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AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

A JOURNAL OF OCCULTISM

DECEMBER 1913



CHRISTMAS NUMBER



THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

(Founded by H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott.

Mrs. Annie Besant, President)

AND HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF IT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1908. A Society of an absolutely unsectarian and non-political character, whose work should be amicably prosecuted by the learned of all races, in a spirit of unselfish devotion to the research of truth, and with the purpose of disseminating it impartially, seemed likely to do much to check materialism and strengthen the waning religious spirit. The simplest expression of the objects of the Society is the following:

First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

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

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

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Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavor to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high and work perseveringly for the realization of universal brotherhood is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

The International Headquarters, offices and managing staff are at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, India. The Headquarters of The American Section of The Theosophical Society are at Krotone, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

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One of the twenty-two National Societies or Sections of The Theosophical Society exists in America, and is composed of lodges in various cities (of which a list is printed in this magazine) and, in addition, a scattered membership residing where there is no lodge. The headquarters fee per year for members of lodges is \$2.00; for unattached members the fee is \$5.00 annually. New members pay *pro rata* for the first year and a diploma fee of 50c upon joining.

Information about Theosophy and the Theosophical Society is easy to obtain. In addition to the secretaries of lodges (whose names and addresses are to be found in the Lodge Directory, printed in the back of this magazine), full information may be obtained from the General Secretary of The American Section, address below. A descriptive booklet, a copy of the By-Laws of the Section, and an application blank for membership are gladly supplied free of all cost to any address in the world.

To enter the Society it is necessary to sign the form provided, which reads, in part, as follows:

I, the undersigned, being in sympathy with the objects of the Theosophical Society and acquainted with its rules, hereby make application for admission as a Fellow thereof.

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For further direction, samples of literature, or information about any special phase of Theosophy, address the secretary of any lodge or

THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, KROTONE, HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

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**A DREAM**

I could not have been more than six years old when I first dreamed this dream. I remember telling it to an aunt who died shortly after my seventh birthday and, while I have no dates, I am sure it was more than a year before her death when it first occurred. The same dream has come to me at intervals ten or twelve times, the last time being when I was about twenty-four.

In my dream I am quite a big girl of twelve or fourteen. I remember looking at children of six or seven who appear in my dream and thinking of them as babies. I had long, straight, black hair and my dress

was white. I was in a large room with several other children, all younger than myself. A black woman was there, nursing a baby. She wore brightly-colored cotton clothing, just long lengths of calico wound around her. Her dress did not seem to be cut or sewn in any way. She also wore a bright cloth on her head. I have a vague notion of red and yellow being the chief colors of her dress. She wore a lot of jewelry, anklets, bracelets and necklaces, and they were continually tinkling as she moved. On one side of the room was a sort of table, or bench, bearing a plate of bright yellow fruit. I was sitting

(Continued on page 3, Advertising Section.)

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apart watching the others play, when this woman offered me the plate of fruit. I refused, but she pressed me to take some. I took one and the other children all started eating. I remember even now the nauseating sensation I had when I first got the taste of the fruit I had taken. When, years afterward, I tasted the real fruit I had the same sensation. All the events of my dream rushed before me and for one moment I lived my dream again.

I was explaining to the black woman that I could not eat the fruit, when suddenly there was a great commotion outside. The woman screamed and shrank into a corner, holding the baby. The children all started screaming too. Then the door burst open and a black man entered. Others were there, but I took no notice of them. I just knew

the first man had come for me. He pulled me out of the room, dragging me by one arm and my hair. There were some steps outside—not stairs, but just three or four steps—and as he dragged me down I begged and entreated him to give me time to say my prayers. I remember the gleam of the knife he was holding over me and I know that I did not really want to pray. I wanted to gain time.

At this stage of my dream I always woke up. I remember telling my aunt, and I know she remarked that I must be a very wicked little girl or I wouldn't dream such bad dreams and it was absolutely depraved to say I wanted to say my prayers to gain time. At that date I had only seen one, or at least two black men. They are few and far be-

(Continued on page 5, Advertising Section)

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tween in English villages. I had never seen a black woman. The house in my dream had a veranda. There was no house with a veranda anywhere near my home. The black man wore white, with a white turban.

Some years ago I went to South Africa. There I saw lots of Hindu coolies and some would be dressed much like the man in the dream. For a long time I looked at every "Sammie" who came with vegetables or silks or Indian curios, always afraid I would see the face of the dream man. I saw many Hindu women and many of them wore their garments wound around them after the fashion I had seen so often.

I had been in South Africa three or four weeks, when I called on some Scotch friends. On the sideboard I saw a plate of yellow fruit, which reminded me of something but I could not recall what. I had heard of *naartjes* and thought these must be that kind of fruit. "Are these *naartjes*?" I asked. Did you never see a mango before?" asked my friend. I took one but I was quite a long time starting to eat it. I wonder if anybody yet accurately described the first taste of a mango.

(Continued on page 6, Advertising Section.)

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To me it was reminiscent of turpentine, furniture polish, hartshorn and, worst of all, my dream. I heard again the screaming and shouting. I saw once more the wicked black face and the knife and I felt myself going right down into the blackness. Then I heard, "Drink this, Nell. The heat's too much for ye."

About six years after this I came to Canada. I have always been able to shut my eyes and see clouds of color, and sometimes trees with birds in them and the sun shining through the leaves. Then one evening I saw a hand. It was like an X-ray photograph and was luminous. The room was dark and I saw the same with my eyes open. It made no difference whether my eyes were open or shut. Then I saw a figure behind the hand. It was muffled in a wrap of some sort and I only saw the general outline. The hand was raised as if to uncover the face, and I was afraid. I buried my face in the pillows and lay trembling for awhile. Then something seemed to say: "Don't be frightened. You've got to face it, face it now." I looked

(Continued on page 8, Advertising Section.)

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again. The figure was still there and still shrouded. The luminous hand slowly raised itself to the head and drew back the covering and I saw a face smiling, kind and lovely but still sad. It disappeared and then I saw the Hindu of my dream; but he too was kind. I got the impression that he was pleased that I had seen him.

Since then I have seen him many times. Sometimes he shows me whole sheets of writing, but I do not know the language; and when I fail to understand he seems disappointed. Once I saw two words constantly recurring. They were Chandres Das. I thought, "Is that your name?" and he smiled and seemed pleased. Since then I often see him and to myself I always call him Chandres Das.

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(Continued on page 11, Advertising Section.)

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to be allowed to pass. Two native policemen, in khaki with red turbans, held them back until the signal should be given. Then, when the barrier was removed, they dashed frantically amid complete silence. When every man had crossed the coals barefooted and all were assembled under the image of Draupadi, they turned and crossed to their original position. Then a third time over the burning bed they went, back to the protection of Draupadi, the goddess.

Immediately water was thrown on the coals, but before they were extinguished men darted under the barrier, picked up the sacred embers and rushed back to the crowd. Numbers of native policemen, armed with whips, fought back these enthusiasts and the whole weight of the crowd which flung itself forward to get to the fire. This hand to hand encounter, the mad excitement, the surging crowd pressing against the handful of officers and being hurled back till the fire was extinguished, was not the least interesting feature of the performance.

The Europeans who came to see were
(Continued on page 12, Advertising Section)

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most courteously treated. They were given seats just outside the barriers, garlanded with jasmine wreaths, and escorted back to their conveyances when the ceremony was over.

This is not a Brahman or even a caste ceremony, but is done by the Panchamas, the outcastes. As we were returning to our auto through crowded streets, two of the runners passed us and we asked to see their feet. They turned up the soles for our inspection and they proved to be quite unhurt. No man was burned. Through an interpreter, we asked the panting, perspiring men what preparation was made for the ceremony. They said that three goats had been sacrificed to Draupadi that morning, that they themselves were required to live a very clean life under the direction of a priest for a number of days previous, and that they had taken no food whatever that day. We asked why they did this thing. One said that when he was a child he was afflicted with a disease, and his mother told him if he would cross the fire to Draupadi he would be healed. He did so, was cured, and vowed to cross it ev-

(Continued on page 16, Advertising Section.)

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ery year afterward in honor of the goddess.

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DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR

The American Theosophist

Vol. XV. DECEMBER, 1913. No. 3.

BY THE EDITOR

CHRISTMAS



ACAULAY said that Christmas had been from time immemorial the season of joy and domestic affection, when quarrels were made up; when all hearts not utterly destitute of kindness were enlarged and softened; when the poor were admitted to partake largely of the overflowings of the rich; when the interval between landlord and tenant, master and servant, was less marked than through the rest of the year. Could those things but be realized in practice, they would indeed be noble ideals for a season that is so widely celebrated the world over.

One step forward would it be if the season as it is now observed were relieved of the burden people feel to make one another material gifts, which had much better go to children and the poor, by sensible people substituting among themselves loving acts of kindness, words of comfort or good cheer, the forgiveness of wrongs, the extension of brotherly, yes, even parental tolerance to all—to the ignorant, the ugly, the unclean, the foolish and the vicious—to all equally. For are not all mankind His children, some younger, some older, and do not the ignoble and ugly need the love and understanding that we find so easy to give to the noble and the beautiful?

Let Christmas be a season of universal kindness, love and forgiveness, a special time for helping the lowly, for giving happiness to children. Soon He who came before will come again, so say the signs

of life all about, and no better preparation could be made for so sublime an event than following in the footsteps He made when last here by being just kind and tolerant to all.



AGAINST REINCARNATION



A DOCTOR, on receiving from a Theosophist a letter explaining something of Theosophy, has sent to the press some comments which show to one who has a fundamental knowledge of the subject how hard it is for an unsympathetic person to be just. The doctor says that much about Theosophy is reasonable enough and may be accepted, with little pinches of salt here and there, but he regards the theory of reincarnation as repugnant to the last degree "because it does away with individuality, makes a hideous mockery of human ties that bind and of love which some of us hope is eternal. It gives no promise that those who part in sorrow here will be united under better conditions over yonder or anywhere else."

Theosophists well know that their philosophy does not do away with individuality, but that through reincarnation it shows how individuality becomes expanded and glorified until it reaches the stature of the Divine Mañ. So far from making a "hideous mockery" of the ties that bind, Theosophy teaches that a tie once made binds not in one life alone but for all time, in proportion to the strength of the bond, and that when we return to incarnation over and over again we take up those ties as before. One of the emphatic points in Theosophy is the eternal nature of love, the one great permanent force that unites all into a single glorious whole. Theosophy gives promise that those who part in sorrow here will be united in a more real way than any other scheme of life discloses, showing, in fact, that the union continues unbroken, regardless of the temporary incident called death.

The doctor thinks that because we have no conscious memory of our past the lessons of the other existences have vanished as a fleeting breath, but he wholly overlooks the fact of the sub-conscious memory which expresses itself in intuition, character and innate capacity. Man coming into incarnation brings his character with him, and so far as it has been developed through the experience of the past it is ready made up to that point and reexpresses itself according as the developing body offers it a fitting instrument of expression. The inner or innate tendencies have never by any other system been sufficiently accounted for, and reincarnation explains their origin in the

struggles of the past. Nature has no gifts for man; what he possesses, he has worked for sometime, somewhere.

The doctor objects to coming back as a babe over and over again, "drawing sustenance each time from an alien bosom, blood kin to an outfit which perhaps does not speak the same language or worship the same God." Theosophy teaches the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. All being children of one Father, all therefore are of one family and no man is alien to another. As love is all-embracing and eternal, man will eventually learn to extend it equally in all directions. There is but the One God, under whatever name we worship Him, and all paths lead to Him.

The doctor's idea of the final consummation is entertaining. ". . . and this coming and going, to continue for ages until the enraptured soul is worn so smooth and perfect nothing more can be done for it, when it lapses into a state of nirvana, or statue-like repose, which may be described as a condition of eternal rest; no thought, no action, no motive, no perspective—just plain nothing. The doctrine of one trip across and then oblivion is much more attractive to one who knows when he has had enough."

Nirvana, or the doctor's "just plain nothing," is a state that really *may* be nothing to some—till they reach it. The enraptured joy of the devotee at worship or of the mother at the cradle of a beloved child is no doubt "just plain nothing" to the fly that creeps on the wall; and yet, really, is it nothing? An enormous step forward for that fly would it be to expand its capacities until it could embrace the consciousness of the higher being, but until then its appreciation of the higher would be absolutely *nil*. The state of nirvana—which is one of the lofty stages in human evolution, far beyond the comprehension of any who have not reached it—is said to be a state of bliss involving an activity so utterly unknown to humanity as to seem to our puny view as an absence of activity.

A philosophy which teaches a perpetual increase of power and joy through an endless expansion of consciousness, brought about by the widest and most varying experiences, is one that appeals to the imagination and satisfies one's innermost longings. It is true, as the doctor suggests, that some of us at times feel that of this life we have had enough. But evidences all around us are conclusive that we are in the grip of a mighty law which leads on to the most marvelous ends and, whether we think we have had enough or not, we must move with the great stream of evolution until the perfection of the last man is assured; until the bitterness of life down here is transmuted into that sweetness of divinity into which man by his experiences is gradually, life after life, raising himself, aided by Those who have gone on before in Their struggle upwards toward the One Father of us all. From Him we came forth and to Him we shall again return when

finally, through evolutionary reincarnation, we come to realize the injunction of the Christ: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."



THE WAY TO GREATNESS



I STOOD on the high deck of a steamboat, looking down on a large gathering of people packed together until they filled the entire space of the great pier below. It was dusk, and I could barely make out the separate heads in the throng. As I gazed upon this mass of living beings, the thought came: How insignificant seems every individual in that gathering; only the whole is noteworthy. How humbling it is to note the smallness of the place one man makes; yet it is true that each of those tiny specks has within him the possibility of individual greatness. What then really is greatness? If there be a man in that crowd who measures up to the height of greatness, what is it that characterizes his place in the mass as held by one greater than his fellows?

The answer seemed to be: Only humanity is great, and man simply shares in that greatness whenever he becomes so broadened and deepened and heightened as to embrace all other beings in his love, sympathy and service. If, for example, any man in the crowd before you should extend his sympathy and understanding so as to include the entire group of people of which he forms a part, then surely such an one would show forth greatness. He would no longer be a centre whose activity embraced only the limits of his own little speck among the many, but would extend outwardly until he became at one with the whole and so what he did and thought would be for the whole and what retarded or benefited the whole would personally affect him as if he were the whole. Such would be his greatness among his fellows before you.

The essence of greatness, therefore, would seem to consist in man's changing his attitude toward life by ceasing to strive solely for the good of his own insignificant individual self and by bending his energies with dedication toward serving the whole. His personal interests, his heart and mind would thus become co-extensive with the heart and mind of humanity at large. So would he cease to be petty and individual, so become one with the whole, and so become great.

Each unselfish, poised and spiritually growing man is a centre of constructive force. The silent benefit that he confers upon humanity is continuous and incalculable.



TO DAMODAR

*Was Faith thy bright star,
And Devotion thy compass,
Which led thee so far*

*From the shrine of Adyar,
From the Light to seek the Flame,
Daring, hoping Damodar,*

*Into darkness, so frail and free,
Struggling, climbing a Calvary,
To Their home near Shigatse?*

*Thy great quest, O wondrous man,
Typifies the soul's long span
Through the planes to Devachan,
And from thence to incarnation.
Will this imminent visitation
Be thy great renunciation?*

*Like St. John, O Damodar,
Thou wilt help the preparation
For His coming—glorious Avatar!*

*White Knight of the Sangrail!
Victory-crowned, triumphant,
King o'er self—Hail!*

*No hero of the Table Round
Like thee, O Damodar,
In ancient lore is found.*

*Ne'er climbed a Parsifal or Titirel
From height sublime to greater height
Where They, the Blessed, dwell!*

DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR

By Adelia H. Taffinder

AMONG the names which adorn the early annals of the Theosophical Society is that of Damodar K. Mavalankar. To those who are familiar with his phenomenal record his name must ever stand for an ideal, for he could

“In spite of the stare of the wise, and the world’s derision,
Dare follow the star-blazed road, dare follow the vision”
which led him to the feet of his Master.

Damodar was born in 1857 as a Brahmana. He has related that he was a very delicate child and that the first event of his life occurred in his childhood, when, exhausted by a fever, there appeared to his inner vision a mighty One who smiled tenderly upon him and promised to protect him. This vision he never forgot, and when he heard of the Theosophical Society he at once sought the founders who were at that time in Bombay, becoming a member of the Society August 3, 1879.

He was called “the disinherited” because he gave up fortune, caste and family in order to devote himself completely to the Theosophical work. He made most remarkable progress during the five and a half years that he was a Fellow of the Theosophical Society. We are told that in his childhood he had been betrothed, as is the custom in India, but the life of renunciation and unselfish service to the ideals which he had found in Theosophy changed his life plan. He had inherited some 50,000 rupees, which he transferred to his father with the agreement that it should be the maintenance of his intended wife and that she should live in his father’s house. Through him, his father and uncle joined the Society and for a time they were enthusiastic members, but this did not last long and their reaction caused Damodar much mental suffering. They tried to force him to reinstate himself in his caste and to carry out his marriage vows. But he had utterly consecrated himself to his Master and threw himself unreservedly into his arduous tasks with a zeal which has few parallels. He carried on much correspondence for the Society and many of his letters were printed in the early numbers of *The Theosophist*. Colonel Olcott said that Damodar would write until very late at night, then throw himself down on the floor of the office for a few hours’ sleep, when he would arise and continue his clerical work.

When the headquarters were moved from Bombay to Adyar, Damodar became the recording secretary of the Society. Mr. Leadbeater states that his own diploma of fellowship bears the signature of Damodar, and there are at least two members in California who greatly prize letters written about 1880 by this "knight without fear and without reproach."

Some of the articles which he contributed to *The Theosophist* have been published in the book *Five Years of Theosophy*. In one of these, *The Sages of the Himavat*, he relates several experiences of meeting his Master. He says: "I had the good fortune of being sent for and permitted to visit a sacred ashrama where I remained for a few days in the blessed company of several of the Mahatmas of the Himavat and Their disciples. There I met not only my beloved Gurudeva and Colonel Olcott's Master but several others of the Fraternity, including One of the highest."

This corresponds to the statement made by Colonel Olcott that in November, 1883, Damodar was missed one morning at Adyar and was absent sixty hours. Mme. Blavatsky relieved the anxiety of the household by saying that he had gone to his Master but would soon return. Colonel Olcott was deeply impressed by the great change that transpired in Damodar during his absence; his extreme timidity and reserve had been changed into strong self-reliance.

Through his correspondence he tried to clear away many misconceptions in reference to contemplation. In regard to that subject he says that just as the physical body requires incessant attention to prevent the entrance of a disease, so also the inner man requires an unremitting watch, so that no conscious or unconscious thought may attract atoms unsuited to its progress. He urged the great need of guarding Self against self, declaring that the first requisite for perfection is purity of heart.

In a letter from Adyar, dated January 8, 1883, he gives this counsel: "He who wishes to rise superior to the maya which pervades this world must do so by breaking those adamant chains which hold him a prisoner in this transient world. When these chains are once snapped, the cloud will be gradually swept away from off your sight and your vision will be clear to perceive the truth. This is the great secret of accomplishing the end; but, although said in these few words, it embodies a grand philosophy which unfolds gradually to him who rightly follows the path. No Guru will ever come to you; pretenders you may find many, but a real Master we must approach and force our way to. If, by irresistible and strong will-power and indomitable courage and moral purity, we are determined and set about to work in the right direction, we cannot but force our way to a Guru, who cannot refuse taking us as pupils. Remember that the purer and more spiritual the man, the more sensitive is his heart to

all pure attractions. If we, therefore, by our own will force our way, we touch the chord which cannot help taking us to the proper channel."

Damodar gave Madame Blavatsky unselfish devotion, for he regarded her as the representative in his life of the Master whom he so deeply revered. When she left India, he started on a long and perilous quest to seek his Master on the Himalayan heights. He left Adyar February 23, 1885, willing to risk all for the sake of winning knowledge and power for the helping of humanity. According to arrangements, he met, near the Tibetan frontier, a friend who brought him a costume of that country and, sending a letter back by his coolies, he resolutely began his holy quest which took him through jungles and over mountain heights until he had reached his Master's ashrama.

More than twenty-eight years have passed since that event, and Damodar has remained ever since in the presence of his Master. It is stated by good authority that he is waiting for the time when he shall be sent forth into the world to do his Master's will.

A LETTER

Adyar, Madras, 8th January, 1888.

My Dear Sir and Brother:

. Many are the men, my friend, who take exoteric rites and formularies to be truths, and they suppose that whatever is written in any religious book is to be understood and practised literally.

And to be able to perceive the hidden truth there is but one way, viz., by physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual development and purification, so to strengthen the intuitive faculties as will enable them to penetrate at once to the substance. You speak about abstinence, but remember the article "The Elixir of Life" in the March and April Nos. of the *Theosophist* (Vol. III) well and study it carefully. *It is no use to fast so long as you feel the necessity of eating.* The whole groundwork of spiritual progress then comes to this: *check your desires and learn to control your mind.* And if you will think over it a little you will find the rationale of the philosophy. The desires and the passions are, so to say, chains (*real magnetic chains*) which bind down the mind to these earthly, carnal enjoyments, and appetites.

According to our Indian Rules, a chela is accepted for practical occultism either at the second or third cycle of his age at the latest. This is no whim or caprice on the part of the venerated Masters; all Their rules and laws are based upon a thorough comprehension of

the hitherto unknown laws of nature, and a better knowledge of the humanity which surrounds Them. Modern science even has found out that after each seven years the body of a man is entirely changed. You will thus perceive that for the body to be changed so completely within seven years, the process must be going on gradually all the time, and the new body that is thus formed is entirely of the man's own making, for this process of the emission and the attraction of atoms is going on all the time. If therefore, knowing this secret, the man controls his desires and passions all the time, so that he will emit from himself those atoms that are not suited for his progress, at the same time giving them a good tendency so that they may not prove a nuisance to others, and if he attracts only those atoms which are suited to his progress, then the body he will have formed will be entirely his own creation, and he can use it in any way he likes. For the completion of this process seven years are necessary. You will thus see why the probationary period is fixed for seven years. It is no arbitrary rule, but the necessary condition exacted by nature itself. This is the reason also why the neophyte has always to guard Self against self; *i.e.*, he must watch all the time his desires and passions, so as to prevent them from attracting atoms unsuited to spiritual progress. When, therefore, the third cycle of a man's age is past, his vitality is, in the first place, expended in directions opposed to spiritual progress; in the second place, his mind has been wont to run into channels which are inconsistent with psychical development and from which it is extremely difficult to turn it into correct grooves. Hence chelas are admitted and brought up from their young age. You yourself know the proverb that you can bend a young plant but not an old tree. Perhaps you will say that if chelas have to force their way to the Masters, how can children (for under twenty-one they cannot be properly called men) be expected to do what advanced persons find so difficult? Here, then, my friend, remember that no one becomes an adept in one life. Before a person can have the privilege of being admitted as a chela even, he has to pass through a succession of lives, and *prepare* himself *theoretically* for the task. I do not know but that according to western notions this may sound strange; but, nevertheless, it is a fact. The man has to study theoretically first, and develop within himself this germ of adeptship, before he can ever hope to approach the Secret Sanctuary in any capacity. Here then is the chance for you. *Live the life*, and prepare yourself for a future rebirth under more favorable and advantageous conditions and circumstances. Keep always in mind that a man spins his own web in which he entangles himself, and if these meshes press hard upon him they are all of his own making. The law of Karma—that Immutable Force of Nature—which governs the universe, is strict and just as Justice, cannot but be strict and

severe, and if we allow ourselves to be swayed by undesirable influences, we have to blame none but ourselves. Utilize this life of yours, then, for securing a happy future. By the means pointed out to you already, prepare yourself to perceive the truths which are not given to all to comprehend, and gain as much mastery as you can over the theoretical side, assisted by psychical development. This you cannot achieve better than by *realizing* the grandeur and the intellectual eminence of the leading idea of our society, *viz.*, Universal Brotherhood of Humanity. The various Theosophical publications must by this time have given you a glimpse of the fact that this idea is the first step on the ladder leading to the attainment of that most difficult of all accomplishments—Nirvana. If you will thoroughly comprehend the germs of philosophy contained in that one idea, you cannot but try your best to promote and propagate it as far and wide as possible. Remember that humanity is but a part of nature, and to attain Nirvana one must identify himself with nature and *through* humanity to thus merge into universal totality; this you will see can be done only by a thorough comprehension and proper study of the sublime idea of Brotherhood. There lies the path then—identify yourself with nature through humanity, by means of the development of an unselfish philanthropic feeling and fitting acts, and thus mend your own future.

With best wishes and kind fraternal regards,

Ever yours sincerely and fraternally,

Damodar K. Mavalankar.

Reprinted from *The Theosophist*, December, 1908.



"You specially in a former letter referred to Damodar, and you asked how it could be believed that the Brothers would waste time with a half-educated slip of a boy like him, and yet absolutely refuse to visit and convince men like _____ and _____, Europeans of the highest education and of marked abilities.

"But do you know that this slip of a boy has deliberately given up high caste, family, friends and an ample fortune, all in pursuit of the truth? That he has for years lived that pure, unworldly, self-denying life which, we are told, is essential to direct intercourse with the Brothers?"

Hints on Esoteric Theosophy, pp. 185-6.

THE DREAM OF THE STAR

By Elisabeth Severs



SLEEP fell on me one evening as I lay lazily watching my study fire, and I dreamt a strange dream. I, a plain business man, who hitherto had known nothing of dreams, dreamt as I have written here.

I dreamt that I stood in a fair garden situated on a high plateau of a mountain range, a garden which commanded an extensive view of wide and fertile Eastern plains. Beside me was, I knew, One who also watched and waited, but whom I could not plainly see although I felt His presence. I felt I was not worthy to see the unseen One face to face, but the sense of His presence rested on me like a benediction.

The wonder of what I saw diverted my attention from the silent, unseen Watcher, as I marveled at the spectacle before me. The world and all it held seemed spread out before my vision as I gazed, and the sight of the low-lying distant plains yielded to a wider wonder. The continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia stood in turn exposed before my eyes.

Over this spectacle of a world spread out in continents, countries, towns, villages, seas and rivers, hung, high in the heavens above my head, a gigantic five-pointed silver Star whose light reached and illuminated every quarter of the world it shone upon, so huge was this Star, so intense its light. The world was made bright by the pure radiance of the light which glowed from the heart of the Star, for it was from its centre, I perceived, that its light poured out over every inch of space. And my eyes rested on the Star until, wearied by its brilliance, I lowered them to rest once more upon the earth beneath its glow. As I gazed steadily upon that outstretched world, I began to see innumerable little lights starring its surface and, bending my gaze more intently upon these, I saw that in reality they also were tiny twinkling five-pointed stars. They were not stationary—these little stars—as was the huge five-pointed one hanging motionless poised in space, but these were ever actively in motion, moving here, there and everywhere, until the earth seemed as gemmed with silver stars as the night sky with its silvered and innumerable points of light. My gaze cleared as I looked from the earth below to the Star above, and I perceived that the Star in the heavens was con-

nected by long shining rays of light with all the little stars below. No star on earth but was united to the Star above, and the rays of light that connected the terrene and the heavenly stars spread like a network of light from heaven to earth and over all the earth, while the Star in the heavens shone ever over the head of the unseen Watcher in the garden heights.

I left the fair mountain garden, in my dream, and the mighty Figure I could not see, yet whose deep influence I felt, seemed to bless me as I went. I journeyed among the different nations of the world to ascertain if I could learn from any the meaning of the huge heavenly Star and the reason for its connection with the unseen Watcher and with the tiny moving stars, and what they also signified. And as I walked among the men of earth I noticed their differences and their likenesses. Alike were all men in the broad, general outlines of form and figure. They shared also the same desires, were moved by the same emotions, and yet everywhere men displayed a difference of character, of capacity and of temperament. They varied even in detail of form as the leaves of a tree vary. As no two leaves are ever found, though they hang twin sisters from one twig, exactly similar in size or shape or coloring, so each man had in him some characteristic that marked him off from all other men, nay, divided him from his brother though born at the same time of one mother's womb.

I noticed as I journeyed from land to land—traveling as it seemed with the speed of thought through the dividing space—that the little silver stars I had seen from the distant garden on the Himalayan range were worn as a badge or symbol on the breasts of some men and women. Wherever they went, these wearers of the five-pointed star, their symbol accompanied them and over all the world this shining badge moved and shed its radiance. That was why the earth was as if star-sown. I noticed also that the men and women who wore this symbol, though of different races, of varying ranks of life and of different thought and religions, yet showed some common characteristics. They were not sad or restless or greedy for money or fame, these wearers of the silver star, as most men were—they seemed on the contrary serenely happy, quietly occupied and always contented with what life had given them. A sure hope and a certain joyous anticipation shone in their eyes, while their faces denoted a calm strength and a steady endurance. They were too occupied, I fancied, to care over-much for luxury or for pleasure; for the one thing that particularly struck my attention concerning the "star-wearers," as I called these people, was that they were always busy. They were not occupied, either, as so many people were, in devices to kill time, in idle gossip or the playing of some trivial game; their work was of a serious or high order.

I found the silver star shining on the breasts of those taking part in the councils of kings. I saw it illuminating the uniform of the soldier, the coat of the teacher, even in some few cases the garb of the priest. I saw that the soldier felt that in battle his star would give him increased courage and confidence to do his duty at whatever cost to himself. I saw the priest pointing to the star he wore as he preached to a vast assembly, or blessed the last hours of some dying man. I saw the teacher daily holding up the silver star as he addressed the children in the class-room and I saw the light that glowed in his eyes, as he spoke of the star, reflected on his pupils' faces. As I passed from scene to scene the star seemed to beckon me to follow where it led, and I went gladly.

I saw its silver gleam in the laces of the great lady at the ball or banquet. In the glorious triumph the singer's gift of song brought to her, I saw her fingering the shining emblem. The fever nurse in the hospital wore it, hanging on a silver chain beneath her neat print gown. Many a wife and mother, rich and poor alike, wore the star and looked to it for courage, help and consolation when the trials and responsibilities of life weighed heavily on them or when the cry of Rachel was heard in their homes. Children of all ages wore the star; their fathers and mothers pinned it on their breasts with glad yet solemn words of gift and dedication. And I pondered over many things as I walked slowly onwards.

I remembered how in my distant journeyings, wherever I had seen many wearers of the silver star in any particular nation, town, or even village, the inhabitants seemed more contented with their lot than in other places where the silver star did not so often shine. I thought of a small and crowded island in the northern seas where I had seen more wearers of the silver star than in any other land of what is called the older world. I remember how, until the past few years, it was common talk that much dark discontent and hopeless misery had brooded over this land like a stifling and gloomy pall, for workmen and employers had looked on each other as enemies and not as co-workers. Riot had frequently broken out and bloodshed followed and I knew that an armed force had even had to guard the nation's food as it was carried through the streets, while angry and desperate men, foul-faced women and dastardly youths menaced the wagons and their defenders. Man's hand was too often against his fellow man's in those sad times, and even sex was against sex in those days that seemed so distant and were so near, and men's hearts were heavy within them for fear of the future, and many lamented—aye, even the wise and learned—and said that the glory of their country had departed and that the days of her decadence were at hand. Then I saw how the silver star had first shone in the heavens, and then how men had begun to cherish its semblance and to wear it

as a symbol and gradually, very gradually, some men realized that all men were their brothers and not their enemies, and they tried honestly and sincerely to understand each other's difficulties and to feel as their brothers felt.

Some of these latter were business men, I saw, who employed some thousands, some hundreds, tens or even units of their brother men, and these men set the example of treating their workmen kindly and fairly. They arranged that those they employed had wages sufficient not only to feed, clothe and house the body, but had a surplus wherewith to supply the needs of the emotions and the intellect. For those who wore the star said that man erred mainly through ignorance and it was their duty to instruct him. Ground down by poverty, housed worse, often, than the mindless brutes, coarsened by environment, was it any wonder, these wiser employers argued, that the workman was surly and suspicious and that crime and despair made the country miserable. So these wearers of the star, who cared more to make their workmen wise and happy than to heap up money, set an example of liberality in wages that was, at first, jeered at or resented by other employers, but which gradually became a standard that was copied when it was noticed that the business of these men flourished when others' dwindled and which, finally, was insisted on by the force of public opinion. Slowly an improvement set in between men and employers and much misery was averted.

I saw that in the councils of kings it was wearers of the star who brought about among the nations wise and far-reaching measures of statesmanship concerning political and social reform, which struck the death-blow to some of those foul cankers which eat away a nation's life. The women of the different lands were now set free to employ their time and their strength as they listed in the service of their country, and woman was contented and the home, the family and the state benefited.

In education also, I saw how the wearers of the star had won some notable triumphs. Common sense and physiological knowledge had won the day over "red tape" and long-established custom. Each child was carefully studied, and the attempt was made to develop the best that was in him, and to give him an educational environment in which he could find himself and develop his innate capacities.

In art, in the world of music, literature, drama, painting and sculpture, star-wearers were many. They produced works which were distinguished by a genuine creative faculty which devoted itself always to the depicting of the beautiful and true, the immortal and the divine. These artists had driven out of fashion (for no man really admires the ugly and the meretricious when the real and the beautiful is before him) that low style of art—if art it can be called—which only stimulates the lower emotions and appeals to the baser side of

man. A beautiful and creative art, which many wiseacres had formerly declared was dead in this modern world, was now vividly alive and worthily fulfilling its great role of shadowing forth to men, by glimpses of partial beauty, the one Beauty—God. I noticed that even many of the young children of the time seemed to have been moulded by the prevailing influence of this spiritualized art to a greater regularity of feature and a more graceful development of figure.

Though in established forms of religion the wearers of the star did not often figure, yet its influence on the religious world was very great, for I saw that many priests and many ministers of religion who did not wear the symbol were yet illuminated by its light and had learnt, if perchance unconsciously, much from its wearers. All religions had become in consequence more liberal in doctrine and more charitable in character, for all religions were united to the influence of the unseen Watcher, over whose head shone the great silver Star in the heavens, by the tiny silver stars of men which repeated something of His influence, and testified to His presence and inspiration. So all religions now taught that God is Love and leads His children to a closer knowledge of Himself by love; that God is the loving Father of all men and not of the few elect alone. Gone forever, I saw, confined and past, in the limbo of many dead doctrines, was the cruel blasphemy of an angry and jealous God who condemned to eternal loss any of the sons of His own being and nature. Words of sorrow and of fear were now banished from the liturgies and songs of the churches; expressions of joy and confidence reigned in their stead. The perfecting of man was preached in every religion of the time, and the means to reach this perfection were systematically taught and many welcomed the teaching of the ancient narrow way that leads men to their goal.

The wearers of the star were ever, I saw, the pioneers of this way and cheered its pilgrims with their hope and their sure certitude of victory. They taught the people to reverence those who were wiser and more experienced than themselves and to pay them both outer and inner reverence. They repeated the ancient saying that the wise man had to become as a little child; they told all to love the highest that they knew and to count it as the greatest privilege of life to give themselves in love and service to God and man, asking for nothing in return but liberty to love and serve. They showed that the way to spiritual progress was by control and proper use of the creative faculty in man as regards thought, desire and action, and that the man who set his face steadily towards the goal and neither faltered nor lingered by the way was he who won the prize. They insisted that happiness was spread by kindness of speech and action and gentleness of demeanor to all. Continually they spoke of One for whose

coming they looked—the Lord of Love, they named Him—and they bent their heads in reverence and their eyes glowed as they spoke His name; for at His coming, they said, the grievous wounds of the world would be healed, its problems solved, and the hearts of many men would be laid in glad adoration at His feet. I saw that His image was always treasured in their thoughts and that “in His name” they did all their daily work.

I crossed, it then seemed, the ocean; from the Old to the New World I traveled and in this New World also the glimmer of the star showed forth. In the states, towns, villages and scattered lonely farmhouses where the star-wearers lived, was also a greater spirit of happiness, and a great contentment manifested itself and peace was replacing strife. Children were supremely happy in the homes where the silver star was worn, for the parents treated them as souls, immortal and divine spirits, to whose unfolding it was their high privilege to minister, and not as inferiors to be either cowed or cajoled into obedience. Those gatherings were above all happy and successful which were held, as many were, in honor of the five-pointed silver star, for then all present were, I recognized, one in a common hope and sharing in a confident expectation of great joy.

The wearers of the star were, in fact, the leaders in every effort for moral, social and religious reform in their communities in the New World as in the Old, and the star, at which so many had once jeered, was beginning to be held in general esteem. I noticed also that the silver star acted as a unifying force among men and nations. When one wearer of the star met another, though he was a stranger, he greeted and treated him as a brother. As the star shone in every continent of the world and illuminated every nation, it drew the continents and people together. Suspicion and jealous watchfulness were not so prevalent among the nations as in former days, it seemed to me. The silver star seemed to carry a message of peace to all men, and the nations were beginning to recognize that it was better to live at amity with one another and to settle disputes by wise councils and careful deliberations than to appeal to force and clash of arms like the brute animals who, when angered, fall on one another and try who can first rend the other to pieces.

I espied a figure on whose breast glittered a five-pointed golden star. It was an elderly woman who wore this symbol, a woman of authority and power, I perceived, with a noticeable simplicity and gentleness of demeanor. So gracious was she, so kind and merciful her look, that the curious sense of dumbness, of inarticulateness, that had hitherto held me mute seemed to melt away in her presence. I ventured to ask this lady to explain to me the inner meaning of that I saw.

I told this wearer of the golden star (and she listened with a ready

comprehension and an evident sympathy) of my many travels since I had first beheld in that mountain garden the mystery of the Star in the heavens connected with the terrene stars below. I prayed her to explain to me the reason for the appearance of the heavenly Star and the purpose for which it manifested, and the connection between the Star above and the Watcher whom I could not see and the miniature stars below, and why the wearing of the star produced such wonderful results in the hearts and lives of men. And when I had finished—and I was half ashamed to find how long my story was, but she listened with a sweet patience that reassured me—the lady smiled on me and began to speak. She told me that but a few years ago it began to be whispered that a great Teacher would soon appear to teach the world and to help the people to know God more perfectly and to love and serve their fellow men more fully, and that then first came the marvel of the huge five-pointed Star in the heavens.

"But few there are," she said to me, "who have eyes to see the sign of the heavenly Star and fortunate, very fortunate, you may account yourself to be that your eyes have seen its glory, for it is the symbol of the near coming of that Great One for whom we look."

"The Lord of Love," I said, "for so I have heard them call Him."

"Yes, the Lord Maitreya, He whose name means kindness, the Lord of Love and Teacher of men and of angels," she answered, and her face seemed transfigured as she spoke the words, and she raised her clasped hands as if in salutation.

"The heavenly Star shines ever in the heights," she said, "watching over the worlds as the Lord Maitreya, Him you name the unseen Watcher, waits and watches in His far-off mountain garden. The wearers of the star wear it as a sign to all the world that they look for the coming of a World-Teacher and that they are His, His in body, soul and mind, for they have given themselves to His service and ask for no higher privilege in life than to prepare the way for His coming. The wearing of the star has transformed many of its wearers into a far-off semblance of Him they worship, for they have successfully cultivated in themselves the qualities that are preeminently His, those of strength, gentleness, sympathy, comprehension and, above all, wisdom-love.

"For how could the Lord of Love," she said, and her voice took on a sad, almost plaintive tone, "come to a world of men that hated one another, come to a world where the nations were so busy with wars and rumors of wars, within and without? And so a few of the wisest people of the day, men and women who possessed direct knowledge of the way in which the world is guided in its evolution, founded this Order of the Star to which all who wear the star belong, and the members undertook to cultivate in themselves the qualities that they knew the Teacher would manifest that they might know Him when He comes.

They willingly consented to give themselves, their time, their thought, all that they had or were, to attempt to so ameliorate the world conditions that He might soon be able to manifest Himself. They worked to place even the poorest in a position to recognize the Lord when He passes by. They endeavored to indicate lines of study and thought which would instruct the educated classes in the possibility of the Lord's appearance. The spiritually-minded they taught to cherish the promise of His advent in their hearts and by their purity of thought and devotion of life to cleanse the world His feet will tread. Some in the Order went out into the highways and hedges and compelled, by the potency of their loving words and deeds, attention to that they proclaimed.

"There is work for all in the Order of the Star," she said, "and so, as you have noticed, among our workers are peasants and princes. Though we are still comparatively few in numbers compared with the multitude of men, the work we have effected is vast and out of all comparison with our numbers or our strength. And why? Your own eyes have seen the explanation. Each wearer of the star is connected with the Lord Maitreya, whose emblem he wears in his heart and on his breast. It is from this real and intimate connection that each derives his strength and his ability to serve. Did you not tell me that you noticed, as you passed from land to land, that it was the wearers of the star and those whom they had influenced who were the leaders in the different departments of activity? I tell you the inspiration under which they worked, which drew to them the thoughts, the hearts of men was not their own. It came from Him, the Lord of Love, who ever watches over His servitors and aids them in their work for Him. He gave to the musician the melody, the theme, which lifted his audience from thoughts of earth to those of heaven. He placed before the eyes of the painter and the sculptor the outlines of beauty which reveal something of the divine beauty. He gave to the poet, the writer, the words and the thoughts which speed to the hearts of men and serve as inspiration on their upward way. In all that the wearers of the star have done and are doing it is the Lord who guides and works, and so their labor is blessed. And we who wear the star," she said, and reading the question I dared not ask, "golden or silver, it matters not—the golden but means increased responsibility—are blessed beyond all other men, for ours is the high privilege of serving the Lord. A few, as you know, have seen His Star in the East and glimpsed or guessed at His presence, but they show the greater receptivity who have believed in Him without that sight.

"The days of His coming are at hand," she continued, "we now expect Him daily, almost hourly."

As she spoke the words I looked up, to see a form approaching

in the far distance, about which seemed to hang a radiant glowing cloud. It was the figure of a man, I saw, coming ever nearer and nearer and walking encompassed in glory. A man taller than the majority of men, erect and broad-shouldered, noble and dignified in bearing, came toward us. Dark-skinned He was, an oriental by birth it was evident, and yet a curious and indefinable radiance seemed to illuminate the dark pallor of his skin. The beauty of His face it is beyond my poor words to picture. Regular in feature and set in dark waves of curling hair, a short pointed beard but half hid the strong lines that gave force and character to his look. But it was His eyes that held and fascinated my gaze. Deep pools of light they were, fringed with dark lashes of extraordinary length and thickness, eyes from which wisdom and pity, compassion and unfathomable love seemed to radiate. As He drew nearer, bathed, aureoled in the bright golden light that enveloped Him from head to foot—and far beyond His body the light extended—His glance seemed to fall on us. I felt His gaze as it were a flash of light penetrating my very soul, and I dared not look longer on this wondrous man. As he approached I heard a half sob, half exclamation, from my companion (the woman wearing the golden star) who had hitherto been standing gazing, her soul in her eyes, as if rooted to the spot.

"It is the Lord," I heard her whisper, "the Lord Himself, the Lord Maitreya," and she ran forward to meet the approaching figure to do Him reverence, and sank on her knees before Him in the dusty road. He bent over the kneeling figure—this man who surely seemed not man alone but an incarnate God, so royal His demeanor, so divine His face—and laid His hand in benediction on the woman's head. So strong was the feeling of love and of power that flowed from Him as He stooped over the kneeling woman, so glorious glowed the light that encircled Him, that I could bear the sight no longer. I also flung myself in the dust of the road. I heard the sound of His feet drawing nearer. I heard—did my ears deceive me?—a murmur of benediction descending on me also, but I dared not raise my eyes. I heard the sound of His feet dying away in the distance and then for a brief time I knew no more. The Lord of Love had come to bless His world and I was content to lie worshiping awhile in the dust of the road which His feet had pressed. But presently, almost immediately, a fierce hunger to see again that radiant figure, those tender eyes, awoke in me and entirely possessed me. I arose and quickly followed the distant glory I could yet perceive.

The sound of rejoicing was in my ears. He had spoken words of blessing, and angels and men celebrated His coming and sang His praises, and chants of joy were, it seemed to me, all around me. An odor of exceeding sweetness filled the atmosphere He had breathed, and if every flower on earth had yielded of its perfume to do Him

honor, the air could not have been sweeter. In truth I perceived that in the road He had trodden lilies and roses, carnations and narcissus, the sweet-smelling violet and strange tropical flowers of exceeding brilliance of hue and surpassing sweet odor were blossoming. The dry and dusty country road had become a fragrant avenue of tender and lovely blooms.

As I drew nearer to the majestic figure of the Lord of Love—and love it was which winged my feet to follow Him—I perceived that the rumor of His coming had quickly spread. From road, from by-path, from adjacent houses, wearers of the star were flocking to welcome their Lord. I saw Him soon surrounded by a vast concourse of kneeling people over whom He spread His arms wide in benediction, while over His head shone—oh, marvel of marvels!—flaming so that all could surely see its glory, the huge heavenly silver Star. And from the heavenly Star and from the mighty Figure over whom it shone flowed out innumerable tiny silver cords of light going to east and west and north and south bearing, I knew, to each wearer of the silver star, in whatever quarter of the globe he lived, the glad message of the coming of the Lord of Love, the Lord Maitreya Himself.

I awoke, and a marvel happened. As I lay in my chair pondering over my dream, my eyes fixed on, without seeing, the smouldering glow of the fire before me, a friend came quietly into my room and on his breast, in the lapel of his coat, shone a small five-pointed silver star. I rubbed my eyes; I thought I was still half dreaming, but the delusion persisted, the star was there. He noticed my glance and my bewilderment.

"You admire my star?" he asked.

"Why do you wear a five-pointed silver star?" I demanded abruptly. "Tell me; it is not idle curiosity, believe me. I have just had an extraordinary dream about that symbol."

"Tell me first your dream," he said, looking interested, "and then I will tell you why I always wear this star and what it means to me."

I told him what I have written here, and as I finished he took the star from his coat and pinned it on my breast.

"You are certainly one of us," he said, "and so should wear this star." And he told me in a few words of the formation of the Order of the Star in the East and its principles.

"Pray God that the promise of your dream be fulfilled, and quickly," he concluded.

"I have seen, if but in dream, the Star in the East and its Lord," I answered, "and I believe the portent. I *will* wear the symbol of His coming and will give all I have and all I am to hasten the day of His advent."

SCIENCE TO LIFT THE VEIL

By Eva G. Taylor



THE era of materialistic science is passing; we might almost put it in the past tense. During the long process of involution, while the spiritual spark, the Divine Ego, was descending into the abyss of matter, the obscuration of higher planes was necessarily complete; materiality, that cross of the divine Spirit within, was a definite and essential factor in evolution. Its day is passing. There is no longer need for its obscuring veils and phantasmal illusions, for man has individualized up to the point where a higher work begins. He has turned from the lowest arc of his circle and is already on the upward curve toward spirit. Having learned his lessons, or many of them, from the forms of matter, he turns now toward the formless; further progress must be along that line. To rest content to grope amid the *débris* of matter without sensing the hidden life-principle is to atrophy, degenerate. Man as a thinking being cannot afford to do that.

The death knell of purely materialistic science was struck by Sir Oliver Lodge in his recent remarkable address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Birmingham. The new note in the gamut of science for the coming age is one in the *motif* of higher worlds.

The subject of life after death was treated in a masterly manner, and a plea entered in behalf of toleration and co-ordination in all the sciences. "The nature of man is a large thing," he said, "and intellect is only a part of it. It is, again, only a recent part, suffering from the crudity of newness. Motion and intuition and instinct are immensely older than science," which he declared to be a matter of the intellect merely. He deplored the attitude of dogmatic negation assumed by some scientists toward all which lies outside the possibility of laboratory experiment, adding that "even life itself cannot be detected in a laboratory except in its physical manifestation. If we say we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants and are falling far short of the richness and fulness of our human birthright."

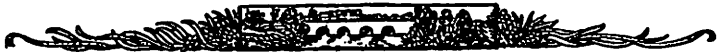
He declared his belief in the persistence of personality after death. The following excerpts from his address indicate the trend which the science of the future will take:

"From the point of view of science, evolution is a great reality.

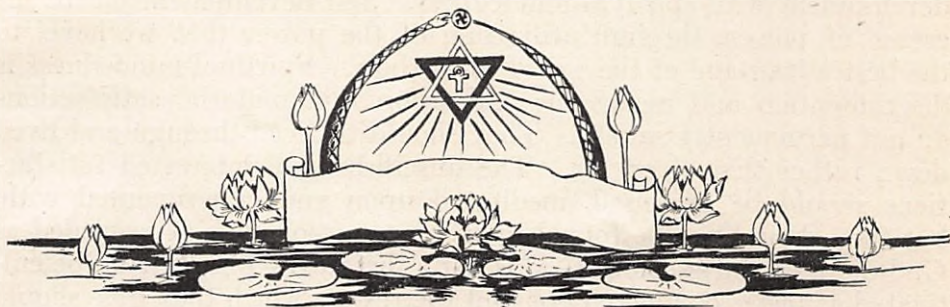
. . . That evolutionary progress is real, is a doctrine of profound significance. . . . I am one of those who think that the methods of science are not so limited in their scope as has been thought; that they can be applied much more widely and that the psychic region can be studied and brought under law, too. . . . In justice to myself and my co-workers, I must leave a record for conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science; that the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now; that personality persists beyond bodily death. The evidence to my mind goes to prove that discarnate intelligence under certain conditions may interact with us on the material side, thus indirectly coming within our scientific ken, and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm. A body of responsible investigators has, even now, landed on the treacherous but promising shores of a new continent."

His final appeal rings out gloriously like a battle-cry of the science of the future. "Men and brethren, we are trustees of the truth of the physical universe as scientifically explored; let us be faithful to our trust. Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it; the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal; and our methods are, we know, incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a principle of relativity here, and unless we encounter flaw or jar, or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind, therefore, to the imminent grandeur around us unless we have insight enough to appreciate the whole and to recognize in the woven fabric of existence flowing steadily from the loom, in an infinite progress toward perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God."

One of his chief counts against the attitude of modern science is that it "denies the existence of anything which makes no appeal to organs of sense and no ready response to laboratory experiment." He urges a belief in ultimate continuity as essential to science which will yet discover means to tear the veil of mystery from matters spiritual and occult.



"Orthodoxy, my lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, "orthodoxy is my doxy—heterodoxy is another man's doxy." [Quoted in *Priestley's Memoirs*, I: 572.]



DISCIPLINE, ITS STAGES, USES AND ABUSES

By Captain Hugh W. Gayer

THE whole of life is a discipline or training, a method of guiding the spiritual force, the will within us, into manifestation through matter. The laws of matter constitute its discipline. Life may be divided into four stages, each marked by its own form of discipline. Generally speaking, these four stages succeed each other in evolution although, to a considerable extent, they overlap and run concurrently.

The stages are marked by the kind of will that is coming into manifestation: first, the will to live; second, the will to think and act for oneself; third, the will to learn; and fourth, the will to make, mould or form. The disciplines corresponding to these four stages are: first, the discipline of the Group; second, of the Self; third, of the Teacher or Master; and fourth, of Life or God.

The spiritual force is that force in us which makes for evolution. It is the will, the will to power and to the realization of the ideals of beauty, goodness, truth, perfection, etc. Discipline is the resistance which the will encounters as it wells up from within us and strives to express itself in ideals. The purpose of discipline is to let only those ideals become permanent which are for the good of the whole.

Evolution gradually renders the individual powerful, harmonious and stable; for power, harmony and stability are among the highest ethical qualities. From power arise majesty and grandeur; from harmony love, beauty, peace and bliss; and from stability trust, con-

fidence and contentment. These ends are attained by uniting self-development with spiritual-mindedness. Self-development means increase of power, through utilization of the power that we have, to the best advantage of the world as a whole. Spiritual-mindedness is discrimination and means the realization that material satisfactions do not permanently satisfy. They should be lived through and lived down rather than lived for. The unselfish or disinterested satisfactions should be exercised, meditated upon and experimented with, but they should not be forced upon the consciousness or regarded as God-dictated duties, since God is not a dictator. They should be cultivated as tastes or inclinations and the results which they give should be carefully noted.

Just as the wise farmer sets aside certain plots for the trial of seeds or manures before embarking upon extravagant expenditure on novelties, so the wise ego, in directing his personality, seeks opportunities for testing the value of those more disinterested qualities which have been eulogized by religious teachers, philosophers and scientists. He takes nothing for granted, he just watches how things turn out in his own case. As he finds this or that particular department yielding good returns, he pays more attention to it and puts more of his capital and enterprise into it. The cultivation of unselfishness pays big dividends, but it seldom pays very quickly. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return unto thee—after many days." The length of time depends upon how far advanced you are already, which, in its turn, depends upon how much casting of your bread you have already done in this or past lives. The seed must be sown and time allowed for the crop to grow and the harvest to ripen, but even before the sowing the land must be cleared of the thorns and brambles and stumps which encumber it.

As we advance we learn to seek the more durable satisfactions which are based upon the grasping and realization of ideals rather than upon the gratifications of sense. Sensory pleasures rapidly pale and become wearisome. Disinterestedness, as I use the word, thus means that pleasures from thoughts should be developed in preference to those derived from direct sensations, because the former are permanent and stable whereas the latter are but transitory and diminishing. The comparatively impersonal pleasures derived from the furtherance of objects which transcend the self are those most to be relied upon, those which are most imperishable though also the hardest to acquire. This is brought out well in the second part of Faust. It is only when Faust looks around on the prosperity which has been produced by his administration that he is ready to say to the passing moment: "Stay." To give this upward direction to the will is the object of discipline.

To come, then, to the four stages of discipline: I shall take the

discipline of life first instead of last, since it runs through the whole of life, through all its stages and beneath all the other types of discipline, which are merely auxiliary aids to it. The resistance offered to the will by life is the discipline which produces that wisdom which is the oil to the lamp of love, the illuminator of the path. As Maeterlinck says in *Wisdom and Destiny*:

If you love, you must needs become wise; be wise and you surely shall love. Love is the food of wisdom, wisdom the food of love, a circle of light within which those who love clasp the hands of those above who both love and know and are therefore wise. Nor can anyone love with the veritable love but his love makes him better; and to grow better is but to grow wiser.

Let us, then, consider the discipline of life. When I say life I mean the whole of existence, the solar system, the Logos or God in whom we live and move and have our being. Browning says, in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, of this discipline of life:

He fixed thee mid this dance of plastic circumstance,
This present thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest;
Machinery just meant to give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed.

The laws of being or nature, the will of the Logos, discipline us by offering resistance to our will when we misapprehend the laws and strive in the wrong direction. In this way we gradually learn both what the laws are and how to act in harmony with them. So do we grow in wisdom and spiritual stature, in power to understand and radiate forth to the world that spirit of God which is love, and to the realization that the passage into creation of His love, through the channels which wisdom has formed in us, is that bliss which is heaven, that peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Let us consider, then, the first stage of evolution and discipline, the predominant will to live. The instinctive tendencies to nutrition and motion predominate in the consciousness and the disciplines needed are those of the family and other groups. This period lasts necessarily until adolescence and is a brief recapitulation or unfoldment of the course of evolution in previous lives. From that point start the lessons of this life, accompanied by the will to think and act for oneself, if one is in a stage of evolution that goes beyond group-discipline to self-discipline.

Group discipline acts by means of direct punishment, economic rewards, ostracism, excommunication, ridicule, the direction of the imitative tendencies, moral education and religious sanctions. The weapons which the groups use against the individual are fear, the sense of honor, the withholding of appreciation, even a positive effort to make the individual so uncomfortable that he will leave the group. If the individual is stronger than the group, he gradually modifies the group; if the opposite is the case, it modifies him or

throws him out. Owing to the human race having been under the dominion of the group-soul for countless generations before attaining humanity, the individual still remains for the earlier part of his evolution as a man practically under the control of not one but several group-souls. He is still gregarious and born with an inherent disposition to be affected by the proximity of neighbors and the attitude of those neighbors toward him.

There is a kind of special sensitiveness to the opinions of others which is almost like a sixth sense in some people. It belongs to the lower psychism and is often confounded with clairvoyance by those who know no better. Clairvoyance is to some extent a purified form of this sixth sense, purified because it is mental, or of the higher emotions, whereas the other is of the lower emotions of fear and apparent self-interest. Such people cannot realize that they are worth anything unless they see that worth reflected back in the consciousness of others. Every action is regulated, not by the desire of the individual controlled by his principles—that is, by self-discipline—but by the desire as influenced by the comment which will be the result of the action—that is, by the group discipline. Such people can only be said to be almost human, the lower animal part still preponderating, and this preponderance lasts till the beginning of the period of self-discipline.

Life under such conditions is gradually perceived to be a bitter sort of slavery, only alleviated by a perverse delight in making others suffer from the same evils as oneself. "If I can't be free, neither shall you be," appears to be the general but often subconscious mental attitude which causes the persecution of those who would fain break loose.

The complete breaking loose, the plunging into the stream which is called in Theosophy the first initiation, is exceedingly difficult. It cannot be attained through selfishness, but only through the perception that cruelty and persecution are due to pain, suffering or ignorance in those who are cruel and persecute, and that it is only by paying the price of freedom that one can help to free them. Although the price is apparently so heavy, one cannot complain that one has to pay it, since, to use a simile, one but pays a silver dollar to get a gold one in return. That, however, cannot be perceived until one has paid the price. It is a case of plunging, a case of taking a sporting chance at apparently very long odds, of believing, in spite of appearances, that it is the better way, that there really is a God and that there are Masters of Compassion. None of these things can really be known until the second initiation, when the fetter of doubt is one of those which are cast off.

At the time before initiation the group pressure toward the commonplace appears to be almost a species of disease in the social

organism, combining as it does a maximum of discomfort to the more individual spirits with the minimum of advantage to the community. It appears to put a premium on stupidity and weakness of character, to stamp out most of the joys of existence and to come as near being an unmixed evil as anything can be. In reality, it is merely a spur to the individual to enter either the left-hand or the right-hand path, his choice depending upon the development of his character or causal body.

For many incarnations he goes on taking the left-hand path, pays for it and is purified from the weakness that made him choose wrongly by suffering either on the physical plane during life or on the astral after death. He then passes through the heaven-world and back to earth for another attempt to pass the great gateway which stands at the entrance to the Path proper, and the valley of the shadow that lies between that gateway and the first initiation. At last he succeeds in passing all the dread guards of the abyss and then realizes that if he had had but sufficient courage and love all other things necessary might have been added to him through suffering at any one of his attempts. The trouble was, he was not really willing; that is, had not a strong enough will to pay the price of suffering that must be paid, to bear the growing pains that must be borne, the pangs of giving birth to his higher self upon the buddhic plane.

For an understanding of the way in which group pressure works in its subtlest form, the sense of honor and the sense of being an object of ridicule form good examples. These are the methods which still affect the fairly strong individuals. The sense of honor is an especial form of the desire for social recognition mixed with a certain element of purely personal self-respect. It is a sort of sublimated vanity. It is the great method for deflecting character, almost unknown to the person whose character is deflected or bent from the straight path of righteousness. Once a standard of honor has been set up, it forms a mental and emotional barrier which very few can pass. Many of the honor obligations of today, using the term in its widest sense of what is expected of a "gentleman" by the social code, the absurdity of which the uninitiated cannot yet realize, will hereafter be looked upon as dueling is now.

The fear that we may be made to look ridiculous is the converse of the sense of honor, and the former is almost as difficult to overcome from emotional reasons as the latter is from lack of clear mental vision. The sense of honor is found most strongly developed in the more educated and leisured classes and perhaps more especially in the fighting classes. The dread of being thought ridiculous is felt amongst the less well-to-do quite as strongly as elsewhere and is accentuated by the fact that partly educated people, especially those who have seen but little of the world and lived most of their time in

one environment, tend to regard all deviations from the customs amongst which they have been brought up as ridiculous.

Yet directly the dread of ridicule is faced it disappears and a rather pleasant sense of moral superiority and of the freedom which has been won takes its place. All the dragons in the path are but pasteboard dragons when seen from the further side. Even those who have ridiculed you cease to find it amusing when you cease to be affected by it; at all events, they are dimly aware of the alteration and their attitude of mind changes into either a sort of qualified approval or into indifference. Force of personality is largely derived from the power to bear ridicule or to appear singular without undue strain, but the power must be invariably exercised or it becomes weakened. That is why no opportunity should be lost of taking one's own line when it can be done without harm to others or to the real interests of the group, without mere eccentricity and with the approval of one's well-considered judgment.

To come, then, to the group disciplines themselves. The chief groups which exert their discipline upon the individual are: first, the family group; second, the social set or clique; third, the religious sect; fourth, the professional or labor group; fifth, the state.

Taking first the family group: The family pressure tends to subordinate the interests of the individual to those of the family and to promote the ends of the individual only so far as these subserve the aggrandizement of the family. The questions that arise for the individual are: Shall the family and the other groups be obeyed to the limit of human endurance or be regarded as to some extent hostile forces that may be eluded when it is possible to do so without undue danger? If obedience is given, must it be cheerful and thorough or need it only be grudging and unwilling? Must individuals look upon themselves with regard to the social organism as volunteers or pressed men? The answer to all these questions is another question: Is the individual sufficiently evolved to substitute self-control and self-discipline for social control and social discipline?

One of the aims of the Theosophical Society is to release individuals from social discipline by training them to self-discipline which develops the will to learn. This renders the individual ready for voluntary submission to the discipline of the Master which, in its turn, passes him on to the realization of the will, to power and the discipline of the life which is God.

The family functions actively and most admirably as a preventer of temptations until the individual is strong enough to cope with temptation, or with the consequences of yielding to temptation, and it is in this capacity that it claims a right of supervision over the course of reading, the associates and even the private opinions of its members. To the individual who is ready for greater freedom

the effort of the family to extend its jurisdiction beyond its proper limit, adolescence, is tyrannical.

The family is the great stifler of original and personal activities. It preaches a doctrine of so-called unselfishness which is only a high-sounding name for a course of conduct which ends in stagnation and in a negation of self-realization in its best sense. The individual, therefore, who is bent on directing his own desires into new channels has plenty of justification for developing himself on his own lines; the only question is, how can he do so? Before answering this question it will be best to consider the other group disciplines.

The discipline of the social set: Social sets seem to exist both for and by means of the setting up of group customs, habits and fashions for their members to follow. They take advantage of two qualities of the human personality, its imitativeness and its desire for social distinction, and they play on them until they create the suggestion in limited minds that their so-called "correctness" is in and for itself the great object to be attained. This correctness need not be righteousness or virtue of any kind; indeed, it may be foolish, indifferent, or even vicious. It need not be peculiarly suited for the development of the individual personality. Its one claim to recognition and existence is that it makes life easier and smoother when all the members of a group do the same thing at the same time and in the same way, thereby avoiding friction.

While recognizing this principle of convenience, the desirability of the group customs, habits and fashions is a matter for consideration in selecting which particular social groups one is fitted for and could easiest associate with. Before attempting to do so, it is necessary to understand how these customs, habits and fashions act upon individual development, so that each person may judge how his interests would be or are affected thereby. Take conditions where the power of the group is great and where the tendency to cohesion is strong. Such conditions are mostly to be found in the country, because there—at any rate, in England—a social set is a social class clearly marked off from those above it and beneath it by social pride. If an individual tries to rise above the social sphere where he is supposed to belong, it is imputed to him for that form of social unrighteousness known as "setting himself up"; if he is indifferent to keeping the position assigned to him, he is supposed to be "lowering himself" and is then reckoned to have naturally base tastes. There is no practical way of escape from all this except by removal to a large town where there is a greater variety of choice and the individual is not so easily kept track of.

In the country the bare idea that one too audacious individual should settle his own line of thought and action and at the same time remain unpunished is considered to be so revolutionary as to

be almost blasphemous. To the man who is ready to substitute self-discipline for social discipline, life in a large town is therefore one of the first essentials. The only other thing to do is to organize a set of one's own among the more revolutionary members who are to some extent suffering from the same conditions. It is just possible that such a small group may leaven the whole lump and introduce some of that tolerance, freedom and estimation of culture and intelligence which characterizes the better part of the larger centres.

Professional discipline: There are some professions, such as the army, in which it is considered necessary that almost every hour of the day should be spent in ways which meet with professional approval. A young officer is expected not only to do those things which are necessary for military efficiency, but to leave undone those things which regimental public opinion condemns, although no evidence could be produced to show that they would even remotely affect his personal capacities for command, either in peace or war. The reason given for this is that it is necessary for the attainment of *esprit de corps* that the officers should have a very intimate connection with each other and that only by their habitual sharing of the same pursuits can this intimacy come about. There is abundant evidence that the chief result on the individuals exposed to such conditions is that they tend to become somewhat commonplace, unoriginal and devoid of ideas, inclined to adopt unthinkingly the opinions of their class and to treat any variations from established custom as a species of minor wickedness.

There is, as I say, a tendency, a very strong tendency, in this direction but, nevertheless, the stronger individuals contrive to possess their own souls even under the pressure of this exaggeration of group discipline. The more usual result is, however, to show that if the personality can be restrained in its growth by depriving it of free initiative in the management of its own concerns and its interests stifled at the time of life at which they would naturally have grown, neither the personality nor the interests are able to reassert themselves later in life. On the other hand, in those who are strong enough to grow under such heavy pressure the growth is stronger and firmer and purer than it would otherwise have been.

Most of the liberal professions, however, do not find that their interests require that they should interfere with the private lives of their members to any considerable extent and so they do not in this respect require any discussion. Professional habits of course give a certain direction to the mind, but this is caused rather by the nature of the business which is undertaken than by any action of the profession regarded as a group consciousness. It is to a certain extent a further discipline, which might be called the discipline of work, moulding the will to do. We may say that social sets and some pro-

fessions tend to strengthen themselves at the expense of their members and especially of their weaker members.

We come next to the discipline of the religious sect, which often exerts an undue pressure in the direction of apparent conformity to sect opinion and custom. It is obvious that this is something very different from the religious emotions which spring up within the individual and from the feeling of personal relationship which he may have toward the Teachers or the Logos. In fact, the first is the discipline which curbs the second until the second becomes strong enough to break its bonds.

What the sects dread above all is indifferentism, the attitude of mind which stands clear of them all and proposes to conduct life without the authority of any religious organization whatsoever. A man can keep himself clear of all religious organizations and be just as sincerely reverential—perhaps more so, for unless he still has a need of the stimulus of a crowd, all more or less swayed by the same type of religious emotion, his own religious emotion may be all the more intimate and heartfelt and perhaps even of a higher quality.

What, then, do men find in these sects to make them become or remain members? It is partly the fact that the emotions of any one are increased by the joint emotion of the crowd as a whole; that is, the concentration of each in the same direction accentuates the depth of emotion in every separate consciousness. Unity is strength in the subjective world as well as in the objective, and there is the further practical benefit of the unified effort of many toward some common objective endeavor.

There is also the support which the whole body gives to each of its members in the living of the kind of life which they all agree is to be aimed at and in maintaining an attitude toward the spiritual side of the universe of which they all approve. For the very weak and imitative the sect is both a protection and an encouragement. The work of organization is managed by the stronger spirits and the more feeble get the benefit of their energy.

Two pernicious results arise from the pressure of too much sect discipline, of which the worst is the dwarfing of the personality, which occurs when one adopts one set of feelings or convictions when really desiring another set; the second is a tendency toward hypocrisy, pretending to have one set of feelings when really having another. Hypocrisy is considered to mean paying a lip service to virtue whilst being in taste and deed either lax or vicious, but it is not ordinarily used to include the having of one set of emotions or intellectual convictions whilst pretending to have another. Probably the best way to act is to keep silence on the points with which you do not agree until or unless you are definitely asked for your opinion on the subject. Silence will often be deemed to give consent, but

this is an error on the part of the deemers. A man would be a hypocrite in the full sense of the term who was of opinion that it was his duty to keep Sunday in the Puritan form and pretend to so keep it but actually spent it in revelry; but the man is something beyond—or, at least, different—who, having come to the conclusion that everyone is justified in spending that day as he thinks right, yet by his conduct and his speech leads others to believe that any deviation from the Puritan observance is worthy of severe condemnation. Yet even in this case his consciousness of his own rectitude is inevitably injured and so is his keen spiritual sense for what Montaigne calls “a relish of right and wrong.”

I shall pass over the discipline of the state, which is unimportant in this age and place, so far as we are concerned, and consider next the avoidance of group discipline and the transition to self-discipline. With all these group pressures exerted upon him, what chance has the individual of directing his own life, of substituting self-discipline for group discipline and of occupying his consciousness with the things that really belong to his peace? He starts his life with predispositions which are looked upon as hereditary by scientists of today and by Theosophists as brought over from his past life, and these different resistances or disciplines appear to block him in on all sides like giant mountains hemming in egress from a valley. His family bends his youthful mind to be one of its members rather than an individual. His religious sect turns his thoughts and energies to the glorifying of its very limited conception of the Divine, as an example of what its training can produce. His social clique ridicules his individual peculiarities until he becomes a copy of its own. The state encourages some courses of conduct and discourages others, if it does not absolutely forbid them, in order that every citizen may be a source of strength to itself.

What can the individual do in the way of self-direction when he is already so much pushed about and directed? That depends upon his ingenuity in what may be called, colloquially, “dodging of pressures”; in other words, his capacity, so to speak, of taking cover under fire and sheltering from one group behind another. The groups which exert the pressure develop more slowly than the individual so that the individual, if he will keep working on, eventually gets ahead of them and his individual consciousness becomes more wide awake and alert than the group consciousness. Further, the groups want different things and struggle against each other, at which time the wary individual comes by his own. Fortunately—more especially in large towns in countries like America—we have to deal with a world where there is at least a healthy variety of sects and social groups amongst which the individual can choose with a reasonable degree of freedom, where the family pressure breaks down or is not

exerted, as soon as the individual can become economically independent and where the state is on the whole reasonably tolerant of private opinion and peculiarities of private life. The task of the individual is, then, to get as wide a choice as he can and exercise that choice with as much wisdom as possible.

The trouble with many individuals is that they do not realize that they have any choice nor, when they are aware of exercising it, have they any more than the vaguest idea of how far it extends for practical purposes. The reason of this is that they have made attempts at a choice when young, the attempts have been baffled, and they think from that experience that this would invariably happen whenever new ones were made. They are easily discouraged by failures and have allowed a few failures to set up a habit of discouragement in their consciousness. The right way to deal with group pressures is not to make rash, wild rushes, but to take stock of all the circumstances and find out where the group pressure is strong and where the weakness lies. Its strength or weakness is due to two main sets of causes: the first set is inherent in the character of the group itself and the second set depends upon the qualities and character of the individual. In short, it controls the individual by its own elements of strength and his own elements of weakness. The individual can only overcome by strengthening his weak points and searching out the weak points in the group pressure; that is, by growth in mental ability or in character or in both. If you would tread the right-hand path, it is necessary to keep your character development ahead of your mental ability; otherwise, when you break loose from group control you will fail to pass the barrier to the right-hand path or to surmount the difficulties of the first stage of that path and will take the easier, but in the long run more painful, way of the left-hand path. Few there be who, having chosen the wrong path, have the courage to beat their way back to the junction and take the higher way.

The reason is that the left-hand path has the same deteriorating effect upon their fighting qualities that wintering in the city of Capua had upon the Roman soldiery. But there are some who heed the signs of warning upon the left-hand path and turn back and save some of their present life for progress. In the first life upon which the Path is attained this is usually the case. They start out upon the right-hand path, the path of probation, are discouraged, try the left-hand path, perceive the dangers ahead and turn again to the path of probation and steadfastly scale the barriers of the gateway and the mountain peaks of the first stage of the Path proper. Then in their next life, when they come to the parting of the ways, they instinctively, by virtue of the qualities stored up in their causal body, take the right path and go forward without much difficulty to the

point where they left off in their previous life, when they again renew the struggle for progress.

The chief weaknesses which give the groups their hold and render their discipline still needful to the individual are lack of economic independence, dislike of moral isolation, dread of ridicule, a tendency to be unduly imitative and a false sense of honor. To become economically independent, make yourself industrially or professionally efficient and adopt the simple life. The next three weaknesses all arise out of the gregarious instinct. They are only to be overcome by systematic self-training or self-discipline, by a constant use of the imagination to counteract them; in short, control of the vehicles is the main thing to be aimed at.

It is discrimination or spiritual mindedness which enables us to take the right-hand path; it is control of the vehicles that enables us to make progress on it; it is tolerance that enables us to make that progress without injuring those who are still held by the group-souls and used as barriers in our path; it is cheerfulness, confidence and love that enable us to help all those we meet, whether they be with us or against us; and it is one-pointedness or the desire to help that is the compass which enables us to find the Path through the apparently trackless wilderness; and, lastly, it is the help that we receive from those ahead that enables us to recognize the landmarks that show we are on the right road; so that, as we gradually learn the signalling system of the grand army, we increase in cheerfulness and confidence and emerge from the self-discipline of the path of probation to the discipline of the Master as an accepted disciple. We learn how to recognize the true lights and the true messages from the false and to communicate and co-operate with the leaders of the grand army. As Alcyone so well puts it:

*Waiting the word of the Master,
Watching the Hidden Light,
Listening to catch His orders
In the very midst of the fight;*

*Seeing His slightest signal
Across the heads of the throng;
Hearing His faintest whisper
Above earth's loudest song.*

For the scientific, psychological side of this exposition, so far I am greatly indebted to Stanley M. Bligh's *Direction of Desire*, a little book on directive psychology published by Henry Froude.

Self-discipline is the discipline exerted on the self by its own ideas of truth. In so far as these are in accord with the principles of the truth of life they are a safe guide, but a little experience of trying to

live by our own limited light generally convinces us that we have still much to learn and that life as a direct teacher is rather too far ahead of us. We then seek for some individual closer to us to guide us and eventually, moving from one group to another and from one teacher to another, as we outgrow these we come under the notice of one of the Masters and are taken on probation as a disciple and so we gradually grow from self-discipline to the discipline of the Master.

Much of Theosophical literature deals with the discipline of the Master, notably *At the Feet of the Master* and *The Path of Discipleship*.

I wish to deal with this part of the subject only from the point of view of the discipline that will be vouchsafed to us by the coming Master and of the reasons why we should grasp the exceptional opportunities that will be thus afforded us.

When the Master comes again shall we yield to His discipline or shall we inflict again that pain and longing that Jesus felt when He said: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" That was the agony of his inward spiritual crucifixion; a far, far sadder thing than his physical suffering on the cross, because so much more prolonged and on a higher plane. To a great extent that must necessarily be repeated in His coming ministry. Let us strive to lighten that burden, that realization that even He cannot save the world from its pain, its sorrows, its suffering, without the voluntary co-operation of the world, which in its weakness, blindness and hardness of heart it cannot give.

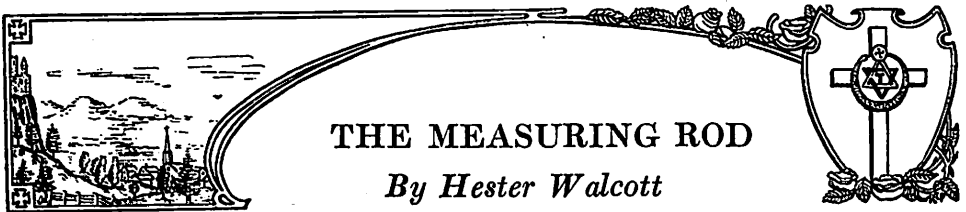
It is only the more advanced who will be able to accept His discipline of love and follow Him to that mount of sacrifice which He again must scale to give light to the world. Coming up from beneath, through the same difficulties that we encounter, with a sensitiveness far beyond that of men, He bears suffering far beyond ours that He may be a Light to a suffering world upon the path of life and love; that He may show how life may be lived by the strong and pure in heart through the power of the bliss that He receives from the Father and which far transcends the pain and suffering which He must bear in overcoming the pressure of the world. Let us not make His heart bleed for us because we dare not pay the price of following Him to more abundant life.

Should not humanity, the Theosophical Society, and more particularly the members of the Order of the Star in the East strive and strive again to rise above their weakness, their ignorance, their pride and their fears, into that glorious bliss that He would have them win? The failure to lift the pall of pain from off the suffering earth—this is the crucifixion that awaits the Master. Let us each resolve that our share of His burden shall be as light as our most strenuous efforts

can make it. Let us give Him joy by persistent climbing by His side to the heights to which He shall beckon and lead on. Though we faint and fall often by the way, He will be there to help and, if we are loyal, if we are true, if we are brave, if we are loving, we may grasp the prize of standing upon the mountain-top in the rosy light of that great dawn which is about to rise in the souls and minds of men.

But first comes that darkest watch with Him, the last watch of the fleeing night. Blessed indeed are they who shall be still found watching when the Day dawns from on High.

Great Father—our Father—who abideth in eternal bliss, hallowed, beloved, adored be Thy Name of Grace! Thy rule be obeyed on earth, even as it ever is in heaven. As Thou givest us day by day the light that we need upon the path, so let us strive to give to all who need; and pardon our meanness as channels for Thy love, even as we pardon the meanness of others toward us. Though Thou leadest us into the place of trial Thou ever sheddest the light of wisdom upon the path of love; and Thine is all dominion, all majesty and all glory, age-abiding, for Thou art the law of righteousness that changeth not; and thus mote it ever be!



GRETA Brown was one of the brightest, most enthusiastic and popular girls in Miss Gerly's school. She stood first in her classes, she led the games at recess, and was president of the "Five O'Clock Tea Club." Into all these things and, in fact, into whatever she undertook, she put an overflowing enthusiasm which insured her success in all. There was, however, one thing which Greta undertook into which she did not throw this same charming enthusiasm and energy which worked such wonders in everything else. What that one thing was you will see before you finish this story.

One bright Sunday morning Greta donned her new suit and went to church. Her pastor, Dr. Milliken, preached from the text, "Grow in grace," but, to tell the truth, her thoughts were not very much on the sermon; they ran something like this:

"'Grow in grace.' II Peter 3: 18. Well, I'll remember the text for grandma. How pretty these five rows of gilt braid do look on this gray dress; but I must have this cuff altered. The waist puckers

badly, now I am sitting down. How ugly Kate Graham's bonnet is, and how sober she looks! What can Dr. Milliken be saying? 'Growing into the stature of the perfect man.' What does that mean?" And then her thoughts ran off on to something else. But, after all, the words "Grow in grace" did somehow stick in Greta's mind.

Now, when she came home, her brother Mark happened to tell the story of King Frederick of Prussia, whose hobby it was to collect the tallest men from all parts of Europe for his famous guards and who rejected every applicant for that much coveted position, unless he measured a good deal over six feet.

When Greta went to sleep that night, Dr. Milliken's text and Mark's story mixed themselves up in a most curious way as a dream—the strangest one of all the strange dreams she ever had. And here it is, just as she herself told it to her aunt the next day:

"I dreamed that I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd collecting on the green. People were hurrying to and fro and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:

"'Why, don't you know? It's the first of the year, and Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day.'

"'Measuring Day,' said I, 'measuring souls? I never heard of such a thing,' and I began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

"There in the centre, on a kind of throne, under the great elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He looked just like the great angel on the stained glass window of our church; he had white wings, his clothes were a queer shining kind of white, and he had the kindest and yet the most serious face I ever beheld. By his side was a tall, golden rod fastened upright in the ground, with curious marks at regular intervals from top to bottom. Over it, on a golden scroll, were the words: "The Measure of the Stature of the Perfect Man.' The angel held in his hand a large book in which he wrote the measurements as the people came up, on the calling of their names in regular turn. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul growth which was shown in this mysterious and miraculous way, so that even we could see without eyes what otherwise the angel alone could have perceived.

"The first few who were measured after I came I did not know, but soon the name 'Elizabeth Darrow' was called. She is the presi-

dent of the Aid for the Destitute Society, you know, and she manages ever so many other societies, too, and I thought, 'Surely, Mrs. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed' but, as she stood by the rod the instant she touched it she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious as he said:

"This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men had not checked the lovely secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul growth.'

"I pitied Mrs. Darrow as she moved away, with such a sad and surprised face, to make place for the next. It was poor, thin little Betsy Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod, for immediately she increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before, and her face shone so that I thought it must have caught its light from the angel's, which smiled so gloriously that I really envied poor little Betsy, whom before I had rather looked down on, for she dresses so meanly and looks so forlorn. And as the angel wrote in the book, he said: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

"Betsy passed on and Dr. Milliken took her place. I knew he would measure well, and he did, and the angel said: 'How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation. Winning souls for Christ is the surest way to win soul growth for thyself.'

"And then, Aunt Jay, I began to tremble myself, for when had I tried to win any souls for Christ? After the first few weeks of the revival two years ago, when I joined the church, somehow I began to lose my interest in religious things and I thought that if I kept on going to church and Sunday school, and saying my prayers and reading a chapter in the Bible every day, I was doing all that was necessary for a young Christian, and I never thought much about growing in grace or trying to win souls for Christ; so I began to tremble lest my turn should come. But just then Hal Drayton's name was called, and I thought: 'Surely his mark will be nearly as low as mine, for he is the jolliest boy I know, and just as fond of games and good times as I, and just as ready for a lark.'

"But here was another surprise. He measured nearly as high as Betsy, and the angel said, with a sweetness which thrilled me through and through: "And no man shall despise thy youth; be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in purity; for such the Lord loveth, and such shall grow speedily toward the stature of the Perfect Man.' And then I knew that Hal had cared more for his religion than I for mine, and I longed to get away before my turn should come but I seemed to be held fast.

"The next was Lilian Edgar, who dresses so beautifully that I have often wished that I had such clothes and so much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low—so low that Lilian turned as pale as death and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glistening robe beside her. And the angel said, in a solemn but gentle voice: 'Oh, child, why take ye thought for raiment? Let your adorning not be that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is, in the sight of God, of great price; thus only can ye grow like the Master.'

"Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, clumsy, lame old Jerry—but as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him and led him to the rod, and behold, Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others—even than Dr. Milliken's. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying: 'He that humbleth himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.'

"And then—oh, Aunt Jay!—my name came next, and I trembled so that I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I stretched and stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lilian's mark—Lilian's, the lowest of all, and I a member of the church for two years. Oh, Aunt Jay, I grew crimson for shame, and I whispered to the angel: 'Oh, give me another chance before you mark me in the book so low as this. Tell me how to grow. I will do all so gladly, only do not put this mark down.'

"The angel shook his head sadly. "The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when next I come. This rule will help thee: Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily, as to the Lord, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ. This one thing do: press toward the mark. The same earnestness which thou throwest into other things will, with Christ's help, make thee to grow in grace.'

"And with that I burst into tears, and I suddenly woke and found myself crying. But oh, Aunt Jay, I shall never forget that dream. I was so ashamed of my mark."

Selected.

Love unites. It is the God-implanted impulse that will finally bring back to the One Self all His harmonized fragments. These bits of Himself must come back rich in experience—not empty-handed. They must acquire knowledge of separated life and of the wise use of power therein. This perfected knowledge they must bear to Him upon the wings of Love. And then in the end all will be One again in Him—the consummation of all Love.



SONNETS ON THE BHAGAVAD GITA

By Hubert Whitehead

Upon the holy plain Arjuna stood,
Betwixt the armies, friends and enemy;
His chariot arrested there, that he
Might count upon the plain, the haughty brood
Which darkened all the field, as does the wood,
Thick planted, shadow vale and hillside-lea,
And seems to gloom, like one in sullen mood,
Held by a leash, yet striving to be free.
There halted he and looked o'er friend and foe,
Awaiting but his word to grapple death,
And yield their lives beneath the sudden blow
That, crushing skull, deprives them of their breath.
There in his chariot, with spear in hand,
He numbered friend and foe 'neath each command.

I : 1-16

And heavy was his heart, as 'mong them there,
He counted men of worth both tried and true;
Teachers and playmates, cousins, uncles too,
Brothers, whose aspect bade him to beware.
And, while the conches in defiance blare,
He thought him of the friends who soon must strew
The field of death, and just because they dare
To face grim death among his retinue.
Deep was the sigh with which he stooped and took
His bow, to give the signal for the fight;
And filled with sorrow was the anxious look
He gave his friend, Lord Krishna, on his right.
He paused as one who hesitates, because
The act he does seems barred by all men's laws.

I : 17-27

Then spake he to Lord Krishna: "Lord of Light!
Behold these eager ones arrayed for war,
Who strain like hounds when baying 's heard afar,
My kindred all are they. These on my right,
These on my left. Friends, foes, all here to fight
And slay amid the battle's rout and jar.
Brothers and teachers here, and all bedight
To follow or to fall beneath my car.
Ah! Woe alone is here, and naught is gained
By slaying kinsmen; for, the home decayed
Traditions die, and lawlessness unchained
Stalks through the land uncurbed and unafraid.
How can I, seeking right, thus do a wrong?
In my destruction sweep them all along?"

I: 28-47

"Whence this dejection?" said the blessed Lord,
 "To yield impotently doth not befit,
 Faint-heartedness can never benefit.
 Ignoble! Infamous! Up, give the word!"
 Arjuna spoke: "What! Shall I put to sword
 These Gurus, noble e'en as I, and fit
 As I to live? Must they then strew the sward?
 Upon my conscience be their death-knell writ?
 Nor know I which for us will be the better,
 That we should conquer them or they slay us?
 My heart is bound with doubt as with a fetter,
 Fear weighs my soul, a heavy incubus.
 Tell me, you are my teacher and my friend,
 How shall I wrong o'ercome, the right defend?"

II :1-10

The Blessed Lord said:
 "The unwise man, by pity overcome,
 With grief beholds the living and the dead,
 Forgetting that the dweller knows no dread
 Of old age, youth or birth; but as the scum
 Is blown away, forgot—so martyrdom
 Unto the soul is as a word unsaid.
 Impermanent are cold and heat; they come
 And, as the mist 'fore summer sun, are fled.
 THAT only lives forever undestroyed,
 By which all life has life and is pervaded.
 THAT is eternal and of fear devoid,
 Steadfast, balanced, ne'er by fear invaded.
 These bodies are but phantoms of the night,
 A passing breath; so take your bow and fight.

II :10-18

"The dweller in the body ever cleaves
 Thereto until its usefulness is done,
 Then takes he to himself another one.
 He for the sloughed-off bodies never grieves,
 But, as a reader turneth o'er the leaves,
 So takes he them until the end is won.
 Unmanifest and stable, naught bereaves
 This incombustible and ancient one.
 Or if you think of him as born for death,
 You should not even then feel grief for this;
 "The dead are born to die," the wise man saith,
 "And when unmanifest, they live in bliss."
 Immortal is this dweller, never slain;
 For them grieve not, but take your bow again.

II :19-29

"And further, your own duty you must heed,
 If in this righteous warfare you should fail,
 Dishonor—not your glory—men will hail.
 These heroes, waiting but your sign to speed
 Them to the fight and to heroic deed,
 Will think that like a dry leaf 'fore the gale
 You fled the field. Your enemies will read

II :30-38

The tale and o'er your cowardice will rail.
 If you are slain upon this battle-field,
 Then all the joys of heaven will be thine;
 If 'fore your arms the foe the vict'ry yield,
 You will enjoy the earth as one divine.
 Defeat or vict'ry equal in your sight,
 Stand up, Arjuna, resolute to fight.

"And now, consider well the foolish man
 Who strives to gain the fruit of action here;
 Prescribing ceremonies most severe,
 That in rebirth he may remove the ban
 Of servitude. In vain to build and plan!
 His thoughts are endless, many-branched, and veer
 With every wind. They are more restless than
 The caged wolf; but not so is the seer.
 With mind one-pointed, concentration won,
 He, knowing acts themselves their own reward,
 Performs all acts as duties to be done.
 Unheedful of possessions, or awards,
 In failure balanced, balanced in success,
 Renounce attachments, to the battle press."

II :39-48

Arjuna, 'mid the armies spoke again:
 "Oh Krishna! You do praise the stable man,
 And those enwrapped in action you do ban.
 You bid me to the fight, forgetting pain,
 And like the seer escape delusion's bane;
 To cleave to Yoga, and that thus I can
 Through skill in acts the blissful seat attain
 And freed from bonds more wisely live this span.
 These men of stable mind, who know no fear,
 Whose minds are steadfast, never prone to stray,
 Indifferent to praise, unheeding jeer,
 Renouncing good and evil, work and play,
 What is the mark of them? How do they walk?
 How do they sit, how stand? How do they talk?"

II :49-54

The Blessed Lord said:
 "That man who here abandons all desire,
 Who is not anxious, even 'mid great pain,
 Who from the lure of pleasure does refrain,
 And to the power of wealth does not aspire;
 Who does not cringe with fear, with anger fire,
 Without attachment, undesiring gain;
 Who does not much dislike, nor much admire,
 His mind is steadfast, well poised is his brain.
 That man whose body, conquered and restrained,
 Withdrawn from objects, whom the objects shun;
 Who from excessive living has refrained,
 His understanding dwelleth with the One.
 The wise man, harmonized, attuned to Me,
 From all attachments, all desire is free.

II :55-60

"Man, musing on these objects, cannot win
 But he conceives attachments unto these;
 Attachment brings forth vain desire to please;
 Desire breeds anger; anger is a sin
 From which delusion springs, a javelin
 To pierce memory. Naught can release
 From this confusion and we see begin
 Discrimination's death, which will not cease
 Until he perishes. Ah! Woe to him!
 For like the ship that goeth rudderless,
 He drifts on toward destruction, waiting grim
 To seize him in its baleful, cold caress.
 With concentration lost, he loseth peace;
 For the unpeaceful happiness must cease."

II :61-66

"Peace is for him who stands with mind at poise
 Amid these objects, senses all restrained.
 When dark of night holds other men enchained,
 To him the light is bringing countless joys.
 Peace is for him whom naught in life annoys,
 Who o'er his passions and his self has reigned.
 Who, selfless, free from yearnings, fear destroys,
 He goes to perfect peace, Nirvana gained.
 Who, taking his rebellious mind, can bend
 It to one-pointed thought, he findeth peace.
 He, mind subdued and conquered, will ascend
 Unto the heights where fear and strife all cease.
 Who seeks for the Eternal peace shall find,
 By naught bewildered, naught his soul can bind."

II :67-72

Arjuna said: "You think then knowledge far
 Superior to action? Tell me then,
 Why do you urge me to this action, when
 It is so terrible? Perplexed are
 My thoughts. Your words to me perplexing are.
 Lo! I am lost, as one upon a fen,
 Whom floating mists and rain the way debar.
 Show me the path, one path do thou condemn.
 Enwrapped in doubt I am devoid of hope,
 Amid disorder light I cannot find,
 And in perplexity I peer and grope,
 Confusion does my understanding bind.
 With certainty now show you me the way,
 That I may gain this peace and therein stay."

III :1-2

Then said the Blessed Lord:
 "There are two ways, e'en as I just now said,
 By knowledge gained, or that by action won.
 The sun perform his daily course must run,
 The stars their orbits follow overhead,
 The rivers ever wend their time-worn bed,
 The moon has swayed the tides since time begun,
 The spring-time brings to life the winter's dead,

III :3-9

And welcomes in the heat of summer sun.
 Inaction cannot be. In action see
 That road that leads all men toward the light,
 Yet in the action know that you are free,
 If, doing action, you are doing right.
 Free from attachments, never heeding price,
 Perform your actions as a sacrifice.

"From out the great imperishable One
 Great Brahma came and from Him action sprung.
 From out of action, building rung on rung,
 Arises sacrifice. Since time begun
 In sacrifice, as heat within the sun,
 Th' Eternal ever is; and thus among
 The acts that ever endlessly are done,
 As harmony within the song that's sung.
 There dwells a sacrifice, a germ divine.
 By sacrifice mankind was emanated,
 To propagate by this the great design;
 All life by sacrifice is dominated;
 It is the power that makes the tree to spring.
 The flower to bloom, the tiny bird to sing.

III :10-15

"The unwise man who will not follow this
 Rejoices in his senses and his life.
 Rejoicing in the Self, amid the strife,
 The wise man—*sans* attachment—finds all bliss.
 The great man knows that there is naught amiss
 With action rightly done. Where sin is rife
 He sees the good and spans the wide abyss
 That whelms all men to action-bound in life.
 Whate'er a great man does, that, other men—
 Like sheep, who follow wheresoever led—
 Will do. To him—like chicks to clucking hen—
 They flock, and live their lives by what he said.
 Without attachment, you must constantly
 Perform your duties; that will make you free.

III :16-21

"Tho' worlds are balanced in the depths of space,
 And follow each their studied paths and ways;
 Tho' tides move on and naught their rising stays,
 Tho' streams and rivers down their valleys race,
 Tho' trees their leaves and branches interlace,
 Tho' fishes struggle in lagoons and bays,
 Tho' men in business mingle face to face,
 And strive to dominate through all their days;
 There is no need for Me to therein mingle,
 Naught that I need to do or to attain,
 Yet in each action there am I. A single
 Act untouched by Me, and once again
 The worlds would fall to ruin and decay.
 Confusion reign and order pass away.

III :22-24

"The ignorant, attached to actions, act;
 The wise man, for the welfare of mankind,
 Nor will he strive to turn the sluggish mind
 Of those attached to action, but in fact
 By making action beautiful attract.
 The foolish, in the action only find
 Themselves, the wise man seeks the cause exact,
 And finds therein the qualities that bind,
 And those that move among the qualities.
 Let not this man of perfect knowledge blur
 The mind and thought of him un wisdom ties,
 Nor his imperfect knowledge seek to stir.
 Another's duty is for other eyes,
 The wise man's duty straight before him lies."

III :25-36

Arjuna said:

"Man is but weak and 'mid the stress and strife,
 Though he be firm and ever persevere,
 The strain is often for him too severe.
 Among the vile temptations of this life,
 Where sin and vain delusion are so rife;
 Where right and left he sees the tempting leer,
 And knows beneath the smile there hides a knife,
 Beneath the purple robe the hidden tear;
 Though he knows all the wrong, and reaffirm
 The beauty of the truth, the death of sin,
 And strives to hold his duty ever firm;
 Yet, knowing vanity, he falls therein.
 Dragged on by what does man this sin commit,
 Which cannot bring him aught of benefit?"

III :36

Then said the Blessed Lord:

"As is a flame enveloped by the smoke,
 As dust enwraps a mirror round about,
 As fear enfolds an army when in rout,
 And as the winds embrace the mighty oak;
 So does the all-consuming foe provoke,
 Its all-polluting fever tease and flout.
 Unstable as a flame, it can evoke
 The soul, and fill the mind with fear and doubt.
 It is desire and wraps as with a flame
 All wisdom. Wrath it is, perverting all;
 Bewildering, destructive, without shame,
 It woos the mind and reason to their fall.
 Therefore, Arjuna, do thou slay this foe
 That kills all wisdom, knowledge brings to woe.

III :37-41

"It rules the senses, throned in the mind,
 And sways the reason as the wind the reed;
 Within the passions sows malignant seed,
 That to the wheel the soul it thus may bind;
 Thus can desire rule reason in mankind,
 But there is that can guide in every deed,
 Can free the reason and the passion bind,

III :42-43
IV :1-3

Till Self o'er self is king, and self is freed.
 This Yoga in past ages I declared
 To Vivasvan and he to Manu gave.
 Thus through the ages, to King-sages bared
 It grew decayed beneath time's endless lave.
 This same great secret is declared by Me,
 Here unto you, My friend and devotee."

Arjuna said: "How could you thus declare
 This secret so supreme to Vivasvan?
 When he was long since dead, your life began.
 Has infancy a secret then so rare
 To give to wisdom, crowned with snow-white hair?
 Or can the present ever hope to span
 The past and teach the ancients how to fare?
 How then could you e'er talk to Vivasvan?"
 Then said the Blessed Lord: "The ages pass,
 And ever are renewed the days and hours;
 Each atom, microbe, insect, blade of grass,
 Lives, dies, and is renewed, as are the showers.
 Our births are many; Mine I can recall,
 But yours you can remember not at all.

IV :4-5

"Whenever righteousness tends toward decay,
 Or gross unrighteousness rears high its head;
 Whenever truth by untruth is gainsaid,
 Then come I forth Myself without delay,
 Protecting good, the evil doers slay;
 For evil doers to the deed are wed.
 Thus for the right, as sun is born each day,
 In every age I'm born as you have read;
 And yet Unborn, Imperishable, One,
 I am the Self, the Lord of all who live,
 And as the light is given by the sun
 Unto all nature, strength I give.
 Unborn, yet am I born. Who knows My power
 Is freed from birth, My life and strength his dower.

IV :6-9

"All men are Mine and all are welcome here,
 Yes every path they take to Me is Mine.
 Freed from all fear and filled with fire divine,
 Into My Being enter sage and seer.
 It matters not what may be here their sphere,
 Or how their actions tend, their thoughts incline;
 Come they in simple guise, with mien austere,
 The path they tread, always that path is Mine.
 Come they through fear or by the path of joy,
 Or through vain striving for an earthly gain;
 If purified by wisdom from alloy,
 Or seared and twisted in the fire of pain;
 Their path is Mine however they may come,
 And in My Being is their final home.

IV :10-11

"This is a world of action; in it some
 Through action seek success and quickly gain
 The end they seek; for, though success be vain
 If sought through action, quickly it will come;
 For know, this world with all its busy hum,
 The castes, with diff'ring qualities, like rain
 And snow, all come from Me; I am their sum,
 Yet, inexhaustible, I know no drain;
 And all their actions, they affect Me not,
 For action's fruit I do not e'er aspire.
 Our forefathers thus seeking quickly got
 The liberation they did so desire.
 Who knows Me thus is never bound in action,
 And though performing acts feels no attraction.

IV :12-14

"E'en wise men by this action are perplexed;
 They ever ask and seek eternally
 What action is and what inaction be.
 The unwise men by this are ever vexed;
 This, Yogis meditating, muscles flexed,
 Have ever sought by yogi sight to see.
 That you to evil shall not be annexed,
 This action I will now explain to thee,
 For 'mid inaction, action twists and twines,
 Like thread of gold 'mid woolen warp and woof,
 And as the thread, though woven in, forth shines,
 So you 'mid action strive to shine aloof.
 Discrimination is the key, and this
 'Mid action or inaction leads to bliss.

IV :15-16

"Who seeth action in inaction move,
 Inaction guiding action to its end,
 He, wise among all men, can take and bend
 All action into harmony and love.
 His works freed from desire, he from above
 Can take the fire of wisdom, make it rend
 And burn his actions, while himself can move
 Among the acts, yet ne'er the act attend.
 With greed abandoned, well controlled his mind,
 Always content, for refuge seeking not;
 Hoping for naught, his actions do not bind,
 Nor is a sin commit, or wrong begot;
 From effort, envy, worry, failure free,
 Unbound by action, straight he comes to Me.

IV :17-22

"Some sacrifice in the Eternal fire
 Their feeling, hearing, tasting, smelling, sight;
 Some pour the objects in the fire's white light,
 And purge them of the tainting of desire;
 Some, self-controlled, to union who aspire,
 Pour out life's functions, sacrifice their might;
 Yet others on the sacrificial pyre

IV :23-30

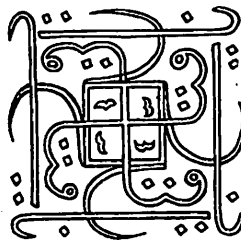
Throw yoga, wealth, austerity and right;
 For some attachments, actions melt away,
 As 'vaporates the dew 'fore breath of dawn;
 Toward the light of the Eternal Day
 They upward are by heav'nly visions drawn;
 All these by sacrifice destroy their sin,
 And through the sacrifice Nirvana win.

"These sacrifices 'fore th' Eternal spread,
 Know them as born of action and be free;
 For actions in their vast entirety
 All culminate in wisdom, not in dread.
 You know—for in the Scriptures you have read—
 That learning wisdom of the wise who see,
 You soon will wisdom gain, eat of life's bread,
 Conquer confusion, live eternally.
 E'en though you are a sinner wrapt in sin,
 Yet you shall cross o'er sin on wisdom's raft;
 For as the furnace burneth all therein,
 So wisdom purgeth action in its draft.
 There is no purifier like to this,
 Those purified by wisdom go to bliss.

IV :31-38

"The doubting self, wrapped in the mists of life,
 Faithless and ignorant, destruction binds
 In this world and the next. He ever finds
 In happiness and love—fear, pain and strife.
 The man of faith, though ignorance be rife
 And all around dwells sin of many kinds,
 Cleaves them asunder, wisdom for his knife;
 To peace he goeth as to springs go hinds.
 Renouncing acts by power in yoga gained,
 With doubt by wisdom conquered, laid aside,
 Ruled by the Self, nor to his actions chained;
 He in th' Eternal All shall safe abide.
 Take you the sword of wisdom, cleave apart
 This ignorance-born doubt within your heart."

IV :39-42



LOVE

By Charles Lazenby



IS your ideal, O Man, to love or to be loved? Are you longing for companionship, for help, for the hand of another to ease your woe, for the sympathy of another in your times of darkness? Do you, from the pain of your heart, call mightily upon the Gods to aid you? Are you longing for spiritual growth? Do you cast your eyes with eager hope to the rarified atmosphere of purity? Do you long for perfect peace beyond the portal of this life? And, above all, O Man, do you desire that God should love you and that the Masters should come to your aid?

If this, O soul in darkness, is your ideal, your desire is futile, your path endless. Life after life you will call love to yourself. God and the hosts of heaven will hasten to your bidding. The Masters will serve you and you will advance, buoyed up by great love, to rarified regions—but your desire will be insatiable. By so much love as you receive, by so much will your desire be greater, and ever more ravenous and dissatisfied will become your longing for aid and help. Whatsoever a man seeks, that he also finds.

But if, O disciple, your ideal is to love, you will have no unrest. Cast your eyes about you. Where you now stand are twenty souls you can love and help. Those twenty souls are as important as any in the universe; therefore seek not some distant place and time for your ideal to manifest itself. They will not, perhaps, understand you nor thank you, but your ideal is not to be loved or appreciated but to love, is it not?

In your service and love, feel not superior or better than him you deem least worthy and to whom it is hardest for you to give love. He is of equal account with the others and perchance needs your love more. Therefore the more abundantly pour out to him your kind thoughts, and desire that you may help him without his knowledge. Nor be over zealous to show him that you love him, for this desire too often comes from selfish pride in our own goodness and will perhaps hinder rather than aid in his advance. In your love seek not for any return nor any result. Your ideal is to love, O lover, not to accomplish. Life is very long, and perchance far down the ages the love you pour forth now will enter in and irradiate his life.

Do not be sure that you know what is best for another, or what is good or evil for him; love him, but seek not to force upon him your ideal. His ideal is better for him than yours. Remember always the words of Krishna: "Better thine own highest ideal, though destitute of merit, than the highest ideal of another, though bathed in glory." Transpose this and read: "Better his highest ideal, though to me destitute of merit, than my ideal, though I think it bathed in eternal light." He cannot yet see as you see, but feel not pride thereat, for with what pride you look on your own purity you stain and blacken the whiteness of your inner soul.

Be always on the alert for any sound of sorrow. Look for the suffering—not the sin—of the world. Continually ask those who have been doing for ages what thou art now doing to let you aid them in their work. If your ideal is to love and not to be loved, to serve and not to be served, if your prayer is ever for the race and never for yourself, if you desire to become one of the unknown lovers of the blind child, Humanity, then you will always find by your side a strong, robust soul who will point out the rough and rugged road of service. Say not, with the selfish and knowledge-seeking man: "Show me the Masters and I will think as you do." The lover of the race cares not, O disciple, whether you think as he does on one point or on all points, and it is in the power of no man but yourself to show you the Masters.

One of the Servants of the race said: "Until the last man shall have passed through the portal of his own divinity, I will be behind him to point the path." Does that ideal appear nobler in your sight, O disciple, than kneeling in your room and crying out: "Help and bless me, O God?" Is your ideal to love, or to be loved?

In your love and eager desire to do service to your race, do not think of yourself as on a pinnacle reaching down to those below you; in this posture you will not see the light above you. Rather, in your effort, be below the one you are helping, that in directing his eyes upward you may not yourself lose the glory above. You will see, being of stronger vision, joys and vistas of brightness and beauty far beyond his ken, which will give you new impulses to love him also into the larger vision.

Perhaps, O devout one, you say: "I love God, and the holiness and sanctity of His tabernacle." Are you then so deluded and blinded in your self pride as to think that you can serve acceptably that high ideal which is the symbol of all service while you feel superior to any of His little ones, or turn your back upon the pain or shut out the memory of the suffering of the lowest member of your own race?

"Arise! awake! seek out the Great Ones and get understanding"; but expect not to find Them in the thrones of kings, in the courts of pure temples far removed from the turmoil of man, among the high

priests of the world's religions, or in the libraries of philosophy and science. They may be there, but you will never find Them. Seek Them rather in your own city and town; They are easier found there than far off beyond the snowy Himavat; seek Them in your jails and asylums, your slums and hives of vice. But I warn you, O disciple, you will never find Them by seeking for Them; you will see Them only by means of the illuminating rays of love flowing forth from your own being and by humbly asking Them to use you for the service of your brother man.

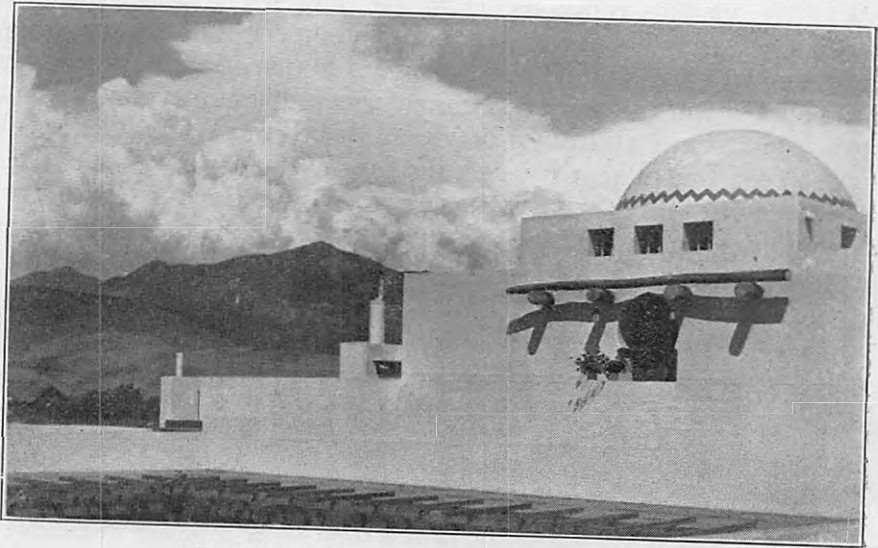
Is your ideal to love or to be loved?



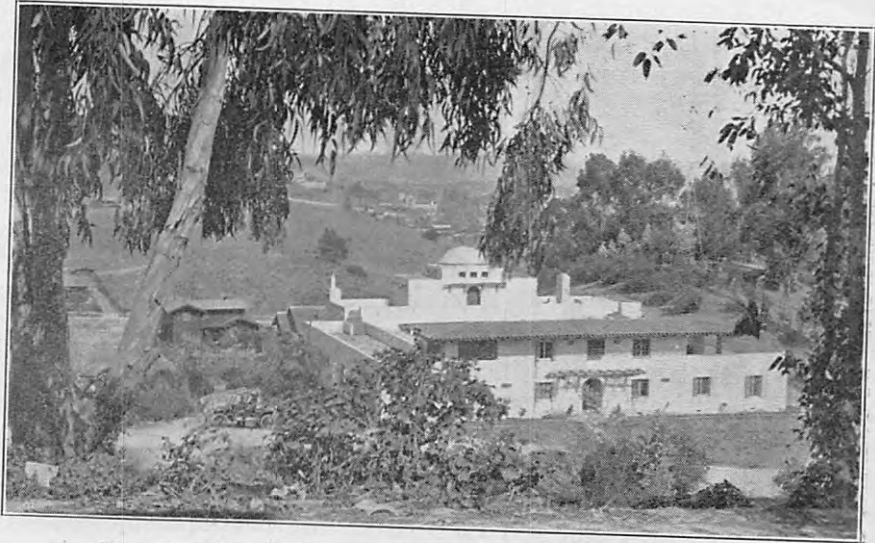
St. Chrysostom, writing in 390 A. D., says: "On this day (i.e., twenty-fifth December) also the birth of Christ was fixed lately at Rome, in order that while the heathen were busy with their ceremonies (the Brumalia, in honor of Bacchus) the Christians might perform their rites undisturbed."

The *Library of Universal Knowledge* has the following: "The institution of the festival of Christmas is attributed by the spurious Decretals to Telesphorus who flourished in the reign of Antoninus Pius (138-61 A. D.), but the first certain traces of it are found about the time of the Emperor Commodus (180-92 A. D.). In the reign of Diocletian (284-305 A. D.), while that ruler was keeping court at Nicomedia, he learned that a multitude of Christians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Jesus and, having ordered the church doors to be closed, he set fire to the building and all the worshippers perished in the flames.

"Not casually or arbitrarily was the festival of the nativity celebrated on the twenty-fifth of December. Among the causes that cooperated in fixing this period as the proper one, perhaps the most powerful was that almost all the heathen nations regarded the winter solstice as a most important point of the year, as the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature and of the gods, who were originally merely the symbolical personifications of these. In more northerly countries this fact must have made itself peculiarly palpable—hence the Celts and Germans, from the oldest times, celebrated the season with great festivities. At the winter solstice the Germans held their great yule-feast in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun-wheel and believed that, during the twelve nights reaching from the twenty-fifth of December to the sixth of January, they could trace the personal movements and interferences on earth of their great deities, Odin, Berchta, etc."

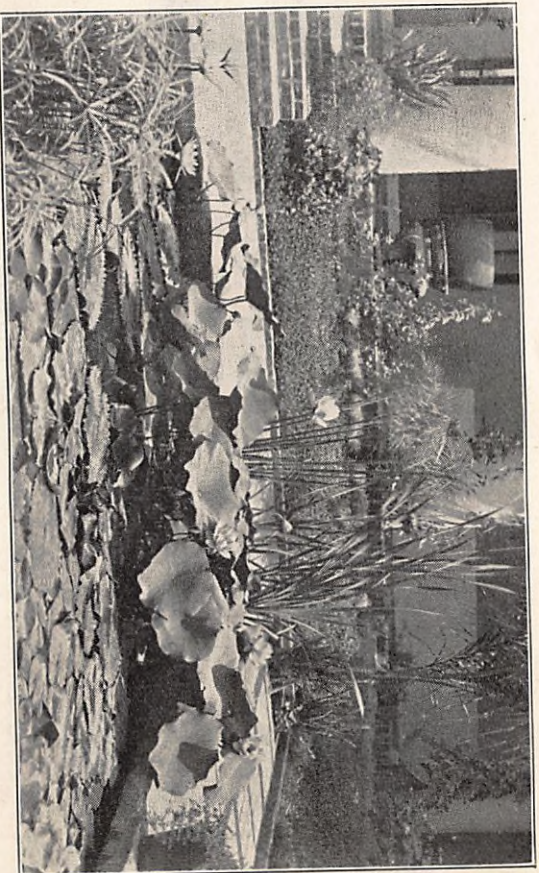


View taken from the southwest corner
of the roof of Krotona Court, showing
dome of building and Mount Hollywood

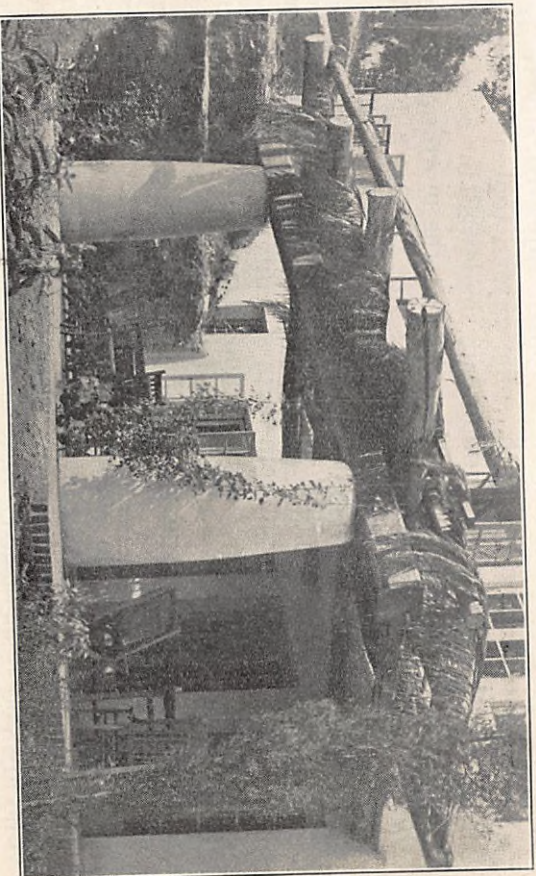


Krotona Court as seen from the T. S. office building.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

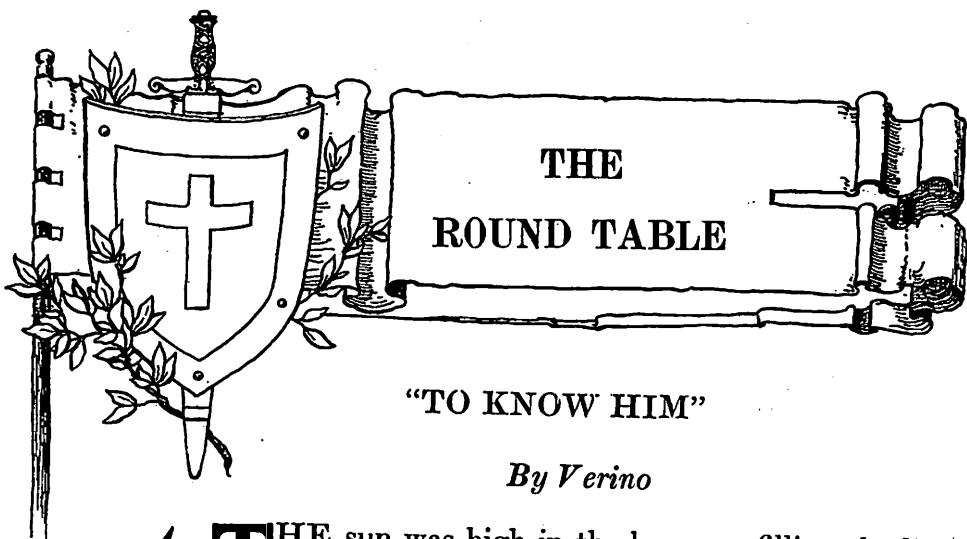


Corner of lotus pond in the patio.
Gong in background announces meet-
ings in the assembly room just beyond



Pergola, with dining tables, on east side of refectory.

FROM KROTONA



THE sun was high in the heavens, filling the little garden with its radiance, reflecting and enriching the colors of the many flowers that bloomed there.

From the house a woman appeared, slowly walking down the path, some garden tools in her hands. Her face was young but shadowed by a grief that made her blind to the glory of the morning. In one short year she had lost all that woman holds dearest—husband and child. Since then her whole being had been filled with one thing—an intense longing to be with her loved ones again; her one prayer was that she might join them speedily.

Listlessly she put down her tools and began to tend some tall, white lilies whose heavy blossoms bowed the slender stems. As she worked there suddenly appeared beside her the figure of a man. Startled, she looked up. A moment before, the garden had been empty and she had heard no sound. Wonderingly, but without fear, she gazed at the face of love and gentleness bent on her own. The robe he was wearing was whiter even than the lilies she tended.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am the bearer of a message," he replied, "your prayer has been heard. But wait," he continued, as with an exclamation of joy she sprang to her feet. "It will rest with yourself whether or not it shall be answered. Listen to what I have to tell you. Two thousand years ago the great Lord of Love came down to earth to give the people His message. We know how they received Him, that long ere His

mission was fulfilled He was driven away. But He said, before He went, "I will come again."

The man paused and the woman looked at him half expectant of what was to come. He went on: "That time is drawing near; the people must prepare to receive again the Lord of Love. Will you—" and he bent upon her his deep blue eyes that seemed to read her soul—"will you help to prepare for His coming? Will you join the band of those who have dedicated themselves to this work? It will not be easy. At first your tidings will be received with indifference, later with scorn and ridicule, perhaps even anger and active persecution. Few will believe, but for every shaft that pierces you His coming will be so much hastened. To you it is given to choose," he went on, "you may join your loved ones, if you still desire it, and enjoy with them the perfect happiness that comes to each in the heaven world; or you may stay here till He comes, helping to prepare the way. With you rests the choice," and he paused.

"But," the woman stammered, "the Son of God is all-powerful; how can He need the help of mortal man?"

"Even so," replied the other, "but the great Lord Himself cannot force His message upon a people unwilling to receive it. There must be sufficient of them longing for Him, praying Him to come, and living only that they may see and hear Him. He has said," and the man's voice was deep with reverence, "'when the yearning is strong enough I will come.'" He stopped speaking and waited the woman's reply.

Her face was thoughtful as she remained silent. Half unconsciously she plucked a lily from the stem nearest and held it in her hand. At the thought of joining her loved ones a wave of exultation swept over her and her eyes filled with tears as, in imagination, she once more felt the baby hands about her neck. For a moment it almost seemed her choice was made. Then, flashing into her mind, came a sudden remembrance of a picture she had seen as a child. It represented the raising of Jairus's daughter. Crude in its portrayal, the obscure artist had yet made clear the joy of the parents and the infinite love and compassion of the Saviour. To help, ever so little though it may be, to bring such love again to earth—earth with its blindness, its ignorance, its selfish, foolish grasping—surely this were a privilege worth any sacrifice. For a moment longer she remained silent, then turning to the messenger she said softly, "I have chosen."

The years passed on, and the woman never faltered in her task. People listened to her with the half-pitying tolerance that is sometimes accorded those whose great grief is supposed to have led them to seek strange solaces. But she worked hopefully on, and gradually there gathered around her a group of faithful workers to whom the

knowledge had come as a vision of light. Many of these had consecrated their lives to the work and had gone forth into the world carrying the tidings to whomsoever would listen.

One day the woman stood again in her garden. The grief that had shadowed her face before had been replaced by a look of peace and calm expectancy. Suddenly there appeared at her side the messenger who had come to her before. In reply to her look of joy and greeting, he told her she was bidden to join a group of the principal workers who were situated with their leader some distance away and there she would be given further work.

It was several days' hard travel to her destination, but her weariness was forgotten when at her journey's end she was welcomed by a white-haired woman whose noble life of devotion was an inspiration to all who knew of it. Among the group she found several who had first received the knowledge from her lips. They too had been counted worthy, and greeted her again with joy. Later she was presented to the leader. She found herself looking into a face whose dark skin bespoke the oriental birth, and whose eyes resembled deep pools the depths of which could not be gauged. In repose the face showed power suffused with love—power that without the love could bring desolation to all within its reach. Strength, endurance and beauty were writ in every line of the stately figure. In a few words of greeting and welcome he told her that her work was not unknown to him. To her surprise the woman found her utterance choked and her eyes filling with sudden tears of joy. But not yet were her eyes opened.

Two or three days after this, several of the group were returning with their leader from a gathering. It was evening and the road was dusty, for the day had been hot. Just in front walked a woman, dirty, untidy and footsore, dragging her feet wearily through the dust. She led by the hand a child who looked as neglected as she, and carried in her arms a baby whose wailing she could not quiet. As they overtook her the leader stopped and gently took the baby from her arms, hushing it to sleep; then taking the other child by the hand walked on beside the mother. In a few moments, in response to his gentle questioning, she was pouring forth her tale of woe. He listened quietly, then began to talk to her of the law of rebirth, of which she knew nothing, and of the perfect justice and great love of God. What though today were cold and cheerless—there was tomorrow to work for and, if by her past actions she had made the present what it was, the future was hers to mould as she pleased.

At first the mother listened indifferently; then, as the full significance of what he was saying burst upon her, she eagerly begged for more knowledge of this new doctrine. It was a strange sight—an unkempt, vagrant woman hearing for the first time of the great law and of the wonderful love of God which knows no injustice. As she

listened the face of the vagrant became transformed. It seemed as if the soul had awakened in response to the truth of what she heard.

The woman behind watched and listened to all that was going on, and suddenly the Light burst upon her and she stood amazed at the blindness which had prevented her knowing sooner. Yonder was the Lord Himself, come down to earth again. Was it not most fitting that the great Lord of Love, the Christ, should carry in His arms the child of a beggar woman, giving of His great wisdom such knowledge as could be received—not indeed attempting to remove the burden, but rather to give strength to carry it?

Almost fiercely the woman grasped the arm of the white-haired worker beside her.

"Why did you not tell me?" she said.

"Nay," replied the other, smiling, "each must find Him alone."



"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

"Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

"Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

"Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee."



HOW MARTHA FOUND SANTA CLAUS

By Alma Kunz

WHEN the town clock struck twelve on Christmas eve, Martha crept from her bed determined to look for Santa Claus, who seemed to have overlooked her. She dressed herself quietly and slipped softly from the house. By the time she reached the forest which lay north of town she was very cold and tired and crept under a bush to escape the biting wind. She must have fallen asleep, for when she opened her eyes there was Santa Claus himself smiling down at her with the merriest look! Martha smiled, too.

"How-de-do," said Santa; "got nicely rested, Martha?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, sitting up, glad to discover that she was no longer cold.

"Then," said Santa, lifting her up in his kind arms, "look yonder."

"Oh, oh," screamed Martha, "a million Christmas trees!" Santa laughed.

"Not quite so many as that," said he, "but enough to go around. You may have one for yourself."

Martha was delighted and chose a tree filled with delicious candies, cakes and nuts. Beneath it were many lovely presents, including a beautiful red-cheeked doll which Martha lost no time in clasping in her arms.

Just then a group of laughing girls came running up. They clasped Martha's hands and kissed her warmly. "Aren't you glad you died?" asked one, as she put her arm around Martha.

"Died?" faltered Martha, "but I am *not* dead." The girls laughed and kissed her again.

"But yes you are, darling," they cried, "so are we all, else we'd not be here."

"But doesn't it hurt to die?" asked Martha fearfully.



"Bless you, no," said Santa Claus. "Does anything hurt you now?"

"Why-ee, n-o," said Martha doubtfully. She thought she should be suffering, but was glad she wasn't.

"That's just it," gleefully said the girls, "we all know just how you feel about it. We felt the same way when we found that we had died. You know you went out into the cold and your body froze, but *you* didn't die. You just slipped out of your body as you do at night when you go to sleep, and now you will never be cold or hungry any more. Those beautiful ladies over there play with us whenever we like to have them, and we can have Christmas every day. The ladies told us you were coming and that you would like to have presents, so we had everything ready and Santa was waiting for you to wake up. *Now* aren't you glad you died?"

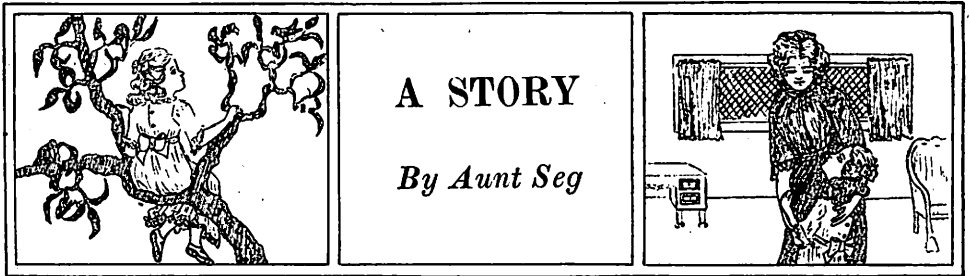
"Yes, yes," eagerly returned Martha, "and mother will be glad, too, for she always said father must be lonely without any of us, but—but—where *is* father?" she went on, anxiously looking about her. And even as she spoke there was father, smiling at her as he always did.

"Mother will miss two of us now, father," whispered Martha as she threw her arms about him.

"Only during the daytime, dear," comforted father. "Every night when she sleeps she will slip out of her body and be with us until morning. By and by she will begin to remember having been with us and be quite happy again."

Here the girls asked Martha if she didn't wish to visit Santa's reindeer, and as she went dancing along beside them one of the girls

explained: "You know God has arranged everything in this world as well as in that other world where we used to live and so it *must* be right, because He loves us very much." And Martha, as she hugged her new dolly close to her heart, thought so too.



THERE was once a little girl who dearly loved other people and wished to make them happy.

It was nearly Christmas time and she could see her mamma and aunties whispering and nodding their heads over something, and little Helen knew that they were considering what they should get for her and, while she was always pleased, there was still a little feeling of discontent in her mind as she thought of the many children who could not have nice things.

Now Helen had one bad habit, her mamma said, and that was giving away her Christmas things, one by one, until they were all gone.

"I can't help it, mamma dear," she would say. "I give them away before I think and then when I do think, I can't take them back; that wouldn't be nice, you know."

Then mamma would say aside to Aunt Kate: "Isn't she an odd child? I hardly know what to make of her or what to do with her; she isn't a bit like me."

No, Helen was not like most people, for she let the Spirit of Goodness have its beautiful way with her and so she did unusual things.

As I was saying, Christmas was at hand and Helen was thinking of other people's happiness. She went out with her mamma to see the shop windows, but at nearly every window there were very poorly dressed children looking also, and her tender heart was questioning why all children couldn't be rich and happy, and under the circumstances Christmas things did not look so very beautiful to her.

When mamma tucked her into bed she said, "Why does my little girl look so sober?"

"I'm thinking about the poor little children, mamma," and she sighed heavily.

"Nonsense, Helen! Somebody sees to them, of course."

Helen lay very still a long time and looked at the stars, as she could see them from her window. "They seem a long way off," said she, "I wonder what keeps them from falling? I suppose God made them and keeps them in their places. Why doesn't He take care of all children as He takes care of me, I wonder. I'm tired of thinking about it; I'll ask Him what it means," and she folded her hands and said, in her little untaught way: "God, you are very great and rich and you must be good to do so many good things, but perhaps you've forgotten about the children and don't remember them 'cause you are so busy making stars and worlds and things. Now I don't have anything else to do but to think of these things and, please, Great God, send the poor children beautiful things and drums and lots of nuts and candy and new shoes and kid—yes, kid gloves (I don't know as they are very warm, though). And the little girl that looked into the window at the big lady doll with a white satin dress and white furs—just give her that doll, please; and the little—boy—with—cold—fingers—"

Little Helen slept and dreamed she was looking at the stars, when her window opened wide and a beautiful boy from outside beckoned her to come out.

"I'm going to make some Christmas visits," said he. "Don't you want to come?"

Of course she did and, taking his hand, they went through the air just like two birds.

"Let's go down here," he said; and they passed right through the window of a house into a room where a beautiful Christmas tree stood ready to be lighted, and it was fairly loaded with rich and beautiful gifts. There were wonderful dolls and trains of cars and jewels and pictures.

"Come," said her guide, and they went up-stairs and through splendid rooms until they came to the family room where the children were. Helen expected to see radiant faces in such a beautiful home, but there was not a single happy face there. Two children sat at a table disputing over a game. Another was tormenting a beautiful greyhound, pulling his tail. A tall girl was saying: "If papa doesn't give me diamonds this Christmas, he need not give me anything," and another answered, "You are a selfish pig, Henrietta; you are never satisfied."

"Come, Helen," said the guide, and again they sped through the air.

"They have everything," said Helen; "what makes them that way?"

"*Things* do not make people happy," said the guide.

"What does?" asked Helen.

He turned and smiled upon her, and his smile was so dazzling that she forgot to repeat the question.

They went into the kitchen of another house where two stockings were hanging over the fireplace. Helen peeped into them and found an apple, an orange, a mouth-organ and two pairs of mittens. That was all. They entered the bed-room (there were only two rooms) and approached the bed. There lay the little family—three in one bed—the mother with her little son and daughter, and each had cuddled close to her.

"She supports them by sewing," said the guide.

"They look happy," said Helen. "See how the little girl smiles in her sleep."

The mother was dreaming. "Yes, children," she said, and she also smiled in her sleep.

"What makes them so?" asked Helen.

"*Love* makes them so," answered her guide, and again they went through the air.

Then they came to a very dark, ugly place among sheds and hovels into a very poor, cold room where a boy was sleeping. His bed was an old piece of carpet and his pillow was a bundle of newspapers that he had not sold.

"Oh!" said Helen, "isn't he cold?"

"No, he is used to it; he gave his supper to another boy who had no dinner."

A lovely light began to fill the cold, dark room, and Helen saw her guide bend over the sleeping newsboy and—was that wonderful Being her boy-guide? Why, he was a great angel, she thought, and he blessed the sleeping boy so that he looked rosy and warm, and the room was like a palace of light and beauty, and she heard a tender voice saying:

"Blessed, thrice blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed, thrice blessed are the merciful. Blessed, yea, more than blessed, is the heart that loves God more than things."

The scene began to fade before Helen's eyes and she cried: "Oh, you beautiful angel, who are you? Tell me, tell me!" But the boy asleep on the old carpet and the beautiful angel were rapidly vanishing as she heard a whisper that seemed to come from afar, "I am—I am—" She could hear no more, and awoke from her dream sobbing with disappointment.

Now Helen did not forget this wonderful dream, and the lesson she learned was that no *earthly* thing can create happiness, but that love—unselfish love—is all the heart needs to make heaven *anywhere*—*everywhere*.



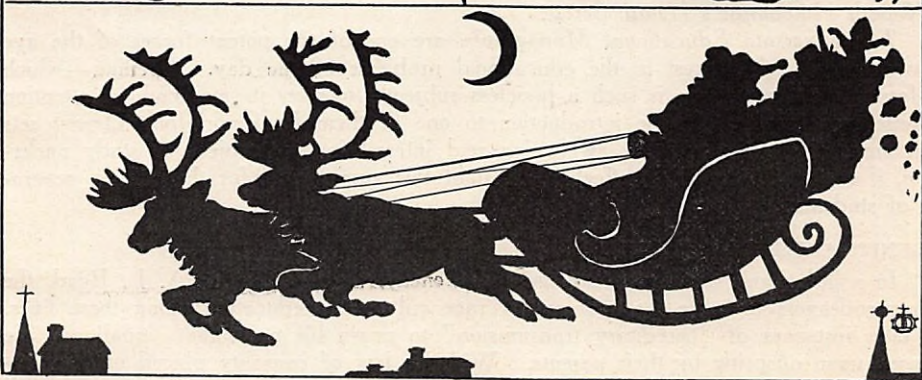


SANTA'S HELPERS

"O ho!" cries Santa, "Christmas Eve is here!
Toys I must gather; hitch my swift reindeer.
Come Love, come Mercy, come Charity sweet,
My helpers who make Christmas joys complete.
Go, Dunder and Blitzen!" O'er housetops he flies,
And all who are kind have a nice surprise.



DEC.
24





SIGNIFICANT

Do those watching for signs foretelling a future Federation of Nations know of the meeting held in Southampton, England, on August 15, 1913? The occasion was the unveiling of the memorial to our Pilgrim Fathers of the Mayflower, and there were present thousands of representatives of England and America.

Miss Green, one of our well-known Theosophists, wrote such an interesting account of the event that the Government at Washington requested two copies of the same and placed them with the records in the Capitol. This may be more significant than at first appears. A Theosophical paper placed amongst the records may be a little first link in that chain of love which will further unite the two nations and finally encircle the world.

As ritual is coming to the front once again, we quote a few words from Miss Green's paper: "The order and ritual of this particular ceremony, the robes of office, the hoods and gowns of the bishops, not only lent color and dignity to the scene, but surely also emphasized the fact that once again men are recognizing that life is a blending of the seen with the unseen; that the symbol of office is not merely the badge of office, but brings to this world of turbulence and disorder something of the dignity, power and absolute order that reign in the hierarchy of its true Rulers and unseen Great Ones."

EDUCATIONAL FORCES

Dr. Guiteau's new text-book in civics, *Preparing for Citizenship*, emphasizes the new method of teaching this important branch of knowledge, which is by the creation of high ideals of citizenship and political conduct. The same idea is worked out along other lines of study. The former teaching of grammar has broadened out into language training, in which the pupil is taught to speak and write in clear effective English. History is made interesting to children by Dr. Eva March Tappan's series, and physiology by Woods Hutchinson's *Health Series*.

The Riverside Educational Monographs are one of the potent forces of the age in awakening fresh interest in the educational problems of the day. Spelling—which Professor McMurray says is such a hopeless subject—receives its modicum of attention in these monographs. In the introduction to one of them Professor John Dewey sets forth convincingly the need of awakening real interest in any subject of study undertaken, if the results are to be effective. All of this augurs well for the coming generation of students.

EUGENICS AND REINCARNATION

In a little hand book on *Marriage and Genetics* by Dr. Charles A. L. Reed, the author endeavors to solve the problem of race culture by education along these lines. He cites instances of "hereditary transmission" to prove his point that "qualities" are imposed upon offspring by their parents. With his law of causality placed upon so restricted a basis, it is natural that he fails to note the thousands of "exceptional cases" which the law of reincarnation alone can explain. He is working along the right track,

however, as eugenics is a great step in the path of progress. Advanced souls have a right to be well-born, to be provided with pure, healthy bodies, and as for the others, the evolution of form will doubtless keep pace with the unfoldment of consciousness. Souls at a low stage of development could not well utilize a highly organized and refined body.

What confusion results along all lines—and naturally so—when the great laws of reincarnation and karma are left out of calculation.

AN ARTIST'S VISION OF THE CHRIST

A wonderful picture of the Christ is now interesting the art circles of London and will later be exhibited in the principal cities of Europe and America. Early in her career the artist, Miss Kerr, was pained and shocked by the many unworthy and belittling conceptions of the divine face and she vowed, if permitted, to paint one more worthy. At last she secured a satisfactory model, but strove in vain to portray her ideal on canvas. Turning in bitter despair to terminate the sitting, she saw—not the model before her but the original of the new portrait that is now surprising the art world. Then, deaf and blind to all else about her, she painted and at the end of two hours the work was done.

STRENGTH THROUGH SUFFERING

How finely this is brought out in the following tribute to Abraham Lincoln, recently written by the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in connection with the proposed transcontinental road to be named the Lincoln Highway.

"Be the reasons what they may, when the Ruler of Nations wishes to secure a forward movement of society, He passes by the king's palace in favor of the poor man's house. When God wished a father for the bondsman, He went to a log cabin in Kentucky. Calling to His side Heaven's favorite angel—the Angel of Suffering—He laid the poor man's child in the arms of the angel and whispered: 'O Sorrow, thou best loved child of heaven and earth, take thou this child, rear him for Me and make him great. Plant his path with thorns, cut his little feet with sharp rocks, load his young back with heavy burdens, pull out of his arms everything he loves, break his heart a thousand times, and when he is strong by burden-bearing, sympathetic through suffering to the sigh of any black child, when every footprint up the hill Difficulty has been made crimson with his blood, bring him back to the throne, and with him there shall be emancipated three million slaves.'

"That is how the Great God made Abraham Lincoln to be the greatest man in the history of the republic."

A CHANGE OF ATTITUDE

A missionary recently said: "When I went to Spain with my young wife, forty years ago, we went in a polemical mood. There was no need of denying it then, nor is there need of emphasizing it now; it was the spirit that prevailed at that time respecting Roman Catholics. But I am willing to admit, and I frankly confess at this moment, that during the last ten or fifteen years my mind has considerably changed on that subject. . . . *Is it not better to find out what there is in common between us, and not let our differences act as a barrier to a genuine friendship which may lead to a mutual understanding on deeper things?*"

The Theosophical Society has now been in existence thirty-eight years, and has spent much of that time in finding out what there is in common between different religions. While a large part of the work of the Society has been done in such a way that it is difficult to link cause to effect, we know that the change from the polemical attitude in very many parts of the world has been due in part to its efforts.

THE TRADITION OF THE GUILLATUN

The following story of the flood is taken from *Luz Astral*, a Theosophical paper for many years published at Casablanca, Chile:

The *guillatunes* are religious festivals, celebrated by the Araucano Indians of southern Chile when they wish to "talk" to their god and to ask favors of him. The origin of these festivals, where singing, dancing and horse-racing are mixed and moistened with many long drinks of *muday*, wine and stronger liquors, is not precisely known. The Indians say that they have always existed, and they seem to rest their belief on a fable very like the biblical deluge.

A long time ago, so they say, there was a great inundation. An enormous lizard came out of the earth and cried, "Cay! Cay!" Then the earth cracked in many places, and great streams of water pouring out filled the country. The people took refuge on a mountain called Trentren and very many animals climbed thither as well—cougars, deer, birds, and a great number of reptiles.

After the surface of the earth was covered, the water still rose and rose but it did not reach the top of the mountain, for that grew and grew as the water rose. The summit of Trentren stretched up until it nearly touched the sun, and the temperature became insupportable. To avoid sunstroke, the people carried bowls of water on their heads. The summit of the mountain was so small, and there were so many snakes and reptiles, that it was dangerous to move about.

After a time the cry of "Tren! Tren!" was heard, and the waters began to subside as they had begun to rise at the cry of "Cay! Cay!" Then the Indians celebrated their first *guillatun*.

On the Araucano coast we have heard the story modified, for there they say that it was a tidal wave which flooded the earth. Before it ran an animal calling "Hupe! Hupe!" and when the waters sank the beast went out to sea crying "Cay! Cay!" It was a monster with horns, indefinite in shape and of the color of water. In the heights of Trentren the refugees had to be silent while snakes and lizards passed freely over their shoulders and faces, for if they spoke at that moment they were turned into stone.

The basis of this tradition is of course to be found in the far-back deluge of Atlantean lands, some terrible experience through which the ancestors of these Indians passed, stamping its imprint upon the survivors so forcibly as to mould itself in memory and tradition into a commemorative religious ceremony.

MEDITATION THE METHOD OF ILLUMINATION

In all the sacred scriptures, and from the lips of our occult teachers, have we the word that meditation is as necessary to the evolution and growth of the spiritual nature as food is necessary to those of the physical. But, not conscious of the needs of the spiritual nature as we are of those of the physical, we persistently refuse to feed the soul and then complain of its weakness and slow development.

The following account of the Society of Friends, which Society has pursued the method of meditation for now six thousand years, impresses us strikingly. We give an abstract from a London paper:

"About six thousand years ago a society was formed in Persia called the Society of Friends, who gathered for silent communion with the Almighty. They divided divine philosophy into two parts. There is one kind of philosophy the knowledge of which can be acquired through lectures and study in schools and colleges. The second kind of philosophy is that of the illuminati of the Inward Light. The schools of this philosophy were held in silence. Meditating, and turning their faces to the source of Light, from the Central Light the mysteries of the Kingdom were reflected in their hearts. All the divine problems were solved by this power of illumination.

"This Society of Friends increased greatly in Persia and their existence has been preserved to the present time. Many books and epistles have been written by their

leaders. When they assemble in the meeting-house they sit silently and contemplate. Their leader opens with a certain proposition and says to the audience: 'Meditate on this problem.' Then, freeing their minds from everything else, they sit and reflect, and before long the answer is revealed to them. They are called 'Followers of the Inner Light.' They attain to a superlative degree of power and are entirely freed from blind dogmas and imitations. Men rely upon the statements of these people; by themselves, within themselves, they solve all mysteries.

"Baha'o'llah says there is a sign (from God) in every phenomenon. The sign of the intellect is contemplation and the sign of contemplation is silence, because it is impossible for man to do two things at the same time; he cannot both speak and meditate. It is an axiomatic fact that while you meditate you are speaking with your own spirit. In that state of mind you put certain questions to your spirit and the spirit answers—the light breaks forth and the reality is revealed. You cannot apply the name 'man' to any being devoid of this faculty of meditation. Without it he would be a mere animal, lower than the beasts.

"This power of meditation frees man from the animal nature, discerns the reality of things, puts man in touch with God. This faculty brings forth from the invisible plane the sciences and arts. Through the meditative faculty inventions are made possible, colossal undertakings are carried out; through it governments can be run smoothly. Through this faculty man enters into the very kingdom of God.

"The meditative faculty is akin to the mirror. If you put before it earthly objects it will reflect them. Therefore, if the spirit of man is contemplating earthly subjects, he will be informed of these. But if the mirror (of the spirit) be turned heavenward, the heavenly constellations and the rays of the Sun of Reality will be reflected in your hearts and the virtues of the kingdom will be attained."

UNIVERSAL PEACE

There has been a very great desire on the part of Theosophists that something might transpire in the world of politics to ensure the peace of the world for a long period of time. Often the hope has been hinted that the three nations having the greatest infusion of Teutonic blood might group themselves fraternally together in order to bring about this most desirable end. The idea of course has been suggested often enough in political circles and now it is a pleasure to note that it has been given currency by no less a personage than Mr. Andrew Carnegie who, on August twenty-ninth, in unveiling the bust of the late Sir Randal Cremer, said, in making an interesting speech on armaments and the way to secure world peace: "I find that three nations, all of them Teutonic—Germany, the mother; Britain, the daughter; and our Republic, the granddaughter—actually have today a greater naval force between them than all the rest of the world. The Teutonic race could today obtain peace upon the seas."

WAVE-MOTION

The following is an abstract of an interesting article received from E. Humboldt, Ph. D., of the Sandwich Islands, in reply to the request for information published in the July, 1913, issue:

A wave length is not a constant quantity. For example: the lower C of the organ has a rate of 33 vibrations per second, so, in the air where the velocity of sound is 330.6 metres per second, the wave length will be ten metres; but in aluminum where the velocity is 5104 metres the wave length will be 154.6 metres.

In the study of wave motion we have two cases. A There is an actual displacement of material and B there is a change of stress but no movement of matter. [Physicists do not consider ether as "matter." Occultists do so consider it and would disagree with the wording of the above division.]

Under case A there are vibrations of three different modes:

1. Transverse vibration, where the displacement is at right angles to the direction of propagation—as in strings, plates, et cetera.
2. Longitudinal vibration, or waves of compression and rarefaction. To this class belong the vibrations we distinguish as sound.
3. Waves produced on the surface of liquids. In this case the wave lengths and the velocity are related according to the following equation: The square of the velocity equals (the gravitational attraction times the wave length and divided by 6.2832) plus (6.2832 times the surface tension and divided by the wave length times the density of the liquid). In shallow depths the velocity squared equals the square root of (the gravitational attraction times the depth of the liquid). Take note that in long waves the effect of the surface tension and the density is negligible and that the velocity will consequently be the same in all liquids.

In deep water we obtain the following wave lengths and velocities:

Wave length	Velocity
0.0001	2.30
0.0010	0.72
0.0100	0.26
0.175	0.23 minimum
0.1000	0.40
1.0000	1.25

Under case B we must remember that there is no displacement of material particles, hence no motion as the word is generally understood. Our knowledge of the ether is at best rudimentary and mostly hypothetical. Very briefly stated, the theory of electric stress in the ether is as follows: When, under certain conditions unknown to us and through processes the action of which is yet unknown, a stress is put on the ether producing a strain the true nature of which is absolutely unknown, that strain is transmitted and propagated along a certain direction manifesting as an "electro-static field;" at the same time an "electro-magnetic field" is produced at right angles to the first, while the energy itself is transmitted in a direction perpendicular to both fields through a periodical displacement of stress and strain analogous to wave motion.

We have no reason to place a limit on the wave lengths as produced because although there is a limit to our means of mensuration, yet we can conceive of conditions under which different wave lengths can be produced.

The transmission of energy in the ether at a certain point (vibrations of a certain frequency) manifests as "electro-magnetic waves" (not an electric current); further up the scale we sense it as heat; still farther up we sense it as light. Beyond that, a short stretch has been observed as chemical energy. But there are limitless ranges about which we know nothing whatever.

WAVE-LENGTHS

Sound	{	Lowest tone audible.....	11.	metres
		Highest for estimating pitch.....	0.82	do.
		Highest audible	0.20	do.
Electro-Magnetic	{	Leyden jar discharged through a short conductor..	45.	do.
		Herz oscillator	5.5	do.
		Produced by Righi.....	0.075	do.
		Produced by Lebedev.....	0.006	do.
		Mentioned in <i>Scientific American</i> , April 5, 1913..	0.002	do.

Heat	{ <i>Scientific American</i> , April 5, 1913.....	0.000,1	metre
	{ Heat	0.000,002,5	do.
(One "mu" equals 0.000,001 metre)			
"Black light excites fluorescence and		1.7	"mu"
passes through opaque bodies.....		1.0	do.
Light	{ Red	0.7	do.
	{ Orange	0.65	do.
	{ Yellow	0.58	do.
	{ Green	0.53	do.
	{ Blue	0.48	do.
	{ Indigo	0.45	do.
	{ Violet	0.44	do.
	{ Violet extreme	0.40	do.
Chemical rays (by photography)		0.10	do.
Studied by Freidrich, Knipping and Laue.....		0.000,010	do.
Diameter of a molecule of hydrogen.....		0.000,160	do.

FREQUENCIES OF VIBRATIONS

The following table is taken from *The Unknown* by Flammarion:

Octaves	Vibrations per second
1	2
2	4
3	8
4	16
Sound	
15	32,786
16	65,572
Unknown	
24	16,777,216
25	33,554,432
Electricity	
35	34,359,738,268
36	68,719,476,736
Unknown	
45	35,184,372,088,832
46	70,368,744,177,664
Heat	
48	281,474,976,710,656
49	562,949,953,421,312
50	1,125,899,906,842,624
51	2,251,799,813,685,248
Unknown	
57	144,515,188,075,855,872
58	289,030,376,151,711,744
Roentgen rays	
61	2,312,243,009,213,693,952
62	4,624,486,018,427,387,904
Unknown	



When does the reincarnating ego enter the state of new birth? Is it at the moment of generation; or during the nine months' growth of the foetus; or at birth; or after birth and, if so, at what period of time?

If the life of the ova and the life of the spermatozoa do not produce the life of the child, what part do these germs play and what becomes of the newly-formed cells which resulted from their union?

You ask when and at what stage the reincarnating ego enters the state of a new birth. The answer is, not fully until about the seventh year. Up to approximately that time the ego is endeavoring to gain more or less control over the new body, to which he cannot be said to have much more than a vital connection. To understand the matter more fully, one has to understand the facts concerning the permanent atom.

We have a physical body built up of atoms known as ultimate physical atoms; this is the body of action. We have an astral body built up of the aggregations of ultimate astral atoms, and we have a mental body similarly built up. Now the Divine Spark, thrown off from the fire of the Divine Cosmic Self and constituting the Spirit of man, attaches itself to just one atom on each of the said three planes, and it gives to each of these atoms a kind of immortality; perhaps I had better say a relative immortality, and it is around each of these atoms that the other atoms of their respective planes aggregate to form the full-sized body. At the death of the physical body that one physical-etheric atom is drawn into a kind of cocoon and becomes dormant. After the life on the astral plane the permanent astral atom is similarly enfolded and also, in course of time, the mental unit. And then the reincarnating ego is conscious only on his own high plane and not at all on those three lower planes—the mental, astral and physical—for his three bodies wherewith he had contacted those three planes and so became conscious thereon are now out of commission, so to say. But on seeking a new incarnation the ego begins to vitalize those permanent atoms, one after the other, and as he directs the energy of his being to each in turn, these atoms become all alive with activity again and begin to gather around themselves the brother atoms of their respective planes, holding them together as an entirety, in the form of three separate bodies interlinked together, and enabling him to be conscious on the three planes of personal evolution as before.

The process is not difficult to comprehend as to the formation around the mental unit of the matter forming the mental body as soon as that unit becomes revitalized, nor as to the formation around the astral atom of the matter forming the astral body when this atom is also vitalized. But the process is a little more difficult when it comes to the physical, and especially since very little information concerning the process has been vouchsafed to us by our observers. But the little that has been told shows that the physical permanent atom has to be taken into the body of the one who is about to become the father and that this is done through the food he eats. It must be, therefore, that this reincarnating ego is in very close rapport with the father for a measurable time before the fertilization so that it is possible to attach the permanent physical atom to some of

the cellular life associated vitally with him. Yet I do not know whether the process is a brief one or otherwise.

Naturally, therefore, when the two cells are united there are two forms of life there: one the normal life of the cells themselves and the other the informing life of the permanent physical atom already vitalized by the reincarnating ego. So far as the cells themselves are concerned, I should say that their mergence into the larger life of the growing body is similar to the mergence of the seed into the larger life of the tree.

A. P. W.

[Weissman's *Cell Theory and the Permanent Atom*, by T. P. C. Barnard, M. D., on page 28 of *The Theosophic Messenger* for October, 1912, will amplify this answer, especially concerning the life of the cells.]

How do you reconcile the Mendelian theory of heredity and the Weissman germ-plasm theory of a continuous cell with reincarnation?

This question gives rise immediately to another: Do you recognize the Mendelian theory and the Weissman germ-plasm theory as correct statements of nature's law? If they are not, it will be impossible to reconcile them; if they are, it will be possible. Again, it would be quite possible to make a statement as to the place that reincarnation and its permanent atom plays in the building up of the germ-plasm that would not be accepted by holders of either of the theories.

The writer speaks as one to whom both are theories, while reincarnation is a law. Let us state that quite a number of modern and up-to-date scientists repudiate the Weissman theory; it is questioned to such an extent as to be practically disregarded. W. E. Castle and others of the younger generation of thinkers are going back to Darwin and rejuvenating his idea that there may be two methods for the development of species, one the "Minerva" method and the other the long road of the adjustment of the type to the surrounding circumstances, the survival of the fittest, until there is sufficient change to make specific differences.

Mendel's theory is practically confined to the first named and deals with the development of species through cross-breeding. All the studies under the microscope are practically confined to the lower orders of life which still come under the group-soul, and as far as it applies to the animal and lesser kingdoms I think no occultist would find fault with the Mendelian theory. The ego simply puts its astral permanent atom, together with its physical permanent atom, into the structure of the spermatozoon as one of the atoms in one of the molecules of its cell structure; which one it is hard to say, probably in the heart of the nucleus. This spermatozoon is the one that fructifies the ovum and gives the new life. The breaking up or subdivision of the chromosomes or the ids would simply be the process subsequent to the taking hold of the permanent atom.

When there is sufficient change in the individual group-soul to make it possible to enlarge its sphere of consciousness, the group-soul itself splits up; sometimes into two and sometimes, especially among plants, into a vast group of variations. On cross-breeding, each group-soul vivifies one seed to make the new species and then establishes itself in the descendants of that one seed. If the specific difference was not sufficiently great in the realm of the animals, these specific differences might intermingle and produce a general change of type. But where the individual was well separated from the others, as in the breeding of thoroughbred animals, we get the type established as a distinct species breeding true to its archetype. Line breeding, as well as selection, gives a quicker establishing of the type, and this establishes the group-soul in its own manifestation or expression in physical matter. The fact that the female does not seem to carry, in animals, the prototype shows that the group-soul almost invariably plants its permanent atoms in the male sperm.

After individualization we reach the human kingdom and there things are very distinct. It is quite possible in the human kingdom for the permanent atom to be placed

in the ovum of the mother as well as in a spermatozoon of the father. It would seem, however, that the latter is the most usual or most frequent procedure. It stands to reason, then, that only after the permanent atom of an ego has entered into the structure of a spermatozoon will fertilization take place. This explains the seeming difficulties or erratic conditions of fertilization on the part of the human female as different from all other mammalia. This also accounts for family types, because egos of certain mental and emotional characteristics of course would be drawn together and perpetuate the same idea in physical manifestation. Where a family holds to traditions like the Hapsburgs, we get the Hapsburg lip. Where the Jew holds strenuously to the customs of the physical, emotional and mental life, we have the Jewish physiognomy. If the human race, or any part of it, wishes to progress beyond the others, it can establish a new race almost immediately by a sufficient number establishing a characteristic mental and emotional type of life, and then only those egos who feel that to be a congenial atmosphere will incarnate. Every human nation has thus its elemental archetype that establishes the physical characteristics, and yet most of the racial differences are mental and emotional. We find the vivacious blond Andalusian; the blond and blue-eyed inhabitant of the Hindu Kooosh, fierce, stern, fanatical; we find the blond of Scandinavia, and yet temperamentally you could hardly find three humans more distinctly different from one another. The mental atmosphere is what gives the inner meaning to the life that attracts the ego, and the one acting upon the other produces eventually in the mature individual the type of race in thought, word and deed.

The scientist does not yet show why certain ova are fertilized and others not. It is only the Theosophical theory of the group-soul and the individual soul, with their permanent atoms, that gives one any clue, and that a very good one, to the meaning of these nature secrets.

A. F. K.

With all the precautions taken to prevent deception on the part of spiritualistic mediums, do not the astonishing results that take place prove beyond a doubt that mediums produce those results through the aid of spirits? Is it not a plausible theory that mediums work through telepathy; or is it possible that they work through the subjective mind which may have been educated in previous lives? Then again: Is it not likely that they work through the agency of the pineal gland? Is not the trance into which the mediums cast themselves similar to the self-induced trance?

W. S. B.

So long as a man has the idea that the subjective mind and the objective mind are two different things he will never get a clear conception of the operation of the objective mind when separated from the great cramping instrument called the brain. The objectivity of an individual mind is just as great when under hypnotism as when under any other circumstance or condition that separates it from the physical plane—death, for instance. The subjective mind is just as active whether there is a brain or not connected with the ego. It is just a matter of how you bring things over.

If you hypnotize a person, you cut him off from cerebral action. You may consciously—though most practitioners do it unconsciously—separate him from his solar plexus, cardiac, and other main centres of consciousness. If the hypnotizer pushes the thing far enough, he may even separate the ego from the pineal gland; then I doubt if any one short of a Master could restore the ego to the control of his physical organism. When a man puts his cerebral action to one side and uses his laryngeal, pituitary or pineal centre, he is either an orator, a mind reader or a seer. If he takes himself seriously in hand, he can develop himself so that he functions through one of those centres without the use of the operator's concentration. Unhampered by the continual stream of personal self-consciousness and petty thought, he can then rise to the full self-consciousness that is the basis of all that makes higher capacities manifest. The endeavor to get rid of baneful self-consciousness is the beginning of all power.

"Is it not possible that the subjective mind was educated in some previous lives?"

No, not if you use the word subjective in that connection. Objectivity is the mind's chief characteristic, and dominance, potency, accomplishment and aggressiveness would perhaps explain better its mode of existence. It is only possible to use the word "subjective" when you think of its cerebral action being the objective phase.

It is possible that a great many experiences of the use of the pineal or pituitary bodies are confused by observers with an entirely different phase of life. The ego certainly enjoys the opportunity of dealing directly with things until it can shut off cerebral action and use other powers which hypnosis may give. And it would never consider a hypnotic trance a "golden opportunity" to make its presence known to the world at large. Its golden opportunity comes when it has conquered the five senses and can use them and its other centres at will.

I would say that the trances into which mediums throw themselves are not similar to any self-induced trance, nor is the self-induced trance similar to hypnotic trance, for it is *samadhi*. The hypnotic trance is slavery to the operator. The mediumistic trance is slavery to an incarnate hypnotizer. The self-induced trance, *samadhi*, is dominance, poise, control and perfect freedom. To suppose that a medium was in some past life a great magician or adept would be similar to supposing that any crooked or scrawny tree had developed from some great, imposing forest giant. The world does not go downwards. One who was a magician might be an adept; one who was an adept might be a Master; but the absence of dominance, control or self-consciousness could not possibly grow out of adeptship.

It is doubtful whether a medium ever uses the pineal gland in a mediumistic trance. Some other plexus is used. The obsessing entity is almost invariably a person of no great intelligence when compared with the intellectual men of our race, but he may have a mind immensely active in comparison with the medium's mental capacity or that of the circle looking on at the seance.

Let the inquirer go more deeply into the subject of the relationship between the ego and its bodies. Let him go more deeply into the karma of the building of thought power and the culture of character, and I think he will see more clearly into these points and the difference between the developed and the undeveloped ego. A. F. K.

I feel that Theosophy does not teach, with one-pointedness, the higher unifying principle of the One Supreme Spirit as harmony and perfection, but calls good such things as sickness, war, pain and misery, which I should call fallings away from principle. Should we not hold to prominently teaching the divine qualities as the only good and all else temporary failures?

I should say it was purely a sectarian view that looked upon certain things as good and certain other things as evil. It would seem to me to be a higher view, from the Theosophical standpoint, to hold that the Supreme Director of evolution on our planet was managing His work with a higher wisdom than that which we ourselves possess; therefore it must be that He is utilizing sickness, war, pain and misery in order to gain results which perhaps in no other way could be insured with the same degree of effectiveness. I think that the correct view is to see these things as temporary conditions and that those who have caught the vision of the perfect life should do their utmost to co-operate with evolution by seeking to hasten the popular realization of the higher ideals, and thus shorten the time when these unpleasant conditions shall end. Our writers and speakers are constantly emphasizing the perfect ideal, but if they tell the wider truth and show that even the evils of life can be made to bring forth good, then surely that wider view ought not to disturb the serenity of a tolerant Theosophist in search of truth in all forms.

I find in Mrs. Besant's lectures such contradictions as follows: that "in this world of law, obedience to it must result in peace and harmony, and the presence of discord

shows inharmony with the law"; in another place, that "we must not expect a world without war, for we must have wars to enable the younger souls to evolve—necessary lessons." This seems like a school-teacher who taught co-operation to her older pupils and approved of the infant class having quarrels and fights as part of the curriculum.

As in my answer to paragraph one, I can only state that there is no inconsistency in the attitude in which one constantly holds up the ideal as the thing to be striven for and yet at the same time ventures the comforting explanation that in all those departments of life where the ideal is not and cannot be perfectly attained to, then the Great Ones who are directing our evolution still are able to bring good out of the lesser conditions and that we are therefore no longer to believe in the hopelessness of evil. I agree that the teaching is rather strong meat for babes, but certainly a Theosophical student should not shrink from the truth he seeks.

Again, I read that "the teaching of reincarnation fell out of the early church wisely and well," because the doctrine of one short life and eternal hell-fire stimulated the souls to greater efforts than the truth of reincarnation. Mr. Leadbeater calls this the most horrible blasphemy ever perpetrated against the Divine Lord, yet Mrs. Besant says "wisely and well." Did this lie aid evolution more than truth? How shall we know when truth or a lie is best?

You have misconstrued Mrs. Besant if you think that she has endorsed the hell-fire doctrine as having been wisely and well engrafted upon the Christian system. It was only the teaching of reincarnation that she referred to. This teaching had unfortunately been so prostituted and misunderstood as to have become somewhat responsible for the inactivity of the oriental peoples, and it is obvious to the careful observer that for the moment the doctrine had to be obscured in order to produce a certain virility and strength in the Teutonic peoples, which has certainly been brought about.

For us the absolute and unchanging truth as we see it is the only ideal, and the lie is never best. Moreover, there is nothing in the above to indicate the advocacy of anything in the nature of a lie. If the Divine Power directing evolution should see fit to allow one of the major truths to be obscured for a season, it would seem rather childish to assume that the opposite of truth had been declared.

I think your discovered contradictions would melt away if you gave them more serious clear thinking and perhaps less personal feeling, tinged, it may be, with some personal prejudice. The spiritual ideals given in all the great world scriptures must needs be brought down from the world of ideas into the world of action. True occultism shows how to make real on the physical plane the ideals perceived in the realms above. To do this, and do it well, requires a very great deal of consecrated action, wisdom and pure love.

I feel that if we follow our great leaders, trusting something to their wisdom and judgment, and each living the principles of Theosophy to the fullest possible extent, then ours will become a great movement. If we grow faint-hearted and lose interest in the present and the future, preferring rather to live in the memories of the past and loving abstractions unapplied better than ideals applied, then no doubt a present opportunity of great value may perchance be lost. However, the question is one for each to decide for himself and, whatever that decision, there will be accorded an unstinted tolerance by all who truly live the Theosophic life.

A. P. W.

What is meant by Co-Masonry?

Co-Masonry is a fraternal organization claiming to be the same as Freemasonry, with the difference that it admits women to its lodges. The movement is said to be growing rapidly, both in Europe and America, and is obviously universal in principle, since it does not exclude one-half of the people, as necessarily do those orders that refuse to admit women.

A. P. W.



BOOK REVIEWS



The books here reviewed can be ordered from the publishers named with each; also from *The Theosophical Book Concern*, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.; or from your nearest dealer in Theosophical books.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP, by Winston Churchill. Publishers: The Macmillan Company, New York City. 1913. pp. 513. Price, \$1.50.

In his latest novel Winston Churchill has made the most scientific onslaught on orthodox Christianity since Mrs. Humphrey Ward wrote *Robert Elsmere*.

Of course it has nothing of the brilliancy of style and profundity of learning which made the former novel a classic, while a comparative reading shows the author of *The Inside of the Cup* to have moved along the lines laid down in *Robert Elsmere*. There is, however, a fundamental difference. While Mrs. Humphrey Ward would shatter "the cup and the platter" into a thousand pieces—for Mrs. Ward lost her love and respect for the church from her studies in ecclesiastical history—she is not without hope of preserving the present social order by proper adjustments. Mr. Churchill, however, would not destroy the church but subject it to a spring cleaning, but he insists that the present social order must go. He tells us in his afterword that these conclusions are the result of years of experience and reflection and, as such, constitute the most powerful polemic against conventional doctrines and the servility of the church to plutocracy that has ever been written.

The hero of the story is the Rev. John Hodden, a young Episcopal clergyman who, as a student at Harvard, is bubbling over with the spirit of youthfulness and sportsmanship. Just as he is entering on a legal career, he visits one of our metropolitan churches, and suddenly the words of a hymn they are singing shake him to the foundations:

"Fill me with radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief."

So it is that he goes to a country church and after ten years of brilliant work he is given the rectorship of the Church of St. John, one of the largest and wealthiest of the middle West. Very soon a cultured woman involves him in a clever discussion of the Virgin Birth. A chink appears in the armor of his old faith. A new window is opened in his soul.

Then we are introduced to Eldon Parr, the great power in the church, a man who made five millions out of the souls of women and children. The millionaire has a daughter who denounces her father in the most scathing language. "You grind these people down into what is really an economic slavery and dependence, and then you insult and degrade them by inviting them to exercise, to read books and to sing hymns in your settlement house, and give their children crackers and milk and kindergarten and sunlight!"

Hodden himself is given the chance to see the ugly thing behind Eldon Parr's Sunday mask. He starts on a holiday to the country when, in a neighboring street, he is called upon to help a woman whose home had been broken up by Eldon Parr in his insatiate desire for riches. Finding her, he finds the bruised and bleeding bodies of many more victims, so he spends the holiday in Dalton Street instead of in the country. Another revelation comes to him when he discovers that many of the best people in his church get their incomes from brothels, saloons and sweat-shops. The revelation is so terrible as to almost sweep away the foundations of his faith. He discusses leaving the

church but, meeting Miss Parr, the two fall in love and Hodden reaches the bed-rock which underlies all faiths and creeds, realizes that to leave the church is to play the coward, that, instead, his duty is to tear away the mask and reveal the horrible faces behind it. He preaches the speedy coming of a new day of sacrifice and service and the vision of a new church which is to rise on the ruins of the old.

Hodden marries Alison Parr without accepting Eldon Parr's money, and together they embark on their new life with a fine church emptied of its plutocratic aristocracy, without emoluments and endowments but crowded to the door with the poor and needy of Dalton Street and its neighborhood.

It is a wonderful human picture, not lacking in greatness, depicted with a terrible realism that no words can convey. The characters are splendidly drawn, especially that of Eldon Parr, a delineation which will take its place among the foremost in modern fiction. E. M. C.

THE QUEST OF THE BEST, by William De Witt Hyde. Publishers: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. pp. 267. 1913. Price, \$1.00.

Although especially for those interested in work with boys, this book is well worth reading, for if everyone enlisted in this quest of the best the millenium would be at hand. It is the endeavor to do that which is best, taking into consideration all interests, our own and those of others, that is suggested and advised by President Hyde. The teachings are very much like those given in *At the Feet of the Master*, with apparently one noticeable exception, however. Here we are continually reminded not to overlook our own interests, while Alcyone says: "He who is on the Path exists not for himself but for others."

The first part of the book emphasizes the various forms of badness into which all boys who are bright naturally fall; the latter part shows what qualifications we must strive for in order to lead boys into the quest of the best. Every sentence is interesting, and altogether it is a forceful, practical book on a vitally important theme. J. H. E.

THE MIRACLE OF RIGHT THOUGHT, by Orison Swett Marden. Publishers: William Rider & Son, Limited, Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 1911. pp. 339. Price, \$1.25.

The dynamic power of thought—positive, concentrated thought—is receiving much attention in this age from various schools of philosophic, religious and scientific trend. The New Thought movement, of which Mr. Marden is one of the chief exponents, ranks among the foremost of such cults. His work deals with the phase of material success achieved by definite, concentrated resolve. To focus the mind upon objects along the lines of desire, to visualize them mentally, then to attract them to us by the magnet of determined will is the theme, embellished with much repetition. Success in life is the aim, and thought-force the method used to attain the goal. This success is supposed to consist of personal power, financial prosperity, position in life and general physical well-being.

As an aid to individual development the work in question possesses value, for individual development is one link in the long evolutionary process. Just how far it may be carried and at what point renunciation must begin, only intuitive wisdom can determine. Transmuted, personal power becomes a rich and splendid acquisition, but only when transmuted. Glorification of the personal self is not to be sought, and desire must be relinquished before true spirituality can be attained. E. C. T.

FROM THE UPANISHADS, by Charles Johnston. Publisher: Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. 1913. pp. 69. Prices, 30, 50 and 75 cents, and \$1.00.

To read this dainty booklet is to bring oneself into an exquisite thought atmosphere

of great spiritual altitude. The author, in his beautiful tribute to his friend, G. W. Russell, mentions that many years ago it was his ambition to translate from the Indian books of Wisdom the story of the Sacrificer's son, who was sent by his father to the house of Death. Ten years later this ambition was fulfilled in this volume.

The first translation from the *Katha Upanishad*, "*In the House of Death*," is the conversation held by Nachiketas and Death, and great is the wisdom imparted to the inquirer concerning the mystery of life and its largeness and hidden riches. Death teaches that his wisdom, like every other treasure of life, is present at every moment in full abundance and that to gain the better we must lose the dearer, to gain the greater we must lose the less.

The second story, "*A Vedic Master*," is from the *Prashna Upanishad* and relates how six seekers after wisdom came to the Master Pippalada, with fuel in their hands, saying: "He verily will declare it all." Of the sage they asked many abstruse and metaphysical questions and his answers are given, full, clear, and with exceeding illumination.

The third translation is from the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, under the title "*That Thou Art*." We learn how Shvetaketu was sent forth at twelve years of age to learn the source of the Eternal. Twelve years later he returned, having acquired great knowledge but conceited and vain of his attainments. His father then teaches him to be "that thou art," and that he must distinguish the unreal from the real. Most kindly is the law of Being explained. One can almost imagine that he is listening to the wisdom as it flowed from the lips of the Master.

A. H. T.

AN INTRODUCTION TO YOGA, by Annie Besant. Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. 1913. pp. 159. Price, 75 cents.

This is the second edition of an exceedingly valuable series of lectures delivered in 1907, which received in its first edition both wide and careful study and most worthy commendation.

The science of Yoga, which is defined as the "rational application of the laws of the unfolding of consciousness in an individual case," is very clearly outlined in this introduction. It will be very helpful to Western readers, for it contains less that is abstruse and technical than is usually found in works of this character.

The two principal methods of Yoga are described. Briefly, Raja Yoga seeks to control changes in consciousness and thus rule the material vehicles; Hatha Yoga seeks to control vibrations in matter and thus evoke desired changes in consciousness. The weak and strong points in the practice of the two are clearly brought out.

E. G. T.

THE OCCULT ARTS, by J. W. Frings. Publishers: Wm. Rider & Son, Limited, Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 1913. pp. 233. Price, 62 cents.

This is a very good introduction for those who have never studied, or who refuse to believe in the unseen and the unproved, but anyone who has read Mr. Leadbeater's or Mr. Sinnett's books will find no new food for thought. It is a useful book, however, to prepare one for Theosophic reading.

A. C. C.

ALL MYSTERIES, by Arthur Crane. Publishers: The Sun Publishing Co., San Diego, Calif. pp. 44. Price, 25 cents.

This is a little booklet with a very big name. After such profound books as *Light on the Path* or *The Bhagavad Gita* we find it rather poor. The following paragraph will show the trend of the booklet:

"Art thou willing to suffer and die that others may be blessed? Yea, thou mayest suffer shame and pain, and death of thy body, but if thou are really willing and the self-consciousness has passed away, then I say unto thee that thy body is immortal and the grave cannot hold thee."

We would advise the author to read some of Mabel Collins' books. A. C. C.

MAGAZINES

An *Esperanto-English, English-Esperanto Dictionary* for the pocket, the first of its kind, is being brought out in Edinburgh, Scotland. The compilers expect to have it placed on the market by an eminent publishing firm of international repute, and they are aiming at bringing it out at the price of one shilling in Britain and at a correspondingly low price in America. Such a dictionary is much needed, as those in use at present are too expensive for the beginner. It is not at all likely that Esperanto will ever succeed in winning the race against English as an international language officially adopted, yet it may influence the regularization of the follies of English, and certainly it is an important factor in the international peace movement of the day and, as such, merits our co-operative recognition.

We are indebted to *The Esperanto Monthly*, the official organ of The United States Esperanto Association, for the information that there has been started at the Montezuma School, Los Gatos, California, The World's Federation of Boys, which is "a crusade of boys, for boys and by boys." Professor E. A. Rogers, President of the School, explains that just as Esperanto had its birth in the heart of a little boy who saw strife and cruelty all around him, due to difference of languages spoken by his fellow townsmen, and who determined even then to create a language that all could understand, and thus remove the cause of their hatred and bring about mutual understanding and love—so the Federation of Boys originated in the mind of another little boy, who grew up near an institution for the insane. A great sorrow touched his pitying heart and he longed to free these unfortunate people from their misery. To his consternation he learned, when he became older, that the causes of seventy-five per cent of this suffering were alcohol and ignorance of the laws of eugenics. Then came the thought, why not get boys all over the world to unite to wipe this thing out? The grown men and women had failed to do so, but the growing boys, what could they not do?

Thus we are told the plan was started and that soon a host of boy friends arose and to their efforts the present development of the Federation is indebted. Social clubs are organized with any local interest, such as stamp collecting, athletics, games, scientific study, Esperanto, etc., "and all get in touch with headquarters for the benefit of the movement." The president says the idea is to take on the tone of perfect brotherhood, with mutual sympathy and understanding, and to greet "brother boys" of many lands in 1915. May their unselfish efforts be blessed.

The Editor's Observatory in *Modern Astrology* for October is unusually interesting, as it deals much with questions relating to Mrs. Besant. From it we quote the following: "Mrs. Besant firmly believes that the great spiritual intelligence known as the Christ will manifest on earth during the present century. She has never stated definitely when that manifestation will take place, for no one can know save the Great One Himself, who will choose His own time and place. . . . I believe the Christ is coming, not because Mrs. Besant believes it but because the world in its present state of darkness is in need of some one who can strike a higher note than that to which the majority are at present responding."

The Influence of Uranus is a splendid article by F. M. Head, and *How an Astrologer Solved a Missing Boy Mystery* suggests a very practical use of the knowledge of astrology.

In *The Path* for October we have some excellent articles, notably one on *Superhumanity*, by Isabelle de Steiger, and *The Symbolism of Maeterlinck*, by Roy Mitchell. The latter deals with the exact meaning of all the details of *The Bluebird* in a masterly way. The report of the discussion on religion at the summer school in Scotland is also interesting and is to be continued in the next number. *The Path* is a fine magazine.

LODGE DIRECTORY

NOTE: In the Lodge Directory is kept standing (a) the name and address of the Secretary, (b) the address of the Lodge Headquarters, (c) the telephone to be called for information.

AKRON, OHIO: Mrs. M. F. Karper, 146 S. High St. Meets E. Market St. Tel. Peoples 5208.

ALBANY, N. Y.: Albany. Miss Anna Emmons, 15 Western Ave. Meets 294 Quail St. Harmony. Miss Ida M. Marsh, 175 Jay St. Meets 5 Madison Place. Tel. Main 644, or Main 3507.

ANACONDA, MONT.: Duncan M. Munro, 120 Locust St.

AUSTIN, TEX.: Austin. Fred H. Smith, 613 Congress St. Meets 908 Congress Ave. Tel. 629 S. W. Dharma. Mrs. E. A. Graves, 1401 W. Fifth St.

BALTIMORE, MD.: Mrs. Gracia F. Tongue, 4524 Reistertown Road.

BERKELEY, CAL.: Mrs. W. J. Woods, 1334 Spruce St. Meets Wright Bldg., Corner Shattuck and Center Sts. Tel. 6838.

BOSTON, MASS.: Alpha. Mrs. Bertha Sythes, 167 Huntington Ave. Meets 585 Boylston St. Tel. Oxford 1044. Besant. Miss Eudora Morey, 17 Batavia St. Meets 17 Batavia St., Suite 8. Boston. Mrs. Bessie W. Jewett, 84 Willowwood St. Meets 585 Boylston St., Room 10. Tel. Dorchester 566-M. Huntington. Mrs. Isadore Wing, 201 Kensington Bldg., 687 Boylston St. Olcott. Miss Emma Mills, 389 Main St., Brockton, Mass. Meets Chauncey Hall Bldg., Room 10, Copley Square.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Miss T. Van Nostrand, 95 Lafayette Ave. Meets 95 Lafayette Ave. Tel. Prospect 4476.

BUFFALO, N. Y.: J. E. Taylor, 256 Main St. Meets Henkel Bldg., Corner Main and Utica Sts., Room 7. Tel. Crescent 465-L.

BUTTE, MONT.: D. Mortimer, 436 Phoenix Bldg. Meets 102 Lewishon Block. Tel. 8790 Independent.

CHICAGO, ILL.: Akbar. Mrs. Clara J. Kochersperger, 7212 Coles Ave. Meets Room 819 Fine Arts Bldg., 410 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. South Chicago 1175 or 1198. Chicago North Shore. Mrs. Ida Ferne Robinson, 4423 N. Robey St. Meets 4666 Evanston Ave., Rooms of North Shore School of Music. German Morning Star. Albert H. Center, 3113 N. Ashland Ave. Meets 3403 N. Paulina St. Sampo. Gust Jacobson, 2917 5th Ave. Meets at homes of members.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO: Cleveland. Mrs. Antoinette de C. Phillips, 8303 Superior Ave. Meets "The Birmingham," 5607 Euclid Ave. Kiplina. Emil Kaarna, 37 Phillips St., E., Cleveland. Meets 9909 Adams Ave. Vikea. Mrs. Alida E. de Leeuw, 1845 E. 75th St. Meets Room 501, 318 Euclid Ave. Tel. East 1761 R.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA: Mrs. Effie M. Smith, 126 So. Seventh St. Meets 322 Merriam Block.

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DENVER, COLO.: Denver. Mrs. Ida Blakemore, 1723 Park Ave. Colorado. Mrs. Lois A. Chapman, 3861 Raleigh St.

DETROIT, MICH.: Alcyone. Mrs. Helen B. Young, 115 Sheldon Ave. Meets 318 Woodward Ave. Tel. North 3726-R. Detroit. Mrs. A. E. Meddaugh, 357 Warren Ave. W. Vivellus. Mrs. Lillie F. Dick, 248 Belvedere Ave. Meets Valpey Bldg., 213 Woodward Ave. Tel. Hickory 213-L.

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FORT WORTH, TEXAS: Mrs. Alice Brownson, 2423 Azle Rd. Meets 48th Dist. Court Room. Court House. Tel. Prospect 1157.

FREEMONT, ILL.: Miss Minna Kunz, 680 Stephenson St.

EVANSTON, ILL.: Mrs. Ella L. Cutler, 632 Hinman Ave. Meets 1732 Central St. Tel. Evanston 2272.

FREMONT, NEB.: Mrs. Mae C. Butt, 609 N. H. St. Meets Corner Sixth and Broad Sts. Tel. Bell A-737.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.: Grand Rapids. Miss Alice E. Kunz, 875 Franklin Ave. Meets 321 La Grave St. Tel. Citizens 9464. L. A. Mitchell. H. P. B. J. B. Howard, 479 Fountain St. Meets 303 Ashton Bldg. Tel. Citizens 5054. J. B. Howard.

GREAT FALLS, MONT.: Mrs. H. S. Benson, Great Falls, Mont.

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HOUSTON, TEXAS: Mr. W. L. Underhill, 1218 Milam St. Tel. Preston 6870. Meets 614½ Fannin St., Rooms Federation of Woman's Clubs. Tel. Hadley 3134 or 2416.

JACKSON, MICH.: Mrs. Garnet B. Thacher, 414 Webb St. Meets 123 W. Wesley St.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.: Mrs. Sarah B. Black, 109 Belmont Ave.

KANSAS CITY, MO.: Miss Clara Linder, 3126 Washington St. Meets 203 Studio Bldg. Tel. South 945.

LA GRANGE, ILL.: W. P. Fogg, 434 N. Brainard Ave. Meets 200 So. Fifth St. Tel. La Grange 229.

LIMA, OHIO: L. P. Tolby, 864 W. Wayne St.

LINCOLN, NEB.: Miss Annie E. Stephenson, 1547 C. St. Meets Room 28 Burlington Block, Corner 13th and O Sts.

LONG BEACH, CAL.: Mrs. Florence A. Irvine, Epperson Apartments, Pacific Ave.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.: Los Angeles. Mrs. Rose G. Stockwell, 2009 Oak St. Meets Blanchard Bldg., 233 So. Broadway. Tel. Home 73443. Hollywood. Miss Jetta Clay, Krotana, Hollywood, Cal. Meets Odd Fellows Hall, 6412 Hollywood Blvd. Tel. Home 57134. Krotana. Mrs. E. R. Broenniman, Krotana, Hollywood, California. Tel. Home 57134.

LOUISVILLE, KY.: Miss Elizabeth Brightwell, 214 W. Chestnut St. Home Phone City 4332.

MEADVILLE, PA.: Mrs. William S. Rhodes, 741 Kennedy St. Meets 966 South Main St. Tel. 222K or 450.

MELROSE HIGHLANDS, MASS.: Mrs. Jessie A. Jones, Spring St.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.: Miss Cora E. Zemlock, 457 Cass St. Meets Manhattan Bldg., 133 Second St. Tel. Main 1904-X.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: Alcyone. John Johnson, 2542 29th Ave., So. Meets Maccabee Hall, Public Library Bldg., Corner Franklin and Bloomington Aves. Minneapolis. Miss Suzanne Kranz, 70 S. 11th St. St. Anthony. Mrs. Thomas G. Lee, 509 River Road, S. E. Star of the North. John V. Koester, 600 Lumber Exchange. Yggdrasil. G. Troseth, 3030 Eleventh Ave.

MUSKEGON, MICH.: Muskegon. Mrs. Minnie W. Chase, 658 Lake St. Meets 105 Houston Ave. Tel. 166. Unity. Mrs. Loretta E. Booth, 57 4th St. Tel. 640.

NEWARK, N. J.: Mrs. L. H. Colvin, 235 Sixth Ave. Meets 102 Halsey St.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.: New Orleans. Miss Muriel Mitchell, 7730 Jeanette St. Meets De Soto Hotel. Truthseekers. Mrs. Florence Howard, 3513 St. Charles Ave. Meets 3513 St. Charles Ave.

NEW YORK, N. Y.: Central. John O'Neill, 1947 Broadway. Meets 2228 Broadway (between 79th and 80th Sts.) Tel. Schuyler 10436. New Meets 2228 Broadway. Unity. Miss Ada L. Ker-shaw, 55 Wall St., Tel. 6200 Broad. Meets 2228 Broadway. Upasika. Miss Sewona L. Peckham, 507 W. 139th St. Meets 561 W. 157th St. Tel. Audubon 1210.

NORFOLK, VA.: R. H. Pruefer, 136 Cumberland St.

OAKLAND, CAL.: Mrs. Emma Shortledge, 348 Palm Ave. Meets Maple Hall, Cor. 14th and Webster Sts. Tel. Oakland 8120.

OMAHA, NEB.: Mrs. K. P. Eklund, 4319 Parker St. Meets Room 20, Baldrige-Weed Bldg., 20th and Forum Sts. Tel. Douglas 3393 or Webster 5771.

ORANGE, N. J.: Olcott. Mrs. George P. Swain.

PASADENA, CAL.: Mrs. Della L. Colville, 1008 Garfield Ave. Tel. Home 1408.

PATERSON, N. J.: Miss Martha Bazdori, 41 Olympia St., Lakeview. Meets Room 307 Colt Bldg. Tel. Paterson 1277-M.

PELHAM, N. Y.: Mrs. Fannie Brook, 328 Sixth Ave. Meets 246 Loring Ave. Tel. 1483; Tel. 2122 W., Mrs. Burnett.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Miss Caryl Annear, 530 N. Natrona St. Meets 1710 Chestnut St., Room 21.

PIERRE, SO. DAKOTA.: Wallace E. Calhoun, 262 Coteau St. Meets 320 Pierre St.

PITTSBURG, PA.: Iron City. Mrs. D. Manning, 615 Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburg. Mrs. Nelle R. Eberhart, 5301 Northumberland Ave. Meets Whitfield Bldg., Whitfield and Baum Sts., East Liberty, Pittsburg. Tel. Schenley 1958-R.

PORT HURON, MICH.: Mrs. Sophina A. Peck, 1507 Military St. Meets Public Library. Tel. 1016, Mrs. Peck.

PORTLAND, ORE.: Miss Bertha Clement, 165 Tenth St. Meets 403 Eiler's Bldg., Seventh and Alder Sts. Tel. East 1861.

READING, PA.: L. C. Greim, 715 Dick St. Meets 522 N. Ninth St. Tel. Consolidated 381-4.

RENO, NEVADA.: J. H. Wigg, Box 156. Meets Cheney Bldg., Room 5. Tel. 1071.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.: Genesee. Miss Alice Scranton, 83 Avenue D. Meets 101 Cornwall Bldg., 156 Main St. Tel. 1531 Home. Rochester. Miss Esther Pringle, 454 Court St. Meets 101 Cornwall Bldg. Tel. Stone 4423-L. White Lotus. Mrs. Maud Couch, 30 Atkinson Street. Meets Reynolds Library. Tel. Main 4596-J.

ROXBURY, MASS.: W. W. Harmon, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.: F. G. Wilhelm, Hotel Sacramento. Meets Room 2, Odd Fellows Temple.

SAGINAW, MICH.: Mrs. F. G. Combs, 1524 N. Fayette St. Meets Room 4, Cass Bldg. Tel. 1420-J.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.: Mrs. Alice Blum, 1011 N. 13th St.

ST. LOUIS, MO.: Brotherhood. Mrs. Emma Niedner, 4249 Shenandoah. Meets Olcott Hall, Nicholas Bldg., 1504 S. Grand Ave. Tel. Grand 2140. St. Louis. Mrs. M. L. Atkins, 5937-A, Hamilton Terrace. Meets 3429 Franklin Ave. Tel. Cab. 4928-R.

ST. PAUL, MINN.: St. Paul. Charles Weschke, 98 So. Wabasha St. Meets 210 Essex Bldg., 23 E. Sixth St. President's Tel. Cedar 1478.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.: Frank T. Terri-berry, Gregson Ave., Calder's Station.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.: Miss Julia M. Hyde,

BRITISH

EDMONTON, ALTA.: H. T. Bolt, 110 Jasper Ave., W. Meets Labor Hall, Jasper Ave. Tel. 6470, H. T. Bolt.

KELOWNA, B. C.: Sydney H. Old, Box 576.

MONTREAL, QUE.: Miss G. I. Watson, P. O. Box 672. Meets Room 10, No. 16 McGill College Ave. Tel. East 3863, Mr. Fyfe.

REGINA, SASK.: C. A. Grubb, Public Works Dept., Government Bldg.

TORONTO, ONT.: Roy Mitchell, 204 Canadian Foresters' Bldg. Meets Canadian Foresters' Hall.

Number of Lodges, 137; Approximate membership, 4065.

Note:—For the following cities, where no lodges exist, names are given of resident Theosophists.

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Amherst, Wisconsin	Mrs. Annie C. Fleming.
Bridgeport, Conn.	Miss Cecelia B. Geoffrey, 1023 Howard Ave.
Corry, Pa.	Mrs. Augusta C. Crandall, 152 Mott St.
Cortland, New York	Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Henry, 25 Oswego St.
Corvallis, Montana	Mrs. M. Belle Kempier.
Farmington, Connecticut	Mrs. Richard Blackmore.
Fillmore, California	Mrs. Elizabeth Elkins Rivard.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	Charles A. Seifert, 117 N. 17th St.
Mt. Carmel, Illinois	Berard S. Landes.
New Westminster, B. C., Canada	Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Thomas, Cor. Sherbrooke and Richmond Sts.
New Haven, Connecticut	J. L. Buttner, M. D., 763 Orange St.
North Haven, Conn.	Mrs. M. A. Cowles.
Paducah, Kentucky	Mr. W. G. McFadden, 605 Broadway.
Red Wing, Minnesota	Mrs. David R. Jones, 824 Third St.
Scottsbluff, Nebraska	Dr. Andrew Crawford.
Sioux City, Iowa	R. S. Owen, Sr., 1140 22nd St.
Stamford, Conn.	Mrs. Annie B. Southwick, 162 Glenbrook Road.
South Framingham, Mass.	Mr. Florian A. Baker, 45 Franklin St.
South Framingham, Mass.	Miss Ada Baker, 45 Franklin St.
South Framingham, Mass.	Miss Louise Eitel, 45 Franklin St.
Wheeling, W. Virginia	Mrs. Caroline Arhenz, 39 15th St.

Box 1150. Meets Room 400, Swearingen-McCraw Bldg. Tel. (old) 8130.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.: Annie Besant. Mrs. Alfred D. Robinson, Point Loma, Cal. Phones: Home 3379, Sunset, Main 2632-W3.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: Golden Gate. Mrs. E. J. Eaton, 1472 Golden Gate Ave. Meets 1472 Golden Gate Ave. Tel. Sunset 1645. San Francisco. Miss Teresina Burger, 429 2nd Ave. Meets Native Sons Bldg., 430 Mason St.

SAN JOSE, CAL.: William F. Davis, 350 N. Ninth St. Meets Spiritual Temple. Tel. San Jose 5099-R.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.: Mrs. Nellie H. Uhden, 145 Third St. Meets 145 Third St. Tel. 479-388 Main Lines.

SANTA ROSA, CAL.: Mrs. Lucy M. Zoberbier, 433 Humboldt St.

SEATTLE, WASH.: Mrs. Blanche Sergeant, Fauntleroy Park, Station T. Meets Rooms 221-222 P. I. Bldg., Union St. Tel. Main 8232.

SHERIDAN, WYO.: Perry Hulise, Box 453. Meets Carnegie Library. Tel. 502.

SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.: Mrs. Cora C. Sheffield, 1019 Montrose Ave.

SPOKANE, WASH.: Mrs. William Morris, 321 Hutton Bldg. Cor. Riverside Ave. and Washington St. Meets (same address.)

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: Miss Elizabeth B. Bunker, 95 Mulberry St. Meets Room 207 Kinsman Bldg., 168 Bridge St. Tel. 3431-M.

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