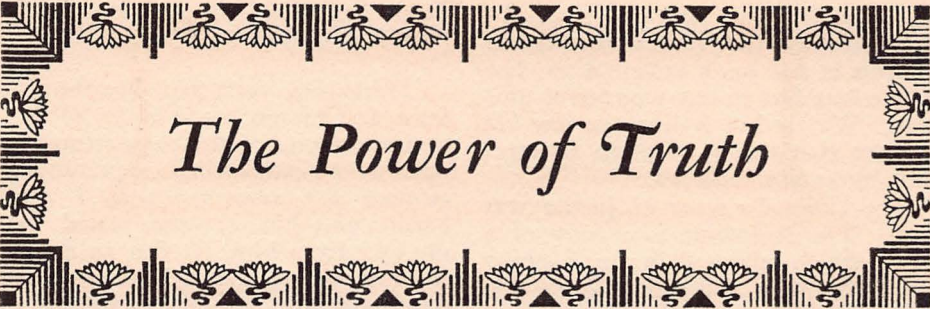
Thirty-one years ago, boarding the train at Chicago for Toledo, Ohio, I noticed in one of the compartments a man whose patriarchal appearance so aroused my reverence that I could hardly pass him or, once seated, keep my eyes from him. At first an uncomfortable feeling that fellow-passengers might consider me rude restrained the impulse to address him; but finally I approached and hesitatingly asked if I might engage him in a short conversation. He readily complied and, to break the ice, I asked him if he were from the Orient.

I shall never forget the searching glance he gave me; nor will I ever fathom, except from a Theosophical point of view, the reason which prompted me to ask that particular question. He answered, "Young man, you never made a better guess in your life."

He recognized, I suppose from my appearance, that I was a Jew; and so the question of anti-Semitism that prevailed in those days in different parts of the world—as, alas! it still does—formed the subject of our almost six hours' conversation.

From him I learned for the first time the inner cause of this movement: When the Jews took forcible possession of their so-called promised land, they dealt with its original occupants in such a ruthless manner as to set in motion the causes that in turn made them the most persecuted people in the world; when these causes shall have been exhausted anti-Semitism will be at an end.

Theosophy was not mentioned during this discussion; but toward the end of the journey my informant stated that he was booked to lecture at the Unitarian Church in Toledo, Ohio, that evening. He did not ask me to come; but I made haste homeward, and together my wife and I went to hear him. To us the lecture was convincing, the opening of a door to a new world of thought and life.



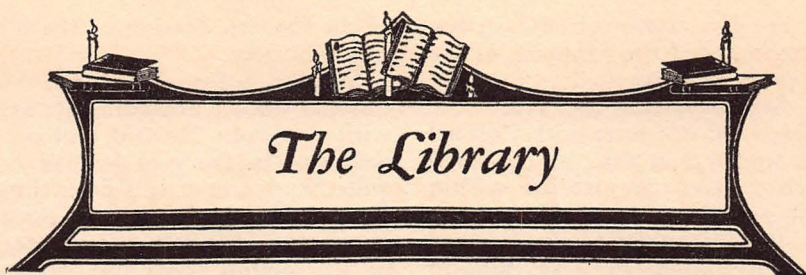
The Power of Truth

By *H. S. Olcott*
(In *Old Diary Leaves*)

No, it is not a question of numbers how great an effect this Society will have upon religious thought—I will go further, and say, upon the science and philosophy—of the age: great events sometimes come from far more modest beginnings. I need not occupy time in quoting examples which will occur to every one of you in corroboration of my point. Nor is it a question of endowment funds and income any more than one of numerous members: the propagandist disciples sent out by Jesus went bare-foot, ill-clothed, and without purse or scrip.

What is it, then, which makes me say what in deepest seriousness and full knowledge of its truth I have said? What is it that makes me not only content but proud to stand for the brief moment as the mouth-piece and figure-head of the movement, risking abuse, misrepresentation, and every vile assault? It is the fact that in my soul I feel that behind us, behind our little band, behind our feeble, new-born organization, there gathers a *mighty power* that nothing can withstand—the power of *truth!* Because I feel that we are only the advance-guard, holding the pass until the main body shall come up. Because I feel that we are enlisted in a holy cause, and that truth, now as always, is mighty and will prevail. Because I see around us a multitude of people of many different creeds worshiping, through sheer ignorance, shams and effete superstitions, and who are only waiting to be shown the audacity and dishonesty of their spiritual guides to call them to account, and begin to think for themselves. Because I feel, as a sincere Theosophist, that we shall be able to give to science such evidences of the truth of the ancient philosophy and the comprehensiveness of ancient science, that her drift toward atheism will be arrested, and our chemists will, as Madame Blavatsky expresses it, “set to work to learn a new alphabet of Science on the lap of Mother Nature.”

As a believer in Theosophy, theoretical and practical, I personally am confident that this Society will be the means of furnishing such unanswerable proofs of the immortality of the soul, that none but fools will doubt. I believe that the time will come when men will be ashamed of ever having advocated atheism in any of its forms, as, thirty years hence, they will be of ever having owned a slave or countenanced human slavery.



The Original Programme of the Theosophical Society

Review by M.R.H.

THERE has been sent to this magazine for review a copy of a book, *The Original Programme of the Theosophical Society*, published at Adyar. It contains a reprint of a twenty-four page "fundamental pronouncement regarding the aim of the Theosophical Society," by H.P.B., and Mr. Jinarajadasa has written an explanatory *Introduction*.

It was written by H.P.B. in response to a criticism of the Society and Colonel Olcott by two prominent members of the Society in its early days. The defense was published in some numbers of *The Theosophist* in 1924, and other parts of it in *Lucifer*, in 1888; but now appears in complete book form — thanks to Mr. Jinarajadasa.

In his introduction he states:

"In the seventeen years of comradeship between H.P.B. and H. S. Olcott there were many occasions when there was a sharp divergence of views between them concerning what was best for the Theosophical Movement. Both were utterly devoted to the Master whom they served in common; yet each differed at times strongly from the other. Nevertheless these differences never diminished the deep affection between them, nor the recognition by each that the other was serving their common Master with fullest devotion. Naturally, in the history of the growth of the Movement, the bewildering and fascinating personality of H.P.B. has outshone the simpler personality of H. S. Olcott, and many there are who

think of Theosophy and the Theosophical Society as the sole creation of H.P.B. All the more, no Theosophist should ever forget the tribute which she gives to H. S. Olcott, the active Co-Founder with her of the Society. Many, and particularly those who belong to organizations which have set forth from the bosom of the Parent Society, have tended in their veneration for H.P.B. to belittle Colonel Olcott's part in creating the Theosophical Movement. With H.P.B. alone, there would have been Theosophy; but without Henry Steel Olcott, there would have been no world-wide Theosophical Society."

Mr. Jinarajadasa also says that this pronouncement of H.P.B.'s "will always remain as a kind of Magna Carta for Theosophists. Of similar nature is her pronouncement when she created the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society."

We know that the "E.S." has been a subject of much criticism and this book gives H.P.B.'s own reasons for starting it, and the Masters' connection with it.

I myself, during my travels, have heard the E.S. criticized, and the excuse given by some members for never asking admission to it, that Colonel Olcott had always opposed it and had never given his consent to its formation. This is not correct, and this document of H.P.B.'s refutes it.

It is true that when H.P.B. was in England in 1888 she decided to gather around her, into a closer tie, many of her special pupils, to whom she

wished to give some of the deeper occult teachings of the Masters. To do this properly she proposed to form an Esoteric Section within the T.S.

Her plan did not meet with Colonel Olcott's approval at first, as he feared that such a secret organization within the Society might dominate the policies of the outer Organization. So, instead of trying to express his objections in writing, he went from India to England to see her.

On this voyage he received a letter from the Master K.H. which was dropped phenomenally from the air while he was alone in his cabin. The Master wrote in part as follows:

"In the adjustment of this European business you will have two things to consider—the external and administrative, and the internal and psychical. Keep the former under your control and that of your most prudent associates, jointly; *leave the latter to her*. . . . As to the former you are the best judge, as to the latter, she."

So after reaching London, and hearing from H.P.B. her plans for the Esoteric Section, he finally agreed with her. An official document attests this agreement, and refutes the belief on the part of some members that he had never consented to its formation:

THE ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

I. To promote the esoteric interests of the Theosophical Society by the deeper study of Esoteric philosophy, there is hereby organized a body to be known as the "Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society."

II. The constitution and sole direction of the same is vested in Mme. Blavatsky as Director; she is solely responsible to the members for results; and the Section has no official or corporate connection with the exoteric Society save in the person of the President-Founder.

III. Persons wishing to join the Section and willing to abide by its rules, should communicate with the director, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, 17, Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.

LONDON
October 9th, 1888

H. S. OLCOTT
President in Council

Attest:

H. P. BLAVATSKY,
Corresponding Secretary.

This official document shows without a doubt that the President-Founder did agree with H.P.B. in the formation

of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society.

Shortly before his death I heard Colonel Olcott discussing its existence with a friend. He said that on a few occasions in the past he had not felt quite happy about it. But as time went on and he was given the documents containing H.P.B.'s esoteric teachings, he had found them unique, and designed to be of great help to the members of the E.S. He said also he wished profoundly that they might be printed.

Part of H.P.B.'s defense of Colonel Olcott and the Society is printed on another page of this issue, but I hope my readers will make themselves familiar with the whole of it as printed in this new book. They owe it to our Founders to know the truth and thus be ready to defend them properly and gratefully, since somewhat the same sort of criticisms and doubts are met in certain quarters even today.

It is thrilling to refresh our minds with H.P.B.'s words about our beloved Society. Here are some of them:

"The T.S. *cannot be destroyed as a body*. It is not in the power of either Founders or their critics; and neither friend nor enemy can ruin that which is *doomed to exist*, all blunders of its leaders notwithstanding. That which was generated through and founded by the 'High Masters' and under Their authority if not Their instruction—*must and will live*. Each of us and all will receive his or her *Karma* in it, but the *vehicle* of Theosophy will stand indestructible and undestroyed by the hand of whether man or fiend. . . .

"'Theosophy first, and organization after.' Golden words, these. But where would Theosophy be heard of now, had not its Society been *organized* before its Spirit and a desire for it had permeated the whole world? . . . Verily it is easier to *destroy* than to build. The words 'untheosophical' and 'unbrotherly' are ever ringing in our ears; yet, truly Theosophical acts and words are not to be found in too unreasonable a superabundance among those who use the reproof the oftener. However insignificant, and however *limited the line* of good deeds, the lat-

ter will have always more weight than empty and vainglorious talk, and will be *Theosophy* whereas theories without any practical realization are at best philosophy. Theosophy is an all-embracing Science; many are the ways leading to it,

“Theosophy must not represent merely a collection of moral verities, a bundle of metaphysical Ethics epitomized in theoretical dissertations. Theosophy must be made practical, and has, therefore, to be disencumbered of useless discussion. . . . It has to find objective expression in an all-embracing code of life thoroughly impregnated with its spirit—the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity and love. Its followers have to set the example of a firmly outlined and as firmly applied morality before they get the right to point out, even in a spirit of kindness, the absence of a like ethic Unity and singleness of purpose in other associations and individuals. As said before—no Theosophist should blame a brother whether within or outside of the association, throw slur upon his actions or denounce him lest he should himself lose the right of being considered a Theosophist. Ever turn away your gaze from the imperfections of your neighbor and center rather your attention upon your own shortcomings in order to correct them and become wiser . . . Show not the disparity between claim and action in another man but—whether he be brother or neighbor—rather help him in his arduous walk in life . . . The problem of true Theosophy and its great mission is the working out of clear, unequivocal conceptions of ethic ideas and duties which would satisfy most and best the altruistic and right feeling in us; and the modeling of these conceptions for their adaptation into such forms of daily life where they may be applied with most equitableness . . . Such is the common work in view for all who are willing to act on these principles. It is a laborious task and will require strenuous and persevering exertion, but it must lead you insensibly to progress and leave no room for any selfish

aspirations outside the limits traced. . . . Do not indulge in unbrotherly comparisons between the task accomplished by yourself and the work left undone by your neighbor or brother, in the field of Theosophy, *as none is held to weed out a larger plot of ground than his strength and capacity will permit him* . . . Do not be too severe on the merits or demerits of one who seeks admission among your ranks, as the truth about the actual state of the inner man can only be known to, and dealt with justly by *Karma* alone. Even the simple presence amidst you of a well-intentioned and sympathizing individual may help you magnetically . . . You are the Free-workers on the Domain of Truth, and as such, must leave no obstructions on the paths leading to it.’ . . . [The letter closes with the following lines which have now become quite plain, as they give the key to the whole situation] . . . *‘The degrees of success or failure are the landmark we shall have to follow, as they will constitute the barriers placed with your own hands between yourselves and those whom you have asked to be your teachers. The nearer your approach to the goal contemplated—the shorter the distance between the student and the Master.’* . . .

“A complete answer is thus found in the above lines to the paper framed by the two Theosophists. Those who are now inclined to repudiate the Hand that traced it and feel ready to turn their backs upon the whole Past and the original programme of the T.S. are at liberty to do so. The Theosophical body is neither a Church nor a Sect and every individual opinion is entitled to a hearing. A Theosophist may progress and develop, and his views may outgrow those of the Founders, grow larger and broader in every direction, without for all that abandoning the fundamental soil upon which they were born and nurtured. It is only he who changes diametrically his opinions from one day to another and shifts his devotional views from white to black—who can be hardly trusted in his remarks and actions. But surely, this can never be the case of the two

Theosophists who have now been answered . . .

"Meanwhile, peace and fraternal good will to all."

In this same document of defense H.P.B. gives the full reasons for the existence of the E.S., of which we quote a few paragraphs. The student must again be referred to the valuable book for the inspiring whole:

"It is only by a select group of brave souls, a handful of determined men and women hungry for genuine spiritual development and the acquirement of soul-wisdom, that the Theosophical Society at large can be brought back to its original lines. It is through an Esoteric Section alone, *i.e.* a group in which all the members, even if unacquainted with one another, work for each other, and by working for all work for themselves—that the great Exoteric Society may be redeemed and made to realize that in union and harmony alone lie its strength and power. The object of this Section, then, is to help the future growth of the Theosophical Society as a whole in the true direction, by promoting brotherly union at least among the few.

"All know that this end was in view when the Society was established, and even in its mere unpledged ranks there was a possibility for development and knowledge, until it began to show want of real union; and now it must be saved from future dangers by the united aim, brotherly feeling, and constant exertions of the members of this Esoteric Section. Therefore, any one who has signed the pledge without realizing this is earnestly recommended to reconsider his position, and to withdraw unless he is prepared to devote himself to the carrying out of this purpose. Once offered the grand example of practical altruism, of the noble lives of those who learn to master the great knowledge but to help others, and who strive to acquire powers but to place them at the service of their fellowmen, the whole Theosophical community may yet be steered into action, and led to follow the example set before them.

"The Esoteric Section is thus 'set apart' for the salvation of the whole

Society, and its course from its first steps will be an arduous and uphill work for its members, though a great reward lies behind the many obstacles once they are overcome. He who wants to follow the working of his inner self and nature for the purpose of self-mastery, has to understand them by comparison; he has to strive to fathom the mysteries of the human heart in general, before he can hope to learn the whole truth about the mysteries of his own soul. The power of occult self-introspection is too limited in its area if it does not go beyond the Self, and the investigation of isolated instances will remain for ever fruitless if we fail to work it out on firmly established principles. We cannot do good to ourselves—on a higher plane—without doing good to others, because each nature reacts upon other natures; nor can we help others without his help benefiting ourselves.

"Disappointment is sure to come to those who have joined this [Esoteric] Section for the purpose of learning 'magic arts' or acquiring 'occult training' for themselves, quite regardless of the good of other people less determined. . . . Forgetfulness of the *personal* Self and sincere altruism are the first and indispensable requisites in the training of those who are to become 'White Adepts' either in this or a future incarnation.

"If any member of this Section agrees to all this, and yet says to himself that, notwithstanding what is said, he will seek for the knowledge for himself, caring little—provided he acquires the powers—as to whether he shall end as a Black or White Adept, let him know that disaster awaits him much sooner than he thinks, and that, although he tries to conceal his motive, it will be known and shall cause a reaction upon him which no one will be able to avert.

"No blame will be attached to anyone for a constitutional lack of capacity for assimilating the teachings given, if he works earnestly and continually, if his aspirations do not relax or weaken; his efforts will be known in the right quarter, and it is in strict

accordance with his deserts that help will be given him when he expects it the least. . . .

"As to the relations of the Masters to this Section, it may be further said, paradoxically, that with Them everything is possible and everything is impossible. They may or may not communicate personally on the outer plane with a member, and those who are continually wishing to receive 'orders' or communications directly from Them on this plane, either phenomenally or otherwise, will in all probability be disappointed. The Masters have no desire to prove Their power or give 'tests' to anyone whatever. And the fact that a member has concluded that a crisis of some kind or other is at hand, when, according to his wise opinion, the Master or Masters ought to speak and interfere personally, is no sound reason for such an outward interference.

"It is, however, right that each member, once he believes in the existence of such Masters, should try to understand what Their nature and powers are, to reverence Them in his heart, to draw near to Them, as much as in him lies, and to open up for himself conscious communication with the guru to whose bidding he has devoted his life. *This can only be done by rising to the spiritual plane where the Masters are, and not by attempting to draw Them down to ours.*

"Inasmuch as growth in spiritual life comes from within, the additional help, instruction, and enlightenment will come from the inner planes of being, and will, as said, always be given when deserved.

"To achieve this, the attitude of mind in which the teachings given are to be received is that which shall tend to develop the faculty of intuition. The duty of members in this respect is to refrain from arguing that the statements made are not in accordance with what other people have said or written, or with their own ideas upon the subject, or that, again, they are apparently contrary to any accepted system of thought or philosophy. Practical esoteric science is altogether *sui generis*. It

requires all the mental and psychic powers of the student to be used in examining what is given, to the end that the real meaning of the Teacher may be discovered, as far as the student can understand it. He must endeavor as much as possible to free his mind, while studying or trying to carry out that which is given to him, from all the ideas which he may have derived by heredity, from education, from surroundings, or from other teachers. His mind should be made perfectly free from all other thoughts, so that the inner meaning of the instructions may be impressed upon him apart from the words in which they are clothed. Otherwise, there is constant risk of his ideas becoming colored with preconceived notions as those of the writers of certain otherwise excellent works upon esoteric subjects who have made the occult tenets more subservient to modern Science than to occult truth.

"In order, also, that the student may receive as much benefit as possible, it is absolutely essential that the superficial and inattentive habits of thought, engendered by Western civilization, shall be given up, and the mind concentrated upon the instructions as a whole as well as upon every word in them. To this end students are required to practise the habit of careful and constant concentration of mind upon every duty and act in life they may have to do, and not to reserve their efforts for the consideration of these teachings only. . . ."

We are grateful indeed to Dr. Besant for giving permission for the publication of the details about the formation of the Esoteric Section in the book mentioned, as it will give Theosophists in general a correct understanding of its birth, of Colonel Olcott's feeling about it, and his official sanction of it. In his *Old Diary Leaves*, Vol. IV, p. 61, he says, "I have nothing but praise to express for the way in which the present head of the Esoteric School [Dr. Besant] is dealing with her voluntary enrolled students."

We are also grateful to Mr. Jinarajadasa for compiling and publishing the book.

Incidents from "Old Diary Leaves"

Colonel Olcott's First Meeting With a Master



OUR evening work on *Isis* was finished, I had bade good-night to H. P. B., retired to my room, closed the door as usual, sat me down to read and smoke, and was soon absorbed in my book; which, if I remember right, was Stephens' *Travels in Yucatan*; at all events, not a book on ghosts, nor one calculated in the least to stimulate one's imagination to the seeing of specters. My chair and table were to the left in front of the door, and over the table a wall gas-jet. . . . I was quietly reading, with all my attention centered on my book. Nothing in the evening's incidents had prepared me for seeing an Adept in his astral body; I had not wished for it, tried to conjure it up in my fancy, nor in the least expected it. All at once, as I read with my shoulder a little turned from the door, there came a gleam of something white in the right-hand corner of my right eye; I turned my head, dropped my book in astonishment, and saw towering above me in his great stature, an Oriental clad in white garments, and wearing a head-cloth or turban of amber-striped fabric, hand-embroidered in yellow floss-silk. Long raven hair fell from under his turban to the shoulders; his black beard, parted vertically on the chin in the Rajput fashion, was twisted up at the ends and carried over the ears; his eyes were alive with soul-fire; eyes which were at once benignant and piercing in glance; the eyes of a mentor and a judge, but softened by the love of a father who gazes on a son needing counsel and guidance. He was so grand a man, so imbued with the majesty of moral strength, so luminously spiritual, so evidently above average humanity, that I felt abashed in his presence, and bowed my head and bent my knee as one does before a god or a godlike personage. A

hand was lightly laid on my head, a sweet though strong voice bade me be seated, and when I raised my eyes the Presence was seated in the other chair beyond the table. He told me he had come at the crisis when I needed him; that my actions had brought me to this point; that it lay with me alone whether he and I should meet often in this life as co-workers for the good of mankind; that a great work was to be done for humanity, and I had the right to share it if I wished; that a mysterious tie not now to be explained to me, had drawn my colleague and myself together; a tie which could not be broken, however strained it might be at times. He told me things about H. P. B. that I may not repeat, as well as things about myself, that do not concern third parties. How long he was there I cannot tell: it might have been a half-hour or an hour; it seemed but a minute, so little did I take note of the flight of time. At last he rose, I wondering at his great height, and observing the sort of splendor in his countenance—not an external shining, but the soft gleam, as it were, of an inner light—that of the spirit. Suddenly the thought came into my mind: "What if this be but hallucination; what if H. P. B. has cast a hypnotic glamor over me? I wish I had some tangible object to prove to me that he has really been here; something that I might handle after he is gone!" The Master smiled kindly as if reading my thought, untwisted the *feh'ta* from his head, benignantly saluted me in farewell—and was gone: his chair was empty; I was alone, with my emotions! Not quite alone, though, for on the table lay the embroidered head-cloth; a tangible and enduring proof that I had not been overlooked, or psychically befooled, but had been face to face with one of the Elder Brothers of Humanity, one of the Masters of our dull pupil race. To run and beat at H. P. B.'s door and tell her my experience, was the first natural impulse,

and she was as glad to hear my story as I was to tell it. I returned to my room to think, and the gray morning found me still thinking and resolving. Out of those thoughts and those resolves developed all my subsequent Theosophical activities, and that loyalty to the Masters behind our movement which the rudest shocks and the cruelest disillusioning have never shaken. I have been blessed with meetings with this Master and others since then, but little profit is to be reaped in repeating tales of experiences of which the foregoing is a sufficient example. However others less fortunate may doubt, I *know*.

The Widow's Mite

A touching case of generosity was reported to me one evening just before a Branch meeting. While the Committee were haranguing some householders in a certain street, a poor, tired-looking woman, miserably clad, was seen to be listening with rapt attention. Presently she turned away and entered a house, from which she soon reappeared, and, approaching the Committee, handed them a single rupee [30c] for the fund. Bashfully, and with tearful eyes, she said that she gained her livelihood by grinding rice for another poor woman who sold *appas*—the species of griddle-cakes I have mentioned above: her husband—a cartman—was laid up and unable to work; she had been saving up coppers of the smallest denomination, during the last six months, to buy herself a decent cloth; but she felt it was much better for her to help this noble object of the fund than to keep the money for herself: she would wear her old, torn garment another half-year. The story brought the tears to my eyes when I heard it. In the course of the evening, I addressed the Branch about this modern instance of “the

widow's mite,” and said, “Gentlemen, this poor woman has earned her good karma by her pious deeds; now let us earn the same by relieving her distress.” I threw a rupee on the floor and invited others to do the same. Thirty rupees were soon gathered, and I bade the Committee find the woman and give her the sum. Some time after that, I had her brought to Widyodaya College, to a lecture of mine, and made her sit quietly near the platform, on which were gathered the High Priest and many other monks. In appealing to the large audience for funds, I said that certain gentlemen—naming them—had given 500, 250, 100, and other sums of rupees out of their abundance, but I would now show them a person who had given more than they all combined. Then I told the story and called the woman on the platform. She was greeted with thunders of applause, and we got a large subscription that day for educational purposes.

Try!

I taught dear Damodar to swim, who was up to a certain point one of the greatest cowards I ever saw in the water. He would shiver and tremble if the water was half-knee high, and you may believe that neither H.P.B. nor I spared him our sarcasms. I remember well how all that changed. “Fie!” said I. “A pretty adept you will make when you dare not even wet your knee.” He said nothing then, but the next day when we went bathing *he plunged in and swam across the stream*: having taken my taunt as meant, and decided that he should swim or die. That's the way for people to grow into adepts. *Try*, is the first, last, and eternal law of self-evolution. Fail fifty, five hundred times, if you must, but try on and try ever, and you will succeed at the end. “I cannot” never built a man or a planet.



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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed in New York City November 17, 1875, at the behest of the Masters of Wisdom of the Great White Lodge, by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steel Olcott. They were assisted by Wm. Q. Judge and others.

International Headquarters of the Society are at Adyar, Madras, India. Its international officers are: Annie Besant, D.L., President; A. P. Warrington, Vice President; Ernest Wood, Recording Secretary; A. Schwarz, Treasurer.

The Society has national headquarters in forty-seven different countries, and lodges in the principal cities of the world. Information about these may be obtained by writing to the Recording Secretary, Adyar, India. Headquarters of the American Society are at Wheaton, Illinois, and Sidney A. Cook is President.

The official international magazine is *The Theosophist*, published at Adyar, India.

The Society is a completely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity along ethical lines and to substitute spiritual culture for materialism. Its three Objects are:

1. To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.
2. To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy, and science.
3. To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

Agreement with first Object of the Society is the only condition necessary for membership, except the minor technicalities that are usual to such organizations.

THEOSOPHY is the essence of all Truth and is the basis of all philosophies, sciences, religions and arts. It is divine nature, visible and invisible, and the Society is human nature trying to ascend to its divine parent. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible and demonstrates the justice, the wisdom, and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway to a fuller and more radiant existence.

World Theosophy

MARIE R. HOTCHENER
Editor

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

6137 TEMPLE HILL DRIVE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
U. S. A.

HENRY HOTCHENER
Publisher

TELEPHONE, GRANITE 6107
CABLE ADDRESS
HELIOS, LOS ANGELES

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