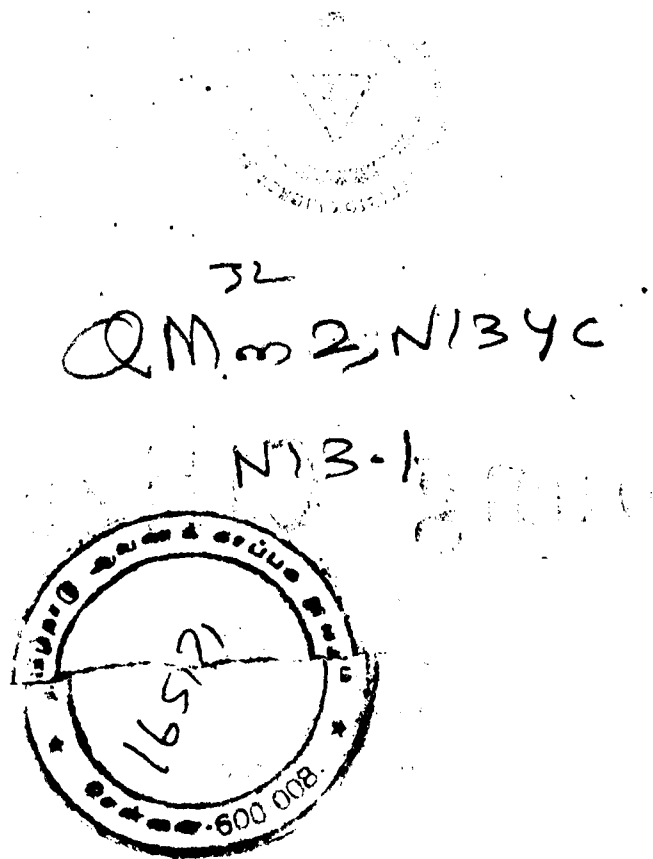




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THE

Young Citizen

EDITED BY
ANNIE BESANT

Vol. I

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,
ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

1913

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I ADYAR, 7TH JANUARY, 1913 No. 1

FROM THE FRONT

THIS paper, meant to help the youths and maidens of the Empire to become good citizens, noble men and women, religious, brave, truthful and honourable, opens with this issue its first volume, and must seek to justify its existence in the coming year. It will, each month, hold up before its readers as an inspiring ideal, some great Servant of the World, some one who aided the world to take a step upward "on the golden stair" which leads humanity from animal to Divinity, from brute to God. It will seek these examples in all races and in all creeds, for everywhere have lived the Heroes of our race. It will seek to inspire its readers to Service—for ideals left unpractised become hardeners of the heart—and it will ever bear in mind that noblest test of greatness: "Greatest among you is he that doth serve." A series of Letters on Citizenship will appear, from the pen of Mr. Arundale, Principal of the Central Hindū College,

Benares, and he will seek to pass on to his readers by writing the enthusiasm with which he inspires his students by word and by life. The organisations which are gathering together the earnest and devoted will here record their work: The Sons and Daughters of the Empire, already at work in Great Britain and India; the Star in the East; the Round Table; the Golden Chain. *The Lotus Journal*, England, so long carried on by Herbert and Ethel Whyte, merges itself in *The Young Citizen*, and its editors will help us in 'For the Children'. We shall have articles explaining the meaning of religious ceremonies, and showing the likenesses between religions both in doctrine and in morality. We start on our work full of hope, earnestly desiring to serve "God, King and Country," and may we be able, in our December issue, to point to a good record for the year 1913.

*
* *

Some American Schools hang up on their walls the following 'Oath of the Athenian Youth'. Every one of our young citizens might well try to live in the noble spirit it embodies:

We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; thus in all these ways, we will transmit this city, not only not less but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was when transmitted to us.

May every one of our readers say this oath in his life, whether he says it with his lips or not. One wonders a little why the Athenian youth thought it so necessary to improve his superiors—"those above us"; I should suggest altering the words to: "those around us".

*
* *

The Ideal of the State among the Greeks was a very lofty one. It comes out strongly in the following:

"Organised Society exists for the happiness and the welfare of its members, and where it fails to secure these it stands *ipso facto* condemned. 'Government exists only for the good of the governed.' So said Pythagoras, preaching on the hill at Tauromenion, and the phrase has echoed down the centuries, and has become the watchword of those who are seeking the betterment of social conditions. Only when the good of the governed is sought and secured does the State deserve the eloquent description with which the great Greek Teacher closed one of his lectures to the Greek colony of Naxos, whose citizens were gathered round him on the hill:

"Listen, my children, to what the State should be to the good citizen. It is more than father or mother, it is more than husband or wife, it is more than child or friend. The State is the father and mother of all, is the wife of the husband, and the husband of the wife. The family is good, and good is the joy of the man in wife and in son. But greater is the State, which is the Protector of all, without which the home would be ravaged and destroyed. Dear to the good man is the honour of the woman who bore him, dear the honour of the wife whose children cling to his knees; but dearer should be the honour of the State that keeps safe the wife and the child. It is the State from which comes all that makes your life prosperous, and gives you beauty and safety. Within the State are built up the Arts, which make the difference between the barbarian and the man. If the brave man dies gladly for the hearthstone, far more gladly should he die for the State."

“Pythagoras has become the Master K. H., well known in connection with the Theosophical Society, and he speaks out the Theosophical ideal of the State—the father mother of its citizens, the Protector of all.” (*Theosophy*, by Annie Besant.)

*
* *

Such is the ideal of the State that we would urge on our young Citizens. The State should not be to them a cold abstraction, but a pulsing throbbing Life, to be loved and served with enthusiasm, with passion, with uttermost self-sacrifice. When this spirit is embodied in the coming generation, the future of the Aryan Empire will be secure. Such is the first message ‘From the Front.’

In our next issue will be an article from Aleyone on ‘Gentleness,’ a virtue of which he is a remarkable embodiment. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa writes for us the beautiful story of ‘Little Wayman’. The Servant of the World will be Pythagoras, and the sketch will be written by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater. The Editor will have a second article on ‘Indian Labourers,’ with illustrations. Mr. Arundale and Mr. Wood will continue their series. So we have quite a good bill of fare for February. We can recommend to our young readers the *Central Hindū College Magazine*, which is sending out some very fine illustrations in the issues of 1913. The foreign subscription is Rs. 2/- and the Indian Re. 1, post free.



LORD BUDDHA.



I

THE LORD BUDDHA

By ONE OF HIS BHIKSHUS IN THE LONG-AGO

THERE is a Government of our whole world, as there are Governments of nations, and this Government of the world is composed of the world's greatest Helpers, those who have vowed Themselves to the World's Service, and who, life after life, devote Themselves to the welfare of humanity.

In this Government there is a Teaching Department, and the Members of this guide and quicken the spiritual life of men; They found great religions, and appear in history as wonderful Teachers, setting a high example of purity and wisdom, and speaking many beautiful words of love and helpfulness. They all go "about, doing good". The Head of this Department is called the World Teacher, or the 'Essence of Wisdom,' and, while He holds this office, He appears in the world from time to time to teach and enlighten men. Long

ago, when our forefathers lived in Central Asia, the World Teacher who became the Lord Buddha was with them under the name of Vyāsa, and compiled Scriptures for them; He taught them that to do good to another was right, and to injure another was wrong. Then, when some of our forefathers went to live in Arabia and Egypt, He again went to them, and taught them that God was the Light in every man's heart, and that they should follow the Light; they called Him Thoth, and later He was called Hermes. Next, when some of our forefathers settled in Persia, He went to them also, and taught them Purity, that they should be pure in thought, word and deed; they called Him Zarathushtra. And when others settled in Greece, He came as Orpheus, and sang them wonderful songs which made them wise, and which drew the birds and the wild things of the forest to lose all fear of man, and gather round Him.

At last the time came when His work on our earth was done, and He decided to come to it for the last time, becoming what men call 'The Buddha,' the Supremely Wise, and leaving our earth in the care of One He loved above all others, One who should take His place and become the World Teacher in His stead, the Lord Maitreya, whose name means the Compassionate.

In the first half of the sixth century before the Christian era, in northern India, a Child was born to King Sudhodana and Queen Māyādevī, a very beautiful Babe, and the hosts of heaven filled the air with music, and all the earth was glad. For that Child-body was to be the living Temple of the Wise One, who in it

should teach the Way of Peace to men, and holy Sages prophesied that He should either become a World-Emperor or reach the Supreme Wisdom. His father wanted him to be a mighty Ruler, and cared naught for the greatness of wisdom, so he shut away from the little Prince everything which might make him think; he surrounded him with luxury, with games, with pleasures, and finally married him to a lovely maiden, hoping thus to fetter him to earth.

And so it happened that the Prince, grown into splendid Manhood, had never heard that there was any sorrow in the world, knew naught of pain, nor age, nor sickness, nor lonely death. Life was to him one dream of joy, one vision of exquisite beauty, nor had he seen a tear of grief drop from the eyes of woman nor of child. But one day, as he drove along one of the well-kept roads, by some carelessness or some Angel-prompting, a beggar sitting there cried aloud for alms; and the gentle Prince, wondering, gave readily in answer, as his charioteer told him that the man had naught to buy food to stay his hunger. And again, he met a man who was a leper, hideous to behold, and, shuddering, he learned how man's fair body might be defaced. And once more, a very aged man, tottering and feeble, he met, and finally a corpse. And thus the fair Prince glimpsed the sorrow of the world, and learned of poverty, of sickness, of old age, of death. And as he sadly thought, and asked himself how these should be in a world that to him had been a garden of delights, he saw passing along the road a man with peace upon his face, with calm strength shining from his steadfast eyes, a man who had renounced the world to find the Self.

Then in his heart awoke a deep unconscious memory, stirring him to go forth, and seek to lift the heavy

burden of the world. And as he mused, a messenger came running :

"My Lord the Prince! take joy! your son is born."
He raised his eyes, dim with a growing pain :

"Another fetter," he murmured, "for me to break."

And the boy was named Rahula, a fetter, though they who heard knew not the meaning of his words.

And that very night, when slumber sealed the eyes of all around, when on his sleeping wife's soft arm the newborn infant lay, the Prince bent over those whom best on earth he loved; rent was his heart with anguish, blinded his eyes with pain, but the firm-curved lips knew no relaxing, the agony might torture mind and heart but it could not shake his will. His soft breath held lest it should waken, he blessed them silently, turned with noiseless feet, and went. Outside he mounted his horse Kanṭaka and rode swiftly away with his faithful charioteer, Channa, far from his father's home.

Then, alighting, he kissed his great white horse between the eyes and cast off his royal robes; grasping his hair, with his keen sword he smote it off; and bare-footed, clad in the ascetic's ochre cloth, he bade farewell to his loved comrade, and plunged alone into the dim forest way. Thus did the Buddha-to-be forsake wife and child, palace and crown, luxury and wealth, for the sake of the World's Service, making 'The Great Renunciation'.

For six years he strove to solve his problem; by long fasting, by bitter austerity, he well-nigh wrecked his body, out-doing all others in his strenuous will to know. At last emaciated, fainting, almost dead, he realised that this was not the way to Wisdom; inwards turned the Way—not by the torture of the body, but by the deep plunging into the depths of Being. Heroic to



THE LION PILLAR.



the end, he renounced the path he had followed, and faced a new unknown way. Thoughts of despair crowded round him; his ascetic friends deserted him with sneers; the memory of his wife wrung his heart; all was darkness, misery, a void of loneliness. Star-like shone out the unchanging Will to heal a world's agony or perish; he sat him down beneath the branches of a tree wide-spreading, in all future time to be known as the Tree of Wisdom, the Bodhi-tree. "Never will I arise from this place, though this my frame shall perish of starvation—not though the blood within these veins shall cease to flow, till I have won Enlightenment Supreme."

Buddhists speak of this as the Great Resolve.

None save Himself may know the travail of His heart and mind through that long final effort, the strenuous tremendous endeavour to scale the uttermost heights of Wisdom, to sound the uttermost depths of Being. The Vow, perfected through age after age, had now brought Him to its accomplishment. That which as Sumedha he swore, as Siddhārtha He accomplished. And when He rose from that long effort, He rose the Buddha, the Perfectly Enlightened, ready to open to the world the Way to Peace, to reveal the Cause of Sorrow and its Ending.

O perfect Flower of Humanity, the First of our race to reach supreme perfection! well may all men bow to Thee with folded hands upraised, Thou, who art the promise of the triumph of Thy brothers, still struggling in the mire of ignorance and sin.

The Lord Buddha, having thus achieved, turned his steps to Kāshi, and, stopping in the Deer Park in its neighbourhood, He there preached His first sermon, proclaiming the opening of His Way. A huge crowd

gathered to hear Him, and He spoke as a father to his children; a deer came and nibbled gently at His hand; His smile of infinite compassion melted the hearts of all. For forty years He taught, treading the ways of men, wandering over the plains of northern India, teaching in her towns.

His wife and son now sought His feet, and through Him won the guerdon of the long and bitter loneliness which was their share of His gift to man. His father, too, became his son in the faith, and learned that the Kingdom of Righteousness was fairer than the Empire of earth. And some whom to-day we know and love bowed low before Him in those far-off days, took His yellow robe, became His Bhikshus; and two laid at His feet their far-reaching vow, and beheld that awe-inspiring bending of the head of a Living Buddha in acceptance, which makes it the "Vow which may never be broken".

For forty years of perfect life He lived and taught; then passed away from earth, giving into the hands of His beloved Brother, the Lord Maitreya, the high office of the Teacher of Angels and of Men.

After He had passed away, a great mound, called a stūpa, was raised on the spot on which He had stood while giving His first sermon to the people in the Deer Park; it is still in existence, as is seen in our picture. The splendid lion's heads were on a central pillar in a court of the monastery built later, and there were other pillars round it.

It is said that the Blessed One has not wholly left the world for which He toiled during so many ages. It is said that even now, when the Vaishākh Moon is at its full, 'the Buddha's Shadow' may be seen, and that

He blesses His Successor and the faithful who tread the narrow Way, and even poor and ignorant men who yet raise loving hearts as chalices, filled with the water of devotion.

Be that as it may, He lives in Eternity, and to that Peace of the Eternal shall all men come at last, since He has proclaimed: PEACE TO ALL BEINGS.

One of His Bhikshus in the Long-ago

THE DAY OF HIS TRIUMPH

Also in Ran and Jungle grew that day
Friendship among the creatures; spotted deer
Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,
And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks;
Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scorned
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam
With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass
The nestling-finch; the emerald halcyons
Sat dreaming while the fishes played beneath,
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—
Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick
Around his perch; the Spirit of our Lord
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,
Even while He mused under that Bodhi-tree,
Glorified with the Conquest gained for all,
And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

From *The Light of Asia*,

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M. A., LL. B.

Principal of the Central Hindû College, Benares

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

For many years I have been living among young men, teaching them and learning from them; and our Editor permits me to chat with you month by month on matters of interest to us all. I propose to make Preparation for Citizenship the special subject of my letters, for every young man or woman who reads this magazine is a citizen of some country; and while, from the standpoint of Theosophy, we must try to make our Brotherhood universal, we have the duty to establish it first within the limits of the nation to which we belong.

People are now-a-days beginning to understand that an unselfish Patriotism is one of the first qualifications for true citizenship. Every young citizen must learn to love his country wisely and whole-heartedly. He must not allow his enthusiasm to hurl him sometimes into speech or action which will harm his country, nor should he be indifferent to her welfare. It is necessary, therefore, to learn *how* to become a good citizen, how to use the powers and capacities we possess in the service of the common life. Alcyone says in *Education as Service*:

"An important part of moral teaching lies in the training of the boy in Patriotism—love of country. The above plan of teaching the boy to be of service in the little family of the school will naturally widen out into service in the large family of the nation. This will also influence the boy in his choice of a profession, for he will think of the nation as his family, and will try to fill a useful place in the national life. But great care must be taken, in teaching Patriotism, not to let the boys slip into hatred of other nations, as too often happens. This is especially important in India, where both Indian and English teachers should try to make good feeling between the two races living side by side, so that they may join in common work for the one Empire."

Now a nation is made up of individuals, and the strength of the nation largely depends upon the character of each individual member. If every citizen of a country were unselfish, the country would be unselfish; if every citizen were cruel, the country would become cruel and ruthless; if every citizen were narrow and bigoted, the nation would become narrow and bigoted also. So your duty in your attempt to become a worthy son or daughter of your Motherland is to spend much time in training and in strengthening your faculties and capacities. Perhaps this advice sounds selfish, for it seems to make the individual think more about himself than about others; but I am really asking him to *think of himself as a part of a greater whole*, and to understand that because he has charge of that part he must try to make it as beautiful a contribution to the whole as he possibly can. Most young people who have reached a certain age find growing in their hearts a love of country, and a desire to make themselves worthy to share in the building

of its destiny; and this love and eagerness will guard them from a selfishness which would surely arise were they to think of their intelligence and power as forces to be exclusively used for their personal benefit alone.

We will assume, then, that our young citizen recognises the duty of making himself a fit and capable instrument in the service of the nation. What is his first care? Unquestionably, health. All work in our physical world depends upon a healthy body, and, however important all other development may be, physical development must come first. In most western countries much attention is paid to the establishment of a sound constitution; but in India this special feature of the preparation for citizenship is almost entirely neglected, and the consequence is that students in the higher classes are often ill-developed and of weak physique. But the nation needs healthy bodies, and it is the duty of parents and teachers to press study only upon those whose bodies are in sound health. So much stress is now laid upon physical culture in many countries, that there is little difficulty in selecting a course of physical training from those employed by well-known experts. This will be useful at home, while at School and at College physical exercise of a corporate character—*e. g.*, football, hockey and cricket—is very important for those whose health will bear the strain. I always think that the doctor should be a very constant companion of young people, not to make them continually morbid as to ailments, but to watch them carefully and to notice accurately the effect of different games and exercises upon the various organs. I have often noticed that some students feel much more fatigue after games than others—are much more exhausted—and this condition is

probably due to an overstrained organ which is too weak to perform its share of the work. Young boys need very regular attention in this respect, and hard games should only be allowed after a medical examination has revealed no condition rendering such exercise unwise. I consider physical health of the greatest importance; upon such health the health of the nation largely depends, and the first care of the School or College should be to ensure, as far as possible, conditions in which the physical fitness of the students may be maintained and strengthened. Alcyone says in *Education as Service*: “The care of the body and its development are of the first importance, for without a healthy body all teaching is wasted. It should be remembered that the boy can go on learning all his life, if he is wise enough to wish to do so; but it is only during the years of growth that he can build up a healthy physical body in which to spend that life. Therefore during those early years the healthy development of that physical body must be absolutely the first consideration, and anything that cannot be learnt compatibly with that must for the time remain unlearnt.”

• Regular sleep, plenty of time for good, appetising, digestible food, an interval between each lesson, no homework but interesting and instructive occupations out of school hours, regular play and games under careful supervision, cleanliness of body: all these contribute directly to physical health, and must take precedence over the ordinary day's work. Unless these conditions are fully satisfied, the boy or girl is not travelling rapidly along the road which leads him to conscious citizenship, for upon them depends the alert, eager, keen, vigorous brain, which shall use its power and knowledge to make the Motherland honoured and admired.

Next month we will consider how the healthy young citizen is to build his character, taking up various qualities and strengthening them. Character-building should share with health-building the greater portion of the teacher's attention ; more detailed advice is needed on the subject of character-building than on any other, for it is not yet realised that it is as much a science as any other recognised branch of learning.

In the meantime, if any friend has enquiries to make, or suggestions to offer, I shall be glad to receive them, c/o the Editor, and will answer them with the following letter.

Your friend and servant,
GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

SAYINGS OF GREAT TEACHERS

The creation is of God's family, for its sustenance is from Him. Therefore the most beloved unto God is the person who doeth good to God's family.

He is not strong and powerful who throweth people down ; but he is strong who withholdeth himself from anger.

MUHAMMAD THE PROPHET

Never suffer sleep to close thy eyelids, after thy going to bed, till thou hast examined by thy reason all thy actions of the day : Wherein have I done amiss ? What have I done ? What have I omitted that I ought to have done ? If in this examination thou find that thou hast done amiss, reprimand thyself severely for it ; and if thou hast done any good, rejoice.

PYTHAGORAS

I have three precious things, which I hold fast and prize. The first is gentleness ; the second is frugality ; the third is humility, which keeps me from putting myself before others. Be gentle, and you can be bold ; be frugal, and you can be liberal ; avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men.

LAO-TZU

WOMEN'S EDUCATION AT MYSORE

By ELISABETH SEVERS

THE State of Mysore in South India is fortunate in being ruled by an enlightened and public-spirited Mahārāja who is deeply interested in the welfare and education of his subjects. Mysore has earned for itself the reputation of being a model State, and the Government promotes education not only for the boys but, what is rarer in India, for the girls. The beautiful capital of Mysore is full of Schools and Colleges, both State and voluntary, missionary, and so on. Amongst these stands out prominently the celebrated Mahārāṇī's Girls' College, an institution said to be unique in India, and opened in 1881 as an aided institution with twenty-eight pupils, "with the view of fostering the education of high-caste girls and girls of approved parentage". In 1891 the School was taken over by the Government of H. H. the Mahārāja of Mysore, and raised to the status of a High School, and in 1895 it was affiliated to the University of Madras.

The College, which is now so prosperous, had of course in the beginning to fight against the prevailing national spirit of indifference to, or downright prejudice against, the education of Indian girls. But its promoters wisely enlisted Indian sympathy in its favour rather than the English influence. Rai Bahadur A. Narasim Iyengar, a high Government official in the reign of the

late Mahārāja and an enthusiast for women's education and for raising the status of Hindū widows—to which causes with rare devotion he has devoted his life and fortune—"had the good sense and sagacity to perceive that it was the Brāhmaṇa priest that commanded the confidence of the people. In all his educational schemes therefore, he has invariably given the Paṇḍits and the Shāstris the place of honour, and induced them to fix the seal of their approval on them by sending their own sisters, daughters, and daughters-in-law to the School which is subject to their management." "The Government appointed for the College a committee of management which included some Paṇḍits and Shāstris versed in Samskr̥t literature, and representative of the conservative forces of the country."

The Government also give such handsome scholarships, that it benefits a family pecuniarily to send a daughter to school. The system of purḍa does not prevail in Mysore, so one great difficulty is there non-existent. The early marriage system, of course, makes the girls' education a short one in many cases, though there have been a few instances of girl-wives continuing their studies.

The College is a handsome building, healthily situated on high ground in the new part of Mysore, and consists of three blocks containing twenty-eight classrooms, a library, laboratory, music-rooms, offices, etc. Good playing-grounds are also provided, and the girls are encouraged to play tennis, badminton, croquet, and rounders.

The patron of the College is H. H. the Mahārāṇī Vāṇivilās Saminhana, C. I. A Board of Trustees control its affairs. It has an English Lady Superintendent, Miss A. Park, with a large staff of teachers, both men and women—among the latter being India's two first

Brāhmaṇa lady-graduates, educated at the College, of whom that institution is justly proud. The College consists of the College department, the High School, Middle School, Upper and Lower Primary Schools, Training classes, and Oriental, i.e., Samskr̥t, classes. Its pupils now number 345, the Primary department being numerically very strong. In the last few years 5 pupils have passed the Matriculation, 38 the Lower Secondary, 30 the Teachers' Certificate examination, and 2 have passed the Kannada Paṇḍits' examination. Miss Park has hopes of a Brāhmāṇa pupil taking up the study of medicine—the first case of a Brāhmāṇa lady doing so.

The College department prepares pupils for the Intermediate Arts Examination of the Madras University, and the High School for the Matriculation of the same University. In the Middle School Department, where the teaching is primarily in the vernacular of the Province, i.e., Kanarese, girls are sent up for the Mysore Government Lower Secondary Examination from the fifth Standard, and, if successful, can enter either into the English High School department or the Oriental class, i.e., Samskr̥t. The training class prepares pupils for the Teachers' certificate, which qualifies them for posts as schoolmistresses.

In the Oriental classes the students are prepared for the Mysore Kannada Paṇḍits' Examination. The Primary Department is on Kindergarten lines. Instruction in needlework, vocal and instrumental music, and drawing are extra subjects taught by qualified teachers. The College has been instrumental in the revival of interest in and proficiency on the national instrument, the viṇā, "which twenty-five years ago was thought only

fit for fallen women". The Government of Mysore makes a grant of Rs. 642 a month for scholarships, which are graded in value in the different departments, ranging from Rs. 20 a month to Rs. 3. Students from the country are also paid a house rent of Rs. 5 monthly in addition to their scholarships. In the Middle School and Primary Departments only widow-pupils receive scholarships. Both annual and monthly prizes are also given.

Thus the College and School cover the whole ladder of education and provide an opportunity for fitting the pupils to earn their livelihood by taking up teaching; there is a generally acknowledged need for qualified women teachers in India. Fifty-five former students are now employed in the State as Teachers, four are engaged as nurses in the State Hospitals. A reading-room and a social club exist, the latter providing opportunities for meeting both Hindū and European ladies. The physical development of the pupils is also promoted by drill and Swedish exercises.

The College can boast a distinguished visitors' list. The late Prince Albert Victor visited the College in 1889 and "expressed his satisfaction with what he saw, and his intention of informing the Queen of the progress of this model school". On the 5th of February, 1906, during the stay of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Mysore, the Princess received a deputation representative of the School, consisting of the Lady Superintendent, three of the students of the B. A. class, and the remaining five from the child-widows' classes. One of these, Mrs. Srīrūṅgamma, has written an account of the interview. She writes in *The Indian Ladies' Magazine*: "It was my turn to be presented next, and the Princess began with the question of what I did in the School. 'I study as

well as teach,' I answered. When she asked me if I was married, I could scarce suppress a truant smile. Miss Palethorpe, the Lady Superintendent, then came to my assistance, and explained to the Princess that I was a teacher, a student, and the proud mother of five children. The Princess expressed herself greatly surprised, and turning to me said: 'I wonder how you manage to study.' " However, study, teaching and the cares of maternity do not seem to have disagreed with Mrs. Srīrūṅgamma, B. A., for in Mysore this summer I had the pleasure of meeting her and also one of the five children—a fine well-grown young woman, and found her to be a strong, dignified, pleasant and refined Hindū lady. Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord and Lady Landsdowne, have also been visitors to the College.

Much interest was very naturally excited in Madras in 1906 on the occasion of these two Brāhmaṇa lady pupils from the Mahārāṇī's College at Mysore taking their B. A. degree, as it was the first event of its kind in the annals of the Madras University. They were received with much applause at the Convocation conferring the degrees, and Rao Bahadur C. Nagoji Rao, the Principal of the Government College, Kumbhakōṇam, who gave the Convocation Address, said: "It is a source of peculiar pleasure to me that among those whom it is my privilege to congratulate this evening are included two Brāhmaṇa ladies, the first of their class to have received a collegiate education and to have passed the B. A. Examination of this University. I trust and hope that this is the beginning of a movement which in course of time will result in the general enlightenment and elevation of our women, and through it in the progress of Indian Society as a whole. Until both the men and women in a community come to

think and feel alike, and until they cease to pull in different directions, no progress will be possible."

The Hindū community of Madras also feted Mrs. Srīrūṅamma, B. A., and Mrs. Rukmaṇīamma, B. A. To an address presented to them by some Hindū ladies, Mrs. Srīrūṅamma replied: "It seems to me in this dear Motherland of ours, more than in any other country, the sight of an educated or cultured woman ought to be a matter of no surprise at all. Even a mere peep into the history of ancient India brings to view quite a galaxy of brilliant Āryan women, brilliant with the radiant qualities of their head, heart, and soul. This is the land of women like Sītā, Sāvitrī, like Gārgi and Maitreyī, like Khana, Draupadī and Līlāvaṭī—women whose divine lips have sung for us some of the sweetest and best of our sacred songs, and whose inspired utterances have come down to us in the shape of some of the best of our Upaniṣhats. We are the descendants of these great and saintly souls of old. Something of their blood is still coursing through our veins. Their spirit is lying dormant in us all. And if we only rouse ourselves a bit, and make an effort to shake off the lethargy that centuries of slavery and degradation have heaped on us, then a time will come at no distant date, my dear sisters, when every young woman in this land will be more than a lady graduate, and every house in it more than a University. May God help us to realise this dream very soon, and may every woman in this land strive to attain to that condition."

Rai Bahadur A. Narasim Iyeṅgār kindly took me over the Home for Widows he has founded in connection with the College. Interested as he is in the improvement of the position of women in general, the raising of

the status of the Indian widow is his particular cult, to which he has devoted his life and much of his fortune. About 40 pupils attend his Home, a pleasant, detached bangalow near the College. I saw the girls at their studies, learning to write the Vernacular, Kanarese, and Samskr̥t, doing sums, learning geography, etc. They are also taught to make very neat and durable basketwork articles in a closely plaited straw, which were to be exhibited in the Women's Section of an Industrial Exhibition shortly to be held in Mysore. The girls looked happy and interested in their studies, and the Home was very well arranged for the purpose and very well kept. In time the girls who are qualified are passed on to the College. The girls were all assembled to sing to me their Samskr̥t Hymns, and one also played very sweetly on the vīṇā, in a room appropriately decorated, as are most Indian schools, with a picture of Sarasvatī, the Goddess of Wisdom. But I was sorry to hear from Mr. Narasim Iyeṅgār that the practice of Saṭi was still much admired in Mysore. The people still think, he told me, though of course the practice is abolished, that the burning of widows brings good fortune on the land, whereas alive they are a curse.¹ But the widows do not dress so plainly in Mysore as in other parts of India. They do not wear the plain, white, unbordered sārī that generally distinguishes the Hindū widow, nor do they cut off their hair. They wear dull-coloured sārīs, and often retain their jewellery. Still

¹ The reverence felt in India for a woman who insisted on dying with her husband is due to the Indian admiration of perfect devotion in a wife. It was a voluntary act, until it grew into a custom and was practically enforced, thus becoming a horror. A widow is not regarded as "a curse"; she is often the blessing of a home, loved and revered, but she is expected to be an ascetic in her life. Hence the cruelty often of her lot, when, married as a child, she is left a child-widow, shut out from all a girl's natural gaiety and brightness.—ED.

the position of Indian widows is a difficult one and their lot can be made very hard. The tongue of scandal follows them wherever they go or whatever they do. For example, I heard of a girl at the College who, on being reprimanded for untidyness in dress, explained that she was untidy in self-defence, as if she dressed her hair neatly and wore a good sārī, her family called her shameful names.

But in India, as in all the countries of the world, women are beginning to revolt against the narrow environment to which custom and tradition have so long condemned them. They are beginning, at least so I was told by a Brāhmaṇa friend, to rebel against the custom of early marriage, saying they are made slaves before they are old enough to know what is being done with them. Among the other signs of the awakening of India, a stir of interest in the wider life outside the purḍa and the home is perhaps the chief fruit, and a precious one, already produced by the education of a few, a very few, of the teeming millions of India's women.

ELISABETH SEVERS

THE SERVER

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.

PLUGHING THE FIELDS IN SOUTHERN INDIA.





INDIAN LABOURERS

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

IF you came to India, those of you who are living in the West, you would be surprised to see the way in which the Indian labouring class carries on its work. Many things which in the West are done by machinery are done in India by hand-labour, and it is wonderful to see the simple means employed to bring about the required result. When a house is to be built in England a strong and elaborate scaffolding is put up, and within that the house rises; in India, a few bamboo poles are stuck into the ground, and tied together with ropes wherever they cross each other, and the lithe workmen swarm up and down the poles; here and there a light ladder of bamboos suffices for the women and boys who carry bricks up on their heads, laughing and joking as they go. Two huge stone pillars at Adyar were trundled along by bullocks to the place where they were to be erected, and pulled up by a pulley which looked absurdly inadequate; yet there the great pillars stand, as firm as if they had been put up by proper modern western appliances! There is something delightfully homely and pleasure-giving in these simple ways, which bring out the skill and ingenuity of the individual workman, making him more of an artist than a labourer. He is not dazed by the rattle of machinery, nor does he himself



INDIAN BASKET-MAKERS.

MEMORY FOR STUDENT

By ERNEST WOOD

I

THE THREE OPERATIONS OF MEMORY

It is proposed, in a series of small articles, to put before students some of the principal memory aids, by which it is possible to make clear, secure and ready in the mind **any facts**, or groups of facts, which may be required for examination or other purposes. Now, in order to learn facts so as to have them ready for use and application at any time, three processes are necessary :

1. A fact which is to be committed to memory must first be clearly understood and made familiar.
2. It must be put into the mind according to some scheme or classification.
3. It must be reproduced, dwelt upon, or repeated from within.

Now, these three operations are essential to every act of memory, and it is generally found in practice that each person naturally or instinctively employs one of them to the partial exclusion of the others. We occasionally come across persons who observe very, very accurately and whose imagination is exceedingly vivid, and we find that such persons usually have good 'picture memories'. They can as a rule visualise, or produce images before the mind, with facility. Of this class are the boys who

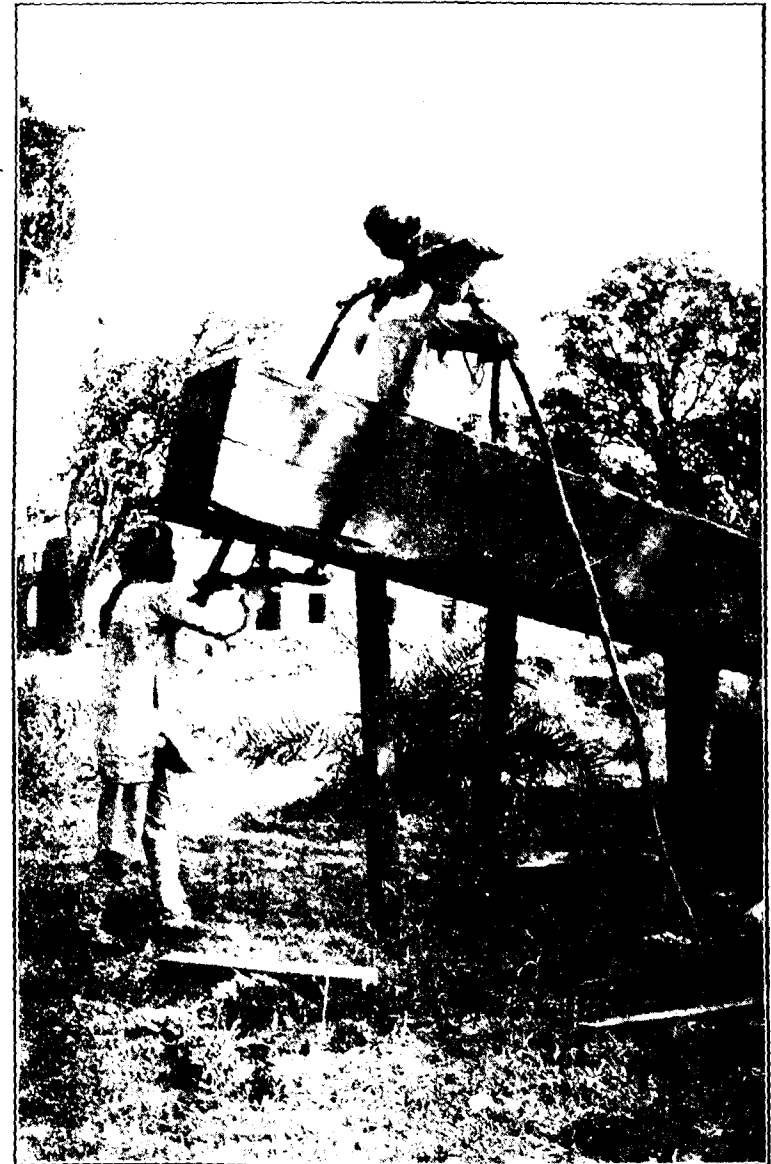
become a machine ; he is merry over his work, and goes homewards in the evening, singing as he walks along the dusty roads.

Look at the two who are sawing a big log of wood ; it is heaved up at one end, and the frame-work is characteristic—two thick posts on one side and a light bamboo on the other ; one sawyer sits on the crosspiece and the second stands below, and they saw away ; a saw-mill would do it more quickly, but not so pleasantly.

The water-lift is a kind of primitive pump ; the long pole balanced on the forked upright swings up and down ; a man stands on it and walks backwards and forwards a few steps on either side of the fork, making the pole rise and fall like a see-saw ; he sings as he walks, keeping time. The slender pole at the end carries a bucket, or a skin bag, at the lower end, and this dips down into the well ; it has just come to the surface in the picture, and the man tips it over into a channel ready-cut to receive the water, which runs along it to the place where it is wanted.

A field may be flooded in this way, ankle-deep ; then the bullocks drag the ploughs over it through the water, and make the furrows for sowing the rice. Those bullocks with long curved horns are called water-bullocks, because they love to stand in water which covers them completely, and they just put up their noses above the water to breathe.

The three men who are making baskets are of a rough mixed type, a race much below the ordinary Hindû. They make very good and useful baskets, weaving them as you see in the picture.



SAWING.

ANNIE BESANT

are brilliantly clever at understanding what they read, and at grasping what they are taught. If this faculty is well developed and the other two are deficient, we have the student who understands things in a flash, gallops through his course of study—and then fails in the examination. In the class this student shows up well, but as he is not good at arranging his knowledge, his mind is like a sky of brilliant stars, or a rain of fiery sparks, rather than a glowing flame. In nine cases out of ten the student who finds in himself this fatal facility of understanding neglects the valuable practice of reproducing, dwelling upon, or repeating his ideas.

This student is more approved now by educational authorities than was the case in the days of our fathers, and we find that in teaching in modern times more and more stress is being laid on a clear understanding of the subject taught than on the remembering of details. In India, where in the High Schools the old Matriculation examination has been of recent years giving way to the new School Leaving Certificate scheme, we see this change at work, for the examination of the latter proves to be easier than that of the former, while much greater notice is taken of the record of class work. The oral examination, which insists upon readiness of mind, is also not very prominent in these days. It may be that the vast increase of accurate and detailed knowledge of the world in modern days, and the multiplication of encyclopædias and dictionaries and the ease with which information can be kept and found in them, are impressing upon people the comparative inefficiency of memory to cope with the amount of knowledge which we have formulated in language. In any case, we are certainly passing through a phase of educational opinion and

practice in which ease of understanding, quickness of mental grasp, and the ability to see and cope with the various possibilities of an unexpected situation or combination of facts, are considered to be the chief products of the educational process. Most examiners follow this opinion in the main now-a-days; and the examinee will do well to bear this in mind and shape his answers accordingly.

Nevertheless, a really good memory is compounded of the results of the development of all three of the memory operations, making a mind not only accurate, but also full and ready. Lord Bacon once wrote that reading makes a full man; writing, an exact man; and speaking, a ready man. A mind that is exact, full and ready is one that can receive well, record well, and reproduce well.

A memory which is built by a man whose observations are not exact, but who is careful to arrange his knowledge according to some system or plan, is naturally full but liable to inaccuracy. A student who finds in himself this tendency to mere absorption of information should be particularly careful to practise the first branch of our study. There is a great difference between a good memory and a good power of understanding. This is well illustrated by a story told of a young man in a seaport town in the south of India, who was employed in an office in which it was his business to transmit articles through the Customs. One day his chief suggested to him that he should study the Act, so as to make his work easier and more accurate. The young man did not appear at the office for several days after this, and when he did come his chief asked him what he had been doing while away. He replied that he had

been learning the Act; and he had actually committed to memory every word of a fairly large and intricate pamphlet. But though he could repeat the whole list of articles with their rates of duty, he was not able to apply his knowledge to his work, which was one mass of errors because he did not properly understand the facts that he had memorised. Such a memory may be acquired by the pursual of branch 2. or branch 3 of our memory work, by arranging and absorbing the things to be remembered, or by repeating them. In India one finds many examples of these methods; family priests commit to memory hundreds of chants, without in the least knowing what the words and the sounds mean; and many of our students in the Colleges manage to scrape through their examinations in language subjects by memorising the prescribed texts. I have met quite a large number who have graduated with Samskr̥t as their second language, who could not read and explain one Samskr̥t verse newly presented to them. Almost needless to say, such a memory is not of much value.

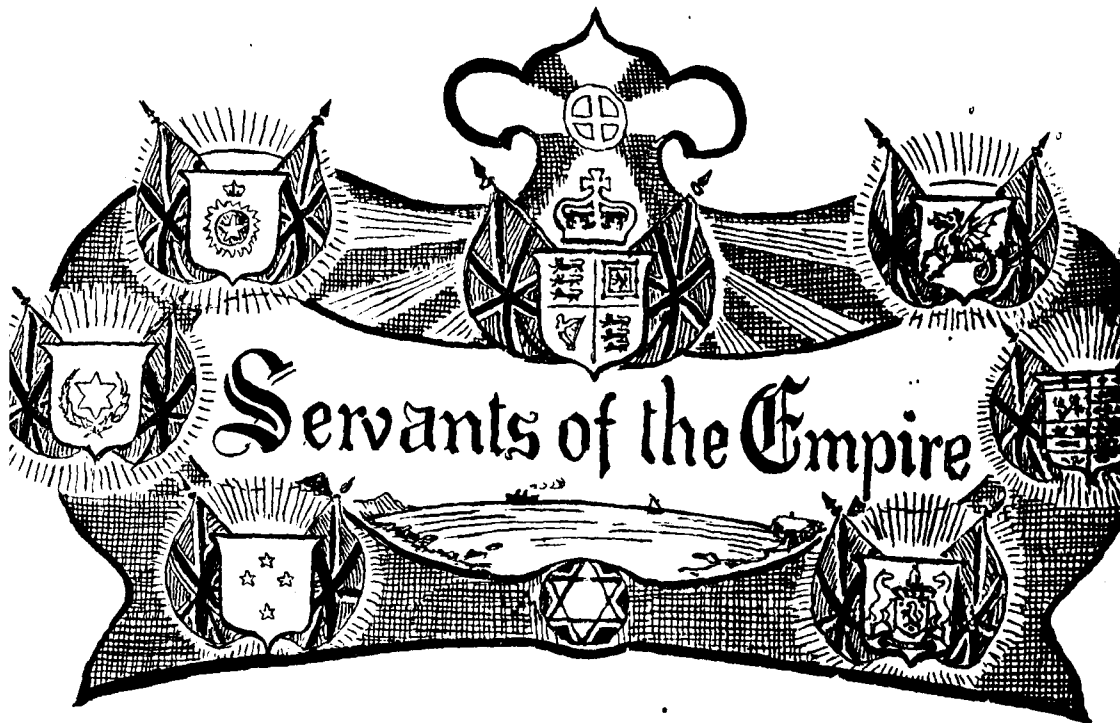
But when in one person branches 1 and 2 are both well developed in the mind, we have a man who is capable of sound and scholarly mental labour. Specimens of this class, in whom the third branch is a little deficient, are numerous in Germany. We sometimes meet those ponderous-minded persons, whom Emerson has described as so heavy in their movements, that when they turn round it appears that it is not they who turn, but the world under them. There is a defect in this type. The mind should be light and easy; knowledge should sit and move airily within it. The development of this facility depends upon the practices connected with our branch 3—repetition from within, or reproduction.

The student who wishes to develop a first-class memory should attend to all these three branches with regard to every fact that he studies. Students are so much rushed in these days that to take up a course of study of any kind outside their prescribed subjects proves nearly always too much for them, and this is evidenced by the frequent failure to complete their course of those who take active part in popular movements and reforms while still in student life. If a student has a strong love for a particular movement to which he proposes to dedicate his life later on, his best plan is to regard his present study as a means to power and capability. It is best to plate your ship before you launch it, but to plate it so that you may launch it. Therefore we are not, in this place, suggesting a course of memory training to be practised as a set of gymnastic exercises for the mind, but intend merely to show how a variety of facts in the different branches of study, such as History, Geography, Languages and Science, can be stored in the memory, placed and kept there and reproduced when required. We do not here call upon the student to study and practise a special system or method, but suggest methods which he may apply to his prescribed course of study as he goes along.

We leave this first article, then, with the advice that the student, in meeting every new fact that he has to learn should make it the first point in his study to isolate the fact, and get a very clear and strong grip of the thing in his imagination, before he tries to remember it at all. How to get such a grip, how to familiarise the unfamiliar, we shall proceed to explain in our next.

ERNEST WOOD

(To be Continued)



THIS Imperial Organisation includes the national ones which are styled: 'Sons and Daughters of England,' 'Sons and Daughters of India,' and so on, according to the nation in the Empire to which such a group belongs. The Pledge is fundamentally the same for all, but varies slightly in details, according to the needs of the nationality involved.

The organisation in each country consists of: Guardians, who form the final authority for the whole Empire, some residing in each country; National, Provincial, and Municipal or District Councils—who control the areas indicated by their names, the smaller being subordinate to the larger—and local Lodges. The names of the Councils may vary in each country, but the functions are identical.

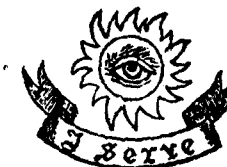
The symbol of the Imperial Organisation is the Rising Sun, since on the Empire the Sun never sets. Each national badge will have its own flower within the garter, the Rose for England, the Lotus for India and so on. The Sons and Daughters of India have had another design, as given below, but will be asked to change it to one matching the rest.



SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND

THIS is now forming, the necessity for its existence being formulated in a circular issued in August, 1912, which states:

The object of this Order is to draw together for mutual aid and common action men and women of goodwill, from all classes, for the service of the Mother-country and the Empire. Its members feel that in face of the widespread industrial and political unrest—shown by recurring strikes and by reiterated appeals to violence in political matters—some concerted action is necessary in order to preserve from destruction the results of civilisation, and to avoid another period of barbarism, such as those which have followed the upheavals of the past. The use of legislation to initiate piecemeal reforms—involving inevitably widespread social and economic changes which are left out of consideration—is full of danger; it is only resorted to when peril overcomes inertia; it is addressed to meet some pressing difficulty, and is apt to create new difficulties in the place of the one it removes; it is guided too often by passion and party feeling instead of by thought inspired by national devotion; it is sometimes carried by appeals to ignorance and greed, instead of by the counsels of the wise and the willing co-operation of all; it threatens to become a violent revolution, masked under forms of law. The Sons and Daughters of England would substitute for this a well-considered and thorough social reconstruction: based on knowledge; shaped and directed by the wisest and best of the nation; invoking and guiding self-sacrifice and then as forming part of a complete scheme and not as a hasty hand-to-mouth palliative; a reconstruction deliberate and gradual, but having as goal the evolution of a social order, which shall ensure a minimum of well-being to every man, woman and child in the nation, so that each may be able to develop to the full the faculties which he brings with him into the world.



SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF INDIA

THIS National group was established on October 1, 1908, in order to save students from the hands of the Anarchists, who were seeking to wrest India from her place in the Empire, and were gathering youths into secret societies, were inciting them to the use of bombs and revolvers against officials, both English and Indian, and had already brought one to the scaffold—to be followed, alas! by others. The vigorous action taken saved many lads from these evil counsellors and turned them into useful ways of Service. The pledge runs:

I promise to treat as brothers Indians of every religion and every province; to make service the dominant ideal of my life; and, therefore: to seek the public good before personal advantage; to protect the helpless, defend the oppressed, teach the ignorant, raise the down-trodden; to choose some definite line of public usefulness and to labour thereon; to perform every day at least one act of service; to pursue our ideals by law-abiding methods only; to be a good citizen of my municipality or district, my province, the Motherland and the Empire.

To all this I pledge myself in the presence of the Supreme Lord, to our Chief, our Brotherhood, and our Country, that I may be a true Son of India.

The Order is now widely spread in India and is engaged in many useful activities. Its journal, *Sons of India*, is now incorporated with THE YOUNG CITIZEN. It has issued several useful leaflets and a ceremony for Opening and Closing Lodges, and admitting members.

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true—
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

For Life is the mirror of King and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

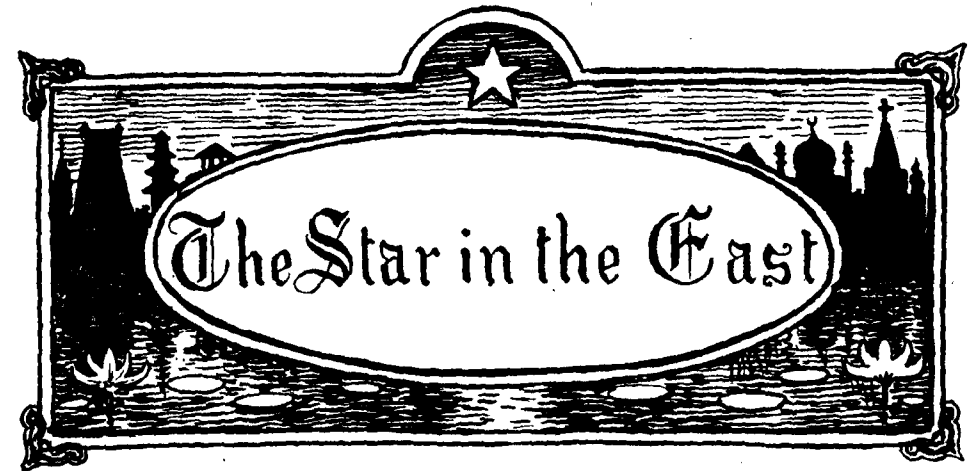
LINES

[Written in a copy of *When the Sun moves Northward*.]

Our Sun, who is the Lord of Love,
Moves earthward now, and soon shall move
Northward and Southward, East and West,
Till all the longing world be blest.

Watchfires are burning, far and near;
The sky grows pale; the Dawn is near.
Awake, arise, to greet His Day;
Make straight His Paths, prepare His Way.

X.



THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST

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

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

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

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

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

6. We regard it as our special duty to try to recognise and reverence greatness in whomsoever shown, and to strive to co-operate, as far as we can, with those whom we feel to be spiritually our superiors.

This Order has the above statement as its bond of union. It was founded on January 11, 1911, as "The Order of the Rising Sun," at Benares, as a local association. It was, a few months later, transformed into a world-wide Order under its present name, and now numbers about 11,000 members, and has the following organisation:

Protector: Annie Besant. *Head*: J. Krishnamurti Esq. (Acyone)
Private Secretary to Head: G. S. Arundale Esq., M. A., LL.B.
General Secretary: Prof. E. A. Wodehouse, M. A., *Shanti*
Kuñja, Benares City, India.

NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES:

India: Professor P. K. Telang, M. A., LL. B.
England: Lady Emily Lutyens.

Scotland : James Allen, Esq.
 France : Mademoiselle Lucie Bayer.
 Italy : Donna Margherita Ruspoli.
 Spain : Señor Don Manuel Treviño.
 Switzerland : Mademoiselle M. L. Braudt.
 Holland : Miss Dykgraaf.
 Germany : Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden.
 Hungary : Mrs. Isabel Cooper-Oakley.
 Russia : Mademoiselle Nina de Gernet.
 United States : Miss Marjorie Tuttle.
 Sweden : Mrs. Kuylenstierna.
 Denmark : Miss Diderichsen.
 Norway : Frn Helen Egilrud.
 Australia : Mr. T. H. Martyn.
 New Zealand : Mr. D. W. M. Burn, M. A.
 Java : Mr. D. van Hinloopen Labberton.

ORGANISING SECRETARIES :

India : Rai Iqbal Narain Gurtu, M. A., LL. B., Benares City.
 Don Fabrizio Ruspoli, T. S., Adyar, Madras.
 England : Rev. F. W. Pigott, M. A., Hornsea, Hull.
 Miss Mary Rocke, M. D., T. S., 19 Tavistock Square,
 London, W. O.
 Scotland : Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, M. A., Gatehouse-of-Fleet.
 Mr. R. L. Christie, Durie, Fife.
 France : Mme. Mallet, Le Bois des Montiers, Varengeville s/m.
 M. Gustave Revel, 1 Rue Lemœur, Paris.
 M. le Comm. Duboc, 59 Avenue de la Bourdonnais, Paris.
 Italy : Signora M. L. Kirby, Villa Cevasco, Cornigliano Ligure.
 Spain : Señor Don Joaquín Gadea, Calle de San Lorenzo 14,
 Madrid.
 Señor Don Luis Aquilera, Calle de Escudillero Blanco 8,
 Barcelona.
 Switzerland : Mme. Erismann, Champel, Geneva.
 Mlle. Ella Tuvet, 8 Quai des Eaux-Vives, Geneva.
 Holland : Mr. Henri van Ginkel, Pook's Hill, Blaricum, N. H.
 Germany : Herr John Cordes, Nicolausbergerweg 34, Göttingen.
 Mr. J. L. Lauweriks, Marschallstrasse 18, Düsseldorf.
 Hungary : Mme. de Hagara Vikten, II. Zsigmondutca, 23, II. 12,
 Budapest.
 M. Nerei Odón, IV. Kigyó Ter. 1, Budapest.
 United States : National Representative, 2453 East 72nd Street, Chicago.
 Russia : Mlle. Cecile Hemholdt, Ivanovskaya 22, Petersburg.
 Norway : Hr. Büchholdt, T. S., 2 Tordenskjollagt, Kristiania.
 Frk. Gyda Haabjörn, Trondhjem.
 Frn Aston, Minde, Bergen.
 Australia : Mr. J. B. McConkey, 87 Queen Street, Melbourne.
 Mr. Samuel Studd, 268 Flinders Street, Melbourne.
 New Zealand : Miss C. W. Christie, 351 Queen Street, Auckland.
 Java : Miss H. E. van Motman, Pleidang Tengah, Buitenzorg.



Month—January Emblem—Narcissus

Quality—Earnestness.

Let each act
 Atone a fault or help a merit grow ;
 Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
 Let love through good deeds show.

Who has not heard of Arthur, King of England and pattern of Knighthood, of Chivalry, and of the Round Table which he formed ? Many valiant Knights he gathered round him, who aided him to rescue his Kingdom from oppression and cruel invasion, and to establish an Order there wherein the weak should be protected, the unhappy should be sheltered, and the King should be served. Arthur and his Knights met at a Round Table, where none could have a higher place than another, and as he spoke of the duty of a Knight their hearts would respond to his, so that there shone out in all their faces "a momentary likeness of the King". Then they separated and went out into the world in quest of knightly adventure.

Sir Owain was one of these Knights of the Round Table who sallied forth in search of some Cause worthy his sword. He heard of a certain lovely valley which was held in terror by a Knight clad in black armour, who held prisoner in her castle the Princess of the land. To meet this Knight it was necessary to go to a certain fountain, to take a silver vessel which lay beside it and to dash a

howlful of water upon a marble slab, whereupon there came a clap of thunder and a storm of hailstones, in which the Black Knight appeared. Sir Owain betook himself to this adventure; he found the fountain, he seized the silver vessel, he dashed the water on the marble slab; the thunder crashed, the hailstones rattled down, and the Black Knight came pricking towards him with his lance in rest. Sir Owain fought and won; he pursued the Black Knight to the castle; he rescued the Princess, who gave him her love; and he established peace and order through all that fair valley.

Why do we need a Round Table to-day? You say: "There are no captive Princesses, no Black Knights spreading fear and ruin in the valley." I am not so sure. Are there not dark and unkind thoughts and deeds which stand between us and the Princess, the Lady of our Heart, who is the best and purest Self in us? Shall we not ride out upon our quests resolved to free her and to win her love? Are there not many wrong things in the world which we can help to put right? We need a Round Table as much as ever, and so we ask boys and girls, who wish to fit themselves to serve the great King in His work for the world, to join with us in forming one.

"Live pure! Speak true! Right wrong! Follow the King!" This is what Arthur taught his Knights; and if you feel your heart throb in answer to this ideal, then it means that, for a moment, the "likeness of the King" is shining out in you. Everyone who joins the Round Table must promise to say every morning, carefully and thoughtfully, a verse which describes the Perfect Knight; we make this rule because we want this "likeness of the King" to shine out in us every day; later on it will shine out in us all day.

"Live pure." One who would be a Knight in the King's service will take care that his body is clean inside and outside. Clean water to wash with, clean food to eat, clean thoughts to think. If an unworthy thought comes into the mind, or if he is tempted to do an unworthy action, he will try to remember the higher, nobler part of himself, who loves the King, and whom the King loves; he will fight bravely against the black Knight, and every time he is defeated he will pick himself up and fight again until he conquers.

"Speak true." If he is tempted to tell a falsehood, to exaggerate, then he will remember that the word of the Knight is always the simple truth. It needs courage, sometimes, to be quite true, but then what would a Knight be without courage?

"Right wrong." There are many wrong things in the world as well as many great and lovely things. Injustice is wrong, cruelty is wrong, unkindness is wrong. We must join hands with those who are trying to put wrong things right. We shall try never to be cruel to any living thing, but always to put ourselves on the side of love. We shall join in trying to put an end to such wrong things as cruel sport and vivisection; we shall try to help children who are poorer than ourselves, who are suffering from want and neglect; if we cannot do much ourselves we shall join with others who are working for these great Causes, but in all we do to "right wrong," we will remember that we are trying to serve the King, who is the Lord of Love; and so we will never permit ourselves to make the mistake of hating the one who does the wrong, for then we also should be working on the side of hatred.

"Follow the King." Who is the King? The King is the great Lord, the Christ, whom Arthur and all his Knights loved, and who is loved in every country in the world. The King is the great Teacher of the World, who came two thousand years ago and taught in Palestine, who came many, many times before that as a great Teacher to the world. He is the Teacher who is loved in the East as Shri Kṛṣṇa and as the Lord Maitreya, and in the West as Christ; for all these are really names for the one great Teacher. Who are His Knights? They are those in every country and in every religion, men and women, youths and maidens, who show out something of His all-embracing Love. He stands looking out over the world, as one may stand on a mountain-side and look over the valley below. He sees all our hearts, knows all our hopes, pities all our fears, aids us in all our efforts; no one is outside the range of His deep Love, which shines out over the world as a most exquisite sunshine free for all to take. Where anyone is trying to follow Him, it is as though their hearts reflected that Sunshine and passed it on to others. This is the glorious King whom the Round Table would serve. The time of His coming again to teach in His world is near at hand, and we would be among those who are preparing the way for Him. As the Knight of old was given his shield which he had to preserve untarnished, so are we each given in trust our share of the honour of the King. Our hearts are our shields, and if we keep them pure and loving, then are we worthy Knights, and then the King's Light and Love shine out from us.

Membership of the Round Table is open to anyone over thirteen who longs to "Follow the King," and who will promise to obey its rules, which are very simple.

At thirteen boys and girls are admitted as Associates. At fifteen they are admitted as Companions. For each of these ages there is a simple discipline which is recommended.

At twenty-one, if they can find three Associates or Companions, they are admitted as Knights and are put in charge of a Round Table, which is a group of not more than twelve Associates and Companions.

Knights work under the Senior Council of their country, and Senior Councils work under the Central Council, appointed by Mrs. Besant, the Protector of the Order.

Senior Councils have been formed in England, Australia, New Zealand, France, Switzerland, and Holland, and are being formed in America and in Hungary.

Full particulars and copies of the Booklet about the Order, with disciplines, rules and suggestions as to meetings and plans of work may be obtained from:

G. H. White, Theosophical Society, 19 Tavistock Square,
London, W. C.

S. Studd, Theosophical Society, 268 Flinders Street, Melbourne,
Australia.

H. Banks, Theosophical Society, 351 Queen Street, Auckland,
New Zealand.

Mrs. Wardall, 2616 Walnut Avenue, S. W., Seattle, Washington,
U. S. A.

The Secretary, The Round Table, Theosophical Society, Adyar,
Madras S., India.

HERBERT WHYTE

13, Willifield Way,
Hendon, London, N. W.



THE GOLDEN CHAIN

I AM a Link in a Golden Chain of Love that stretches round the world, and must keep my Link bright and strong.

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

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

May every Link in the Golden Chain become bright and strong.

The Golden Chain was started in America, in 1895, by Mr. Walters, at whose request Mrs. Annie Besant wrote the pledge. There are many children belonging to it in all parts of the world, and wherever there is a Golden Link there is a little spot of light—a child who is trying to brighten the lives of all around him, by being gentle, loving and kind.

The Golden Chain is meant to link up boys and girls all the world over in a Chain of Love.

Since it was founded many Links have joined, making the Chain longer and longer. Secretaries have been nominated in various countries, and one Link has brought in another, until to-day there are many grown-up men and women who joined the Golden Chain in their youth, and the children keep asking for it still.

There are no rules except a promise to repeat the above words each morning on waking, and the child should try to act them out every day.

The member receives a pretty card, which can be hung up in his room, bearing the words of the promise.

When a child wishes to join he must fill in and sign with his own hand the particulars required.

I promise to repeat the words of the Golden Chain every morning.

Name..... Age.....
Address..... Date.....

The Secretaries register the names as they are sent in, and forward the cards of admission.

Mrs. Lloyd was the first Secretary in India, and Miss Willson in England. When Mrs. Lloyd went to the Peace, Miss Willson took her place, and worked hard for many years. Now, as she has much other work to do, Mr. Ramachandra V. Samant, *Jūna Geha, Benares City*, has been appointed the Secretary.

We shall print all the names and addresses of the Secretaries here as they are sent to us.

England: Mrs. Herbert Whyte, 13 Williefield Way, Hendon, N.W.
America: Miss M. Tuttle, 2453 E. 72nd Street, Chicago.
New Zealand: Dana, T. S., 351 Queen Street, Auckland.

Animals love these Golden Links, for when they run up to them, they have a nice pat instead of a slap; and perhaps there is a saucer of milk for any stray pussy in the garden; and a trough of water outside the gate for a thirsty dog; and some seeds scattered for birds; and a little bit of meat or nut, hung on a string to a branch of a tree, where pussy or doggie cannot reach it; that is for the tits, who like to hang with their backs downwards, and peck at it; half a cocoanut-shell, hung sideways, suits them nicely.

The Golden Chain card is hung on the walls of some American Schools, so that all the children may read it and try to live it.

Little Links of Gold are we
In a Chain of love,
Reaching from this earth of ours
Up to God above.

CHORUS. May my Link be ever bright,
Shining with a heavenly light,
A heavenly light.

Every little Link must be
Strong and pure and fine;
With the other little Links
Closely must it twine.

May my Link, etc.

Stretching downward, upward, round,
See this Chain unfold,
Binding all the world in one
With its Links of Gold.

May my Link, etc.

COLIN STERNE



FROM MY MOTHER'S SCRAP-BOOK

I WILL tell you of a pleasant story recorded by Plotinus: One day a certain man of the city of Athens, going forth into an old forest wherein were divers birds singing, did hear, nigh unto a broken temple which in time before was dedicated to a heathen God, a voice as of a young child that was carolling sweetly. Howbeit, the man knew not the tongue in which the child did sing. Astonished at this marvel, for the place was not nigh unto the city, so that children could hardly pass thereto, he looked over the wall and sought all about what this might mean. Then saw he, sitting among the herbs, a fair young boy, with wings besprent with feathers behind his shoulders, and no living thing beside. Then said he: "What dost thou here, child?"

But the child answered not, but smiled. So the man being in perplexity, for he knew not what it might be, yet not liking to leave so young a child in the woods, where wild beasts were many, did have him up into his mantle and conveyed him home to his dwelling. There, in default of any cage, he put the winged child into an old cabinet that beforetime stood long there, and did give him meat and drink.

Yet the child waxed not, but sang continuously, so that all the people of Athens marvelled at his minstrelsy. But what was great wonder, the cabinet wherein he was, which before was burst in divers places, wherein chinks and rifts did appear, seemed to become suddenly new and strong, and was covered with gems and jewels of great price; yet could no man tell whence they did come. And the little child had his dwelling there, like a bird's nest, and did sing right sweetly, so that many came from afar to see the wonder. So he did many years.

At the last deceased the master of the house, and he that came after him loved not music, but was given up to thoughts of merchandise and was of an ill favour, regarding only his own gettings. So one day, hearing the child sing ever, he waxed angry and did command him to hold his peace. Howbeit, the child would not. Then the man being wroth, caused to bring levers, and brake open the cabinet and took forth the child and put him to the window. But the child said:

"Ye will curse the time ye put me forth."

And with those words, the child vanished away, and was never seen again. From that time the cabinet was rent and fell asunder to pieces. And Plotinus saith that the child was esteemed to be Cupid, and was so called in his days.

So ever falls asunder the house from which Love is put forth.

THE FINDERN FLOWERS

Sir Bernard Burke tells us that he was led in his researches to trace out an old and noble family of the name of Findern, who had once lived in the country of Derby. He knew they must have lived somewhere in the parish of Mickleover. He went to the church of that parish, but there was no monumental marble and no

brass surviving that bore their names. He looked all about the neighbourhood to find the ruins of the baronial hall where he knew they must have dwelt, but not a single stone left upon another could he find that had once been the home of the Finderns. By and bye he met a man to whom he put the question:

"Do you know anything of the Finderns?"

"No, sir," he said, "I know nothing of the Finderns, but we can show you the Findern flowers."

And the man led the way over a hedge or two into a distant field, where he pointed out some fragile blue flowers.

"There, sir," he said, "they say that Sir Geoffrey Findern brought these flowers from the Holy Land; but wherever they came from, sir, it is certain that, do what we will, they never die."

The name of the Finderns had been forgotten; not a single monument remained; but these fragile flowers sprang up every year and so continued their memory.

So a flower may last, where monuments crumble.

When the children go to sleep,
 Little stars their kind watch keep,
 Shining down so calm and clear,
 Whispering gently: "Do not fear."
 Then the Angels from above,
 Bid them come, with words of love,
 Into realms of pure delight,
 There to bide till morning light.

it; and, most astonishing of all, could spell his own name by placing letter-blocks in a row.

"There was a bullfinch, my special delight, that fluttered to the bars of its cage when she approached. It would peck her cheek affectionately. She would begin to hum in a low voice a well-known tune, and to my amazement the bullfinch took up the tune and continued it alone.

"I forgot my grief under the working of her magic, and asked her eagerly to tell me how she had worked such miracles.

"By much love, much patience and (smiling) in the case of the dogs and horses—by much sugar. I have never punished but have always rewarded. I am sure my young friends—and I sometimes call them to myself my young brothers—are much the richer for my love and teaching. I often wish my old and young human friends could look at their pets in this way, and instead of keeping them to while away an hour of ennui would regard them as children, sent to them to be loved, taught and led to a life of richer experience. I am sure that the children to whom animals naturally turn can do much to make grow in animals that spark of life that, to the eye of love, speaks of a soul in the animal as well as in the child."

"From that time I have had many animals and have always followed my aunt's teaching. No other pet died of over-indulgence, but many lived to give me joy as I have seen their intelligence grow. Would you not like to begin to teach all those young creatures I have seen and heard in the nursery? They are surely our younger brothers, as my aunt taught me to regard them. They do no good to themselves or to you, as they eat, sleep and quarrel. Shall we teach them to be a joy to us all?"

"Oh, yes, let us begin to-day!"

ACHILLES

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I ADYAR, 7TH FEBRUARY, 1913 No. 2

FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

THE hope of the coming years is in the hands of those who are the 'Young Citizens' of to-day; and every time that a boy or girl, a young man or maiden, thinks a noble thought, feels a loving wish, does a kindly action, he or she is putting one brick into the house—the character—in which the citizen of to-morrow will live. *We all create our own future.* Each wrong or mean thought, word, or act puts on us a limitation in the future, fetters round our legs, manacles round our wrists. Some of our faults are mere deficiencies, due to the youth of our souls; these we shall outgrow. Others are self-created clogs, which we must break away, as we have made them, by thoughts, desires, and acts. If this work be actively carried on in youth, manhood and womanhood grow easily into greatness. To labour in our youth is to achieve in our maturity.

* * *

This Empire which, hereafter, will pass into the hands of our Young Citizens is a wondrous heritage.

PET ANIMALS

By **ACHILLES**

"TELL us a story, Miss Margaret," cried the children to their mother's newly arrived young guest. "We have a half-holiday, the weather is too bad for games, the animals in the nursery won't play—they are so sleepy, and there is nothing to do."

"And what shall I tell you about?"

"Oh! about hunting big game, lions and elephants. Father says he is tired of having his game driven up before him, and he is going to India next winter to hunt tigers. Tell us something exciting, so that we can see what kind of a time he will have."

"I know nothing of hunting big game. I am never happy killing anything, so my people never invite me to join them any more. But I can tell you about a lady I knew when I was your age, who tried to comfort me in a time of great grief. She was a lover of animals and had power to teach different kinds of animals many things."

"Oh tell us—do!"

"Well, once, when I was a little girl, I visited an aunt of mine who was a very kind and noble lady, who loved all creatures. I had a pet dog that I loved very much and I always took him with me wherever I went. In fact, I would not go anywhere without my dog. He was a beautiful creature, and wore a pink bow round his neck. It was the duty of one of the grooms to wash him every morning under my supervision, and, when he was washed and dried, his pink bow was tied, and he was given as much food as he could eat, and would then

sleep near me on his cushion. He accompanied me on my walks, and altogether lived the life of self-indulgent indolent people. As he grew fatter and more lazy, my brother showed an ever-growing intensity of dislike to him, declaring he grew more stupid every day; and he never lost an opportunity of expressing his dislike by a pinch of the ear or a poke at the fat body of the house-pet. Soon after I had arrived at the house of my aunt, my beloved dog fell ill from an attack of indigestion due to over-feeding. He died suddenly and left me disconsolate. Trying in vain to console me, my aunt gradually drew my attention, and pointed out to me that the death of my pet was entirely due to my blind treatment of him; that he had died a victim to my ignorance and selfishness, as I had kept him, as you children are keeping all those pets I have seen in the nursery, for my own gratification and to amuse myself. And then she went on to tell me how in each animal, dog, cat, horse, and even in rabbits, there is a Spirit that can be made to grow, as we make their bodies grow, by kind treatment and good food. She invited me to go with her to visit the stables, and to feed her dogs, cats, and birds—that during the first few days after my arrival had not claimed my attention, entirely occupied by my own pet. We entered the stables and the horses whinnied with pleasure when they heard her voice. As she approached each noble animal in turn, he would stick his nose into her hand in search of the lump of sugar that was always to be had from their kind friend, and he would respond to her caress by rubbing her cheek with his jaw.

"She called my attention to the expression of affection and intelligence in the eyes, saying that that expression had grown in answer to her kindness, and had long ago replaced the fiery look in the eyes of the high-bred hunters.

"She had several dogs—one of which, like mine, was a beautiful fox-terrier—but hers was not lazy and over-fed. It could do most wonderful things. It knew the names of many objects, would pick up her handkerchief like a gentleman whenever, like a lady, she dropped

Not only is it wondrous in its extent, so that it is true that on it "the sun never sets," but it is wondrous in the variety of its component parts. It is made up of many nations, many types, many tongues. We sometimes call it 'British,' but Britain is only its capital. Our George V is Emperor of India as much as he is King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Sovereign of all the self-governing and other Colonies. We must never forget that our Indian and Colonial brethren are not subjects of the English people; we are all, English, Indians and Colonials equally, subjects of the one Royal and Imperial Crown, to which alone we all owe allegiance. Gradually, each nation will become self-governing within its own limits, and manage its own affairs; and presently we shall see a great Imperial Council, the best men from every nation, gathered round our Monarch, and helping him to guide the destinies of the whole huge Federation, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, Burma, South Africa, Egypt—each sending a few of its best and its wisest to bring to that Imperial Council the needs, the hopes, and the varied experiences of the peoples who send them. THERE is a noble ambition for you, readers mine. Already men in advance of their time have begun to talk of such a Council; *it will be yours to make it*. And yours also to help in building up each free nation, each in his or her own land; for we must have free nations before we can link them together into an Empire of the Free.

* * *

But think! If we cannot have a free Empire without free nations as its component parts, neither can we have free nations without free individuals to compose them. And what is a free individual? It is a man who

rules himself. A man is not free who is the slave of his body, who is made irritable by hunger, or thirst, or discomfort of any kind. The man who is king of his body does not allow it to upset him by its fancies and freaks: if it is hungry, he bids it quietly await his convenience for its feeding; if it is uncomfortable, he bids it practise patience and learn indifference to small annoyances. A man is not free who is the slave of his desires and passions, who is angry when people blame him or proud when they praise him, who does things he is ashamed of when temptations allure him, who is thrown off his balance by pleasure or pain. A man is not free who is the slave of his mind, who lets anxieties worry him, fears harass him, ill thoughts befoul him, frivolities distract him. Only free men and women can be citizens in a free State: the self-controlled, the pure, the wise, they alone are free. The first thing then is to free ourselves, and to be lords in our own houses—in the bodies, feelings and minds that we have constructed out of the materials gathered in the past. The next is to help other free men and women to build up a free nation; and lastly, to federate these free nations into a free Empire. But let no slave dare to lay his hands on the Ark of Empire, lest the lightning which plays round it should destroy that unworthy serf.

* * *

For freedom and slavery are of the soul more than of the body. A free soul may dwell in a prisoned body, but no freedom of body can enfranchise a prisoned soul. The best time for the Inner Man to assert his supremacy, to assume his sceptre, is the time of youth, when the body is plastic, and the passion-nature but half-awake, and the mind fresh and unsoiled by contact with the

world. Before the chains of bad habits are wound round the youth, let him assert his inborn right to rule the high-spirited animal which is to carry him through his life in the three worlds. Like a splendid horse, it will come to his hand, if he hold the bridle lightly and firmly. Self-conquest should be a game of enthralling interest, like the gentling of a mettlesome steed, and the secret of such interest lies in this :

Identify yourself with the Spirit, not with the animal. For you are Spirit, and you are riding this animal that kicks, and plunges, and runs away with you. Gain a good seat ; train your hands to be at once light as a silk thread, strong as tempered steel. Master your animal, and it will carry you far.

* * *

Self-mastery ; then Freedom. Freedom is a glorious Being, an Angel of Light, and her beauty sometimes dazzles human eyes, so that men would fain possess her, and think not of the home to which they would bring her. She cannot dwell in the same house with ignorance, with vice, with weakness. "Be wise. Be pure. Be strong." Such is the demand she makes of her lovers. Of old, in days of chivalry, a young knight would beg of His Lady a knot of ribbon or a glove, and, binding it on his helmet, would ride out to do doughty deeds in her name. When he had conquered in many a hard-fought fight, he returned to wed her. Let our Young Citizens thus love our Lady of Liberty ; let them do as Arthur bade :

And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her. [So shall her quest avail]
To teach high thoughts, and amiable words,
And courtesy, and the desire for fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.



PYTHAGORAS

A FUTURE WORLD-TEACHER

By C. W. LEADBETTER, F. T. S.

You were told last month that there is a Teaching Department in the Government of the world, just as there is a Department of Education in the Government of a country, and you read a beautiful and inspiring account of One who for thousands of years held the high office of Head of that Department, who had been in turn Vyāsa, Zarathushtra, Hermes, Orpheus, and finally the Lord Buddha ; for a man's power to serve is not limited to one earthly life ; again and again he returns to his work, bringing to it ever riper experience and wider knowledge. You read also that His Successor in that great position is the Lord Maitreya, who holds it still, and will hold it through centuries yet to come. But when His tenure in turn is over, when His work is completed, He will hand on His office to another great Sage, who has through

many lives been His pupil—He whom we call the Master K. H., who was known to the Greeks under the honoured name of Pythagoras.

If you have read in *The Theosophist* the wonderful story of the Lives of Alcione, you will already have heard much of Pythagoras under the name of Mercury, and you will have seen how, through the ages, He has been steadily preparing Himself for His great task—how, life after life, He has been always practising the part which He will have to play, acting again and again as High Priest and Teacher, first to one nation in antiquity and then to another, in order that one day He may worthily fill the office of Teacher to the whole world.

In his Greek life there is much to interest us. His father, Mnesarchos, dwelt in the fair Island of Samos, amid the blue Aegean Sea, and was one of its most honoured citizens of that time of long ago. He was a true artist, though he painted no pictures, but spent his time in the delicate and difficult occupation of engraving upon gems; and some examples of his wonderful workmanship remain even unto this day as highly prized specimens in our museums. His skill and genius brought rich reward, and he became a wealthy man; so when, in the year 592 B. C., the child Pythagoras was born to him, he resolved to give him the finest education which those exceptionally favourable times could offer. The ruler of Samos at this time was Polykrates, a man whose character was by no means free from stain, but yet a great patron of poetry and a lover of all that was beautiful in art, so that his court was in many ways a prominent centre of Greek thought. In this court grew up the young Pythagoras. His first teacher was Hermodamas, whom he came to love very dearly; and

there can be no doubt that he was much influenced also by



his father's friends — a galaxy of men who have not often been surpassed in brilliancy. The member of this circle best known to us at the present day is Anacreon, though something remains also

of that other poet Ibycus, who had been attracted from his home in far away Rhegium by the report of the intelligent appreciation of Polykrates. But the boy Pythagoras admired most of all his father's closest friend, the sculptor and engraver Theodoros—the same who made for Polykrates his celebrated ring. The boy passed many hours of his time in the studio of Theodoros, watching the marvellous skill with which he modelled in clay surpassingly beautiful figures of the Gods, even while he explained to his eager listener that far beyond all these myths which he so gloriously portrayed was the great All-Father in Whom all things live and die and live again, from Whom all came forth, to Whom all must one day return.

A bright and beautiful boy was Pythagoras, eagerly seizing every opportunity which his father's loving care could afford to him, so that soon he won renown among his teachers as the most brilliant student of his time. His education differed from ours, for it began with poetry and music, and he spent his first youth in playing on the seven-stringed lyre and declaiming the Homeric poems, then only recently collected and arranged in their present form. When he knew perfectly his music and poetry, he commenced the study of mathematics, in which he developed so keen an interest that he soon out-distanced his teachers; and it is to him that we owe the lucid demonstration of the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid which we have all learnt at school. But he did not remain content with book-learning only, for as soon as his earlier training was finished he set himself to acquire that wider education which only travel can give. To this he devoted many years, visiting Egypt, Phœnicia, Chaldæa, Persia, and this ancient land of India, which even then was already the home of a wisdom whose founding was lost in the mists of antiquity. Two and twenty years he studied amidst the colossal temples of Egypt, the only foreigner whom its jealous Priests had ever admitted to share their esoteric knowledge. Wherever he went he ever sought for the highest philosophical teaching, and he sat at the feet not only of the Brāhmanas of India, and of the Magi who taught amid the golden spires of Babylon, but also of the leaders among the Jews, the Arabs and the Druids, travelling to find these last even to the far West in Brittany.

So passed his life until the age of fifty, and then he began to give out to others the store of wisdom which he had acquired. At first he travelled about lecturing in

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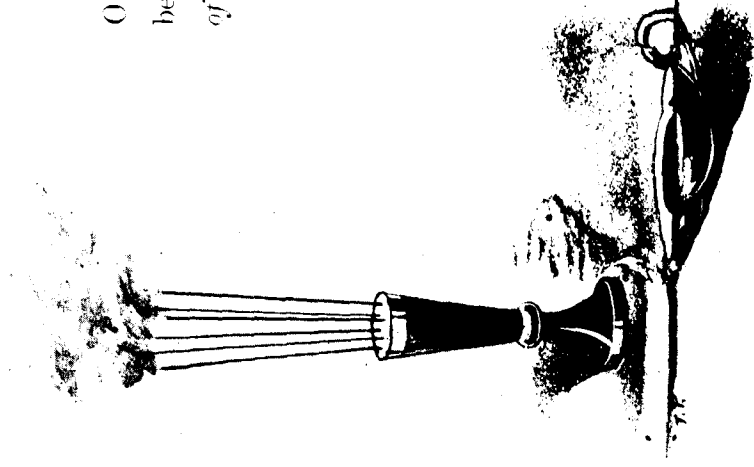
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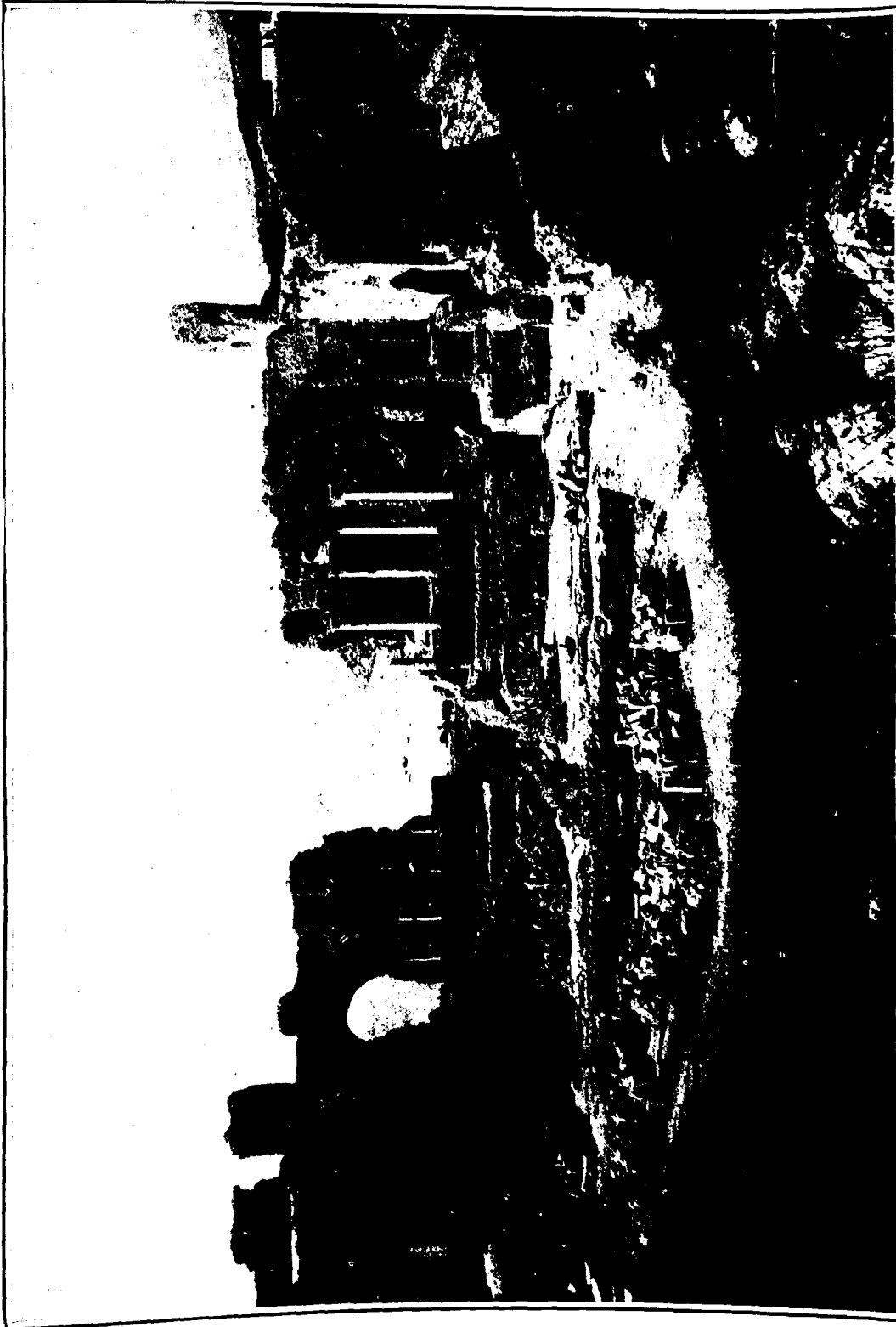
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The Dweller in the Body, by H. Rea	...	0	12	1	0
The Improvement of Indian Agriculture, by Mrs. S. N. Singh	...	1	0	1	6
The Path that is Light	...	8	8	11	0
The Song Divine, by C. C. Caleb, M. B. M. S.	...	1	4	1	8
Tales From Plutarch, by F. J. Rowbotham	...	3	12	5	0
King Leopold's Soliloquy, by Mark Twain	...	0	12	1	0
Quotations for Occasions, by K. B. Wood	...	2	10	3	6
Charles Bradlaugh, A Record of His Life and Work, by H. B. Bonner	...	1	14	2	6
"Stops": or How to Punctuate, by P. Allardyll	...	0	12	1	0
Dream Life and Real Life, by O. Schreiner	...	1	8	2	0
Dreams, by O. Schreiner	...	1	8	2	0
The Basis for Artistic and Industrial Revival in India, by E. B. Havell	...	1	8	2	0



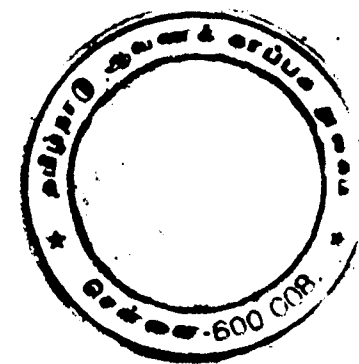
GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA.

Greece, Italy and Sicily. It was during this period that he was invited by various Greek Governments to deliver a series of lectures upon Civics in some of the principal cities. We give here an illustration of one of the places in which he lectured—though now we can show only the ruins of the theatre at Tauromenion, which was built more than a century later. When Pythagoras taught on that lovely hill-side, Tauromenion was but a suburb of the flourishing city of Naxos, and the great orator spoke from the steps of a beautiful little temple to the crowd seated on the grass below him. Recent excavations have uncovered the very pavement pressed by his footsteps, so it is not difficult to reconstruct the scene; and last month you had the opportunity of reading the peroration of one of the lectures which he gave there. In the year 530 B. C. he founded a School of Philosophy at Krotona on the Bay of Taranto. His teaching was so beautiful, so essentially reasonable and practical, and so exactly what men needed and had long in vain been seeking, that it spread very rapidly, and his School became the centre of a great organisation, a sort of religious brotherhood which existed for moral reformation.

But all who work for moral reformation excite the enmity of those who do not wish to reform; and the size and power of his brotherhood caused alarm to the authorities. So, though he himself had always sedulously avoided identifying himself with any particular party, his enemies nevertheless accused him of aiming at political power, and stirred up the fanatical portion of the ignorant populace to persecute his followers, whose pure lives were a reproach to the loose morals of the majority. Riots were fostered, and in one of these his School at

Krotona was burned ; so, disgusted with the ingratitude of those whom he had tried to help, he retired to Metapontum, and afterwards, as he grew old, to his ancestral estates in the Island of Samos, where he passed away from this life in the year 498.

Since then he has led several lives of usefulness to humanity—one as Nagarjuna, a great teacher of Buddhist philosophy ; and he has reaped the reward of his long and arduous study and his lives of self-sacrificing work, for he has reached the goal of human endeavour—the state which we call Adeptship. Now He is the Master K. H., who has inspired, and still inspires, so much of the Theosophical teaching. He still retains all His old vivid interest in educational matters, and even now He is working to prepare the world for the next visit of its great Teacher—a visit which many of you who read these lines may live to see. For you also may follow Him if you will ; you also may become great Teachers, and may fill the world with light ; but the only road to that glory is the road taken by Pythagoras—the path of earnest study and of utter forgetfulness of self in order that you may live for the service of humanity.



GENTLENESS

By J. KRISHNAMURTI, F. T. S.

If a person is to be a good citizen he must develop gentleness, for it helps him to obey the law and to help others to obey by his example ; and it also brings together the rich and the poor, and so makes for peace in the State. Gentleness can be shown in many ways, but there are two forms of it which I shall speak of now.

Gentleness in Speech. We must control our speech, and think if what we are going to say is gentle or not. We must always try to speak gently under all difficult circumstances, as when we are worried, impatient, or angry. It is not easy to speak gently when we are angry ; but we must never get angry.

We must be gentle in our speech to those who are below us, such as our servants. When we have a servant, we must realise that he has come into our service to be helped and to be guided. It is our privilege to help and guide him. When we give orders they must not be complicated or difficult for him to understand, and if he should fail to carry out such orders we should not be angry or annoyed with him.

When we are speaking to those who are our equals, like our brothers and sisters or friends, we must be gentle. We must not tease them, for teasing is a form of cruelty. Each must think, before he does anything,

whether his words and actions would injure another or not. An elder brother or sister should always be kind to those in the family who are younger and weaker; it is his or her duty to guide them and, if necessary, to protect them.

The most important thing is to see that our *thoughts* are kind and gentle. Our thoughts must be gentle, because when we think unkindly of another's faults the thoughts will affect him in a harmful way. If we think of his evil qualities, we shall make an evil image which will influence him: we shall make him grow like the evil thought which we have made. On the other hand if we think of his good qualities, we shall make a helpful image of him, so that he will be unconsciously attracted to it and will grow to be like it.

Gentleness to Animals. Animals come to us to be helped in their evolution. We must give the animals in our charge their food and drink regularly. If an animal belonging to us does something which annoys us, we must not get angry and punish him, because probably he has forgotten what we have tried to teach him, or his will is for the moment weak.

In the West, dogs are trained to hunt, which is a great pity. A dog comes into contact with a human being because he is evolving and needs to be helped. If we train him to be savage or to hunt, we do not help him to develop his finer qualities. On the other hand our evil training puts him back in evolution by strengthening the savage qualities which he already has, so that he does not evolve so rapidly as he might.

In India specially, oxen and horses often carry loads which are too heavy for them. When we see this kind of unconscious cruelty, we should explain to the drivers,

kindly of course, that the animals are being very cruelly treated. But it is not so much the fault of the drivers as it is the fault of the owners; we must speak therefore to the owners much more than to the drivers. There are Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in many parts of India, and we should report to them any form of cruelty which we note. We should join these Societies and support them with our subscriptions and donations. There ought to be such a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in every city where cattle and horses are used much for traffic.

It is a great pity that meat-eating is so common in the West. We who are vegetarians should explain to meat-eaters the cruelty of killing animals for food. This habit of eating meat is being taken up by some in India, where Harmlessness ought to be one of the principal virtues; we who are Indians should do our best to preach against this evil habit.

There is a verse in *The Light of Asia* where Lord Buddha teaches:

Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

We should always follow this teaching of gentleness to animals.

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F. T. S.

Principal of the Central Hindū College, Benares

II

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

In my last letter to you I laid stress on the most important duty which the young citizen owes to his Motherland—the building of a healthy body, without which useful citizenship is impossible.

Taking up this month a preliminary consideration, as to the basis of the growth of such a character in the individual as may contribute to the purity of the national character, I think that one quality above all others is an indispensable background or foundation upon which all other qualities must rest. I mean the quality of LOVE. It has been my experience in dealing with large numbers of youths of all ages, that while some young people are able to acquire the necessary virtues either for the sake of the Motherland or for the sake of the inherent value of the virtues themselves, most of those who make rapid progress tend to acquire virtues and to strengthen their characters under the impetus of some devotion to an elder, or to some human being in their

surroundings to whom their hearts go out in deep affection.

It is, of course, possible that such affection may in rare cases be directed towards some abstract idea—that is to say, to an idea apart from any concrete embodiment. Such cases are, however, few and far between, and the child who in early years looks to his father or mother, or to his elder brothers and sisters, will naturally, if he be fortunate enough to be under the guidance of teachers worthy of the name, widen out that love to include some teacher to whom he feels particularly drawn. I myself think that the old system by which the pupil remained with his guru for a number of years had in it the true principle of life; inasmuch as until the youth was ready to go out into the world, he was always under the loving protection of parents and teachers; while, when in the midst of the world's temptations, he had that confidence born of the knowledge that the elders, who had guided him lovingly for so long, would always be glad to stand by him in his difficulties and help to lead him out of his ignorance.

Under modern conditions, especially in India, the young citizen grows but little in love through the years of life in School or College. Few teachers have their hearts in the work, and though no doubt thoroughly conscientious, it is more a conscientiousness based on a sense of duty than a conscientiousness which is the expression of a whole-hearted enthusiasm for teaching and for teaching alone. The spirit of the teacher of to-day will find expression in the attitude towards life of the citizen of to-morrow, and unless the teacher has his whole heart in the work of training the young, his pupils will not have that whole-hearted devotion to their country which so

few Indians in the present day are able to offer to their Motherland. Whatever the world may think of the teacher, whatever social position the teacher may be given, he must at least himself realise that in fact the destinies of his country in the future are largely in his hands to-day, however little the world around him may realise the extent of the power which in reality he wields.

I consider, therefore, that no real preparation for citizenship is possible unless the youth is given every opportunity to send out love and devotion in response to loving service rendered to him by his elders. Those who are entrusted with the training of boys and girls sometimes think that they have done their duty if they lay before their pupils the generally accepted reasons for practising virtues and avoiding vices. Many examples are often given of possibly imaginary children who have prospered by virtue or who have failed through vice. And an appeal is often made, in the name of some great Being or of some great principle or great ideal, that some special line of conduct should be avoided or pursued.

But that which is near to the young appeals to them most. Whatever the teacher may say, whatever he may be on the surface, it is his real character, however little understood or rightly gauged by those around him, which silently guides his pupils in the path he himself is treading. As he tries to build the various virtues into his own character, so will his pupils build them into theirs. As he loves them, so will they learn to love and serve those around them, and his own fulfilment of the duties of citizenship will tend to be the measure of their fulfilment in their own degree. Unless we love others we cannot grow ourselves, and no young citizen can at all adequately prepare for the more

responsible duties that will come to him in after life, unless he is 'bathed in a love from his elders which stimulates all the qualities of his nature as the sunshine expands the bud into the full-grown flower. This world is a world of love. Love is the law of its being. Wherever growth is slow there must be little love, for weakness must sooner or later disappear if met by strong, wise love. And so while every virtue needs the warmth of love in order that it may thrive, every misdirected force—and vice is misdirected force—needs the warmth of love to help the form to die quickly, so that the force behind it may take new and better shape.

I shall ask you to remember, therefore, that while we shall be considering special methods of developing qualities which every Motherland demands from her sons, the great principle applying to all manner of growth is that without love no real progress is anywhere possible. All methods of development are ultimately expressions of love, and even if you may not be able to understand the more special manipulation of this great world-force, at least you may try to reverence your elders and to love all around you; for then the Spirit of Love which you thus invoke will be your guiding angel in the midst of all temptations and difficulties.

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

LITTLE WAYMAN

By C. JINARAJADASA, B.A., F. T. S.

WHEN we who are grown-ups look back on our boyhood's days, we see many things of which we are now heartily ashamed. What we were then you are to-day, and you do to-day many a little act for which you cannot but be sorry later on. It is therefore as well for all young people to avoid such acts now. Most of the things we did as children were not done because we were really bad; they were largely the result of our want of thought. But

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

An instance of this came before my eyes not long ago in the Sicilian town of Taormina, where together with friends I spent some months last winter. Attached to one of the smaller hotels of that place is a man who is an idiot. He is about forty, and can do only one simple thing, which is to fetch water in a barrel from the public fountain. Dozens of times each day he goes back and forth between the hotel and the fountain, carrying the barrel on his shoulders, and thus he earns by this labour food and a shelter.

You would think that all who saw him would have a thought of pity for him; perhaps a few had, but mostly those that saw him laughed at him. It was a kind

of cruelty, unconscious of course, but it was cruelty nevertheless; and I noticed specially that the boys of the place teased him and made fun of him. Once, as we were passing by the fountain, the boys were annoying him, and the poor idiot turned to us, the strangers, and appealed for protection with dumb gestures. I spoke Italian and so could remonstrate with the boys; but I had to remonstrate with them more than once while I stayed in that town.

I believe that the boys did not intend to be cruel, and thought they were having only a little legitimate fun with him; but it all made me think of an incident in far-off days that happened in India. I shall tell you the tale, now translated out of the old books,¹ but I tell it only that you may understand how an act of unconscious cruelty, which we think is really hardly worth considering may nevertheless have tragic consequences for us and for others.

In the time of the Lord Buddha there were two brothers who were called Great Wayman and Little Wayman. They had these curious names because by a coincidence they were both born while their mother was on a journey. Since they were born not at home but by the road-side, it was natural to call each 'Wayman,' and as elder and younger they were distinguished from each other by the epithets 'Great' and 'Little'.

When the Lord Buddha went about in North India preaching His Law of Righteousness, Great Wayman listened to Him and accepted Him, and became a disciple. A little later on, by the advice of his brother, Little Wayman too put on the yellow robe and became a personal follower of the Lord.

¹ No. 4 in the Jātaka, translated under the editorship of Cowell.

But, strange to say, where spiritual matters were in question, Little Wayman proved a dullard. He could not commit anything to memory, and he could not concentrate his thoughts sufficiently to meditate. He tried to learn by heart this beautiful verse about the Lord Buddha—and what more inspiring verse could there be to memorise for him who knew the Lord?—and he failed :

Lo ! like a fragrant lotus at the dawn
Of day, full-blown, with virgin wealth of scent,
Behold the Buddha's glory shining forth,
As in the vaulted heaven beams the sun !

Each line, as he learnt it, drove the last out of his memory, and poor Little Wayman struggled for four months to learn that one verse, and failed. Yet he did not lose hope, and would have persevered but for an action of his brother. Great Wayman, his brother, was heartily ashamed of him, and came to the conclusion that Little Wayman would be a disgrace to the splendid Fraternity of the Yellow Robe; and one night he brutally told him to leave the Order and give up his attempt to be a disciple of the Lord. Little Wayman, knowing how dull he was, meekly believed his brother was right, and decided to put off his yellow robe next morning and be a man of the world once more.

But this was not to be. For the great Lord Buddha, as was His wont, at early dawn looked over the world with his miraculous powers to find what soul needed His help most that day. And He saw that it was Little Wayman, as on another dawn He saw it was Chātṭa. He saw Little Wayman's decision to give up his quest of the Truth; but He saw also that it was the dullard's destiny to achieve in spite of his limitations. And this was the way He helped Little Wayman.

Before Little Wayman set out on his road, the Lord Buddha walked to and fro just where Little Wayman would have to pass. Soon enough came Little Wayman, and seeing the Lord went up to Him and saluted Him.

"Whither away, Little Wayman?" asked the Master.

"My brother has expelled me from the Order, Sir; and I am going to wander forth," replied Little Wayman, mentioning that his brother had cast him out of the Brotherhood because he could not meditate at all.

Then the Lord had compassion on him, and said : "Little Wayman, you shall stop with me"; and took him to the door of His own perfumed chamber. There He miraculously created a piece of white cloth, and gave it to Little Wayman and said :

"Face towards the east, and, as you handle this cloth, repeat these words—Removal of Impurity, Removal of Impurity."

So saying, the Lord departed to the house of a pious layman called Jivaka, where He was expected.

Little Wayman, with his gaze fixed on the sun, did as he was told, and kept on rolling and crushing the pure white cloth between his hands, repeating all the time : "Removal of Impurity". After a while he noticed that the cloth had become soiled by handling, and was no longer spotless and pure, and this little fact started in him a train of thought. It was like a miracle, for he found that now he could meditate. A great truth presented itself to his mind and he said : "Just now this piece of cloth was quite clean, but my personality has destroyed its original state and made it dirty."

The Lord Buddha, who was at Jivaka's house, knew by His miraculous powers that Little Wayman, dullard

though he was, had truly meditated and made a great discovery. So He immediately caused to appear before Little Wayman an apparition of Himself seated in the air, and through this image thus addressed him :

"Heed it not, Little Wayman, that this mere piece of cloth has become dirty and stained with impurity ; within thee are the impurities of lust and other evil things. Remove *them*."

Thus did the Lord teach the dullard to meditate, and see clearly into the good and evil of men's thoughts and actions. But He did more. He showed that the case of Little Wayman is typical of what happens often in the world. He explained to His audience at Jivaka's house why Little Wayman could not meditate, and yet, all in a moment, was able to acquire the power of clear and deep thought.

The Lord narrated two of the past lives of Little Wayman. In one of them Little Wayman had been a King, and was much struck one day by seeing how a piece of white cloth had become soiled by handling ; and he had followed up a line of thought which made him understand how a man's mind can be made evil by many little thoughts of evil, each by itself seemingly too small to be considered of any consequence. In a later life Little Wayman had mocked and jeered at a man who was trying his best to meditate and was not succeeding ; and the poor man was so upset by the ridicule of Little Wayman that in despair he left off meditating altogether, and was the worse thereafter for Little Wayman's cruelty.

There was waiting for Little Wayman the karma of both these actions. It was the injury he did to one who was a dullard that made him be born Little Wayman the dullard, so that through his own sufferings he might learn

sympathy for those who were not clever ; but also when that piece of evil karma was worked out, he was ready to regain his true condition as a man capable of meditation. Knowing how Little Wayman's karma had come to an end, the Lord Buddha helped him to be his true Self once more by reminding him of the way he had meditated in a past life. Thus it was that the Lord miraculously created the white cloth, and told him to repeat : "Removal of Impurity."

* * * *

There is a great law of life, that as we sow so shall we reap. It is called in India the Law of Karma. The poor idiot of Taormina is reaping a painful harvest of some cruelty which he committed in a past life before he was born the idiot of the present. His evil karma will bring him suffering ; but do not let any one of us be the messenger to bring him the suffering that is his due. The Lord Christ said : "It must needs be that offences come ; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." When this pitiful life is over, and he shall be 'dead,' as people say, he will have paid his debt to karma, and in the next life will have that power of thought and feeling which his neighbours have to-day. He will also have learnt to restrain himself a little, when savage instincts of cruelty come upon him again.

The same great Law of Karma holds good for us too, who are more evolved souls than the idiot of Taormina ; as we sow now, so shall we reap. If of the health, or wealth, or quickness of mind, or any power whatsoever, that karma gives us to-day, we make a wrong use, so that we are unkind or unjust to another, we shall suffer in pain ; and while the evil karma is being worked out, we shall lose many an opportunity for happiness and

growth. It may be with us, unless we are careful of each thought and word and act, as it was with Little Wayman the dullard, and there may not be for us a kind and compassionate Lord to help us to regain our true life as gentle and loving souls.

THE FAIRIES

Do you wonder where the fairies are
That folks declare have vanished?
They're very near, yet very far,
But neither dead nor banished.
They live in the same green world to-day
As in by-gone ages olden;
And you enter in by the ancient way
Through the ivory gate and golden.

'Tis the land of dreams; oh! fair and bright
That land to many a rover;
But the heart must be pure and the conscience light
That would cross its threshold over.
The worldly man for its joys may yearn
When pomp and pride embolden,
But never for him shall the hinges turn
Of the ivory gate and golden.

While the innocent child, with eyes undim
As the sky in its blueness o'er him,
Has only to touch its portal's rim,
And it opens wide before him.
Some night when the sun in darkness dips,
We'll see that dreamland olden,
And you shall touch with your finger-tips
The ivory gate and golden.

ANON

MEMORY FOR STUDENTS

By ERNEST WOOD, F. T. S.

· II

ONE THING AT A TIME

THERE are two things which a student is required to do in the course of his study: (1) to familiarise himself with certain facts or ideas and remember them, (2) to remember these familiarised facts or ideas in connection, relation, or order. For instance, suppose you are studying the history of the reign of Charles I. You will need to obtain a clear idea of the appearance, dress, manners and general character of the King, and the same in turn, so far as possible, of prominent characters such as Buckingham, Eliot, Laud, Wentworth, Hampden, Pym, Cromwell, Milton, taking them one by one. The principal events of the reign may now be studied separately, each summed up in a short sentence or represented by a symbol of some kind; and then all these persons and events joined together in a further reading. To complete the study of the dynasty, repeat this with James I, forgetting about Charles for the time being; repeat the process with Cromwell, then with Charles II and finally James II. Now consider the persons and events of the reigns of James I and Charles I together, comparing them carefully and observing how one leads up to the other, and how they explain each other. Now put aside James altogether, and compare the time of Charles I with that of Cromwell.

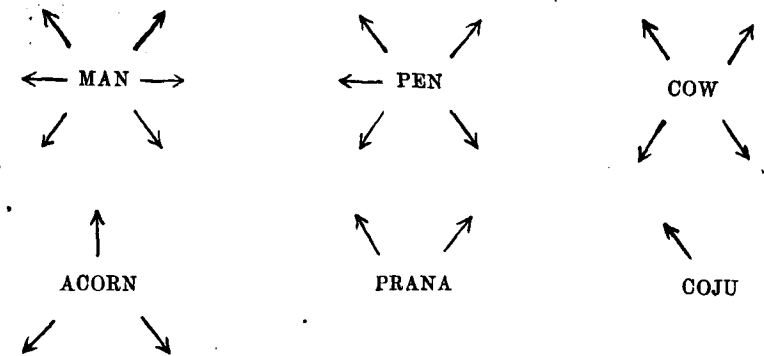
Now forget Charles I, and put together Cromwell and Charles II. Next compare the reigns of Charles II and James II. Finally, go straight through the whole dynasty.

The secret of success in the study of complex subjects is to take one thing at a time, get hold of it firmly, stow it away out of sight and pass on to the next. When the second idea is quite clear, bring the first out again and add the *two* together. Never try to put more than two together at one time. To complete the general study of English History, for example, deal separately with all the dynasties as with that of the Stuarts, which we have already illustrated. Then put the dynasties together two by two; compare the first, the Norman, with the second, that of the Angevins; then compare the second dynasty with the third, and so on. When thus comparing, notice especially any changes in the type, character, manners, action and position of the principal characters, and the changes in the political, social, industrial and ecclesiastical conditions of the times, endeavouring to account for these changes.

Many a student fails because he will not take one thing at a time and form a clear idea of that before passing on to the next. I have known students to grab feverishly at a number of ideas at once—and invariably fail to grasp any of them clearly. Not feeling sure of one fact which they are supposed to have learned, they try to keep an eye upon it, so to speak, lest it should slip away while they are learning the next; and the result is that neither is properly understood or learnt. There is a little story of an Irish farm labourer who was once sent by his master to count the pigs in the yard. After a time, he came back scratching his head and looking sorely puzzled. "I counted ten of them," he explained,

"but there was one little fellow who ran about so fast that I could not count him at all, at all." It is a fact that unless we make our ideas stand quiet, and look over them singly, they run about so much that we cannot grasp them at all, at all. It is necessary to get each new idea into a corner from which he cannot escape, and then examine him and watch him very carefully indeed. If the student will not do this, he is like a person trying to run with a big armful of oranges; one falls over; he makes a desperate clutch at it; another goes over on the other side; and presently all the oranges are rolling on the ground.

When you have the idea apart, you will be able to decide whether it is familiar or not. The following symbols present a succession of ideas of decreasing familiarity.



It will readily be seen that the number of links or bonds or ideas already associated with 'man' is much greater than that of those which spring up in the mind in connection with 'acorn' or 'coju'. Many of the facts which a student is called upon to learn are distinctly unfamiliar, of the 'coju' type. In such a case, he should observe them carefully, and then strive to find in them a resemblance, real or fancied, to some familiar thing.

Our guide then took us to the room where the small safety-lamps hung—Davy's patent—and explained the mechanism. The flame is enclosed in wire gauze, which chills the flame, so that it cannot fire the gas outside. We were each provided with one of these and told not to let it fall—which made me, of course, sure that I would do so! Then we were taken to the cage which was to lower us into the depths of the earth—nine hundred and fifty feet down. It was just like a luggage lift, and we had to crawl into the bottom portion, which was muddy, wet, and dirty. A sack was spread for us, and I crawled in first and squatted in the corner, followed by Mrs. Lancaster and our guide. We held on by a bar across the top board, and the cage dropped at lightning speed. I did not feel the great speed, but we afterwards saw a cage descend, and it was just like a flash. There is a patent invention which is supposed to stop the cage if the rope breaks, but I felt thankful that there was no occasion to test its efficiency!

When we crawled out we were in pitch darkness but for our little lamps. The water dripped dismally down the shaft like pouring rain, and for a moment a feeling of panic overcame me; what if we should never see the light of day again! And I longed to get out.

As soon as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we set out in search of the nearest collier at work, a quarter of a mile about from the shaft. This is a place where the coal is soft, and it is worked by one or two old men. The other colliers mostly go in trolleys two miles away. We started off down a brick passage quite comfortably, except for the doorways, through which we had to stoop very low. After a bit we came to the coal itself. This was a four-foot seam, and was considered quite high, but it

was difficult to get along bent nearly double. The passage was hewn right through the coal, the roof being supported by rafters and pillars. The floor was very rough in parts, and in parts very wet and slippery with clay. I kept bumping my head against the rafters; and the pillars, if you touched them, were slimy with wet coal-dust. My back and legs shook from the strain, and presently our guide cheerfully called a rest, which meant squatting on your haunches. As each door slammed behind one with a reverberating echo, it seemed indeed a door shutting one up in a living grave. Occasionally the roof rose and you could stand upright and breathe. And to think that men are living and working in those conditions every day, and that not so many years ago children of seven worked there from 6 a.m. till 9 o'clock at night!

The seam below us was only two feet high, and how men can crawl along it seems amazing; they are obliged to work lying on their backs.

Finally we arrived at our destination, and came upon three men in a circular place, picking at the coal, with a great truck standing full. The men were almost naked, and quite black. We each in turn were invited to sit on the collier's stool and hack out a bit of coal for ourselves, which we did, and have brought back the trophies! The man whose pickaxe we used had started work at twelve years old, and had been working for fifty-two years.

We crawled back again, and were whirled up the shaft, and never was I more glad to see the light of day—and such a lovely day too!

And that is the cost at which our coal-boxes are filled; and we think of it so little as we put coal on the fire.

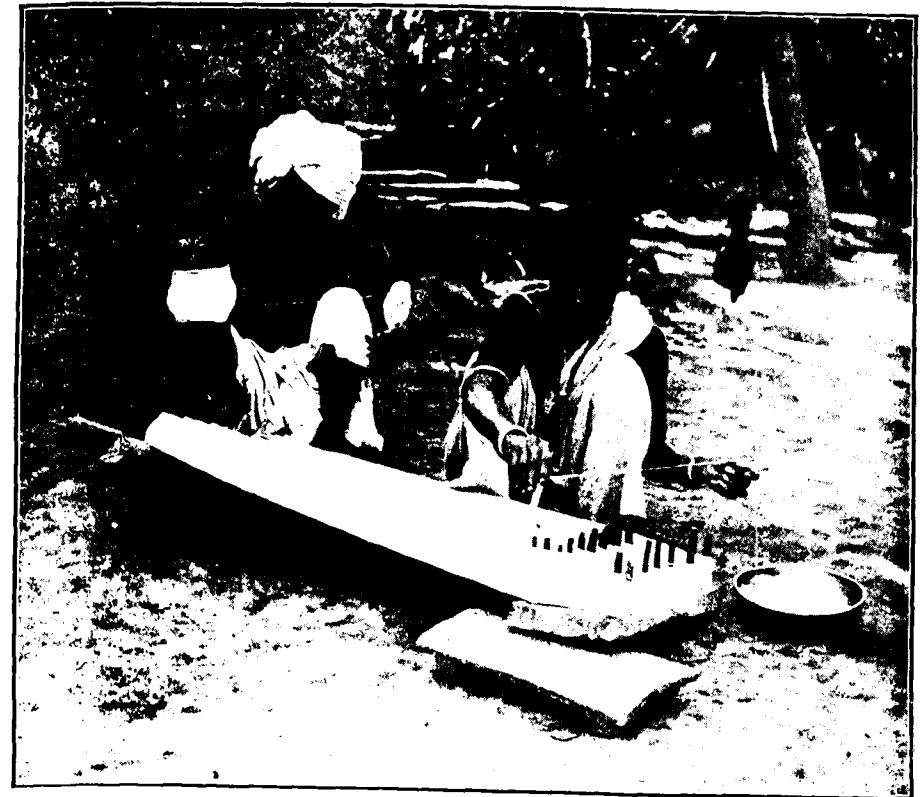
INDIAN LABOURERS

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

A VERY frequent sight by the road-side is the potter turning his wheel. The wheel lies flat, raised a little above the ground, and is turned with a push; a lump of clay is put in the middle, and shaped by light touches as it is whirled round, and the lump of clay grows swiftly into a pot, a cup, a saucer, under your eyes. It is a very pretty sight, as the craftsman handles his clay, and makes it what he will. "Has not the potter power over the clay?"

Last month I spoke of the simplicity of Indian handicrafts: look at these two, a village husband and wife, weaving. When we speak of weaving in the West, we think of a huge factory, with hundreds of 'hands,' with whirring machinery and air thick with dust. Here there are trees near the village well, and the pleasant air, and the country sights; and the threads are stretched between wooden pegs, and father-mother spin a web. The woman wears armlets, you see, silver armlets; for silver armlets are the traditional peasant's savings bank. When the armlets vanish, it means that famine has come.

Sugar is made from very long canes, which grow in fields, and the making of sugar is a joyous village festival. The canes are broken, and put into the mill,



VILLAGE WEAVERS.

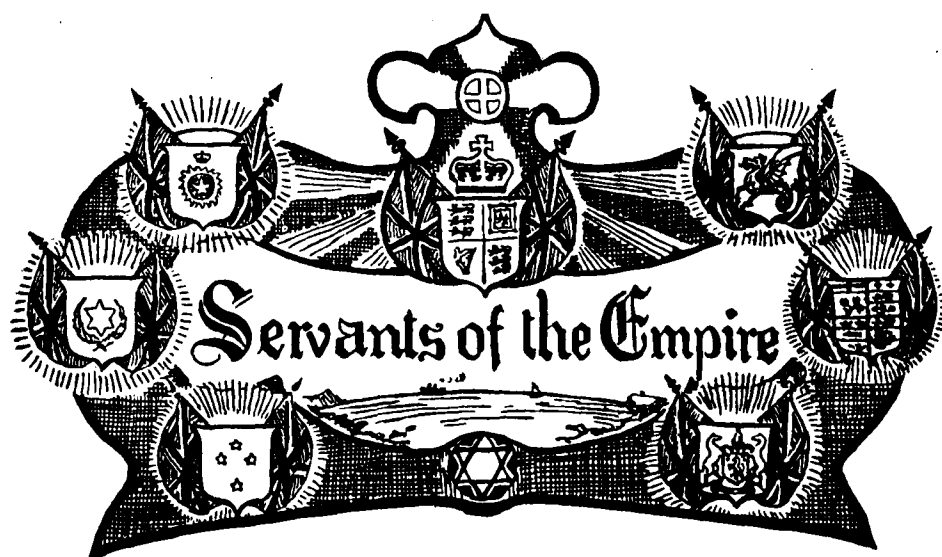


A SNAKE-CHARMER.

with a long, heavy pole across, and the patient bullocks walk round and round, turning the mill and crushing the cane. Every village boy wants a bit of the cane to munch, and the smiling faces tell that all are "having a good time". Presently the juice will be poured into vessels, and boiled, and set to crystallise, and they tell me that children very much like a taste as the jelly is forming.

Harder is the work of these poor fishers, who are going to launch their rough boat into the big breakers which roll up on the beach of Madras. Right through the big breaking waves they go, and come out at the other side, very wet but none the worse for the drenching. Sometimes the fishermen come up the Adyar river in queer, flat, narrow boats, made of a few rough planks. The man stands upright on this, and flings out a net very cleverly into the air, so that it opens as it goes and falls upon the water quite widely spread out. It sinks into the water and some of the poor little fishes are caught; then he pulls it out, throws the very little ones into the water again and puts the larger ones into a box. It is a cruel trade, but the poor men know no better, and follow that which many of their ancestors have done.

We finish with this merry-looking snake-charmer; see the cobra, who has reared himself up and spread out his hood to frighten away the little mongoose, who is ready to attack him. But though snake and mongoose fight when they meet in a garden, I do not think that this man is going to let either of his pets hurt the other.



ONE of the great social reforms of the future must be a thorough change of the method of dealing with congenital criminals, the men who grow worse and worse as they are thrown into prison, serve their sentences, come out and commit another crime, and so on till they die. They begin life with a vicious nature, and end it as hopeless criminals. Mrs. Annie Besant, a Servant of the Empire, lately spoke on this as follows :

"Now, is that the only way to treat one whom I admit is a very much younger brother of ours, what we Theosophists would call a baby soul? You treat your baby children much more wisely; you keep them under tutelage, you give them only so much liberty as shall not enable them to injure themselves seriously, you teach them, train them, love them, and gradually they grow and become able to stand alone.

"Now, suppose you take those congenital criminals, and give up for the time what I will ask you to let me call your fetish of personal liberty.

"We drug ourselves by words. Liberty is a splendid thing when the man can rule himself; liberty is a peril to the man himself and a peril to the community, where no conscience guides him and no self-control is found. I would take the congenital criminals—you can tell them by sight from birth; I would bring them into a school—not your reformatory school, but a school where they would be kept and taught and trained by volunteers from the better-placed social classes, who would be willing to help their younger brethren,

and give them a chance by awakening in them the sentiment of hero-worship and gratitude. There is hardly a boy, however rough and coarse and even vicious in type, who cannot be fascinated by a young man stronger than himself, better able to do the things he admires than he is himself, who is kind to him, but does not give him complete liberty, but tries to guide and shape and mould him by example and by love. I would ask for volunteers—and I should get them—from the higher classes, educated and refined, and send them to the reformatory schools instead of the harsher, rougher men who rule them now. And I would say: 'Gain those boys' love, teach them to play, give them amusement, draw out their faculties by well-devised schemes. They are lazy, idle; do not try to force too much work at once; give them a little work and reward them for it; and then teach them how to play, and play with them; give them an ideal that they blindly will admire; let them have hero-worship to the full.' Here is work for some of our older Young Citizens. Most boys very readily fall into hero-worship; your congenital criminal boy admires the clever thief, and makes him into a hero, and tries to reproduce his skill. Give him a better model; keep him away from the older criminals, and put before him men who will not preach to him a religion that he does not understand, but will show him an example of a manhood that will stir him into some attempt to emulate it; give him love, not punishment; you can never reform by punishment; you cannot help reforming by love.

"But do not give him liberty; keep him in school, and let him learn as much as he can; train him for the rougher, harsher forms of manual labour. You have many men now performing hard manual labour who are fitted for very much better things, who have faculties very much higher, powers very much more developed; they are willing to work, and you fling them to be navvies and labourers of the roughest kind. But you had far better train your criminals and pass them into Labour Colonies, where they will do all these rougher forms of labour, and take your now poor, but far more capable, manual workers, and let them do forms of labour which need greater skill, which they are ready to supply."

We hear from Australia as follows:

"The aim of this Organisation is to co-operate with and form an integral part of the Order known as 'Sons and Daughters of England,' so that the movement may become one throughout the Empire. At the same time there will be ample scope in the local Organisation for the application of its Principles and Objects to needs which may be peculiarly Australian. A Chapter for each State, and a Consistory for the whole Commonwealth, will be arranged for in due course; meanwhile it is suggested that Lodges be formed with Acting-Wardens or Conveners. The Acting-Agent for the Order in Australia is Mr. T. H. Martyn, 132 Phillip Street, Sydney, to whom any communication or application for membership may for the time being be directed. Correspondents requiring replies are requested to enclose stamped addressed envelopes."



SUGAR IN PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE FROM
THE SUGAR-CANE.



A MADRAS SURF BOAT.



THE POTTER'S THUMB.



HYMN TO THE WORLD-TEACHER

(To be sung at the Opening of School)

Teacher of men and of Angels, O hearken !
 Light of the World, in Thy splendour be near :
 Let not the shadows of ignorance darken
 Souls of Thy little ones, praising Thee here.

Lord of Compassion, O smile on our day-time !
 Thou art its radiance, and Thine may it be ;
 Guard us and keep us, at work and in play-time ;
 And, when we sleep, may we waken with Thee.

Bless all our teachers. Defend and uphold them ;
 Fill them with Wisdom ; Thy Patience impart ;
 When they are weary, then shelter and fold them,
 Teacher of teachers, at rest in Thy Heart.

Master, beside Thee, the strongest and wisest
 Are but as children, unknowing and weak.
 Greatest and least of us, none Thou despisest ;
 Hear us and help, who art Mighty and Meek.

Thou of the world art the Saviour and Lover ;
 Deep are its needs and its longings to-day :
 Gleam through the darkness ; Thy Glory discover.
 Lord, Thou hast promised. "Come quickly," we pray.

REV. C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, M.A., F.T.S.

A very interesting meeting was held on December 28, 1912, at Adyar, the first anniversary of the wonderful meeting of last year. By a strange coincidence, the 28th of December is kept sacred in the Christian Church, as the 'Day of the Holy Innocents'—commemorating the slaughter by Herod of all the babes in and round Bethlehem, in the hope of destroying the body of the infant Jesus, the disciple who was later to yield up his body for the use of the incoming Christ. The Church commemorates three types of martyrdom on the three days following December 25th, Christmas Day. The 26th is S. Stephen's Day—martyr in will and deed ; he was stoned to death, and died saying : "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." The 27th is S. John's Day—martyr in will but not in deed ; he died at a great age. The 28th is Holy Innocents' Day, when we remember the babes who were martyrs in deed but not in will ; this was the day chosen for the outpouring on the young and innocent boy, Alcyone, of a great power, like "a rushing, mighty wind". The Hebrew Mother, however, carried her child to safety in Egypt, so he escaped the massacre ; and the Wise Men, who had been led thither by the Star, departed to their own country another way.

No. 1 of Vol. II of *The Herald of the Star* came out on January 11th. It opens with a message from the Head, Alcyone, and this is followed by an article on World-Teachers by the Protector, Mrs. Annie Besant. Then comes a short poem. Mr. Arundale's eloquent address at Adyar, on December 28, 1912, is given, with the words spoken on the same occasion by Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant. The remainder of the journal is occupied by a very interesting Report of the Order all the world over, by Professor Wodehouse, the Hon. General Secretary.

Ribbon of the exact shade of blue which has been chosen for the Order has now been procured, and has been specially magnetised by the Head himself. It can be obtained from the Lady Emily Lutyens, who will supply it (in pieces of 11 yards for 3s. per piece, post free) to National Representatives outside England, who in turn will sell it, usually in pieces nine inches in length, to any members who desire it.



Month—February Emblem—Daffodil

Quality—Truth.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

BONAR

How to form a Round Table

A ROUND TABLE consists of a group of not more than twelve Companions or Associates gathered round a Knight. The first essential for anyone who would be a Knight is that he (or she) should have a steadily burning desire to share with others his conviction that there is a great Plan guiding and governing this world of ours, and that there is a Power which shapes this Plan:

Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans,
Its wiseful hands between.

So often, looking from below, we see only the frayed and broken ends, but if we could look from above we should see the beautiful pattern into which our own lives and the lives of those around us are being woven, and we should catch a glimpse of the loving hands of the Great Masters who know the Plan and who remain in the world to help in carrying it out. The would-be Knight must be filled with this conviction, and must see in the motto, "Follow the King," a constant incentive and reminder of his conviction; for him the King should be the Christ, whether he use the name by which the Western world knows Him, or the name of Kṛṣṇa or Maitreya,

by which He is worshipped in the Eastern world. He has to inspire his Companions with the Ideal of the Service of the King. Boys and girls in whom the hopes of such high service (brought over from former lives) are just beginning to open may come into his Round Table; their Knight has the privilege of fostering and encouraging these hopes, of showing how reasonable and how sure is the basis upon which they rest, and of guiding them in their expression. Sometimes the influences of home, school or work are all favourable—so much the better; but instances occur in which the link made in the Round Table is the only outer help given to the Companion. The privilege of the Knight is therefore a great responsibility, which he will meet only if the Service of the King is a potent influence in his own life.

A would-be Knight must apply for permission to work in the Round Table to the Senior Council of his country—or if there is not one established there as yet, to me ("Lancelot," 19 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.). When he has chosen his watch-word and found three Companions or Associates, his Table will be recognised.

The Discipline

A Knight has great freedom as to the watchword which he chooses, and the way in which he manages his Table. A discipline has been drawn up which may be used; it has three rules.

The Act of Remembrance. This is the daily repetition of the pledge of the Order, which should be said thoughtfully and with earnestness every morning before going out upon the work or pleasure of the day.

Something to Do. This is the second rule, which is to be kept by choosing regularly some act of service to be done in the King's name. We have each our Equals, our Superiors, and our Inferiors, and a Knight should help his Companions to find unobtrusive ways of serving. He should vary the method, and ask for regular reports.

Something to Be. The third rule covers the endeavours which every Companion should make to render himself more worthy to follow the King. Cleanliness, self-control in speech and in action, gentle thoughts and clean life are some of the Ideals which the Knight must try to make real to his Companions.

Copies of the discipline, and a list of books suitable for ages from thirteen to twenty, may be obtained from me.

General

The Knight who wins the love of his Companions is beginning to succeed in his work. Then ways will present themselves to his mind by which, individually or collectively, he may stimulate them in their Service. A regular weekly meeting will be a great help in forming the personal links with his Companions upon which the success of his work depends.

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1913

TO OUR REVERED PROTECTOR,

We have not sent you any formal report of the Round Table since it was started in July, 1908. Exact returns for this year have not yet reached me, but we estimate that we now have about five hundred Knights, Companions and Associates, and we are led to believe that the hope which you expressed at the inception of the Round Table, that it might encourage some youths and maidens to live nobler lives, is in many instances being fulfilled. We know that in the hearts of some of our young Companions the hope of serving Christ the King burns more brightly because of the teachings you have given us, which, in our Round Table work, we have been able to pass on to them. The ceremony of admission which you wrote for us has been of very great value to us in making a beautiful, simple, and impressive entrance to our Order.

The Round Table is now controlled by a Central Council in London, nominated by the Senior Knight and appointed by yourself, and Senior Councils have been formed to organise the work in Australia, New Zealand, France, Switzerland, Holland and America. In each of these countries, and also in Italy and Hungary, we have earnest members in charge of the work, who are given great freedom as to their methods, adapting them to their national requirements, yet keeping always in view the central aim of the Round Table, Service of the King.

The Round Table work has three distinct features.

First, the Knights responsible for the work endeavour to see that those broad conceptions of Theosophy which make life orderly, rational and inspiring, are placed before their Companions. Secondly, they encourage them to begin that self-discipline upon which the character of the Perfect Knight is based. Thirdly, they suggest ways in which Companions can join together to carry out some piece of unselfish work for others, which singly they would be unable to accomplish.

The Round Table counts as its most honoured member J. Krishnamurti (Alcyone), whose book *At the Feet of the Master* has been most earnestly studied by many of our Companions; indeed several of them have essayed, and some have accomplished, the task of learning it by heart.

The Round Table sends its constant love to you.

LANCELOT



CONDUCTED BY

HERBERT, AND ETHEL WHYTE

[The conductors of these pages will be glad to consider short, simple articles (about 1,000 words) and stories for children. Contributions should be sent direct to them at 19 Tavistock Square, London, W. C.]



IN the shadow of a rock which jutted out above a road-side, where on bright mornings the larks sat and sang, two toads were resting from the heat of a long, hot day.

"My body is very dry!" exclaimed Horny, as he hopped about in the faded grass, hoping to find moisture.

"Dry! Well, I should think so," replied the other toad. "My body feels as if it would burst, so badly do I need a swim. Oh, if I could only find dampness enough to cool my heated sides! How long before we can expect rain?" And Blinky peered into the cloudless sky, all aglow with the light of the setting sun.

"Rain!" exclaimed Horny. "Why, this is the last day of summer, and here in California there are many weeks yet before we can look for a shower."

"Many weeks!" repeated Blinky. "Oh dear, how can I endure it?"

"Well, it has been pretty warm to-day; but you are alive to-night, and perhaps by to-morrow it will be cooler. We may have a fog, which as you know is sometimes as refreshing as a good shower. Come, Blinky, let's hop to the bend in the road. We might find a spring."

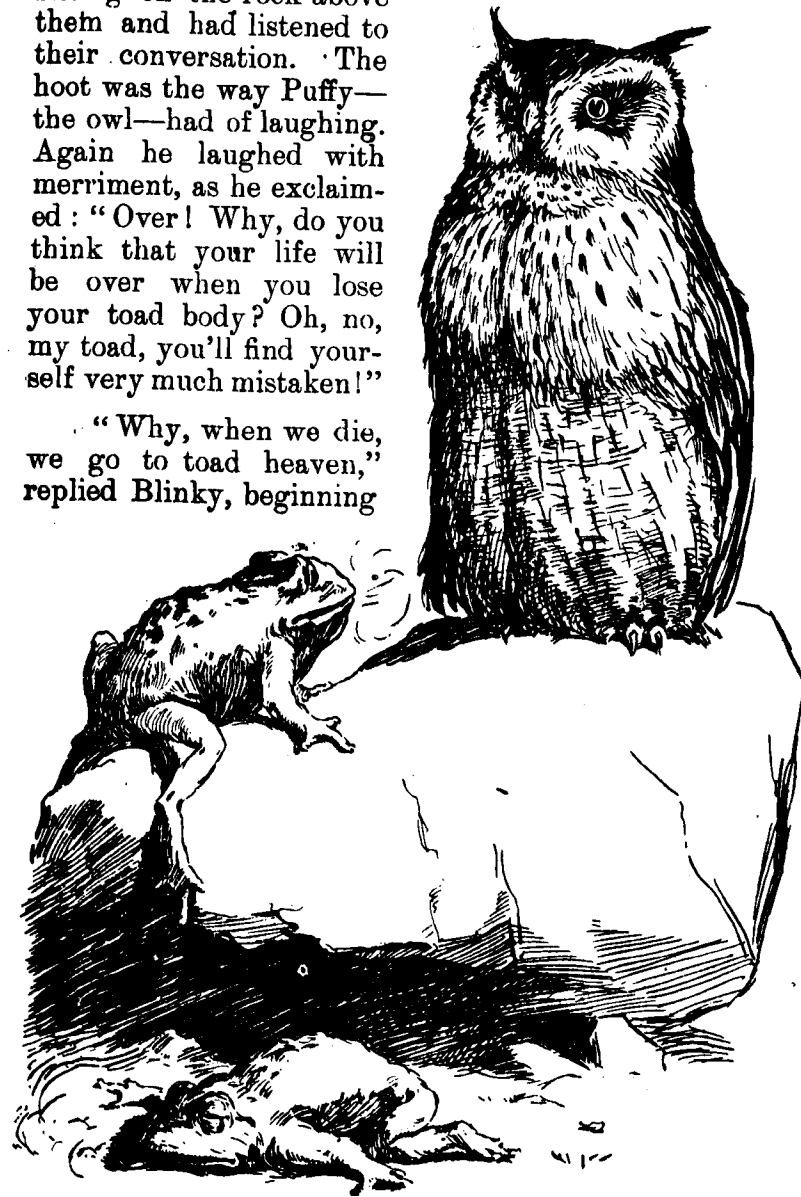
"Oh, no," groaned Blinky, "that's too far. Hopping makes me tired. My legs get sore, too, in the dry dust. Oh dear, I wish that I could fly, and then I would go with you. Oh, dear, what shall I do? I need water so, and—a month, at least, before we can expect rain. I cannot endure all those days of suffering! Why, life isn't worth living, anyhow! I'm not going to make the effort. I'd rather die!"

"Now, don't be lazy," replied Horny. "Come on and hop with me. Sometimes, you know, we do have a chance shower at this time of the year, and once I remember almost a flood in September. Don't give up. We might find a spring with water. Come, let's go and explore."

"Oh, no, 'tis too far, and the road is hot and dusty even at nightfall. I'm going to stretch right out here, and when the sun blazes on me to-morrow I'll die, and then 'tis all over," said Blinky despondently, as he wept at the thought of his own misery.

Just then they heard an owl hoot. It had been sitting on the rock above them and had listened to their conversation. The hoot was the way Puffy—the owl—had of laughing. Again he laughed with merriment, as he exclaimed: "Over! Why, do you think that your life will be over when you lose your toad body? Oh, no, my toad, you'll find yourself very much mistaken!"

"Why, when we die, we go to toad heaven," replied Blinky, beginning



"Some day you will get to be a beautiful owl like me." to stretch himself out on the dry road, preparatory to

dying. "It must be much pleasanter in heaven, and I could never see any reason for staying in this hot, dusty place."

"Well," said the wise owl, "I've been listening to you two fellows talking, and have been very much amazed at Blinky's ignorance."

"Why," said Horny, "he says that if he had wings and could fly he wouldn't mind searching for water."

"Tut! He'll never get wings, until he learns to hop with a cheerful spirit. Why, I remember well when I was a toad like you fellows."

"Is it possible you ever were a toad like us?" exclaimed Horny, hopping up on to the rock beside Puffy, so as to hear better.

"Indeed I was. You know, you both have souls that live when your bodies die, and so have I, and so has everything."

"Oh, dear," groaned the toad down in the dust.

"Why, Blinky," said the bird, "I should think that you would want to live as long as possible and learn all you can, and then some day you will get to be a beautiful owl like me"; and proudly he smoothed down his feathers.

"Oh, but I'd like to be an owl!" gasped Horny under his breath, looking at Puffy in silent admiration.

"Then," said the bird, "you can live in the trees and fly about, instead of spending your time just wallowing in the dust or mud. Why, I'm not satisfied even with being an owl! I want to be an eagle!" And in his excitement at the thought of becoming the king of birds, Puffy flew straight up into the sky for a short distance.

When he returned, Horny exclaimed: "Why, Puffy, what strange ideas you have! A little brown owl to be thinking of becoming an eagle!" And the happy toad laughed so loud that his thin sides shook with merriment.

"You are very wrong to put such thoughts into our heads," growled Blinky. "Why, it makes me more dissatisfied than ever. I should like to be covered

with nice soft feathers as you are. Then I wouldn't mind the heat!" Opening his mouth, he gasped for air.

"But you would mind something else," replied the owl quickly. "Blinky, it will be many a day before you are ready to be a bird; but for you, Horny, there's far more hope. Hop cheerfully, old fellow. That makes your legs firm; for by exertion they have to become strong, before they can evolve into wings." And Puffy plumed himself with his crooked beak.

"Well," replied Blinky—so angry that he stopped his gasping and sat up to speak—"I don't think 'tis fair, anyhow, for God to have made you to fly and me only to hop!" He gave a little jump to illustrate the motion.

"But I tell you that once I hopped, too. And before that I crawled; further back still in my evolution I was a tree and couldn't move."

"How did you learn to change your form, Puffy?" asked Horny, looking with adoration at this wonderful owl.

"Well, Horny, I'll tell you my secret. You see, when I notice anyone doing something beyond what I can do, I just watch them and try to learn their way. I 'never say die,' but, even when 'tis hard, I try over and over again. Now, you see, I'm trying to learn to fly like an eagle. To do that, I've got to reach the clouds. I cannot do it in this life, but if I get my wings strong when I'm an owl, I'll be ready the next time I come to live on earth to be an eagle. I don't lie down and die when I find it hard."

"As Blinky does," said Horny, with a sly wink.

"You see," continued Puffy, "when I was a tree, I watched the worms crawling until my soul had learned how to build my body like an insect; I watched the toads hopping, and then after a whole lot more lives, I learned how to be a toad. Then I watched the birds fly, and so here I'm an owl!" And Puffy blew out his feathers with delight at himself.

"And now you are watching the eagles to try to learn how to fly high as they do," said Horny admiringly.

"Yes, and I'll tell you fellows another secret." Here Puffy swelled himself out so big that it was very easy to see whence he had received his name. "Some day I'm going to be a man and walk! That will be a long time yet, but, by and by I'll be there. Won't I be a fine little man!"

Both toads laughed at such a strange idea. Blinky even forgot his own troubles in jeering at the owl.

"Never mind, you watch and see what will happen some day. But to be an eagle in my next incarnation will suit me now."

"Oh, Puffy, but you are brave," sighed Blinky. "What a long road you have chosen. I'd rather just die now and go to toad heaven." And again the lazy fellow laid himself down and worked his body into the dust.

Puffy laughed out loud. It sounded like a hoot, but it was a laugh. "Toad heaven! Well, a lazy toad like you won't find much. You will have to come right back here over and over again as a toad, until you learn to be a good one, like Horny. He doesn't want to die! He's going to try to find a spring of water."

"Yes; come, Blinky, and we'll hop along together," called his friend.

"Good for you, Horny," hooted the owl. "You are a fine, brave fellow, and are ready for something mighty fine, right now," and his joyful cries at the bright prospects of his friend rent the night air.

"Well, good night then," said Horny, starting off on his dusty travels. Blinky did not move. After two or three hops, he stopped, and called back: "Come, Blinky, 'tis not so very bad. The dust really feels quite soft to my body. Come, don't lie there and die."

"Oh, no," gasped Blinky. "I want a drink of water so badly that I am sure that I'll be dead before morning."

Horny started once more, but after hopping a short distance he paused to say: "If you'll come with me,

Blinky, we'll hop together, and I'll tell you a story to help make your way seem short."

"No, I'm determined to die and go to toad heaven. So go on and let me alone."

"Well, good-bye, then," called Horny, for the last time, as he went off thumping down the road.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Shelden's home was within sight of the larks' rock, and in the gloaming of this warm day they went forth together for a stroll. As they passed, Puffy winked his big eyes at them and gave a low hoot, and they saw him outlined in the dusky twilight. But Blinky, lying gasping in the dust of the roadside, they did not notice. And it was not long before they overtook Horny hopping along the road. He tried to get out of the way, but he was thumping so joyfully in his earnest endeavour to reach a spring that the lady saw him and exclaimed: "Oh, let's catch that toad and put him in our conservatory to eat the insects."

Quickly her husband drew forth his handkerchief, and, dropping it over Horny, tenderly wrapped him in it. Then they turned back to carry him to a place answering to Blinky's idea of heaven. They laid him among the long ferns, where the soil was cool and damp, and there was a spray of water which dashed itself against his heated body. He shut his eyes in an ecstasy of bliss, wondering, for a moment, if he were dead and had reached toad heaven. When the lady and gentleman went away, he gave a few little hops to find out if he were still alive. He decided that he was, and had just begun a feast of insects when he heard a low hoot, and knew that his friend the owl was somewhere near. So, loudly he called: "Oh, Puffy, see how lucky I am!"

"Lucky!" hooted the bird, "There's no such thing as luck! You did the best you knew, so you were helped. Here you are in Blinky's idea of heaven, while he'll never find this spot, or anything else that's good, because he does not do his duty."

"I was hopping very fast when the people picked me up. I was just thinking, too, that my legs were getting strong enough to become wings."

"It was because you were thumping so joyfully that they saw you. If Blinky had been with you, they would have lifted him out of the dust also. I told him to 'never say die,' but—now it is too late."

"Poor Blinky," said Horny sadly.

"Now, my friend, before I leave you I want to warn you against one thing"; and Puffy flew down on to the roof of the conservatory and talked to him through a little crack.

"What is it, Puffy?" asked Horny, anxiously.

"Now, don't just stay here in this toad's heaven and get fat and lazy, and forget all about becoming an owl."

"Do you think I'm in danger of that?" asked the toad incredulously.

"Indeed I do, for you have everything here to make a toad happy. In your contentment you are liable to forget that there is anything beyond."

"Oh, Puffy, I should not want to forget about becoming a beautiful and wise owl like you. I'd rather go back to the dusty road and hop so as to keep my legs strong."

"That is not necessary, Horny. 'Take all the



good the Gods give you,' but watch yourself. Stop every day and take time to think about growing to be something higher than a toad, and then you will be all right. Good-bye, old fellow." Away flew the owl, while the toad nestled down in the cool, green moss to think of all he had heard and adjust himself to his new conditions.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I

ADYAR, 7TH MARCH, 1913

No. 3

FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

THE Message from the Front last month spoke of FREEDOM. The Message of this month speaks of SERVICE, for only the truly free can nobly serve. Service which is paid for, which is rendered grudgingly or by compulsion, is not the Service whereof I would speak. That too has its use, for it trains young souls—who would otherwise be slothful or seeking only for the pleasures of the senses—into the rendering of service of the lower kinds. If States were well arranged, all young souls would be born into the manual labour class, the useful and helpful school for all in whom intelligence is but little developed, and who require a certain amount of pressure in order to induce them to perform work useful for themselves and for others. Such work should be well-organised, and carried on under as favourable and pleasant conditions as are possible; the harder it is, the shorter should be the hours, and the more unpleasant, the better should it be paid. Ample leisure should be provided, and ample

opportunities and means of amusement. The fewer resources a man has in himself, the more should he be surrounded with those supplied by others, in order that his faculties may be stimulated and his intelligence encouraged. Association with his elders in soul would also help his evolution. This is the idea of the Shūdra, the serving caste, in India, and into this, in ancient days, young souls were born. They learned obedience, industry, cleanliness, good manners, and thus laid the foundations of character, evolving under the best possible conditions. Perhaps, when the Young Citizens of to-day grow into manhood, they may see the dawn of an organised Society, in which young and old souls will not all be jumbled up together, so that the old soul may be sweeping a floor, and the young one idling on a sofa.

* * *

Now there was one very remarkable thing in the old caste system of India. There were the manual labour caste, the commercial caste, the fighting and administrative caste, and the teaching and priestly caste. When a man had evolved into the last and highest, he might throw away all caste and dedicate himself to Service. The lowest caste and the highest super-caste were *both* assigned to Service—the one compelled, the other freely given. It is to this super-caste that the Message from the Front calls our Young Citizens now.

* * *

In the Sons and Daughters of England, India, Australia, the members pledge themselves to do an Act of Service every day. The Scouts promise to do a Good Turn every day. What then is an Act of Service or a Good Turn? It is any kind of help, given freely to any

one in need of help, "looking for nothing again". To carry a parcel for a tired woman, to lead a blind man across the street, to give water to a thirsty dog, to say a bright word to a weary toiler—all these are Acts of Service. You say they are trivial? Yes, but the alert mind, the observant eye, the ready hand, these are not trivial, but priceless. The Act of Service wrought is a trifle, but the Habit of Service is invaluable, and it is built up out of these daily trivialities, until every opportunity of Service means the rendering of help.

* * *

Any one who has deliberately trained himself to do the one daily Act will soon notice around him countless opportunities of Service. When he sees one he will spring to render it, and he will grow into the habit of giving help wherever help is needed within his ken. The need for help is the summons to help, and every need cries aloud for satisfaction. Never should the true Servant of Man leave unregarded any need which he is able to supply. As he goes through life, opportunities unseized by others will crowd around him, and, instinctively, his quick eye will notice, his quick hand will be outstretched to help.

* * *

Great opportunities come to those who utilise the little opportunities of daily life. Do not envy the opportunities of others, but use the opportunities which come unsought in daily life. You may not hitherto have noticed them, for many who dream of great work hereafter overlook the little works which are lying about their feet. The arrow, loosed by Tell's steady hand, that split in twain the apple poised on the head of his

son, and led to the liberation of Switzerland, would never have been shot, had it not been preceded by countless arrows loosed in daily practice, by many years of quiet training of steady hand and accurate eye. When a great opportunity offers itself, the trained Servant seizes it and a heroic deed is wrought; the untrained idler is bewildered and confused by the sudden chance, and while he is thinking what to do the opportunity is gone.

* * *

To Serve is the crown of human life. The fortunate ones, eager to serve, find one to whom they can render service, and joyfully enrol themselves as helpers. To each Young Citizen I would say: Look around you for some one who is greater than yourself, who, to some extent, embodies that which you fain would be. Hero-worship is uplifting and inspiring; it purifies the heart, ennobles the character, and stimulates the energy. Serve your Hero in every way you can, and pay him that truest flattery which is imitation. Joyfully will he help you to find one greater than himself, and your practice with him will increase your capacity for service. Work well done with the lower is the passport to higher Service, and each rising presages the one beyond. Happy are they who have found their Master and their work. Happy are they also who are still seeking, for they who seek shall find.



VAIVASVATA MANU

By ONE OF HIS SERVANTS

THIS month we turn to the Ruling Department of the world, the Department in which serve the Officers of the great KING, who is the Monarch of our globe. He is the Head of the Occult Hierarchy, and His Will is Law to all its Members. Mighty and wise and great are all; but He is mightiest, wisest, and greatest. Seismic changes¹ and the Evolution of Mankind is the special work of this Ruling Department. Under its direction continents rise out of the oceans or sink out of sight beneath them; nations grow, mature and decay; types of men are shaped; races and sub-races are evolved, each according to its own model; governments are raised up and cast down; wars and invasions, victories and defeats are made to serve high purposes in the evolution of humanity. As the Teaching Department shapes man's

¹ Seismic=belonging to the earth. Earthquakes, the action of glaciers, of volcanoes, changes of land and sea areas, etc., come under this.

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spiritual destiny, so does the Ruling Department shape the material destiny of man and his earth.

Among the High Officers of the KING in this splendid work are Those who are called Manus. *Man*, in Samskr̥t, is the root of the verb to think. From this comes our English word Man, so that when we say Man, we say Thinker. The Dutch *Man*, the German *Mann*, come from the same root. The Manu is the typical Man, and each great race—that which Theosophists call a Root Race—has its own Manu. Each such Race has a particular type. Compare the appearance of a Chinaman and an Englishman, and you will see how different they look. Notice the shape of their eyes, and the set of the eyes in the head; notice the cheek-bones, and the shape of the whole face, one squarish and the other oval; notice the general build of the body; and you will at once realise what is meant by the type of a Race. A sub-race is a modification of the Race-type; it shows the chief characteristics of the Root Race to which it belongs, but modifies them in a way peculiar to itself. Compare a German with an Italian; both belong to the fifth, or Āryan, Root Race, but the German belongs to its fifth sub-race, the Teutonic, while the Italian belongs to its fourth sub-race, the Keltic. The Japanese, the best type of Red American Indian, and the Kabyle are all fourth Root Race people; but the Japanese belongs to its seventh sub-race, the Mongolian; the Red American Indian to its third sub-race, the Toltec; the Kabyle to its sixth sub-race, the Accadian—but none are quite pure.

Now the work of a Manu is to build a Root Race; He is given a model by the KING, and He works hard to build the type; He takes birth in it Himself, and His children are a little nearer to the type; they are taken as

a new starting point, and so on and on, with tireless patience, ever approaching the model. Vaivasvata Manu is our own Manu, the Manu of the Āryan Root Race, and we are all His descendants. A million years ago, He began the slow process of selection, choosing one here, one there, as possible materials for His far-off Race. At last, about B. C. 100,000, He drafted these into a tribe, and separated it off to start His work definitely; in B. C. 79,797, He led off His people from an island in what is now the Atlantic Ocean, and took them across Africa to Arabia, and settled them there for a time. Later on, He led them north to the shores of the shallow sea which stretched to the Arctic Ocean, and then to the south-east of this settlement, to the shores of the Gobi Sea—now a vast desert in Asia. Along these shores He settled His infant Race, and, after many troubles and massacres, a type was reached which was fairly satisfactory, and from B. C. 60,000 it grew and flourished exceedingly, and became a mighty nation.

Vaivasvata Manu sent off great emigrations from time to time, and often led them Himself. He built up Empires in Arabia and South Africa with one of these; in Persia with another; one spread over Europe, making Greece and Rome, and another, more to the north of Europe, shaped the Germans and the English. He took down into India the dwellers in the Gobi Sea settlement, and they conquered India, settled down and reared a fine civilisation. The Hindūs still call themselves 'the children of Manu,' and look up to Him as their Law-giver.

He is beginning to build a new sub-race, the sixth, over in America, and we can already recognise the very fine type which He is there evolving. Out of that the

next Manu, who is called by Theosophists the Master M., will choose the materials for His sixth Root Race, and later on He will settle them in a colony and shape them into the new type given to Him by the KING. The Master K. H., who was Pythagoras—about whom you read last month—will be the Teacher of that new Race, and will succeed the Lord Maitreya as Bodhisattva, thousands of years hence.

Our Manu is living in the Himālayas, not far from the house of the Lord Maitreya, and He comes sometimes to His great Brother's house. He is a magnificent looking man, with a great beard rolling down over his chest in glowing waves of brown shot with gold, and masses of glorious hair, mane-like, a lion-head of unsurpassable force and power. Tall is He, and of King-like majesty, with eyes piercing as an eagle's, tawny and brilliant with golden lights.

When we see war raging, and Governments tottering, when great changes are impending, and civilisation seems outworn, then we should raise our eyes to our Manu, and face calmly all that comes, for He knows and guides. Presently He will be shaping another mighty World-Empire; England, India, Germany, America, should all be builded into it. The young men and maidens of to-day will see its rising. Of its later splendour and its power who may tell?

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F. T. S.

Principal of the Central Hindū College, Benares

III

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have already explained that a loving nature is the surest basis upon which to begin a true preparation for real citizenship, and in all that I have to tell you as to your duties in life I assume that you are every day trying to practise an ever-increasing sympathy towards those who surround you—whether members of your family, or your school-fellows, or your teachers, or friends.

This month I want to explain to you the need to live as closely as you can to the great truths of which you are already aware, and which you feel in your hearts to be true, although perhaps you are unable to demonstrate them to others. As a matter of fact it is only the superficial truth which we can at all adequately express, for the truths deep down inside us, those which are at the root of all that is highest in us, are truths too pure to be given expression in the form of language, or to be allowed to run the gauntlet of a supercilious world. Especially the young find it very difficult to maintain the truths of the

heart in face of the cold criticism of those who have allowed their lives to become soured by misfortune or by failure. There is no better servant than keen, well-ordered reason; but there is no worse master, for when dominant it leads to pride and intolerance.

Now I shall try to tell you how I am learning to make my own life more purposeful, and my citizenship wider and more comprehensive, by the endeavour to make the truths that mean most to me parts of my daily life, guides in my daily actions. I find that if I continually remember the truths which have helped me most to learn how to lead a pure and honourable life—as far as I am able to do so—I begin to realise more clearly day by day my place in the world and my duties towards those around me. Truth is of little use unless it be lived, but if it *is* lived, even if only intermittently, life becomes much more purposeful and happy than would at first appear possible. As a matter of fact, while many people believe much that is true, they do not carry their beliefs into daily life, they do not make their beliefs govern the small acts which make up the day's work and the day's play. The result is uncertainty and vagueness, and in the train of these come depression, anxiety and doubt.

I make a habit of regularly trying to think out clearly what principles or truths govern my daily life, truths without which I cannot now imagine myself as existing. Some of the truths change, give place to new truths; others become modified; some widen. But each truth satisfies me completely for the time being, is the source of my vitality, and definitely affects the small actions of my everyday life. My thoughts turn away from impurity more vigorously *because* of one or other of these truths. My actions are more controlled *because* of

them, while my speech is truer and gentler because of their own compelling force and purity. And in addition, I realise quite clearly that if I could only make these truths of mine still more part of myself, still more in touch with my lower nature than they are, I should then be still more successful than I am at present in the endeavour to become a living embodiment of my ideals. Let me tell you what my truths at present are, and in telling you let me also make quite clear the fact that each one of us has his own compelling truths, as dear to him as mine are to me, and that the nature of the truth does not matter provided that we cling to it, rejoice in it, and gladly and thankfully suffer for it.

These, then, are my truths:

- (i) My devotion to my beloved teacher—Alcyone.
- (ii) My reverence for the great Ones living in the world or out of it.
- (iii) My conviction as to the existence of a Path of Evolution and as to the fact that all life is treading the Path somewhere.
- (iv) My conviction that, if I will only use it, I have the power, which I may intensify, to help others who are behind me on the Path, and that somewhere in the world I shall some day find—if not in this life then in the lives to come—a few individuals who will look to me for the light for which I now look to my own teacher and to Those who may be beyond him.

It is obvious from the nature of these truths that most people's truths must to a certain extent differ from mine; but if I suggest to you ways in which my own truths help me to lead a better life than I think I should be able to lead without them, you will in turn see how to bring your own principles of life into action as the

inspirers of your worldly life. In the first place I know that my greatest happiness consists in doing work given to me by my elders, whoever they may be. If, then, I should be impure, or think impure thoughts, or commit dishonourable actions, I should run the risk of no longer being considered fit for their work. Mark well that I do not say I shall be unfit for their love, or that I run the risk of ceasing to receive it. Their love for me is not conditioned by my own particular level of evolution, or by my refraining from mistakes; but they have to care for many others besides myself, and they must choose pure instruments for their work if they desire—as of course they do—to obtain the best results, and to give the utmost help. I know, moreover, that my own teachers have dedicated themselves to the world's service; and therefore, if my devotion to them is true and not from motives of self-seeking, I too must learn to serve the world, so that I may grow like them and thus come near to them. Every dishonour, impurity, lie, harshness, selfishness, is part of the ignorance they are, as it were, vowed to undermine. What kind of servant am I, if I, ostensibly their servant, add to their work by increasing the ignorance of the world in my own person? The whole question then is as to whether I am so thoroughly whole-hearted in the truths which I believe, that they definitely influence my daily life and diminish my ignorance of whatever kind. The question can only be answered by those who know me better than I do myself, and by the work which I shall be doing as the years pass on. I am still too young for judgment yet to be passed, but I know well that my ideals are such that only my ignorance stands in the way of a life of usefulness to the world.

This is a general statement of the general value of my truths to me in my daily life. Next month I shall try to take up a more detailed consideration of the position, and we shall see how other truths, *e.g.*, patriotism, devotion to some great Rshi of the past, absorption in some great virtues abstractly considered, deep love and reverence for nature, can give to other temperaments the same encouragement and contentment which my own truths give to me. The only reason why I have been personal is that I can write more truly when I am dealing with matters within my own observation and experience, than I could if I were to put myself into a position to which I am not accustomed.

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

"I SERVE"

The Knight's Motto.

Burst thou the chrysalis of self;
O Self come forth!
Unfold the wings of Brotherhood and Love,
And serve the KING.

Cease in thy brother's heart to see the flaw;
Seek thou the pearl.
Let not thy tongue besmirch another's fame;
Serve thou the KING.

Carry thou ever sunshine, joy and cheer;
The world has need.
Each smallest duty one more chance for thee
To serve the KING.

MARY K. NEFF

A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS TREE

By A. J. WILLSON, F. T. S.

THERE is a magnificent banyan-tree at Adyar which is entering more and more into the life of the place, for more and more of the meetings, large and small, are held beneath that spreading shade. Rootlets hang here and there from the branches, and many have anchored themselves in the soil in the way characteristic of this tree, to form fresh trunks and support the far-flung boughs. Thus natural aisles are formed in this beautiful cathedral, worked out by the Great Architect in living shades of green and brown.

Here gather the T. S. folk from many far-off nations to hear their President's wonderful lectures at Christmas time, and here, when this Convention was over, she gathered the little children of the Pañchama 'untouchable' class to receive their share of love and sweets and toys from her heart and hands.

Residues of the fourth Race peoples who once ruled the land, the Pañchamas have so long been looked upon with scorn that no high caste man would allow them near him. Indeed we cannot wonder, for their bodies exude a peculiar fishy odour that makes a bath desirable after contact with them. But under all the squalor and in the often half-starved bodies are to be found scattered here and there jewels of patience and of gratitude that would adorn a royal throne.

Over these neglected children of the soil the noble banyan-tree spread its open arms, all decked with Chinese lanterns and sparks of light and garlands of palm. An immense ring of tiny fire-points passed through its branches to encircle its huge central trunk at some distance. Never before had such a Christmas tree been seen. Four hundred children and more, from the Olcott Pañchama Schools, and hundreds of friends and visitors only occupied a portion of one side of this giant amongst trees which, it is said, is only surpassed in size by the well-known banyan-tree in the Calcutta Horticultural Gardens and one other. To wander round to the unoccupied side was to lose oneself in vistas of trunks, amidst which the only clue was the ring of fiery points. Two years before a large Christmas tree of the usual kind had been hung with lights and toys in the big hall, but these children know no stories of the shepherds and their flocks by night, and for them the tree in the hall held no symbology. But in all children of the East lingers the knowledge of the nature spirits, and you constantly find at night a tiny flickering light nestled among the roots of some old wayside tree, for to many the deva guardian of such a tree as our banyan would be a real entity. So it was a happy thought that selected it as the scene of their happiness.

On the sand beneath it they sat in double rows, back to back as their teachers arranged them, and around them a wide oblong of chairs was occupied by visitors, to protect the children from the inroads of the crowds of villagers who naturally desired sweets and toys for their own children, although they do not attend the schools.

Then the gracious, white-haired lady with her band of assistants passed along the rows, giving to each child

sweets and toys until all were cared for. And the children were so well-mannered. When sweets or toys were by chance twice offered, little brown hands opened to show that they already had them, or the new cloth just received revealed its treasured store. Smiles and earnest "thank you, ma'am" rippled along the rows as, one after another, the little presents dropped into hands and laps. And then the cheers when all was over! Shrill little cheers for the King and Queen, their Teachers, the Visitors, the Giver of the Treat—so hearty, so unanimous. The sound of that cheering touched our hearts even more than the patience and gratitude, for its thin piping sound was that of another race, and told of ages of hunger and neglect and disdain through which they had struggled and survived, like desert plants, to bear upon them the stamp of what they have gone through.

But the Star of Hope has arisen for these long neglected ones as for all other children; and we have learnt enough of the laws of evolution to know what a few generations of wise and patient care can do to encourage the good seeds and to eliminate the weeds, until the Pañchamas, too, shall be able to take their place as useful citizens of the Empire; no longer unclean, and therefore untouchable, but with healthy, well-fed bodies and minds, fit habitations for the training of incoming souls.

EMBODIMENTS OF HIGHER BEINGS

By RAI PURNENDU NARAIN SINHA BAHADUR, F. T. S.

[Rai Purnendu Narain Sinha Bahadur, Provincial Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Behar, has been contributing a remarkable series of articles on Chaitanya to the pages of the Bengali Theosophical journal, *Brahma Vidya*. Chaitanya appeared at Nuddea in the Province of Bengal a little over four hundred years ago. He was a remarkable person in many ways, and is looked upon by a large number of people, not only in Bengal but in other parts of India, as a divine incarnation. These articles throw a good deal of light on the preparations that go forward when a new spiritual impulse is to be given to the world, such as was given by Chaitanya when he appeared in Bengal four hundred years ago, and it is well for people all over the world to know of important events in any part of it. There are contemporary records available of the life and doings of Chaitanya and of some of his immediate followers and disciples, many of whom were remarkable personages; and these have been drawn upon by Rai Purnendu Narain Sinha in his contributions to the *Brahma Vidya* to which we have referred. Our readers may study this paper, as giving suggestions for our own time.—Ed.]

THE age of Chaitanya was an age of great spiritual achievements and intellectual activities. Nuddea was then the intellectual capital of eastern India. Thither flocked the students of philosophy from all parts of India. Religion was at a low ebb, specially the religion of devotion. At this juncture appeared Madhabendra Puri, who was the herald of the new dawn, as he has been acclaimed by Chaitanya himself. He was a great devotee of the Lord and used to spend his time in contemplation and devotional exercises. Finding that his environment was unfavourable for the development of devotion, he retired to Brindaban, which was then full of dense jungles. Here he had a remarkable dream, and re-established an occult centre

for the future dissemination of devotion. Having finished his work there he was ordered, also in a dream, to proceed to Nilachal in Orissa (one of the centres to be utilised by Chaitanya later on). He came to Santipur and there initiated Advaita, who was destined to play a great part in the Chaitanya advent later on. He also met Nityananda, the companion and alter-ego of Chaitanya. Madhabendra Puri inspired his disciples, among others Advaita, with the belief that Shri Kṛṣṇa would soon manifest Himself in Nuddea, and there was to be a deluge of devotion overflowing the land. Having thus done his pioneer work, Madhabendra passed away.

Nityananda was a native of the village Ekehaka in the Garh Division of the Province of Bengal. His was a remarkable childhood. Untaught he used to imitate and act the boyish games of Shri Kṛṣṇa. When he was 12 years old, a Sannyāsi—an Indian ascetic—borrowed him from his father, and from that time until the age of 32, Nityananda, as an ascetic, roamed all over the country. In the course of his peregrinations he went to Shri Mountain, an occult centre of Hinduism, and there met a mysterious Brāhmaṇa and his wife. Then he went to Baḍarikāshram, and is said to have had an interview with the great Vyāsa Himself. Then he returned to Māthura, and abode there until, as he said: "The Lord should manifest Himself at Nuddea, when I will go and join Him." It is related that when in due time Chaitanya manifested himself, Nityananda left Māthura and came over to Nuddea. He did not go over to meet Chaitanya at once, but took up his abode in the house of Nandan Āchārya. Chaitanya said to his disciples that he felt some great person had arrived in Nuddea, and they should go and look for him. They

searched and searched, but could not find him. At last Chaitanya went with all his near disciples to the place where Nityananda was abiding, and the books describe this remarkable meeting, and say that Nityananda having met Chaitanya "recognised the Lord of his soul".

Vishvarūpa, the elder brother of Chaitanya, was in every way a notable person. His whole life seems to have been dedicated to the furtherance of the mission of Chaitanya. Even when he passed away from the physical body, his zeal in this respect did not abate. From boyhood upwards this Vishvarūpa, though well-versed in the learning of the time, made devotion all his own, so that love for Shri Kṛṣṇa was his dominant characteristic. The joys of the world had no attraction for him. He used to keep the company of devotees, and spend his time in singing hymns to Kṛṣṇa, and would often meet Advaita, who was his senior, and hear the stories of his Lord expounded by the latter.

While still a child, the Presence sometimes overshadowed or worked through Chaitanya, and Vishvarūpa used to wonder if the Lord was not playing in his body. When he was about 16, Vishvarūpa's parents arranged for his marriage. Vishvarūpa did not relish the idea at all, and so he left home unperceived by them and became an ascetic. Before leaving, he wrote a paper and enjoined his mother to give it to Chaitanya when he grew up; but this paper never reached his brother, as the fond mother, thinking that it might contain injunctions for asceticism, put it into the fire. After his death, Vishvarūpa did not forget his mission, which was to help the work of Chaitanya; and, as is related in *Chaitanya-Chandrodaya*, he overshadowed the Vaiṣṇava devotee of the name of Ishvarpuri, who was later on

STILL IN INDIA

By ANNIE BESANT

INDIA is a country of many religions ; in fact the great faiths are all represented there. This month, our pictures illustrate three of these faiths—Hindūism, Zoroastrianism, and Muhammadanism.

Hindūism is the oldest of living religions, and is often called 'Sanātana Dharma,' the 'Eternal Righteousness'. It has a splendid philosophy from the intellectual standpoint, and a sublime spirituality. Its teachings on Occultism, the Science of the Hidden Life, are wonderful, and many of its followers renounce all worldly enjoyment and give themselves entirely to the effort to realise the union of the human Spirit with God. This union is called Yoga, and the man who tries to realise it is a Yogī. (By mistake the Muhammadan word 'fakir' is used under the picture.) A Yogī may live in the world but may be indifferent to it, giving all his life to the helping of man, thus trying to unite himself with God, the supreme Helper. Or, if he is not strong enough to do this in the busy world, he may go and live alone and try to help the world by thinking good and loving thoughts. Such a Yogī is shown in our fourth picture. He lives in the little hut he has made for himself, and sits in meditation—sustained quiet thought—for hours at a time. His good thoughts go out and help to make



A PARSI PRIEST.

to be the spiritual preceptor of Chaitanya. After receiving instruction from Ishvarpuri, Chaitanya was making for Mathura to seek God in quiet meditation, when he heard a voice warning him to return to Bengal. Whose was this voice, if not the voice of Vishvarūpa? Before this incident and when Chaitanya was still a boy, he used to have trances, and when he came to himself he would sometimes relate that his brother Vishvarūpa had taken him away, and had urged him to become an ascetic. Later on, Vishvarūpa entered the body of Nityānanda, so that he might be Chaitanya's constant companion. This explains the tradition still current in the Vaiṣṇava world of Bengal, that Nityānanda was no other than Vishvarūpa; and it is related that the mother of Chaitanya would often mistake Nityānanda for her departed son Vishvarūpa, and find the replica of him in Nityānanda. When Chaitanya went to Puri and had to live apart from Nityānanda, whom he left to carry on the work in Bengal, Vishvarūpa entered into the body of another devotee, Paramānanda, who was a constant companion of Chaitanya during his stay in Orissa.

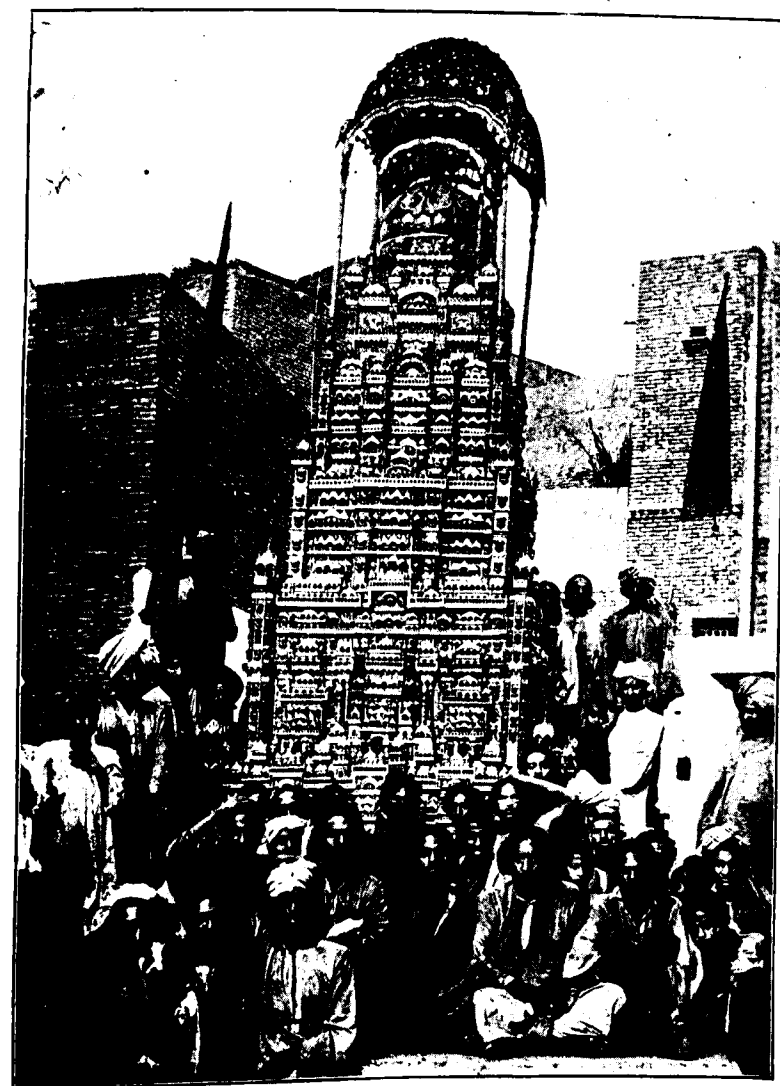
To understand Hindū teaching on the incarnation of higher Beings, it is necessary to remember the three grades of Logos, as taught in Theosophical books. First, there is the 'Planetary Logos,' the Ruler of this earth of ours, who is called Viṣṇu, the Lord of the White Island. He is the Supreme Person on this earth. Next above Him in grade comes the Solar Logos, who is in charge of the whole solar system to which we belong; He is the Viṣṇu usually spoken of in Hindū literature as the second Person in the Trinity. Above and beyond Him is the Supreme Logos, the Mahā-Viṣṇu (great Viṣṇu) the Over-Lord of countless millions of solar

systems. Now each Logos of these may, Hindūism teaches, overshadow, or partially embody Himself, in a chosen human being, for the helping of the world, and in the great Indian epic, the *Mahābhārata*, and elsewhere, it is said that a great Sage, a Ṛshi named Nara, appeared as Arjuna, and his companion, the Ṛshi Nārāyaṇa, appeared as Shri Kṛṣṇa. It is said in the *Brahma-Vaivarta Purāṇa* that these great Sages, Nara and Nārāyaṇa, came to help the world, and Nara went forth to take birth as Arjuna, and Nārāyaṇa disappeared into the body of the Logos. What does this mean? It means that when the Solar Logos manifested Himself as Shri Kṛṣṇa, He used the body of the Sage Nārāyaṇa as His physical vehicle. In the Hindū books Shri Kṛṣṇa is sometimes spoken of as the Ṛshi Nārāyaṇa; sometimes as Viṣṇu, the Lord of the White Island; sometimes as the Solar Logos; sometimes as the Supreme Logos, Mahā-Viṣṇu. Thus we find that the Sage Nārāyaṇa gave up his body to serve as a vehicle for the incarnation of Shri Kṛṣṇa. The whole drama repeated itself on a lower level four hundred years ago, when Shri Kṛṣṇa overshadowed the body of Chaitanya, and Nara overshadowed Vishvarūpa and later on Nityānanda.

[An instructed Theosophist will see, in this Hindū story, suggestive hints as to the opinions about Christ, the Bodhisattva, and the 'Cosmic Christ'. Very much may be learned by the student, if he will read and compare the persons and events spoken about in history at special epochs. It is perfectly true that "history repeats itself," and from a study of the past we can forecast the future.—Ed.]



THE MAIN STREET, HYDERABAD, DECCAN.



A MOHURRUM TABOOT.

the Indian mental atmosphere, so that it is easier to pray and to meditate in India than in any other country in the world.

The Zoroastrian religion is the second oldest of living religions. It was founded in Persia by the World-Teacher, who took the name of Zarathushtra, and is sometimes called the Religion of the Fire. But I think the Religion of Purity is its best name. The people who follow it are now called Pārsis, and every day they say: "Pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds." They are very careful not to soil what are called 'the elements'—earth, air, fire and water—and that is why the Pārsi Priest in our first picture has the cloth over his nose and mouth; he will not allow his breath to touch the sacred fire, burning in the bowl in front of him, as he reads his prayers. A bowl like this, filled with sweet-smelling woods, all alight and sending up clouds of smoke, is carried into every room in a Pārsi house every morning and evening, so that the air is made pure and sweet.

The Muhammadan religion is the youngest great faith, and is named after its Prophet, Muhammad, a wonderful man who lifted his people out of superstition and very evil living into belief in one God and the practice of sobriety and charity. The best name for it is Islām, which means submission to God. This religion has spread most among warlike nations, and Islām has been a great conquering power. About one-sixth of the population of India belongs to it. The picture of Hyderabad shows a part of the main street, but does not give the bright colours which make it very beautiful. The men walk about with big daggers and short swords stuck into their belts, and look very warlike. The picture opposite it shows the handsome



A HINDU FAKIR ON THE BANKS OF THE JHELM.

'taboot' carried on men's shoulders in the procession which goes through the streets during an annual religious celebration called the Moharrum. These great religious processions are found in all countries and religions, except among the division of Christian people called Protestants. Everywhere else there are splendid processions, which bring beauty and happiness into the everyday life of the poor, and give them a brightness which they do not enjoy in a Protestant country. Lately in England an effort has been made to restore something of this beauty to the poor by what are called Pageants.

SOME SAYINGS OF SMALL CHILDREN

The following are unvarnished accounts of conversations between a small boy and his mother. It would be interesting to hear of similar instances of 'advanced' ideas in children. This small boy did not pick up his notions about Reincarnation from his parents, because, we are assured, his parents had not told him of it. His two brothers also gave expression to some remarkable ideas.

H. (aged 6). Mummy, have you ever been drowned? I have.

M. Have you, H—? When was that?

H. It was before I came to you. Oh, it was horrid!

M. Did you fall into a river?

H. No. I was a baby, and on a ship at sea—I fell into the sea.

M. I suppose you know, H—, that if you are drowned you die?

H. Oh yes. I know. I died and I went to heaven, and came down to you afterwards.

(Here he breaks off and joins in a game on the lawn)

H. Mummy, a hundred years ago, when we were both in heaven, who was older, you or me?

At tea-time.

H. Mummy, isn't it nearly time for Granny¹ to come down again?

M. Oh no, H—. she has not had nearly enough rest yet.

H. When we go to heaven, we turn into babies again after a bit, and come down again.

¹ "Granny" had died 5 years before.

MEMORY FOR STUDENTS

By ERNEST WOOD, F. T. S.

III

FANCY

LET us now consider how we may proceed to make an unfamiliar subject quite familiar. There are two ways of doing this. One is by studying the subject carefully in all its details; but this is a method which the student in the course of his work usually has no time to follow out thoroughly. To hunt up even one item properly in an encyclopædia or a general library is often the work of days or even weeks. The average School or College student of history, for example, has not the time to study up the biography of all the various characters about whom he must know something at least. If he simply wishes to remember enough about them to answer the questions of examiners, he will find it very useful to carry out the following rules, which will apply to all kinds of subjects:

1. Do not try to learn a thing until you have made it familiar.

2. Make it familiar by comparing it with some perfectly familiar thing, or by finding in it some real or fancied resemblance to a familiar thing.

These rules may be applied to abstract ideas or to complex and unfamiliar concrete ideas. We may always find some kind of symbol to represent an abstract or complex idea that we have to remember. We are familiar with the figure of Justice, the veiled virgin with her sword and balance, and we also know how Socrates failed to define the term; we may think of old Father Time, with his scythe and his forelock, but 'time' itself is an elusive conception; the student will invariably find it easier to store up in his mind a number of little pictures, such as 'Justice' and 'Time,' than to remember a quantity of indefinite 'ideas'. Christianity may be represented by a cross; Government by a crown; financial affairs by a coin; the navy by a ship; the landing of Julius Cæsar in Britain by a Roman galley drawing up to the shore. Famous pictures are ready-made helps to this art of fancy; as, for example, Napoleon with his great-coat, his folded arms and knitted brows, standing on the poop of the Bellerophon; Nelson, with his empty sleeve and a telescope to his blind eye; the landing of Columbus; and other such scenes which can be used as starting-points for a train of memories. They are familiar things, and we can pass in imagination from them to the less familiar incidents and characteristics of the personages and the times they portray. Pride may be represented by a peacock; gluttony, by an ostrich; melancholy, by a sad man; heat, by fire; love, by a heart; and so on. It is always possible to find something familiar which will remind us of the unfamiliar thing that we want to remember.

It is an easy matter to learn foreign alphabets by this method. We may take Devanāgarī as one example as it will be unfamiliar to most of our readers. The first

consonant is क, *ka*, the middle portion of which resembles a knot; ग, *ga*, resembles a gibbet; ङ, *ṅa*, resembles a writhing snake; च, *cha*, resembles a hand with the finger pointing, reproving or chiding; and so on.

Each one must, of course, find his own resemblances, and there is no harm in enjoying a little fun in the process. There may be some letters, though very few, which do not at once appear to render themselves susceptible of treatment in this way. These should be left until the rest of the alphabetic forms have been learned, and then compared with those which in any way resemble them. For example, ड, *ḍa*, resembles ङ, *ṅa*; ञ, *ña*, resembles च, *cha*; स, *sa*, resembles म, *ma*; and य, *ya*, resembles प, *pa*. The ingenious student may learn the whole alphabet in less than an hour by this method.

We could do just the same with any other alphabet, such as the Roman, for example, where A is an arch, B is a bumble bee, C is a crab's back, D is a drum, E is equal at top and bottom, F is a bent fork, and so on. Pitman's shorthand alphabet can be learned in precisely the same way: |, *t*, is like a T without the top; \, *p*, is a sloping prop; —, *k*, is a coward, lying down; ∪, *m*, is like a little mound; ∟, *l*, is like a ladder, because it goes up. The Greek alphabet presents a and b similar to the Roman; gamma is like a catapult, *game*; lambda is *leaning*; delta is surely a *triad*, and so on. The Persian character in which Hindūstānī is written requires perhaps a little more imagination than most of our modern alphabets do; yet when I look at it I find it full of boats, waves, commas, eyes, wings, snakes, and funny little men standing, crouching, and running.

Let us next apply this method to the study of geographical outlines. The best known example of this is

the outline of Italy, which every schoolboy remembers much better than he does that of any other country; for the simple reason that he has noticed that it resembles a big Wellington boot, kicking at an irregular ball, which we call the Island of Sicily. Africa is like a ham; South America is like a peg-top; Mexico is like a sleeve; Newfoundland is like a distorted lobster; France has been said to resemble a shirt without sleeves; Norway and Sweden are like an elephant's trunk; India is like Shri Kṛṣṇa dancing and playing His flute; the River Severn is like a smiling mouth; and so on indefinitely. It is well in studying the outlines in geography to consider the seas and oceans as entities, as well as the continents and countries, and to consider their outlines also, as the study of the shapes of the bodies of water will reinforce the memory of those of the land. In the same way mountain and river systems are best studied together.

The method is especially useful to students of botany, who have to remember the general appearances of a large number of plants and flowers. An excellent plan to follow in remembering these is not to go into the garden or the field with textbook in hand, but to go among the flowers and plants and give them names of your own invention. When the forms are thus made familiar to the mind, they can easily be recalled by remembering the new names, and afterwards the orthodox names can be learned just as we should learn a number of foreign words. We are perfectly familiar with the sunflower and the buttercup and the bluebell, and even the campanula is obviously a cluster of most exquisite bells; but when we come to narcissus, calceolaria, chrysanthemum and eschscholtzia, it certainly is beginning to be a little trying to the student.

There is a hedge near my dwelling that is full of jolly little old men with occasional purple-grey hair, and they bob their funny round heads in the breeze in response to my nod. I do not in the least know their name, but we are not worse friends on that account. The story of Narcissus is indeed beautiful, and the way in which the gentle flower bends its lovely head is remindful of the fall of the Spirit enamoured of its image reflected in the waters of existence; yet for most of us it remains a beautiful star. The crinkled white champaka reminds me always of the sacred Svāstika; and the clover, so like a fluffy ball, is in India often called the ruḍrākṣha flower, because it is thought to resemble the crinkled berry beads which Yogis wear, these in turn being held sacred because their markings are thought to be strange letters (ākṣha) written by the God Ruḍra or Shiva. We may think of the calceolaria as the flower with the drooping bag-like lip; the pansy, with its large velvet face; the curious lips and curly strings of the sweet pea; and the rose, which is not unlike an exfoliated heart; and we may know these little ones much better by these happy names than if our brains are fagged beforehand by the crabbed terminology of the books.

The system of fancy must not, of course, be confused with that of analogy; where, for example, the Hindū books speak of the awful 'asipatravana,' the dreadful 'forest of sword-like leaves,' they do not necessarily mean that the leaves in that wood have the appearance of swords, but that they are sharp and cut like swords.

With fancy for companion, we may make of much labour a happy play.

(To be Continued)

TO OUR YOUNG CITIZENS

A BALLAD OF SEVILLE

"Very noble: very loyal: very brave: she is invincible."
Charles X.

"She has not deserted me."
Alphonso XI.

She stands on the Sierra Morena,
Begirt by her mighty bull-rings,
The beautiful city of Seville,
The pride of the Catholic Kings.
A circle of sweet orange-blossom
She bears as a sign; and as seal—
To signify "*Quis separabit?*"—
The 'knot' of the Kings of Castile.
We salute you, invincible City!
Steel-true to the love that ye bore
To the House of your great San Fernando,
Throughout the Peninsular War—
So steadfastly loyal in bringing,
As only a patriot brings,
Your sons to the altar of service
To die for the Catholic Kings.

* * *

Young Citizens, Lords of the Future,
May your lands make one land of the leal
To the House of your mighty King-Emperor,
As Seville was true to Castile!
And hearken, O Children of Empire:
Your day is no day of small things.
Up then, live and die for the Emperor!
As Spain for her Catholic Kings.

K. F. STUART

THE FRUIT TREE

By MARIE BERMOND, F.T.S.

(Translated from the French by ALICE E. ADAIR)

NOT far from a well-kept garden, filled with lovely flowers and trees bearing rare fruits, a tree had grown wild. No one had ever taken care of it. Its fruit was bitter and uneatable. None dared to taste it. It lived a lonely life and sometimes asked itself what it was that made it despised; for it knew not that its fruit was bitter to the taste and unfit to quench the thirst of men. Its outspreading branches were almost bare; they were hard and brittle. It could not even provide a little shade for him who was weary to rest in. It served no purpose, and only took from the ground the nourishment that others, more useful, demanded.

Of all these things which made it valueless it was quite ignorant, so it lifted itself to a great height for the mere love of growing; but the more it grew, the more nourishment it absorbed and the less it was needed. However, as it strove to preserve its leaves, to give sweeter fruit, the man in the neighbouring garden, knowing how trees may be transformed, turned his attention towards it.

"It could become something," he said to himself, "because it is strong and healthy."

Then he set to work and cleaned up the ground and worked it in order to bring air to the roots. He surrounded it with rich soil properly prepared. The better

and more delicate food at first appeared superfluous to the solitary one, accustomed as it was to more hardy fare.

Then men came armed with cruel-looking implements, axes and saws; they cut and they pruned, and the poor bare branches fell to the ground dully, sadly. The tree rebelled, shaken with grief and shame by the humiliation placed upon it.

"What is the use of all this suffering?" it moaned. "They bruise, tear, and destroy me. What have I done to them that they so humiliate me? I was tall and strong and hardy; what mattered it to them that I was solitary? They were nothing to me."

It suffered so much at one time that it seemed likely to die.

Then, when it was reduced to its essential elements of growth, when all that was valueless had been pitilessly destroyed, the gardener with great care grafted into the heart of it a bud from one of the most beautiful trees in his garden.

Years rolled on; the bud worked and transformed the wild tree, endowing it with qualities and powers unsuspected by it before. Winters strengthened it, while with the rising of the sap at spring time it burgeoned forth into wonderful life, and every summer its branches flung themselves out more triumphantly; each year the month of May crowned and garlanded it with flowers, as though to celebrate the festival of its renewed youth. From the roots to the tenderest stem the sap flowed ever more freely, and thrilling with joy the tree poured out its life into leaves and fruit. The more it grew, the more it felt its strength, the better it understood why it had had to suffer. Loppings, wounds and uprootings, which had once seemed intolerable, it now knew were necessary in

order that the life might flow more freely, and that it might become incomparably greater and more useful. Suffering had caused its fruits to become more luscious and its leaves to provide a more splendid shade. The sap that nourished it was warm with life and its branches no longer flung themselves out in threatening gesture but curved in caressing tenderness. Happy in its creative power, it yielded its fruit with joy; and proud to be the instrument of great Nature, it offered its gifts without stint to all who passed by.

One day the village children on their way to school caught sight of the tree, and, coveting the fruit, set to work to knock some down. They gathered stones, the heaviest, sharpest and hardest they could find, and showered them on the unoffending victim. Children are sometimes cruel because they are ignorant. The sharp stones grazed the stems, split the leaves, cut the bark, and bruised the fruit of the generous tree, while the children delighted in the sport, as they thought it, quite careless of the hurt they were inflicting.

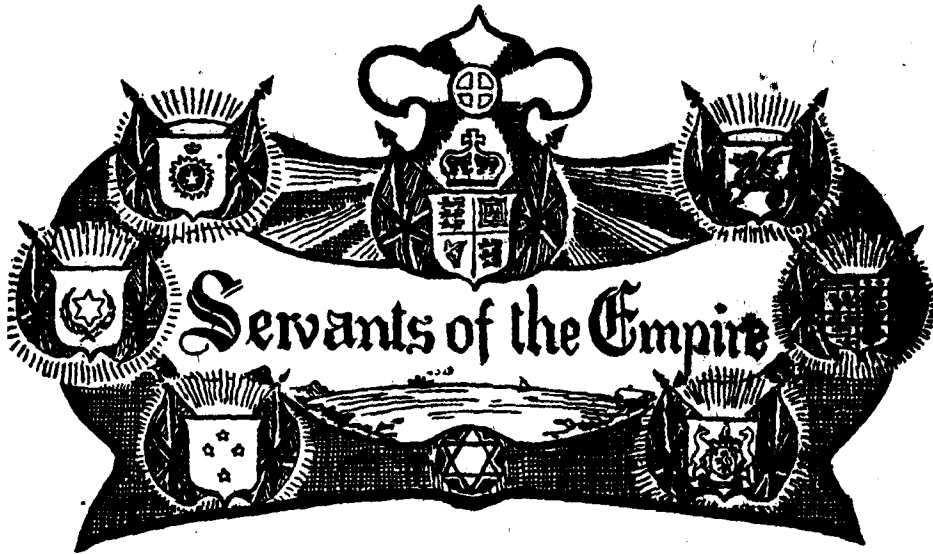
The tree, grown wise, remained passive and grave under the blows, wrapping about the children its kindly protective shade. The tree knew that it was great; the children did not understand that they were quite small. It knew the happiness of giving; they thought it was good for them to take.

For a moment the noble tree seemed to hesitate; then a great wave of love shook its heavily laden branches; and saying, "I will give to these also," it scattered its choicest fruits at the feet of those who had stoned it.

that perhaps some of you may know, where he spoke of the magic of the philosophers' stone that turned everything to gold, when all was done as part of the divine work, the work of Nature.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

"There is a great truth in that. If you realise that the work you do is done as part of the Divine Work, wrought in order that the activities of the world may go on, the spirit in which you do it redeems every form of labour, and makes it inspiring instead of brutalising. The scavenger's work, you would say, is not very inspiring work. It depends how you take it. If he is very dirty himself, and clears the dirt away with a curse and hate in his heart, then he demoralises; but if you could have the ideal scavenger who says: 'Dirt is only matter in the wrong place, and Nature is ever working to turn it into beauty. I work with Nature as one of her hands, and remove that which is mischievous here to a place where it will be useful and productive,' ah! then the spirit would change the nature of the labour, and it would become inspiring and not brutalising, as it is now. You think that impossible? I know some who do it—poor men and poor women who drudge all their lives long, women who work perhaps in one of the big factories near here, and when they go home find the children wanting meals cooked for them, and the children's clothes to be mended, and the children to be washed and put to bed; for, while the man's labour ceases when the factory bell rings, the woman's labour begins again in the home, after she has left the factory. I know some such who, because they see their work as co-operation with God Himself, are able through it all to keep the Spirit brave and bright and shining, like a candle in a dark night, who are the light of their homes, the happiness of husband and children. There is no form of work which need degrade, and that is a lesson we have to learn."



THE Empire can only develop surely and contribute to the happiness of the world, in proportion as its citizens learn the Way of Service. In ancient India spirituality and learning wedded to poverty were the characteristics of the highest caste in the State; this set the social standard, and even now the spiritual man and the learned man are bowed down to by Indian Princes. In America wealth is the social standard, and this leads to the deterioration of manners and to indifference to the real value of learning and character as social assets. In England, we have, happily, still a King and a Nobility, but the vulgar display of wealth is largely ousting men and women of good birth and breeding from their proper leadership in Society, and manners are becoming 'fast' and 'loud'. We should try to revive the old idea that the value of a man depends on what he is, not on what he has, and that social respect should be paid by each class to the others, whatever its grade in the social hierarchy. Mrs. Annie Besant writes:

"This I want to lay down as the law of a rightly organised Social State: that all forms of labour which conduce to the well-being of the State, whether manual, intellectual, commercial, or legislative, are honourable work, because necessary for the common welfare, and that if they are done in the spirit of the true worker, who works because he knows his work is of value to the community, there is no form of labour that need be degrading, there is no form of labour that need be brutalising and demoralising. Old George Herbert saw that long ago, dealing with the drudgery of a domestic servant—and the domestic servant's life is a life of drudgery—in those lines of his,



ENGLAND is bringing out a very attractive monthly journal under the name of *The Dayspring*, edited by Lady Emily Lutyens, as the organ of the Order of the Star in the East in the British Islands. It is very nicely 'got-up,' and the articles are well written. A good likeness of our Alcyone, the Head of the Order, and a greeting from him, reproduced in facsimile, open the first number. The membership roll in England, Wales and Ireland now contains 1,405 names, and of these 785 are also members of the Theosophical Society. We are glad to see that the Order is spreading well outside the ranks of the T. S. The Editor says:

"Our special work in this country is to bring conviction to the Christian Church of the truth of our great expectation, and if we would do this successfully we must appeal not only to the heart but also to the reason of men and women. For this purpose we should fit ourselves by study that we may be more ready to give account of 'the faith that is in us'. We need to understand the point of view of orthodox and heretic alike, to meet each man on his own ground, to be tolerant even to the intolerant, to show sympathy with every point of view. Perhaps the hardest task which lies before us is not so much to overcome the objections of narrow-minded bigotry, but rather to widen the ideal of the Christ without shattering any dear or sacred belief. This can only be done by love and knowledge combined.

"To this end we would suggest various schemes of study which might be found helpful.

1. The study of the times when the Christ last appeared.

This would involve a study of Roman, Jewish, and Egyptian history.

2. Different aspects of the Christ held in religious thought, past and present.

Different aspects of the Christ held in literature.

Different aspects of the Christ held in art.

3. The need of a personal Christ.

Various historic movements might be studied as showing the need for the personal leader or teacher as well as for the abstract ideal.

"Short papers on these subjects will be contributed every month to this journal."

This is a very good programme, and we heartily wish success to *The Dayspring*. Perhaps, a little later, it might be a good plan to transfer *The Herald of the Star* from India to England, and incorporate *The Dayspring* with it.

Scotland has a membership of 175, and has, at present, three centres at work. Its officers are:

National Representative: J. A. ALLAN, Esq., Towerwood, Newton Mearns, Renfrewshire.

Organising Secretaries: { REV. C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, The Parsonage, Gatehouse-of-Fleet.
R. L. CHEISTIE, Woodburn, 54, Canaan Lane, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh: MRS. KING, 21, Thirlestane Road, Edinburgh.

Dundee: MISS YOUNG, 11, Richmond Terrace, Dundee.

Glasgow: J. A. ALLAN, Esq., Towerwood, Newton Mearns, Renfrewshire.

The German Section of the T. S. expelled from its ranks the members of the Order of the Star. For this and other sins against the freedom of opinion in the Theosophical Society laid down in its Constitution, the Charter of the Section has been transferred to fourteen T. S. Lodges who will maintain the Constitution.

Dr. Rocke, at the wish of the Rev. Dr. Horton, has withdrawn from circulation his sermon—published with his approval at the cost of the Order. Dr. Horton disapproves of Mrs. Besant on the ground that she persuaded the Hindūs to close the Temples in Benares against non-Hindūs, and that she supports animal sacrifice. Both these statements are entirely false. The Benares Temples were closed before Mrs. Besant went there, in consequence of the irreverent behaviour of visitors, and she has always been herself excluded. She has always been, as everyone in India knows, a strong opponent of animal sacrifice. She regards the slaughter of animals as a crime against the Law of Love, whether in the few Hindū Temples in India which are thus polluted, or in the countless European slaughter-houses where they are sacrificed to gratify man's palate. It is a pity that the Rev. Dr. Horton should be so regardless of truth as to make these false statements. They bring discredit on Christianity in India.



Month—March Emblem—Tulip

Quality—Love.

Ay, and when Prophecy her tale hath finished,
Knowledge hath withered from the trembling tongue,
Love shall survive, and Love be undiminished,
Love be imperishable, Love be young.

Love that bent low beneath his brother's burden,
How shall he soar and find all sorrows flown!
Love that ne'er asked for answer or for guerdon,
How shall he meet eyes sweeter than his own!

F. W. H. Myers

CHEERFUL news comes of Round Table work in America, where our enthusiastic and energetic Senior Knight, Mrs. J. E. Wardall, has formed seven Round Tables in Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Butte and Washington. Later on we hope to print news of their work. We hear from our Senior Knight in Geneva that she is in touch with Athens and hopes to start work there.

This month we devote our space to the report from Australia, which runs thus:

DEAR LANCELOT,

It is a great pleasure to be able to report that the Order is steadily growing throughout Australia, Tables being now established in Perth (1), Fremantle (1), Adelaide (3), Melbourne (4), Sydney (3), and Brisbane (5), while we hope soon to see the movement

extended to Tasmania. We have now a total membership of 160, i.e., 17 Knights, 130 Companions, and 13 Associates, making a small but united body pledged to the service of the King. Of the 17 Tables now established, 12 have been formed during the year under review, thus evidencing the strength and virility of the life-force of which our Order constitutes one form of expression.

The two Tables originally formed in Perth have been amalgamated into one, working specially for the protection of children; the second Knight formed a new Table in Fremantle which devotes itself particularly to the furtherance of the interests of the local T. S. Lodge, under the watchword of 'Service'. Two new Tables have been formed in Adelaide, where, by means of entertainments and otherwise, over £28 has been raised, this sum being divided between the London Fresh Air Fund, the local T. S. Building Fund, and a few cases of local distress; individual efforts have also been distributed over various activities, such as Lotus Circle work, looking after library books, Lotus Song Books, providing clothes for poor children, visiting and helping with the work of the Crèche, etc. In Melbourne one new Table has been formed, taking, like the other three, 'Service' as its watchword, and joining in the same practical form of service, viz., that of sending sick lads into the country for rest and recuperation; 17 poor lads recovering from various illnesses have thus been given one month's holiday during the year; £39 have been raised for this purpose, £28 being contributed by Knights, Companions and Associates, £10 being collected from the grown-ups at an entertainment provided by the Tables, and £1 being the gift of a sympathiser. In December, 1911, a Christmas Tree and entertainment, with refreshments and presents of various kinds, were also provided for the lads who had been sent to the country during the last three years, each lad being allowed to bring with him a sister, a brother, or a friend. Over 100 children were present, and, judging by their incessant shouts of delight and continuous laughter, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, whilst their delight was a source of infinite pleasure to all the members of our Order, who had the privilege of providing the means thereto. Then, again, the members of one Table have started regularly visiting the Children's Hospital, taking flowers and books, and, best of all, a wealth of love and sympathy, while the members of another Table have started a 'Blue-Bird' (or Happiness) Club amongst girls and women employed in business, seeking to lead them to the study of good literature and the consideration of social and moral questions of importance: a movement which promises to be very successful.

Taking advantage of the Annual Convention of the T. S. held in Sydney last Easter, an endeavour was made to interest delegates from the various centres in the work of the Round Table, with the result that three Tables have been formed in Sydney, and five in Brisbane, though in neither city have the Tables yet had sufficient time to settle down to any special form of work, their energies having so far been devoted to the work of organisation. The very beautiful ceremony of Initiation, which we owe to our revered Protector, is very much admired and appreciated by our Knights and Companions, and undoubtedly forms a most impressive introduction for our young people to the privileges of membership in our Order.

This week the present writer, who is taking advantage of a holiday to visit Brisbane, is to have the great privilege of formally inaugurating the establishment of the Order in Brisbane by initiating 5 Knights and 30 Companions, who are eagerly awaiting their ceremonial admission into the Order.

Mrs. W. G. John, of Sydney, and Mr. Fred J. Charlton, of Brisbane, have been admitted as members of the Senior Council for Australia, as representatives thereof in their respective cities.

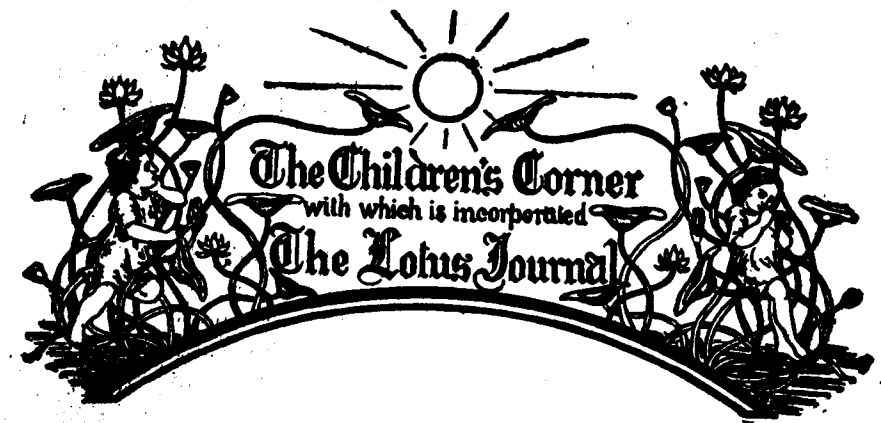
In connection with the ceremony of Initiation we used a hymn, adapted, with some slight modifications, from a Confirmation hymn used in the Church of England service, and, as it is set to very beautiful music and the words are particularly appropriate, I send you a copy of it in the hope that it may be of service.

With cordial greetings to all our Fellow-Knights, Companions, and Associates throughout the world, hoping that our Order may continue to grow and prosper exceedingly, and that we may all join hands and hearts in the King's service,

I am, your fellow-servant,

GARETH

Secretary to the Senior Council for Australia.



CONDUCTED BY

HERBERT AND ETHEL WHYTE

[The conductors of these pages will be glad to consider short, simple articles (about 1,000 words) and stories for children. Contributions should be sent direct to them at 19 Tavistock Square, London, W. C.]

KITTY—A STORY

By M. N.

"Come and get ready to go out," said Mrs. Elliot.

"Oh, Mother, I did so want to finish painting this picture, I want to send it to Aunt Mary."

"I think Aunt Mary would rather you went out and got a little colour into your cheeks than stayed in to paint, even though the picture is for her," answered Mrs. Elliot, "and you know, Kitty, it has been very bad weather lately and you have not been able to go out much, and if you don't get enough fresh air you will be delicate like Aunt Mary."

At this Kitty flew into a temper.

"I won't go out, so there!" she cried.

"Hush, Kitty, it is really very naughty of you to be so peevish when you have got everything to make your life a happy one. Now think of that little boy with one leg, Jimmy Howlett, who has no father, and his mother is very poor, and sometimes Jimmy has had to go without his dinner, and yet he always looks merry and bright. If you would think of other people instead of yourself you would be much happier. Couldn't you go and feed those robins and sparrows on the lawn?"

"I won't go out," cried Kitty, "I won't, I won't, I won't! And I won't feed any silly sparrows, they'll overeat themselves soon. The cook threw them a lot of bread this morning before breakfast, she told me so. And if Mrs. Howlett is a widow it isn't my fault, and I can't stop her being poor."

"Kitty," said her mother, "I really can't have you speaking like that. But why don't you go and see if some of your friends could come and play with you?"

At this Kitty brightened up.

"I'll go if you will promise to buy me some rabbits next time we pass the animal shop," she said.

"I won't promise," said Mrs. Elliot, "but I will see how much they are next time we are in the town. But you won't be disappointed if they die, will you? Because all Rose Barton's died."

"That was because she gave them water and overfed them," called Kitty from the stairs.

"I shall have to avoid buying them because we have nowhere to keep them," thought Mrs. Elliot as she watched Kitty go.

Meanwhile Kitty, quite pleased with herself for having got the better of her mother, went gaily down the path towards the gate. When she got there she saw Jimmy.

"Oh, bother," she said to herself, "I didn't want to meet him."

"Good-morning, Miss," said Jimmy.

"Good-morning," answered Kitty.

Rose Barton couldn't come, and Joan Walters and her sister Nelly had gone out for a walk with their father.

Kitty went back with a gloomy expression on her face.

When she reached home she ran into the little wood at the bottom of the garden. When she had played about a little she went and sat on a log to rest. And as she sat there she began to think of the Christmas tree that she had every year. "There will be dolls, and dolls' tea sets, and dinner sets, and ever such a lot of chocolates and sweets, and—and—Oh, books! Then there'll be pistols, and boxes of soldiers, and magnets, and things like that for boys, and then there'll be all the coloured balls, and fruit, and candles, and then right on the very top there'll be a real fairy doll!" While Kitty had been talking to herself, some tree spirits had gathered round her, talking. Kitty could hear them, but she thought it was her own thoughts.

"Then if there are going to be such a lot of nice things on her Christmas tree, why doesn't she ask little Jimmy to it?" asked one.

"Well, you see, she is rather a cross little girl, I think," answered another.

"I don't see what difference that makes. After all, she has five shillings in her money-box, so it wouldn't be much loss to her to give him the threepence she will get on Saturday," said the one who had spoken first.

Here Kitty's own thoughts interrupted.

"No, I won't," she said, "I'm going to save up and buy that big doll in the pink dress I saw in the toy-shop window last time I was in the town."

"Well, Jimmy wants that clockwork engine that doesn't cost as much as that doll. And you have got a lot of dolls at home; he hasn't got any toys at all," said another.

"Oh, do ask him to come to your Christmas tree!" begged another.

Kitty could bear it no longer; she got up and ran towards the house. She did not go straight in, but ran down the path to the gate. She found Jimmy was still there.

"Wait there a minute," she said to him. She ran back to the house, and found her mother writing letters.

"Mother, can I have my pocket-money to-day, instead of to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes, certainly, dear. Take threepence out of my purse," she answered.

Kitty ran into the nursery and reached down her money-box off the shelf.

"The engine is ninepence, and I've got threepence here. Let me see, I want sixpence to make enough." She counted out sixpence, and then ran out to Jimmy.

"I want to give you a present; what would you like best?" she asked.

"That engine in Hobson's window, please," he answered.

As they walked along to the toy-shop Kitty told Jimmy about Santa Claus.

"Hang up your stocking on Christmas Eve, and Santa Claus will come and fill it," she said.

"I couldn't hang it up. All my stockings have got such a lot of holes in them," he answered, "as soon as Mother mends one hole another comes."

"Oh, Santa Claus wouldn't mind that," answered Kitty.

When the engine had been bought Kitty walked with Jimmy as far as his cottage.

As she was about to leave him she said: "I am going to have a Christmas tree on Christmas Eve; would you like to come to it?"

"Oh, thank you; that would be lovely!" answered Jimmy.

When Kitty got home her mother asked her where she had been, so she told her all that had happened. "And Mother," she added, "may I have my Christmas tree for poor children?" "Yes, dear, of course you may," answered Mrs. Elliot.

So Kitty asked several of the poorest children in the village to it, and when it was all over she found she had enjoyed it more than any other Christmas tree she had ever had.

FRIENDS UNSEEN

Hand in hand with angels through the world we go,
Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know,
Tend'rer voices cheer us, than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenwards, can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels; some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing, into paths of light;
Some soft hands are covered from our mortal grasp,
Soul to soul to hold us with a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels walking every day—
How the chain may brighten none of us can say,
Yet it doubtless reaches from earth's lowest zone
To the loftiest spirit standing near the One.

Hand in hand with angels ever let us go,
Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow,
One electric love-chord thrilling all with fire,
Soar we, through the ages, higher, ever higher.

(From *The Lotus Song Book*)



LETTER TO THE LINKS

DEAR LINKS IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN,

There are all sorts of ways of trying to be happy, but the way *we* are trying in the Golden Chain is by bringing happiness to the other lives around us—is it not?

"I am a Link in a Golden Chain of Love," we say each morning, and perhaps as we say it there rises up in our mind a picture of a great Golden Chain, formed of many separate Links, stretching out through our own country and over the seas to other countries, and joining together many children of different tongues, who may not know one another, but who are all united in the one desire to form a great circle of brotherhood, which shall breathe forth love and kindness on all around.

Now you know what a link in a chain is, and how the strength and usefulness of any chain depends upon the perfection of each separate link in it. If *one* be broken the chain is no longer whole, and is useless for the purpose for which it was intended. Suppose you had a very beautiful gold chain round your neck, on which your watch was hanging. If one of the little links of that chain were defective and were to break, the chances are that you would lose your watch, and the perfection and beauty of all the other links would not avail to hold the chain together if even *one* were to fail.

So you see how important a single link in a chain may be, and I think we should all, while this year is still young, very firmly resolve that our own particular Link in the Golden Chain of Love shall be kept as "bright and strong" as we can keep it, so that it shall not endanger the whole Chain by getting broken or even dulled.

How shall we keep it bright and strong? Well, surely the first thing to do is to remember regularly our promise, and never to omit saying it each morning. And as we say the words, we must think

of what they mean, and then that thought will come back to us during the day, and we shall be reminded of our promise to "think pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak pure and beautiful words, and to do pure and beautiful actions".

To *think*, to *speak*, and to *act* worthily! Not an easy task by any means, and one that will perhaps take us all this life, and longer; but every time we call to mind our resolve, and try to put our promise into practice, we are strengthening our Link, rubbing off some of the dullness, and making it more useful in the Chain of Love of which we are members.

But our work is two-fold, is it not? We have not only promised to try to think and speak and act with purity and beauty, but we have also promised to "try to be kind and gentle to every living thing we meet". And here is a very important respect in which we may make our Link brighter. For why is a chain made up of many separate links? Is it not because it is thereby more useful than any one link, however large, would be alone? And although it is true that *one* child, acting kindly and gently to every living thing he meets, becomes a tiny centre for good in the world, yet that power for good becomes multiplied a hundred-fold when a number of such children join themselves together in a band for spreading kindness, gentleness and tenderness around them.

During this year, then, let us each look to our own Link, and see if we cannot rub it up and make it shine more brightly—and if we earnestly wish each morning that "every Link in the Golden Chain may become bright and strong," and then, steadily, throughout the day, try each one to carry out our motto, it cannot but be that our Chain shall shine out ever more brightly in the world, as a golden light, carrying messages of love and hope and peace to all who come in contact with its Links.

Yours affectionately,

ETHEL M. WHYTE

(G. U. Representative for Great Britain)

THE LOTUS CIRCLE

By A. J. WILLSON

THE LOTUS CIRCLE is a few years older than the Golden Chain, for it was born about 1893, when Mrs. Besant asked Miss Willson to gather together a few children whose parents were Theosophists and explain, in language they could understand, something about karma and re-incarnation and kindred thoughts of the time.

Hitherto it had been considered that Theosophy was only for grown-ups, and that it was worse than useless to talk to children



THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I ADYAR, 7TH APRIL, 1913 No. 4

FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

THE Message from the Front this month is on IDEALS, for great Ideals are as necessary for the building of character as wholesome food is necessary for the building of a body. Let me explain to you why this is so. The body built by food, that we call the physical body—the body you are using all day long—is made up of materials which are taken in as food ; the food is broken up in the body, undergoes various changes which prepare it for use, and then it is turned into flesh and blood and nerve. The health of the whole body depends on the food which is put into it.

* * *

Now exactly the same is true of a body which you cannot see, which is called the mental body, because the mind, the thinking part of us, uses it. You use your mental body for thinking, as you use your hand for taking hold of anything. The mental body is made of thoughts, as the physical body is made of food ; good

thoughts make it healthy and strong; bad thoughts make it ill and weak. It does less harm to put poison into your physical body, than to put an evil thought into your mental body. If you think many good thoughts you are building a good mental body, or, putting the same thing in another way, you are building a good character. But if you think bad thoughts, you are building a bad mental body, or a bad character.

* * *

The next point to understand is the meaning of the word Ideal. An Ideal is a thought, or idea. But many thoughts come into the mind and go out of it, drifting about like dry leaves in a wind. So all ideas are not Ideals. Only ideas which remain in the mind, which do not drift in and out, which are not mere visitors, but which live in the mind like a man in his home—only these regular, fixed ideas are called Ideals. That is the first step: an Ideal is a constant, or fixed, idea, or group of ideas. One other step we must take: an Ideal is a fixed idea which shapes conduct. If courage be your Ideal you will become brave. If patience be your Ideal, you will become patient. If gentleness be your Ideal, you will become gentle. To build up your character, you must have an Ideal of the character you wish to have as yours.

* * *

How, then, shall you go to work? First, make up your mind what you want to be—a patriot, a philanthropist, a hero, an artist, a teacher, a lawyer, a statesman, a soldier. You will begin by learning what you can about people who actually were, to some extent, that which you want to be. You pick out their good qualities only, the qualities connected with their particular type, and put these together: thus you make the ideal patriot, hero,

artist, statesman. Then you put this Ideal before you as an example; you think about it every morning; you try to imitate it in your daily life. And gradually some likeness of the Ideal begins to shine out in yourself, and, almost unconsciously, you begin to be a little like that about which you think.

* * *

If you find it more easy, you can take a single virtue as an Ideal, and keep this before you, till you find yourself practising it without any effort; it has become second nature to you. The brave boy acts bravely when the chance comes in his way. If you also would act bravely, make Bravery your Ideal, think about it every morning, try to practise it when there is a chance, and presently you will find yourself acting bravely without being conscious of any effort to be brave. Courage will "come of itself".

* * *

Nations, as well as individuals, should have Ideals. When Italy was divided into many small States, poets and idealists wrote about 'United Italy,' Italy as a single nation. Mazzini preached this ideal, and presently her young men became fired with the idea, and a party was formed, which called itself 'Young Italy'. Gradually more and more people took this 'United Italy' as their Ideal, and Garibaldi appeared, and King Victor Emmanuel gathered an army, and the people rose in support, and France helped them, and Italy became one nation, and is now one of the great Powers of Europe. It was much the same with Germany, which was also composed of a number of separate States; but her poets sang about "The German Fatherland," and the King of Prussia, and his Prime Minister Bismarck, and his General Moltke,

cried out to the German people, and they sprang up in answer, and became a nation. Ideals create facts, and until there is a living Ideal facts are not shaped into history.

What shall be our Ideal of Empire? Shall it not be a Federation of free peoples under One Monarch, a Federation too strong to be attacked, too united to be afraid? Shall it not exist for the good of the whole world, for the helping of backward peoples, for the spreading of knowledge and happiness, for the upholding of justice, for the protection of the weak? Shall not all its citizens have the whole Empire for their Motherland, and all its peoples as their family? Shall not the clamour for Rights be stilled, and the strong voice of Duty be the arbiter alike for peoples and for individuals? Shall not goodness be encouraged, and evil made difficult? Shall not all religions be honoured, and none be privileged? Shall not Righteousness and Wisdom alone hold authority, and Character be the road to Power? Let us make such an Ideal our Ideal of Empire, and then shall it bring blessing to the whole world.



SHRI KRISHNA

By NARA

'SHRI' means blessed, and is used among Hindūs as a title of honour; it is like saying the Lord Krishna, as Christians speak of the Lord Christ. Many of the great Servants of the World took birth in India, because India is very old in civilisation, and her peoples were highly spiritual, educated and refined when Europe was still chiefly forests and huge morasses. So these great Ones often found it convenient to take an Indian body.

Hindūs are divided into four great castes, or types; the teacher, the warrior, the merchant, the manual worker. The warrior caste is called the Kshatriya, the protecting caste. The equivalent term in English would be knightly; the Way of the Kshatriya is the Way of the Knight. Chivalry, generosity, courage, protectiveness, strength, vigour, self-control, these are the knightly virtues. The

of what you will gain, but act because right activity is to serve God and to benefit the people."

Most people work hard in order to gain something which they want, and they are very disappointed if they do not gain it. Shri Kṛṣṇa calls that "working for fruit," and He looks on it as a very poor way of working. "Miserable are they that work for fruit," He says, for if they do not gain it they are unhappy. But the true worker, the Server, he who works for love and duty, he is never disappointed; for his reward lies in doing the right action; "let your motive be in the action only, never in its fruit"—that is, in its results. That is a lesson which every true Server must learn. Then he is not affected either by success or failure. Sometimes that which looks like failure brings about success. A general sends a message to the officer commanding a small body of men to capture a well-guarded hill; the task is an impossible one, but the officer does not hesitate; he leads his men to the charge; they are decimated, fall back, and charge again, and so on till they are killed to the last man. Have they failed? No; while they occupied the enemy's attention, a great flanking movement has been made, ensuring the victory, and when the story of the battle is told, the names of the heroes who failed to capture the hill will be inscribed in the roll of the victors. So may Servers fail in the eyes of the world, and die defeated; but their defeat may have ensured the triumph of their cause.

Shri Kṛṣṇa's teaching and example are needed in our modern world, and this divine Song of His has spread all the world over, and has been translated into many languages. People read it and love it in the Arctic Circle, and in the lands that are nearest to the Antarctic Pole.

No teaching—except the Christian Bible—is so widely spread as this exquisite little book. To every Young Citizen Shri Kṛṣṇa speaks, and He says:

Janaka and others indeed attained to perfection by action; then having an eye to the welfare of the world also, thou shouldst perform action.

Whatsoever a great man doeth, that other men also do; the standard he setteth up, by that the people go.

As the ignorant act from attachment to action, O Bhārata, so should the wise act without attachment, desiring the welfare of the world.

Let no wise man unsettle the mind of ignorant people attached to action; acting in harmony with me, let him render all action attractive.

OUR LOTUS BUDS

THEIR COMPLIMENTS.

Small Girl: (to energetic aunt at children's party) "I want to whisper something:—Are you really grown up or only pretending?"

THEIR CROSS-EXAMINATIONS.

Small Girl: "Mother, who made me?"

Mother: "God made you, my dear."

Small Girl: (after pause for reflection) "Then the question is, who made Him?"

THEIR OBSERVATION.

Excited Small Boy: "Nurse, nurse, we met Mr. Thomson out this morning, and he looked like a lion what had missed a person."

THEIR PREPLEXITIES.

Small Child: "Mother, what part of Heaven do people go to who are good but not agreeable?"

THEIR DEFINITIONS.

Schoolmaster: "What is a hill?"

Child: "A field with its back up."

THEIR PITFALLS.

Small Boy: "Mother, how far can you see?"

Unsuspecting Parent: "Oh! about a mile or two."

Small Boy: "I can see ninety-three millions of miles."

Parent: (astonished) "Why, what can you see?"

Small Boy: "The Sun."

SOWING AND REAPING

(From *The Lotus Song Book*)

Ploughing the fields in the spring-time,
Marking the furrows with care;
Earnestly, patiently striving
The soft rich soil to prepare.

Sowing the seed in the spring-time,
Hiding it deep in the earth;
Trusting the rain and the sunshine,
To hasten the glad new birth.

Waiting with hope in the spring-time,
Singing a joyful refrain;
Knowing the autumn will yield us
A harvest of golden grain.

Sowing our thoughts in the spring-time,
Painting the pictures of life;
Brightened with truth, love and kindness,
Or darkened with hatred and strife.

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F. T. S.

Principal of the Central Hindū College, Benares

IV

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Let me talk to you this month of the special value of the first of the truths of which I wrote in March—my devotion to my own beloved teacher, Alcyone. How does this truth work out in daily life and of what value is it to others? It is important to grasp quite clearly the fact that a great truth is only very partially a truth when it but serves to bring happiness to an individual, and it soon loses its value if it be continually kept apart from others and be not shared with them. An unthinking person might well say that devotion to Alcyone is hardly of importance with reference to preparation for citizenship; and indeed would he be justified in such a statement were that devotion selfish and exclusive of all other relations. But any truth which means much to an individual, and which influences him in his relations to the world outside, is a truth which the country needs, for it is the source of vigour for one of her sons, who

thereby becomes a centre—however limited the circumference may be—of inspiration to other sons of the great Motherland. So even the most personal truth, the truth which seems least to have to do with other people, is a truth which is of value to your country, for it should influence your thoughts, speech and actions for good.

But I have said that a great truth is only partly a truth unless its purity makes external conditions brighter and the lives of others happier; and in order that I may take full advantage of the great truth of my devotion to Alcyone, I must make use of it in my relations with my surroundings. As a matter of fact it does not come to every one at present to come into contact with some one who, through ties of past lives, arouses a strong devotion. With some the temperament may not yet have grown sufficiently, with others the time may not yet have arrived for the teacher to be consciously known on the physical plane. But surely in the case of all of us, there is some one who is a loved elder, whether a parent, or a friend, or a teacher, or some great citizen of the Motherland whose life and actions stir us to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Most of us have our heroes, who inspire us more or less according to circumstances; and the profit I myself derive from Alcyone or from Mrs. Besant or from Mr. C. W. Leadbeater or from Mr. Jinarajadasa, who are the heroes of my own world, is a profit which, in varying forms, every single one of us derives from those who show us how to live.

Now the question is how we are to make the best use of our heroes whoever they may be, and to answer the question I must draw upon my own experiences. The most important lesson I have so far seen is that those

who are great have an atmosphere of greatness around them. Everyone, for example, who knows anything of Alcyone as he is now, is aware of the extraordinary attractiveness of his personality. It is a pleasure to be near him, even if we do not speak to him, and, having travelled with him under many conditions, I may say that I have not met a single person who has not felt uplifted—I use the word deliberately—in his presence. It is not what he says or does, but what he is. The silence of a great man speaks infinitely more than the oratory of the ordinary individual. Think, then, how valuable an asset to the country is one whose mere presence seems to confer a blessing. What a preparation for citizenship if we too could learn gradually to become centres of helpfulness, as Alcyone is. Think—to use a word which is perhaps hardly dignified but which explains my meaning well—how successfully Alcyone *advertises* his Mother-country India, how people who hitherto have known nothing about her, or who have in some way or other been prejudiced against her, will recognise that she can still produce great souls with inspiring personalities. And so Alcyone—silent, quiet, undemonstrative, retiring—is a messenger of peace and goodwill from India wherever he goes. How does all this concern me? It means that I must begin to learn to become a messenger of peace and goodwill on a very small scale, but quite definitely within the limits of my infinitely more restricted capacity. I, in an English body, must try to become a messenger of peace and goodwill from my country, especially, of course, to India, for Alcyone is Indian, but also wherever I go. I cannot, indeed, expect that I shall be able to be all that he is, but I can do a little, and that little—in the process of being done—will become more.

The more it becomes, the nearer and dearer I become to him, "for inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me". And while there is little that the pupil can do directly for his teacher in actual service of a personal kind, he may find his way close to his teacher's heart if he strives, as best he can, to be a little to others all he knows his teacher to be to him and to all others too.

All that I have said of Alcyone applies, of course, to Mrs. Besant, to Mr. Leadbeater and to Mr. Jinarajadasa. What have they all in common which gives them this power of silently influencing all with whom they come into contact? If we know that, might we not ourselves apply the knowledge to ourselves and so begin work on a small scale? As a matter of fact I think we do know at least a part of the great secret, and it is that they are all continually watching others to see what they need. They are continually looking to see how they can add to the value of those with whom they come into contact, so as to influence them to better and more purposeful lives. This gives them an insight into character—into its limitations and its possibilities—which we more superficial people altogether lose. To those who are continually on the alert to make the lives of others happier it must be terrible to see how we are wrapped up in our own concerns, in our own selfishnesses, and how much misery that we might relieve passes us by unnoticed because we do not really care.

I hope you are able to see one of the ways in which this much-abused hero-worship in reality involves an extraordinary amount of effort in all directions, and through all the bodies which we are in the habit of using—the mind, the emotions and the physical body itself.

Now-a-days there is much talk along the lines that hero-worship has the effect of deadening the reasoning faculty and of blinding the judgment; but I feel convinced that our reason and our judgment may be made much more keen if they are sharpened out of love for another and in the light of his inspiring force, than if they depend upon the love of the individual for himself, or upon a vague and ill-shaped desire to be of value to others. And it must be remembered that the true value of reason and of judgment consists in their employment as means to increase the strength of our weaker brethren to meet their trials and difficulties, so that they must ever be turned outwards to serve rather than inwards as roads to self-satisfaction. The deeds which make a nation great are the deeds of heroism and of sacrifice of the smaller self for the sake of a well-defined and inspiring cause; and not those which are the outcome of self-seeking, or of a desire, born of the pride of ignorance, that others may see and admire.

So I am asking you to try to see greatness in some one of whom you have heard or whom you may have the privilege, to know. Surely there must be some one whom you ardently admire, and your task then is to try to understand how it really is that he has gained your admiration. Probably it is something that you do not possess, and that you therefore admire the more because it is lacking in your own nature. See how the object of your admiration displays the qualities which cause you to admire him. If you are able to watch him close at hand, so much the better; but at least you can watch him from afar and examine his attitude towards the various problems of life and in all the difficulties which bring out so many weaknesses in lesser men.

You will thus be able to study noble qualities in concrete present-day expression, exhibiting themselves under modern conditions in an individual more or less as you are yourself, though in every way greater, of course. You will see how they work in relation to modern conventionalities, how the world receives them, and what effect they have. In this way many of the great truths of which you read in your ancient Scriptures will come home to you through their expression in some living being, and the lives of the greatest of the world's Teachers—Shri Kṛṣṇa, Shri Śaṅkarāchārya, the Lord Buddha, the Christ, Muhammad, and others—acquire a vitality and a splendour because you have been able to reverence whole-heartedly a life which is less than Theirs. If I may be permitted to give expression to an inner thought, I would tell you that it is since I have known those whom I regard as great, that I have the better realised the majesty of the true Elder Brethren, whose lives so often seem too lofty for us to understand. Training my eyes to look a little upwards I catch a glimpse of the glory beyond, and I begin to learn a little of man's destiny and of the love of his Elders which is guiding him safely on his path.

I begin to understand how it is that the Christ is the hero of millions, when I see with my own eyes how Alcyone, for example, is loved by those who know him. And perhaps my first step on the path of the Christ-life is the endeavour to understand my hero, and to be to others feebly somewhat of that which makes him all he is.

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

A LETTER FROM ADYAR

ON

FROGS, SERVANTS AND BABIES

By ELISABETH SEVERS

ONE is never quite sure what curious or amusing incident may not occur to diversify life in Adyar. A few days ago my usually peaceful bathroom was invaded by very curious sounds. Whenever I visited the bathroom, curious noises I could not locate happened. When I threw water about and splashed—and the splashing of water is one of the characteristic sounds of Adyar, and the noise of the typewriter is another—the sounds became louder and louder. I looked about, but could see nothing to account for the queer noises, but as nothing else happened I took my morning, evening, and midday baths to their accompaniment. I began to wonder if a spook with a rooted objection to water had taken up his residence in my bathroom, but I thought it probable that a more usual cause was at work in the form of some

animal or insect. So I told my Indian servant—I thought it also probable that he might be responsible for the happening—he must find out what made the noise in the bathroom and take it away. “Yes, madame, very good,” he remarked, his invariable answer, (if I told him to go and have his head taken off like the Queen in Alice in Wonderland, I feel convinced he would say the same) and left me wondering if he had understood me. However, later another resident came in and I took her into my bathroom and invited her to pronounce on the noises. Of course when I wanted them to show off, there were no noises. But Murugassin appeared looking rather sheepish, confessing that he had kept in a wicker-work basket under the bathroom table a young bird he had picked up, and it was this half-fledged bird he produced for our inspection, smiling all over his face as he did so, that had made the gurgles and rumbles and other odd noises. In my heart of hearts, I had all the time believed the noises were produced by frogs with their astonishing Indian vocal powers. Having in mind the accident that had lately happened to a friend, also in connection with her bathroom, I considered that Murugassin could best tackle the creature. Frogs like bathrooms, it appears; I suppose because they are often damp. I have lately on two occasions found frogs in possession of my bathroom, though, as I am on the second floor, I do not understand how they got up so high.

On the first occasion, the frog had just made his appearance through the little outlet through which the water drains off and was regarding the new field of action with interest until a broom expelled him into the literally “outer darkness” of the verandah.

The second time I bathed keeping a watchful eye on a frog in the vicinity who, on my appearance—the antipathy was evidently mutual—had hastily ensconced himself in the furthest and darkest corner where he remained mercifully in seclusion during my bath, and as I saw him no more, I suppose departed of his own accord.

My friend’s experience was however less happy. She owns a bathroom to which the frogs are very partial, for nightly, she reports sadly, they sit in rows on the shelf. And she endured their presence patiently, until one night when a frog jumped at her, and caught in her hairnet, and hung there quivering. Since then, and I do not wonder at it, she nightly sends her servants to clear all the frogs out before she enters her bathroom. I explained to Murugassin that bathrooms are not places in which to keep birds, and that he was never, never, to do such a thing again as to introduce living animals of any kind into my rooms without asking my leave. But his intentions seemed to have been kindly toward the bird. I enquired if he had fed it, and he said he had. As it was certain to die in any case if left to its own devices, I thought he had better continue his efforts as foster father, only outside my bathroom.

Indian servants seem to me like children. They are generally pleasant in manner and anxious to please you, but they have no idea, unless they have been unusually well trained, what they may do and what they may not do. The consequence is they sometimes do the very oddest things; things one would never think of telling them not to do, until they have done them and then it is too late.

Sometimes I give some of our continental members lessons in English. One day it occurred to me, as the lesson was due about five o'clock, I might just as well give it on the seashore as at home. We should both, I argued, imbibe more ozone and the lesson would go on just as well. I think the pupil was a little doubtful of this reasoning; however she agreed and we departed for the sea, and settled ourselves comfortably



"SHE IS THE VERY SOLEMNEST CHILD
I EVER SAW"

to hear the *Water-Babies* read aloud. Tom's adventures—I hope you are all well up in these unusual experiences—were being steadily proceeded with, when some of the Indian ladies and children, who sometimes sit also with us on the beach, appeared. These ladies are also in the habit of studying English by the sea, and generally bring with them English primers. Sometimes they read aloud to me. So they understood what was going on and settled down to listen, while the two little girls played quietly about. So far, so good. But then came all the English children belonging to the

compound. The eldest Molly's small brother, Meredith, and the smaller Indian baby (the same two children who, as I told you before, made friends at the Indian feast) were renewing their acquaintance. Meredith, whose fat white legs, he is only two, are not very reliable supports, had in the beginning of things sat himself down on the sand, a little way off from our group. Then he discovered the brown baby and made for her. When I looked round, he and the little girl were tumbling over each other, both being so uncertain on their legs, very happily; sand of course flying in all directions. I must say the lesson proceeded under some difficulties, though Countess Herta read steadily on; Molly was restless, she is an active child, and plunged across both our bodies without much regard for our comfort; some watch had to be kept on the antics of the babies in the rear, and, attracted, I suppose, by the oddness of our grouping, two or three passing Indian coolie-women (English children always interest them, I notice) stood near us, observing our proceedings for some time, with broad smiles of amusement on their faces. English people still seem to be regarded as something in the nature of a show in India. We decided in the future to resume the English lessons in my sitting room.

I am personally not accustomed to small children; I like them, but they always strike me as a strange new species, with whose ways I am very little acquainted, but whom I like to study. I was rather taken aback when one evening—I was sitting by myself on the shore—the same Indian ladies appeared with the two little girls, and proceeded to undress and then to bathe, confidently leaving the children in my charge. However I already knew by experience that the ways of Indian babies were

much the same as those of English, only that the former were much quieter. So the smaller baby sat quietly beside me for a time, and played very solemnly with the sand and the shells. She is the very solemnest child I ever saw, and never smiles or laughs, and the green earrings she always wears give her a curious exotic look to my English eyes. Then she proceeded to walk towards the sea which a ridge of sand hid from my sight. As I thought exercise good for her legs and that her mother was not bathing, only watching the others, I let her go and in a few minutes her mother dripping with water, —she had, it appears, after all been bathing with her sari on—reappeared, carrying an also dripping baby, who had straightway made for the water and fallen into the sea. She was hastily disembarassed of her one garment, a rather crumpled white frock, dried, and left again to me. The child had not uttered a sound during the process and sat again quite unmoved by my side, clad only in her own pretty brown skin, which suited her much better, as you could see her pretty baby limbs, than her frock had done. The sister aged five and named Vasantā—after the President, I suppose, (Vasantā is the pretty Indian form of Besant)—was occasionally voluble in some Indian dialect. I answered her back in English. We neither of course understood a word the other said, but we got on quite amicably. The baby, tired of shells, became interested in the ornaments I wore. I took off a bangle I happened to have on; she played with it contentedly, letting it slip up and down to her shoulder. Then, when she was tired of that, the pink beads of my necklace attracted her attention, and so we got on without any catastrophes. A small very dark fisher boy paused to admire our proceedings. I

was relieved he did not pester for annas, as passers on the beach so often do, but after watching us some time still grinning broadly, finally remarked "Salaam" and departed. This particular brown baby is not particularly pretty, except as all small children are pretty; but there is one little Indian boy about three who, very occasionally, is brought to the beach who is very pretty indeed. With beautiful black eyes and very long eyelashes, curly hair, pretty regular childish features, he is a regular picture of a child. He is lively too for an Indian child, and shrieks with laughter as he runs about and you pretend to try to catch him. I quite agree with Miss Christie that brown babies can be very fascinating.



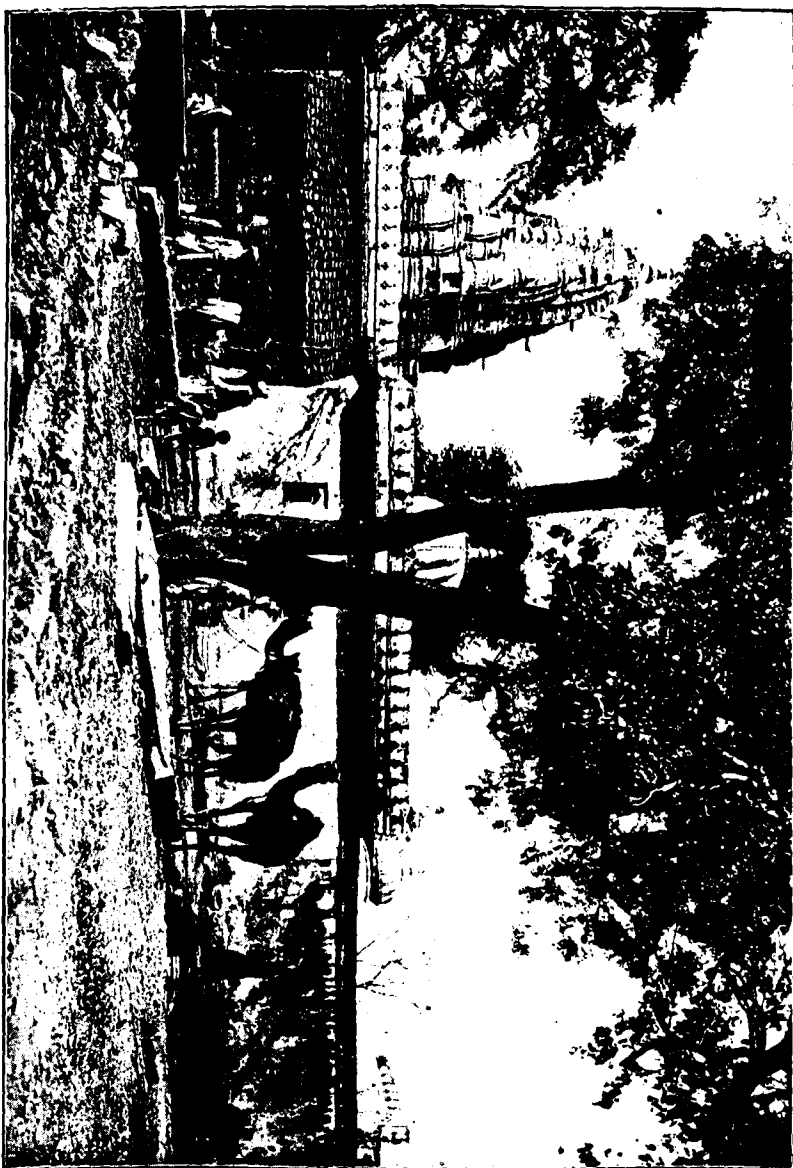
"HIS MOTHER, WHO DOES NOT SHARE HIS TASTE"

Little Meredith, though his fat legs are so unreliable, is energetic on them. Sometimes they seem to develop a will of their own and to take him away from, instead of to, his goal. He loves insects and living things, does Meredith, and occasionally goes to his mother, who does not share his taste, announcing he has a "pitty thing," and unclasping his small fat fist produces a spider or an ant. His mother says, however, nothing he picks up

hurts him, which is discriminating of the creatures, as, like all children, he handles them with scant reference to their comfort. The other evening on the beach in his bearer's arms he had "a pitty thing," he informed me and displayed a small crab. I suggested that the crab might prefer the sand, but Meredith held on to his prize. With his fair hair flying in the breeze, his blue smock tumbling off his shoulders, he was very busy one night running after a crow. The bird let him get quite close—they are astonishingly tame—and then he would rise slowly and solemnly in the air, and fly a little further and settle down again, and Meredith, undaunted by many failures, would continue the pursuit until he was, in his turn, caught by his ayah. Jinks, his elder brother, was deeply interested in, and apparently rather proud of, a nasty looking boil on his knee, to which he invited my attention. The elder children generally walk from the sea to Leadbeater Chambers. There the three are packed into a rickshaw, and they depart in quite triumphant procession with their two ayahs and their nurse, and two or three of the house servants looking on, the children calling out "Good Bye" loudly. And while I write these lines, it is about six o'clock; I hear the children's voices at the back of the Chambers. I think I will go and hear what they have to say for themselves this evening.

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK IS OVER.





AT REST

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

NOWHERE, I think, are the workers as happy as they are in India. Their work is not hurried, they have much rest-time during long hours of easy-going work, and they go home in the evening with a song on their lips, and an elastic step. Look at these boys "after the day's work is over". What a good time they are having in the water, little and big; that lad on the left is carrying an instrument of music, though you might not think it, to look at it; the fourth picture shows it more fully. The lower part is a horn—very big are the horns of some Indian cattle, especially of the water-buffaloes—and fastened on to this is a kind of bladder; truly weird are the notes produced from this odd instrument, a prolonged harsh wail, very ear-splitting. I have seen these used in processions in out-of-the-way places, and the performers have always seemed to be very proud of themselves. The small boy whose instrument is as long as himself is evidently ready to lead his companions forward with encouraging shrieks.

In Picture II the day's work is also over, and the time of rest has come. Presently, the camels will fold up their long legs, as you fold up a camp-stool, and tuck them comfortably underneath their bodies, and stretch out their long necks to the fodder and munch away, working

their jaws in a queer side-way fashion, and growling at other jealously from time to time. I often think that camels must belong to the ages long past, and have survived their ugly contemporaries by some oversight. Dame Nature fashions her animals into such much daintier forms to-day, and finishes them off better than she used to do. Presently, as the sun sets, bells and cymbals will clash out from the temple, near which the travellers are resting, and the evening prayer will be offered, and all will listen and fold their hands in salutation.

These blind beggars will be given many little doles of food and coppers as they pass along, for the Indian is very charitable, and is ever ready to give. The instrument carried by the man on the left is a kind of drum, and is played with the fingers instead of with a drum-stick. It is the well-known tom-tom, and yields one of the most familiar of Indian sounds, for it is used in all ceremonies, religious and social, and a clever player can get out of it quite a number of notes. It is used, like a drum, to accompany other instruments, and to mark the time, and the man who plays it generally wags about his head, rolls it, and nods it, and shakes it, in time with his instrument, until it seems as though his poor neck would snap, and his head drop off. But I have never seen this happen, though they will play for hours at a time. If you wake up in the middle of the night, you are very likely to hear some one beating a tom-tom, and you become quite accustomed to it, and it does not keep you awake.



A GROUP OF BLIND BEGGARS.



A WEIRD MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

PHILEMON

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a very wise and holy priest called Philemon. Famous was he far and wide for his prayers and for his piety. He dwelt alone. He suffered no one to come near him. He cut himself off from the world that he might enter into Heaven. Night and day he fasted and prayed, striving to become holier and purer. One day the people of a neighbouring city, hearing such tales of his great holiness, rose up with one accord. The sick, the lame, the halt, the blind, the heart-broken, the sinful, the poor and mean and wretched, they arose with one accord and said: "We will go to this great and holy man, we will beseech him to have pity on our great misery. We will entreat him to come forth, and lay his hands upon us, and speak comfort unto us. We will implore him to pray for us; surely the prayers of so righteous a man must needs be heard." So they rose up, and came and stood before the house and wept, and prayed Philemon to come forth; but he would not come. They would take no denial; they refused to depart; they waited and wept and called, until at last he came out to them. He was furious at their intrusion: "How dared you come?" he demanded. "How dared you come and disturb my prayers, and distract my thoughts, and break in upon my holy visions?"

Begone—all of you. As for your sorrows and your sicknesses, your sins have brought them on you. Ye have well deserved them.” And with that he drove them forth.

And the people returned uncomfortable, and muttering curses under their breath. But Philemon, fearing that they would return, left his abode and took a long journey right into the heart of a dense forest. There he built for himself a little hut, and there he prayed and fasted and meditated to his heart's content. One day, as he knelt absorbed in prayer outside his hut, a little bird came and perched upon a spray and sang so delicately and sweetly that Philemon's thoughts were whirled away. It reminded him of his childhood, and, as he knelt there, old memories of his mother floated back to him from the past, and tears stood in his eyes. The little bird flew away, and Philemon awoke as from a trance. How furious he was! To have his thoughts, which had soared to Heaven's gate, recalled to earth by a bird. It was maddening to his pride. Next day he spread the prayer-mat in his hut; but as he prayed the little bird alighted softly at the entrance of the hut. It was singing again sweet and low, and it hopped gently across the floor to where he knelt; with dainty wings outstretched, its pretty head on one side, its bright eye glancing here and there, it approached quite fearlessly. But Philemon's wrath knew no bounds. He started to his feet and seized a staff and struck the bird, and slew it where it stood. It lay there in its blood, a little helpless heap of ruffled feathers. Philemon seized it, and rushing out of the hut, he flung it far into the forest, exclaiming: “Thou at least shalt never more disturb my prayers.” Lo! as he returned to his hut, behold, there stood a glorious vision on the spot

where the dead bird's blood had stained the ground, and a voice asked him sternly:

“Philemon! why hast thou slain my Messenger?”

“I, Lord—I, slain Thy Messenger?” he faltered forth; “I have slain nothing but a bird.”

The vision answered: “Philemon, thou wert never so near Heaven as in listening to that little bird's song. He was my Messenger to thee to teach thee to love. Know now that thy prayers are never heard in Heaven, for in that day that thou drovest away the poor and outcast from thy door, *in that day* did I turn my face from thy petition. This shall be thy punishment. Thou shalt never henceforth hear a human voice, or see a human face come nigh thy dwelling. In this forest shalt thou dwell for ever with no companions save the birds and beasts and flowers, and they shall be thy teachers and thou shalt learn to love.”

* * * * *

Hundreds of years have passed away, but in that country stands a vast mysterious forest into which man can never penetrate, but in which grow most rare and beautiful plants of all descriptions, and in which dwell strange beasts and beautiful birds of wondrous plumage. Strange legends are afloat concerning a mysterious Spirit who haunts the forest in the form of a very aged man. He seems to know each plant and love each creature, and is confided in alike by bird and beast. None know that that same Spirit is no other than the priest Philemon, to whom the beasts and birds have taught at last their lowly lesson of Love.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS REGARDING THEOSOPHICAL COLLEGES

By E. G. H.

IN the December, 1912, *Theosophist*, Mr. Arundale has drawn for us an exceedingly attractive sketch of the ideal Theosophical College of the future, a picture which all Theosophists, whether parents or not, must surely wish to see realised as soon as possible. Mr. Arundale in his article has given us the theoretical side of the scheme, and doubtless will be more than ready to help us with his wide experience over more practical details once the scheme has taken definite shape. It is with a view to giving the scheme a start that the following suggestions are put forward.

In the first place we must not feel dismayed at the seeming impossibility of attaining to the very high standard laid down by Mr. Arundale. His scheme is confessedly an ideal one, and if we all waited until we could be certain of attaining to our ideals the world would be an infinitely duller and slower place to live in. Let us get a school started which openly professes to be run on Theosophical principles, and trust to Those who have so far guided our energies aright, further to assist our efforts in placing Theosophy on a firmer and ever firmer basis by bringing up the coming generation from their earliest days in its tenets.

The suggestions here made are with regard to a school in England but apply, *pari passu*, to all other countries. The first thing to do is to start a bureau in England for the collection of data which will warrant the appointment of a Committee by the British Sections to consider and draw up a scheme in the light of the information gathered. To do this, then, we require the services of someone with secretarial and organising experience to take charge of the bureau and collect and collate the information for the Committee. Who will volunteer? The writer should obviously do so, but residence some

thousands of miles away from London is an objection, to say nothing of a post which takes five weeks from Europe, which prevents his doing so except as a last resource.

The secretary's first step will be to call for the following information by notices in the various Theosophical magazines (it should be in every one, for there must be British Theosophists in nearly every land where there is a Theosophical magazine), such notices being repeated until the Committee assembles. Should money be required for this doubtless the British Sections could arrange to advance the same, pending later receipts. The information is as follows:

(a) The names of those ready to send their children to such a school, with the ages and probable dates as to when they would be sent and the limit of fees that could be paid:

(b) The names of those ready to assist the scheme financially or with their personal services, the extent of the support or the nature of the services being specified:

(c) The names of those who would be ready to accept posts as teachers at such a school, with qualifications and minimum salary required:

(d) Suggestions of all kinds which may help in starting the scheme, such as suitable localities, models which may be worth studying with a view to their adoption, notes as to educational systems, etc.

When sufficient data had been collected the Committee would consider them and draft a scheme which might be published in the sectional and other magazines, and copies of it should be sent to all those who had promised support of any kind, to see whether they still approved, and if so, whether they would now make a definite promise of support; for it is presumed that such a scheme would be able to announce the starting of the school by a definite date. Even should the call meet with an insufficient response, a vast amount of most useful data will have been collected, which will greatly facilitate the founding of such schools when the hour strikes, and further, it should be able to point more or less definitely to that hour.

MEMORY FOR STUDENTS

By ERNEST WOOD, F. T. S.

IV

WORD FANCY

LAST month we disclosed a happy method of fancy for the easy learning of unfamiliar forms, and this month we propose to use a similar method for learning foreign words. Our purpose once more is to relieve the young student of much of the drudgery that attends upon the process of learning by rote, and to prevent the often life-long brain-fag which results from it. Once more the same rules apply:

1. Do not try to learn a word until you have made it familiar.

2. Make it familiar by comparing it with some perfectly familiar word, or by finding in it some real or fancied resemblance to a familiar word.

There are three methods of finding the resemblances, but the young student, driven from pillar to post by a vast and varied host of teachers, each with a mass of indigestible material which he expects the poor boy to assimilate, has really time only to cram by rote or to adopt the method of fancy which we suggest. One good method of learning foreign words is to study their

derivation, and he may often find in the principal European languages many words which have now obvious derivatives in English. Again, he might learn the words of several languages together, and study their meanings and relationships with the imperfect aid of Grimm's Law. But for proper study there is no time, and he must perforce cram his mind with horrid bread.

Let us turn to the light and happy task which our students will have when they study their foreign words by the method of fancy. First of all, if you are free to choose your words, look over your vocabulary and learn all the words that clearly resemble English words, such as, for example, in German:

Wunder (wonder), Vater (father), Nord (north), Sohn (son), Schuh (shoe), Ebbe (ebb), Ende (end), Ochs (ox), Dank (thank), Eis (ice), Wasser (water), Donner (thunder), Ohr (ear), Krone (crown), Dorn (thorn), Schulter (shoulder), Seele (soul), Kuh (cow), Strom (stream), Garten (garden), and hundreds of others. Can you not already read: *das Gras im Felde ist grün; ein Mann kam in den Garten, und sah das Haus in Feuer; das Vaterland hat brave Söhne?*

If, however, the student is compelled to follow the course in the order of a prescribed text-book, he will have to take the words as they come, and will at once find many which do not appear to resemble English words. He takes the first word, Saal, room, and repeats: Saal, room, Saal, room, Saal, room until his head buzzes; then he goes on to Schutz, protection, Schutz, protection, Schutz, protection until his brain throbs; and then Schön, beautiful, Schön, beautiful, Schön, beautiful until his mind whirls; and then Trennung, separation, Trennung, separation, Trennung,

separation until he nearly drops from his seat, and yawns, and rubs his eyes, and wishes—oh, how longingly—that it was time to go out and play cricket; and he looks up at the clock and sees there is still twenty minutes to playtime—oh, endless and unrelenting time—and then he tries to fix his burning eyes upon his book again, once more to grind out Fürchterlich, terrible, Fürchterlich, terrible, Fürchterlich, terrible once more to swoon, once more to look at the clock—oh mercy, nineteen minutes more!

Do not grind like that, dear boys! Take the word Saal; look at it; repeat it three times without thinking of the meaning. Now think of a room. Do not think merely the word room, but think of a room that you know. Now try to find a familiar word that sounds something like Saal. You might think of sale, salt, saloon—ah, that is the word, Saal is like saloon, which is a room. Then repeat Saal three times while thinking of the room. Then take Schutz, repeat it three times, thinking only of the sound. Then think that Schutz means protection. Think of some words that sound like Schutz, say shut or shoot. Do you not protect a thing by shutting it up? Do not the soldiers, who shoot, protect us? Once more repeat the word three times, thinking of the idea. Schön is like shining, beautiful; and for Trennung think of a trench or chasm which separates, separation; and for Fürchterlich, fearlike. Always repeat three times, and always think of the connection, such as: the soldier, who shoots, protects us against our enemies.

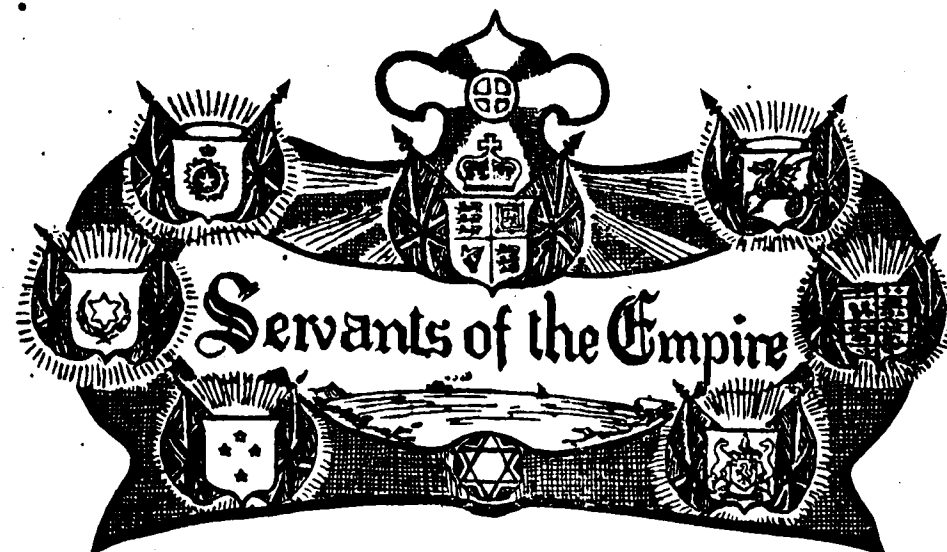
The words that must be learnt are not always quite so easy as this, but if you practise this like a puzzle-game for some time, you will be able to find something for every word. Always take the accented syllable of the

word that you are going to learn as part of the similar word that you are going to make. Let us take some difficult words from Samskr̥t, as an illustration. They are difficult because they are very unfamiliar, and because they sound somewhat different from English words. काम, kâma, which means passionate desire, sounds like calm, and you might think: when a man gives way to passionate desire he is not calm. कर्म, karma, which means action, or the law of cause and effect, sounds something like cream, crime, crumb; and you may say: when a man commits a crime the law of karma will make him pay back; or, cream is made into butter by constant motion, or action; or again, every little thing has its cause, even the falling of a crumb of bread from the table. शरीर, sharira, which means body, sounds like sherry—no, that is not a good thing; sorrow, no, that is not agreeable; sharing, ah yes, because we have bodies we can communicate with others and share our knowledge with them. मनस्, manas, which means mind; man has mind. प्राण, prâna, means vitality, and you may think of a high-spirited horse prancing along, full of vitality. सूर्य, sūrya, means the sun, and it sounds something like sower, and surely the great sun gives life to all the seeds that are sown in the ground, and indeed is the original sower of all things in the Solar System. But really, these are too easy; let us try something more difficult. इन्द्रिय, indriya, which means sense-organ, sounds like India-rubber, which has no sense! Try again. जगत्, jagat, the universe. The universe is jogging along all right. Do try to think of something hard. राज, rāja, a king. A king is nearly always rich. भक्ति, bhakti, devotion. The devotee bends his back when worshipping. सौन्दर्य, saundarya, beautiful and graceful. A sound and healthy

body is beautiful and graceful. नागा, nāga, a snake. Always catch a snake by its neck. क्षीर, kshīra, milk. The wool that you shear from a sheep is as white as milk. क्षत्रिय, kṣhattriya, a warrior. A warrior shatters his enemies. Believe me, I have looked through my Samskr̥t dictionary for half-an-hour, and have failed to find one word that could not soon be resolved in this way.

We might take words from Latin, or Greek, or French, or, I think, any European language, and we should find them much easier than the Samskr̥t. You will discover that by this method you can easily and happily remember quite a large number of words in the course of an hour, and your memory will not be burdened afterwards by all the fancies in which you have indulged, yet you will remember the words better than if you had learnt them by rote. As a matter of fact, you really get to know the words as usable things when you read a number of books in the language, or practise conversation in it. The difficulty which you have to encounter at the beginning is that of introducing the unfamiliar words to your mind, and in this you should try not to associate the words of different languages too much, but prefer rather to repeat the foreign word while you think of the little picture that it indicates.

(To be continued)



THE Empire Movement, planned and led by the Earl of Meath, is based on right principles and should prove very useful; Lord Meath is travelling to the various parts of the Empire in order to spread its principles, and last month he visited Madras and addressed a meeting on it. The population of the Empire is four hundred millions, almost a fourth of the whole population of the globe, and it rules over twelve million square miles—truly a vast Empire. Lord Meath rightly lays down as the Watchwords of the Movement: "Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy and Self-Sacrifice," and in his Madras address he laid stress on these. Its Motto is: "One King, One Flag, One Fleet, One Empire," and it takes as Rallying Cry: "For God, Duty and Empire." Daisies of any kind, or Marigolds, are its Flower, to be worn on May 24th, Empire Day. Its Badge is a tiny Union Jack, to be worn as a button-hole or brooch. Fifteen good rules are given to guide the conduct of the citizen of the Empire:

- 1.—Love and Fear God. 2.—Honour the King. 3.—Obey the Laws.
- 4.—Prepare to advance the highest interests of the Empire in Peace and War.
- 5.—Cherish Patriotism. 6.—Regard the Rights of other Nations. 7.—Learn Citizenship. 8.—Follow Duty. 9.—Consider Duties before Rights. 10.—Acquire Knowledge. 11.—Think Broadly. 12.—Practise Discipline. 13.—Subdue Self.
- 14.—Work for others. 15.—Consider the Poor and the Suffering.

If the Ideal of Empire be the Service of the World—and that is the Ideal held up by Lord Meath—then indeed will the growth of the Empire and its power be the world's blessing. A mighty, peaceful, Empire, too strong to attack, too united to undermine, too honest to cajole, would be the guarantee of human progress, and the leader of human evolution.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND

Light has the following:

Mr. Joseph Bibby, in his *Annual* for 1913, says that Mrs. Annie Besant has proposed that a number of leading people, belonging to all classes of society, should meet and confer together in order to see if something may not be practically possible in the way of remedy for the present social disharmony. "Such a conference and discussion would doubtless reveal the fact that progress cannot be won otherwise than by everyone recognising more fully his social duties, and realising the interdependence of each unit with all the others; and it seems only reasonable that this fuller recognition should begin with those who are in advance of their fellows in the possession of material wealth, mental power, and other forms of riches. By what particular method this better and more social spirit is to be produced and made effective does not as yet seem clear; but the very fact of a number of men and women, representative of all classes, meeting together to think out a practical method of social reconstruction is in itself, I think, the harbinger of a better social order and of better times for all; for wherever people can put aside personal prejudice and class bias and seriously set to work to find the solution of a problem, the solution is not far away." Particulars regarding this project can be obtained from Lady Emily Lutyens, 29, Bloomsbury Square, London, W. C.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF INDIA

ONE of the clauses of the pledge taken by this Order is to do "one Act of Service every day". The idea has been widely copied, as in the Boy Scout Movement, which has been so great a success in Anglo-Saxon countries; the Scouts put it in the idiomatic form of "a Good Turn," and it is said in England that if you meet a well-mannered boy in the street who is prompt to help any one in a difficulty, you may be sure that he is a Boy Scout. A similar remark has been made in India by more than one official, as regards the Sons of India. During the coming hot weather, the Sons should be alert to help anyone whom they see in need. Wherever pilgrims gather, they should offer their services to the police—as in Benares—to help women, children and the aged during the terrible crush at the bathing-places. They may save many a life by such timely aid.



The following letter has reached the Editor from a Companion of the Round Table.

The following little incident is well worthy of being chronicled because in view of the Great Coming for which we are looking, everything which serves to demonstrate its reality and to confirm our hope, is of value.

"My little sister Yvonne, aged seven, has never heard anything about the Master, since my family is not interested in Theosophy. The other day while playing with me she suddenly said: 'You ought to prepare to follow the King because soon He will come and you ought to know Him. He will not come directly, because the one who will receive Him is still studying and he will not have finished for two years. He will teach Peace in all countries and that is why He will be called the King of Peace.' Since then my little sister has often said to me: 'Prepare, for the King soon will come'."

It seems to me that such words from the mouth of a little child who has never heard of our great belief shows us clearly that we are constantly helped and that we ought joyfully to go forward, holding aloft our banner with its device: FOLLOW THE KING.

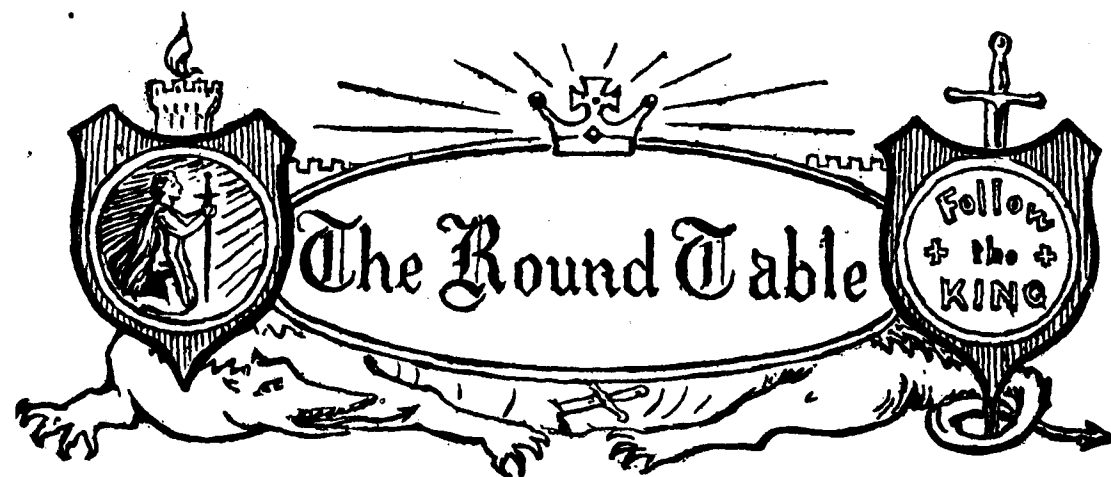
Germany—where the National Representative is the veteran Dr. Hübner-Schleiden—has now its own journal, the *Lichtbringer*. In the first number there is a good little article from the pen of the Head of the Order. He remarks that all members of the O. S. E. will certainly meditate daily on the coming of the Lord, and that this meditation will influence mankind in the direction of brotherliness and unity. Moreover, there will thus have been made ready a

great accumulation of force, which He will use to the best advantage when He comes. "All such thoughts are offerings laid upon the altar and blessed by Him, and these, thus blessed, can be used by us in the service of others. Although our thoughts may not in themselves have much power, yet, united with His blessing, they will carry help to every good work with which they unite themselves."

France also issues a quarterly *Bulletin de l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient*, conducted by the National Representative, Mlle. Lucie Bayer. It opens with a brief article from the pen of the Head of the Order, reprinted from the *Herald*. These national papers will be of great interest a century hence, when people are looking back at the Coming of the World-Teacher, as now we are looking forward to it, and when they are eagerly seeking to learn something of the fortunate people who were privileged to prepare His Way.

The great Masters are preparing to build up a splendid new civilisation, in which war and poverty, which are so unnecessary, shall vanish away. In the past They have built such great civilisations, which have lasted for thousands of years. They do this so that a very large number of souls may have the opportunity of being born into a civilisation in which their surroundings may be favourable; at the present time the surroundings of thousands of people are not favourable; poverty and the diseases which very often come with poverty press upon them, and they have no chance of showing what they really are. They have no time and no energy left, after their hard work, for good reading, for beautiful music and pictures; they become dull and coarse and despondent. This is not as it should be, for God's Plan for the world is that all should live healthy and happy lives; therefore it is that the Masters, who know God's Plan, try always to guide us on towards it; therefore it is that, when we drift away from it, They step in and build up new civilisations, using Their great army of servers for the building.

They send out constantly into the world a great stream of blessing which pours like sunshine over the lives of men, so that if anyone lifts up his heart in noble aspirations that sunshine can enter in. They send Their strength into all the religions of the world: Christianity, Hindūism, Buddhism, the Faith of Islām, are dear to Them, and are all blessed by Them, because these great religions are all trying to help their followers to live nobler lives. That is the one thing that wins the Masters' blessing. They send Their thoughts into the minds of the great thinkers of the world—poets, painters, musicians, statesmen, and all who have wide influence. They send Their help to all who try to serve.



Month—April Emblem—Forget-me-not

Quality—Courage.

The calm mind means also courage, so that you may face without fear the trials and difficulties of the Path.

ALCYONE

My Knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And uttermost obedience to the King.

TENNYSON

From the Senior Knight

To a New Companion upon Joining the Round Table

MY DEAR COMPANION,

When you were admitted to our Order with the simple ceremony written for us by our revered Protector, you heard a reference to the 'Guardians of the Peoples of the Earth,' and to the 'Brotherhood,' whose servant it is our hope you may learn to become. I would explain to you a little more fully what our Protector refers to in these phrases; listen carefully to me, therefore, and think well over what I say.

This world has been going on for ages and ages, and men and women and boys and girls have been living and working and hoping in it. You and I have lived in it, many times before, perhaps have joined such an Order as this in the days gone by. To give you an idea of the age of the world, I may tell you that explorers have found no less than ten ruined cities buried one beneath another; each of these cities probably lasted for one or two thousand years, so you can easily calculate how long ago was the first one. Yet mankind is far older than this.

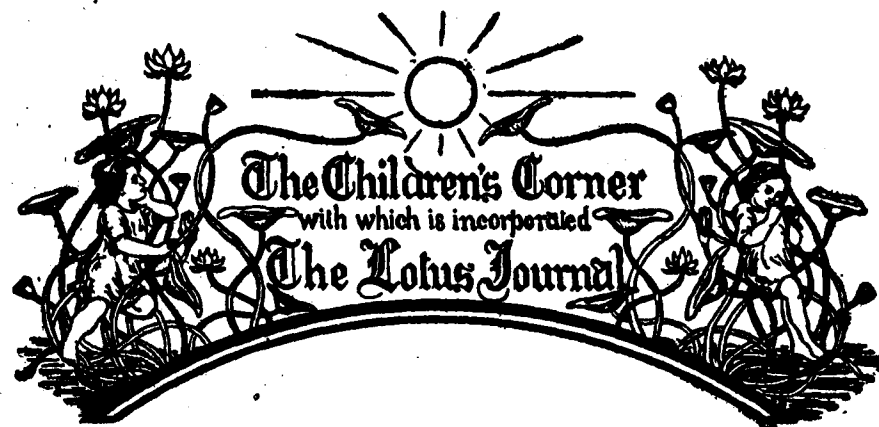
Now, during all this long process, which is called evolution, some have gone on further than others, have grown far stronger, wiser, purer, nobler, grander in every way. They are like elder brothers to us. To your little brother of three you seem a giant in size and power; but to you, who are but fifteen, your brother of five-and-twenty seems just as far above you in size and strength and wisdom. It is the same in the great human family. You and I are older in experience and character than an Australian savage, but we are far, far, younger and weaker than the Elder Brothers of whom I speak.

Some of these Elder Brothers still live in the world in order to help it and to guide it in accordance with the divine Plan, which They know and which we can try to understand. We speak of Them as the great White Brotherhood, or the Lodge of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion. Among Them the Lord Christ is a Master of Masters. In Their strong Hands the world is safe, no matter what difficulties and troubles may come along; They know and see everything; They bless and help everyone; They strengthen and encourage especially those who try to be helpful in the world, to serve the KING, as you, my dear Companion, have promised. Perchance, when you joined your hands, promising to try to live pure, speak true, right wrong, Their compassionate glance fell upon you in blessing; for those who pledge themselves to Service, pledge themselves to the Masters' work.

In a very short time the Master of Masters, whom we call the Christ, will come again into the world, attended by other Masters of Wisdom, and will give the teaching which is to guide the building of the new civilisation spoken of in the Star page preceding this. Now do you begin to understand what an opportunity and privilege you and I have? Had you been in Palestine when He came before, would you not have joined those who thronged about Him, listening to His words? You may have the blessed privilege, earned by your purity and your unselfishness in former lives and in this life, of hearing His voice. You have now the opportunity of helping to prepare for His coming. Come and join with us in this work.

If you are in earnest, as I believe you are, you will follow the discipline suggested in the Round Table booklet of which your Knight will give you a copy. You will feel that you are trying to become a Knight in the KING's Service, and you will remember that the true Knight is strong, brave, truthful, tender, courteous, self-controlled, one in whom the likeness of the KING is beginning to shine out.

LANCELOT



CONDUCTED BY HERBERT AND ETHEL WHYTE

THE DOLL

By MARIE BERMOND, F. T. S.

(Translated from the French by K. F. STUART, F. T. S.)

THERE was once a Small Maiden, who had many dolls; all of them were dear to her, but there was One Doll that was highly favoured; perhaps it was because she was the least beautiful that she was the most beloved. And she was only a common doll, and clumsily built; her face was as round as a clock, and had about as much expression. She had tow-coloured hair, that stood bolt upright upon her narrow forehead, and two staring black eyes, that gave her such an appearance of perpetual astonishment that, looking at her, one could only suppose that she must be seeing everything for the first time!

Over her mouth, suggested by three splashes of crimson paint, hung a sorely be-flattened nose. She wore a flimsy old frock, figured with flowers, and a plum coloured sash was knotted around her waist. Altogether her appearance was rather that of a young hooligan than a member of polite society, but to the Small Maiden she was a peculiar treasure, and, with maternal tenderness, she took pains that her little doll-daughter should be well educated. To this end she read aloud to her constantly, and seated her beside the music-stool whenever she practised the piano, that she might listen to her scales.

One day—alas, it was a day of bad weather, and of evil fortune—the Doll, insecurely seated upon the nursery window-sill, suddenly fell; faster even than the falling rain she fell, and broke her head in pieces! Bitter was the grief of the Small Maiden. She voiced in little sobs her great despair. Full of alarm and concern the whole family gathered about her. But her Mother, although she understood how great was the disaster, still wore a consoling smile. You see, Mothers know! They know all sorts of things their little daughters do not understand!

"Little one," said she, "it is indeed a misfortune, but not so great as you think. Your dear Dolly was old; she was worn out, poor dear! We all wear out at the end of a life-time; but wait and see; by-and-by she will return to you in a new form, and then she will be more beautiful."

Time passed; it seemed long to the Small Maiden, who had to live without her playmate; but one fair morning her Mother came to her with a doll, that at first sight seemed like a stranger, so great was the change. She had golden-brown eyes and sunny curls, her face was radiant with health, her cheeks were red as cherries. She smiled good-humouredly. She was wearing a blue and white checked petticoat, a small dark jacket and a dainty apron, edged with lace, while a white coif encircled her curls.

"Do you know her?" asked the Mother. "It is really she herself, but she is transformed! You see our starting for the country made it necessary she should become a peasant, for one must be in harmony with the place where one lives."

After the first momentary pause of surprise the Small Maiden did not hesitate; she took her little doll-daughter into her arms, with more than the old tenderness; her eyes might deceive her, but her heart instantly recognised her old playmate.

The family spent the holidays in a farm-house; it was unpretending but comfortable, and the Small Maiden and the Doll found themselves quite at home there. They gathered fresh fruit off the trees, and the child

picked handfuls of daisies, out of which she wove daisy chains for her little peasant. They saw the cows milked and helped the farmer's wife to count the eggs.

One day a farm lad pushed the Small Maiden so roughly, that the Doll fell face downwards upon the ground. When rescued, she had a gash across her forehead, one eye had disappeared into her head, she was indeed piteous to behold. It was a fatal accident, nothing could be done. The tears of the Small Maiden flowed afresh.

"Do not grieve thus," said her Mother, "you know now that she will come back to you. It is time she was changed, for we are soon to leave the farm, and you have already taught her all she needs to know of life in the country."

The days passed heavily. It was time to go to the seaside, but the doll had not returned. Terror haunted the heart of the Small Maiden; she had not come back. What if she never came back?

But—in the end—one joyous afternoon, she came back, in the arms of a Mother, herself brimful of joy in her small daughter's happiness. This time the Doll's eyes were green as the sea upon a stormy day; she had crisp little curls, a confident smile and a breezy, businesslike air, and she wore a blue sailor suit and a round cap on which was written in gold letters, 'Victory'.

This time the Small Maiden was not so surprised. She had begun to understand.

"Yes, it is really you," said she. "I knew you directly; but you have new clothes and a new smile, which I like better and I love you more—yes, even more than I did before."

At the sea the sailor-man was very brave. They constructed important works upon the sands, and made a harbour on which sailed some doughty ships, steered by the sailor-man. Sometimes the fishermen, with their set stern faces, took them out in their boat, for they knew all about the open sea, and the big Beyond. But one miserable day the little sailor-man fell into the water. They sought for him, but it seemed there was no hope, he had gone for ever. At last a compassionate

wave carried him up the beach to the feet of his sorrowful friend. His head was half off, his clothes were torn, one of his legs was missing.

"This time," wept the poor child, "I know he is gone for ever."

But her Mother knew that nothing is ever hopeless, and she took away the dislocated sailor-man, promising to bring him back transformed. The holidays were over, everyone returned home. When the child reached home, whom should she see, seated in an arm-chair beside her bed, but a beautiful lady. She wore a hat trimmed with ribbon and lace, caught up at the side to show a fringe of fair hair; her dress was of the latest fashion, she wore a well-cut coat with a collar of soft grey squirrel fur, framing her pretty face. Her hands demurely tucked into her muff, she looked at her old friend with laughter twinkling in her eyes. The Small Maiden caught her up crying joyously:

"You are the hooligan, you are the peasant, you are the sailor-man, you are the beautiful lady, and you are yourself, and I love you best of all, just because you are you."

From time to time, as it became necessary, the Doll still underwent transformations and became in turn a prince, a soldier, a student and again a fair lady; each time the Maiden loved her more and told her all her troubles, her joys and her little projects, for the Doll was discreet.

In the twilight she would sometimes carry her softly to the window in her arms, and try to make out the old faces in the new form; then she would whisper softly:

"You may have blue eyes or black eyes, whichever you please, you may have gold hair or brown, you may wear different clothes. . . . what does it matter, since it is you that I love?"

And the Doll, smiling, uttered not a single word, only she hid carefully in her heart all that the Small Maiden told her. There lay the whole secret: an undying love, that kept her ever the same in each new birth; for love is the immortal part of us, and that which brings back to us again and again the old friend whom we recognise now, and shall remember for ever.



LETTER TO THE LINKS

II

DEAR LINKS IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN,

The words of the Pledge are being said by some hundreds of children every day in the year, in different parts of the world, as one place after another turns towards the Sun and morning comes to waken men and women and children to a new day of earth life. What a beautiful thought that this promise is made—a promise "to be kind and gentle to every living thing I meet"—by children in one country after another, first perhaps in Australia and New Zealand, then in India, in Africa, Russia, Italy, Holland, France, England and America, all through the twenty-four hours—and if the promise is kept, it means that in each of these countries Links are being forged in a Chain of Love which encircles the world, and makes a girdle of pure thought and speech and action, and of protection for the weak, running round our globe.

Think what it would mean if all the children of all the countries in the world not only said the words of the Promise every day but tried to keep it!

Are you a Link in the Golden Chain of Love, little Reader? If not, would you like to become one? It is easy to join the Golden Chain if you wish to do so. You need only copy out the Promise in the January number, sign it, and send it to me at the address given there, and in return you will receive a Card of Membership giving your number in the Chain. But this is only the beginning of things. We can all make promises—the difficult thing is to keep them when made, is it not?

Sometimes little friends tell me they would like to join the Golden Chain, but they are afraid to take a promise which they might forget to keep. I am always glad when a child says this to

me, for it shows that he or she realises that it is a solemn thing to take a promise, and that promises should not be—what the proverb says they are—"like piecrust, made to be broken".

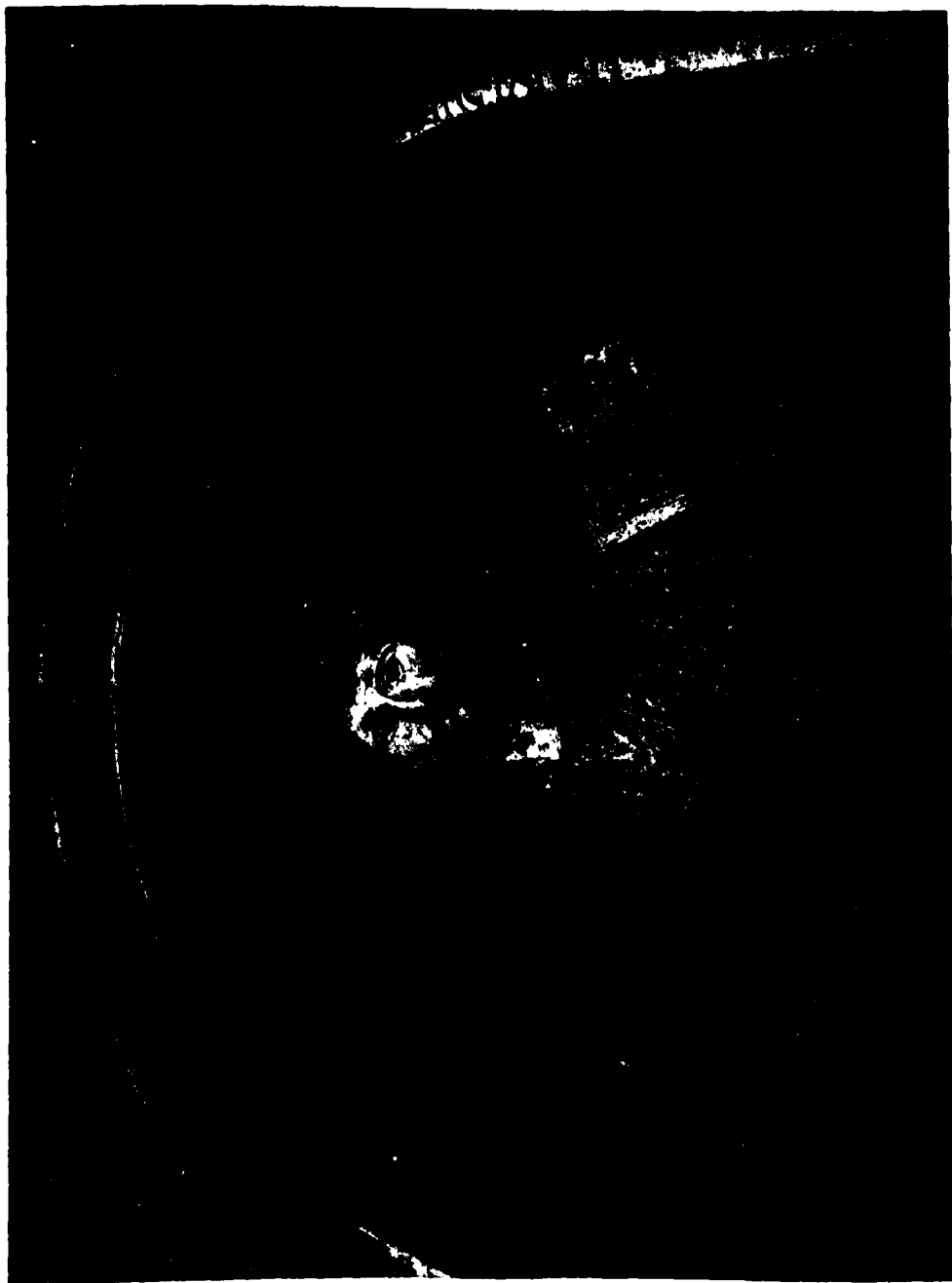
What then is a promise of this kind? It is a solemn way of saying that you intend to do a certain thing; and therefore unless you have made up your mind that the particular thing is worth doing, and really intend with all your might to do that thing, you should not take the promise. If a boy or girl gets into the habit of repeating his Order promise at a particular time each morning—at 8 o'clock for instance—he or she is not very likely to forget it, for this body of ours has a wonderful way of reminding us of the things we are in the habit of doing. But suppose one day he forgot his promise and went down to breakfast without saying it? Well, he would have broken it for the time being, certainly; but if, in his Spirit, he was keeping the promise to be pure and true and loving, and if he set to work again, determined always to remember in future to repeat the words at the appointed time; if after every failure he picked himself up and set to work again to succeed, that boy or girl would be a true Link in the Golden Chain.

Another time we will think together of some of the meanings that may be found in this promise of ours and see what opportunities there are for every Link to make his own special piece of our Chain "bright and strong".

Yours affectionately

ETHEL M. WHYTE

Representatives: *Australia.* S. Studd, 268, Flinders Street, Melbourne. *France.* Mme. de Manziarly, 2 rue Marboeuf, Paris. *Italy.* Signora Boggiani Wagner, Stresa, Lago Maggiore. *Germany.* Frau von Sonklar, Motzstrasse 17, Berlin, III.



PICTURE OF CHRIST IN THE CAPPELLA PALATINA.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I ADYAR, 7TH MAY, 1913 No. 5

FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

LAST month the Message from the Front spoke of the need for Ideals, for the builder must have a plan before him ere he can wisely begin his task. When the Empire-BUILDER has made his plan, has chosen his Ideal, then he must develop in himself the Virtue of COURAGE, else will the work fail of accomplishment, and the Ideal will be but a beautiful Dream, unsubstantial, ever floating in the air.

For Courage is the expression of the Will in the face of danger, steadily set to the accomplishment of a definite purpose. It does not mean blind recklessness and indifference to danger, but an open-eyed recognition of the danger and the steady determination to face it. Some of the bravest soldiers have a feeling of fear as they enter a hail of bullets, but Courage is shown by the quiet firm advance, despite the realisation of the risk. This realisation of the risk depends on

the development of imagination; the unimaginative man, stolid and blunt-nerved, goes on blindly, not realising the danger; while the imaginative man pictures the danger vividly. The first may be seized with panic, if a sudden realisation of the risk of mutilation or death flashes upon him in the midst of the battle; while the second cannot be shaken with terror, for he has deliberately gone forward though realising his peril all the time.

* * *

Physical Courage of the 'bull-dog type,' as it is sometimes called, does not always connote a high level of evolution. For, as said above, it may be merely the outcome of dull imagination and little-developed nerves. The fine type of physical Courage is where the imagination is vivid and the nerves are highly strung, and both are kept in steadiness and obedience by the unswerving open-eyed Will. Such Courage may at all times be depended on, and that is the physical Courage at which our Young Citizens should aim.

* * *

'Presence of mind' is the instant recognition of the best thing to do in a moment of unexpected danger. A motor car comes suddenly whirling round a corner without blowing its horn. A man with presence of mind sees at once whether he had better stand still, jump forward or backward; he does at once the thing which removes him from the spot of danger. A man without this useful faculty hesitates, jumps the wrong way, goes forward and backward, and very likely gets run over. Presence of mind may be called effective Courage, Courage alert and ready to act, the Intellect awake and directing the Will.

* * *

Moral Courage is the same steady Will, facing moral difficulties and dangers instead of physical. Many a man who is brave physically is a moral coward; he fears ridicule, mockery, censure, reproach, the cold looks of friends, the sneer of the worldling. To be morally courageous is to be a real Hero, one who can stand alone, quietly and steadfastly, not blatant and offensive but calm and unmoved. Such Heroes become reformers of abuses, righters of wrong, defenders of the down-trodden, champions of the oppressed. All good causes need such a Hero as leader, who is bright in face of reverse, calm amid the surge of difficulties, cheerful through a long strain of endurance, with eyes ever fixed on the goal, indifferent to the obstacles that intervene. Obstacles exist in order to be overcome.

* * *

Intellectual Courage is shown by the facing of mental problems without an eye to the resulting solutions, by the willingness to gaze at the unveiled Sun of Truth, fearless of any blinding by the light. The intellectually brave man follows Truth wherever her light may gleam, and refuses the shelter of a lie however the storm may rave.

* * *

Spiritual Courage is the realisation of the Self, the Self who can fear nothing because he lives in all and includes all. "The fearless Eternal," says our Hindū brother, seeing that only in that realisation of Eternity is the annihilation of fear.

* * *

This fourfold Courage we must all develop, if we would be worthy to take part in the battles of the future.

The fourth includes them all, and the remaining three are but the gracious blossoms which spring from the one root of all great living, the realisation of the Self. "The Self is fearless. I am that Self. That Self am I."

* * *
'Colin Sterne' has well written:

Like some hero of the ocean,
Like some warrior of the field,
Fight the fight of faith and freedom,
Fight till death and never yield!

CHORUS. "No surrender, no surrender!"
Ever be our battle-cry;
No surrender! no surrender!
Win the fight, or die!

Evil deeds are all around you,
Evil thoughts come in your breast;
Face them all with heart unflinching,
Fight, and leave to God the rest.
No surrender! etc.

Though the world deride and mock you,
Nail your colours to the mast!
God's own strength will fight within you,
Till the strife is overpast.
No surrender! etc.

Fierce temptations will assail you,
Sins of greed and sins of lust;
Show that ye are God's own freemen,
Strike the tyrants to the dust!
No surrender! etc.

So your soul shall grow in greatness,
Grow in light and liberty;
God's own peace shall dwell within you,
God's own truth shall make you free.
No surrender! etc.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, MAY 1913

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of March:

THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS

By THE BHIKKU SILĀCĀRA

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CONTENTS: The Thirty-Seventh Anniversary of the T. S.; Presidential Address; Report of the Treasurer of the T. S.; Report of the Director of the Adyar Library; Reports of the General Secretaries of the National

Societies; Books published during 1912; Reports from Non-Sectionalised Countries; Report of the Headquarters Activities; Reports of Subsidiary Activities Meetings of the General Council; Appendix A. Branches of the Theosophical Society.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I

(APRIL)

No. 4

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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Price: India Ans. 3; Foreign 4d. or 8c. *Post free.*Yearly: India Rs. 1-4; Foreign 2s. 6d. or 65c. *Post free.*

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VOL. XXXIV

(MAY)

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By ANNIE BESANT

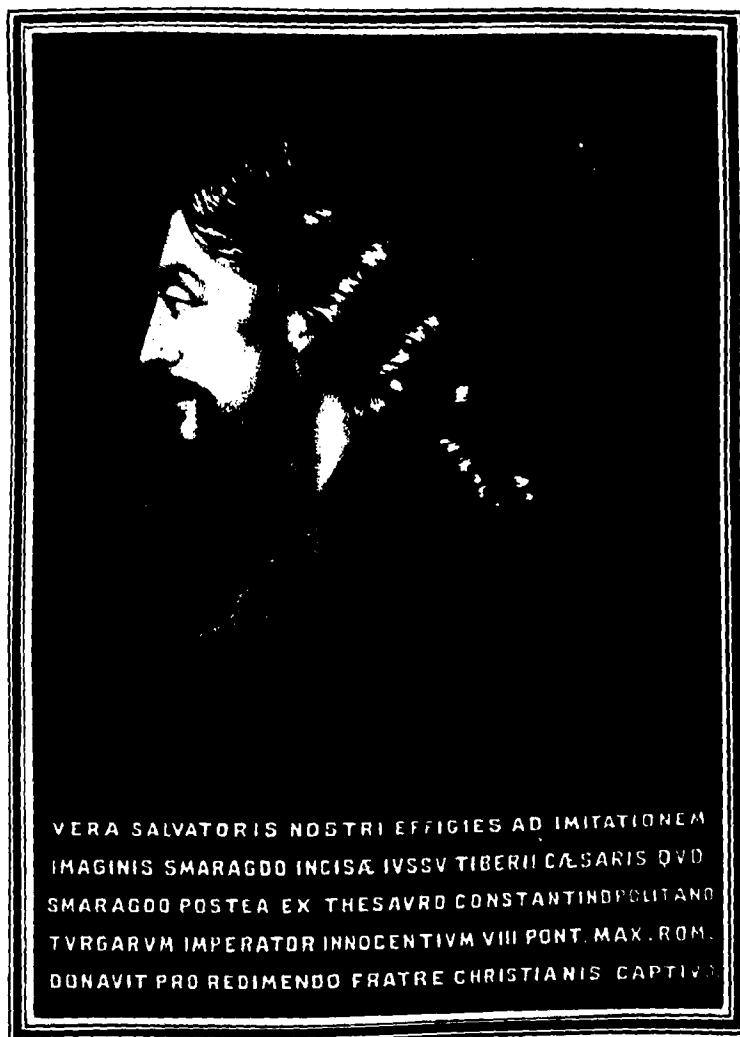
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Convention Lectures, 1912.

THE VASANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS



FROM THE EMERALD



THE BODHISATTVA OR CHRIST

By A SERVER

IN the first number of *THE YOUNG CITIZEN* the Lord Buddha was spoken of, the great Being who is the Supremely Wise having reached full Illumination. It was He who had been, during long ages, the Head of the Teaching Department of our globe, and who, under many names, had taught our fathers in the elder world. Then, you remember, He "passed away from earth, giving into the hands of His beloved Brother, the Lord Maitreya, the high office of the Teacher of Angels and of Men".

That Holy One, the new Bodhisattva, had been perfecting Himself age after age, until He was ready to take the place of His Predecessor. You may read much about Him under the name of Sūrya, the Sun, in the big book, *Man: Whence, How and Whither*.

His first manifestation in the outer world, after He had received His great office of the Supreme Teacher,

was as the wondrous Babe, the gracious playful Child, the Kṛṣṇa who is the chief Object of devotion for hundreds of millions of Hindūs. He came, in fact, to give such an Object of devotion, lest India should grow too dryly intellectual. From His very birth He was wonderful, and all who surrounded Him loved Him—men and women, boys and girls, cows and birds. As a little Boy, He would play with the girls who tended the cows, and make them all dance in a circle, hand in hand, and one day He suddenly created so many forms of Himself that the milkmaids found Him dancing between each pair of them, and every one of them held on each side the hand of a dancing Kṛṣṇa, who laughed up at them with lovely eyes full of merry glee. He taught them love—love for Himself, love for each other, love for all living things, and He would play on His flute melody so enchanting that the animals followed Him, and the birds wondered at strains so much sweeter than their own. His life was as brief as it was exquisite: the milkmaids of His childhood became a community of holy women, living on, after He had passed away, devoted to Him alone, and the Kṛṣṇa-cult of India, the worship of the Child, the Boy, the Youth, flowered into deathless beauty, so that in every Indian home, in the women's quarters, that figure of joyous immortal youth shines out unfading, the centre of a devotion as passionate as it is pure. The Kṛṣṇa who is worshipped never reaches maturity.

In startling contrast with that incarnation of radiant joy was the second manifestation of the Bodhisattva, that which, in the West, is named as the life of the Christ. He has there been termed the 'Man of Sorrows,' and a halo of mournful pathetic beauty has surrounded Him in the hearts of His followers. This is chiefly due to the

identification of the historic Christ with the Christ of the Mysteries, the Christ whose story is repeated by every human Spirit as he treads the Way to Liberation—the Way of the Cross. The real nature of His coming is well indicated in the words of a Christian Scripture: "Who, being in the form of God"—the divine form of the liberated Spirit—"thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men."

He took upon himself the form of His well-beloved disciple Jesus, and so is always called Jesus Christ; in that form He worked for some three years of perfect service, and was cruelly murdered at the end, leaving behind Him the record of a ministry so exquisitely beautiful and tender, that it stands out to Christendom as that of 'the Saviour,' of the Perfect Man. Strength and gentleness in Him found perfect mating; He shielded fallen women, showed sweetest tenderness to little children, rebuked the oppressors of the people, fed the hungry, healed the sick, made friends of the despised, sought to raise the sinner. "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more," was His word to the offender against divine and moral law. Down the centuries His love and pity have shed their holy light, and His most sacred name is that of the 'Friend of Sinners,' the true Son of Man as He is verily Son of God.

It is for the Coming of that most Holy and most Loving One that the world is now waiting, the Coming of Him whose name is Maitreya, the Compassionate.

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F. T. S.

Principal of the Central Hindū College, Benares

V

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Apart from the attitude towards life which is one of the greatest lessons the hero can teach his follower, one begins gradually, as one settles down in one's relations with the object of devotion, to gain a new strength to resist weakness and to acquire qualities, by feeling that the weakness is a very real barrier which separates the object of devotion from the devotee as if there were a solid wall between them; while each quality seems to be a voice from within in assurance that the bonds are growing stronger as the qualities increase.

It is of course true that it is our duty to be good because it is right, because it is setting a better example to others, because God wishes it, because the Christ or any other Great Teacher was good, or because it brings more happiness in the long run. But I have found that I am much surer in my own efforts to be good, if I find that my being good brings me more into touch with

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the real life as I find it embodied in those greater than myself. I see, for example, Mrs. Besant's strength, Alcyone's gentleness, Mr. Leadbeater's purity of life—to divide amongst them a few qualities which they all, of course, possess, but which strike me prominently because I want to acquire them. It is a much greater incentive to me to be strong if I feel, as I do feel, that I am nearer to Mrs. Besant because of an added strength, than to try to become strong because it is part of the necessary balance of character. If I can see *how* to become strong, I shall become strong much more quickly than if I refuse all teachers and begin, as it were, from the very beginning myself. Moreover, I cannot study Mrs. Besant's strength without at the same time learning from her gentleness and from her purity of life, so that the strength I gain from her will be gentle and pure. This is the advantage of hero-worship—one sees the practical application of a quality to the needs of others, and the lesson is priceless. To take another example, I have always been much impressed by the way in which Alcyone shows his deference to the wishes of those who are his spiritual elders. We have all been told that obedience to elders is one of the great principles of life, but it often—indeed generally—happens that the way to obey is as little understood by the younger as is the way to command by the elder. This uncertainty pervades all relations between superior and inferior, and to it I attribute much of the political unrest in India at the present time. If the true relations between father and son are by no means clearly appreciated, it is obvious that there can exist no clearer vision as to the duty of the citizen towards the throne. Now I feel that I have begun to understand what the throne should be to the

citizen and what the citizen should be to the throne, from the relations between Alcyone and his guardians; and if I have the very deepest reverence for the occupants of the Imperial Throne, it has become a much more understanding reverence since I have known Alcyone. Moreover, from the fact that Alcyone is still young in years and in the experience of this present-day phase of the world's existence, I have learned that the truest reverence lies in the most helpful service. Many people imagine that reverence consists in obedience unquestioning, and in receiving blessing—spiritual and even material—from the object of reverence. But it has become quite clear to me that reverence involves a practical duty, and that any return for the reverence must be entirely left out of account if the reverence is to be pure. Part of my reverence for Alcyone, for example, must be displayed in tenderly guiding him in matters which my greater experience of worldly conventionalities gives me the power to understand a little better than he does. Then again, it is my duty to help to give him instruction in subjects with which I am for the moment better acquainted than he is. In a few years time he will know all I know and infinitely more, just as he is already my spiritual superior; but while I have anything of value to offer to him—whether intellectual, physical or in the way of what the French call *savoir faire*—my reverence for him is to be expressed by giving all I can. I might even say to him: "I should advise you not to do this or that." There would be no irreverence, if the advice be given in matters in which I obviously have more experience at present. Thus we learn that the highest reverence consists in the most useful service, and the lesson is one which it is most necessary to apply to our relations

with our Motherland. If you say that you have reverence for your Motherland, you must prove your assertion by serving her. And there are two ways in which she may be served: (1) by training your own faculties, in that you become stronger spiritually, mentally and physically; (2) by helping other sons and daughters of the Motherland also to grow as you are growing.

Now, as I said before, many young people who are reading these lines may have no outstanding physical figure which represents to them the source of all their inspiration. Especially under modern conditions, many young people may have grown up in the idea that this surrender to a larger self outside is in the nature of a humiliation, a confession of weakness. I have tried to show that this is the reverse of the truth; but in order that modern superstitions may not be entirely ignored, I would ask you to apply my remarks to whatever may be your object of reverence, and surely there are few who are so unhappy as to have no ideal to inspire them with reverence and with enthusiasm. At least you love your country, and your best plan in working out that love practically is to try to find out what other great lovers of their countries have done, so that you may learn to do likewise. I know that this will appear to be the thin end of the wedge of hero-worship, and such I frankly admit it is; but I have not yet come across a single individual who has not found his way to the service of the Motherland through the inspiration given him by watching others, greater than himself, at work. Saturate yourselves, if I may use the phrase, with the spirit of your country's great men, and remember that those are greatest whose lives are one long series of heroisms which pass unnoticed because they are

continuous. The world is startled at the sight of isolated deeds of glory, but has little interest in those quiet deeds of beauty which are the every-day incidents of men whose greatness is part of their very natures.

I was much struck by reading in the newspapers of the Emperor's gracious condescension in signalling out for special honour Dr. George Turner, who for years and years has been striving to find out means of alleviating one of the world's most terrible scourges—leprosy. Himself now a victim of the disease, he still labours unceasingly in his quiet retired home in southern England, and because he has worked so long with a heart full of love and eager sympathy, he is one of England's heroes who win for her the power to serve the world.

Read the lives of such great men, and you will learn of that heroism which is to be done day by day, and which is all the more heroic because it is often displayed amidst disapproval and contemptuous criticism, because there is no one to admire or to spread the news that a great deed has been done.

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

THE TOWN OF THE FUTURE

By P. W. MASON

In the Town of the Future, all the work is done on Collectivist principles. There are only two employers of labour—the State and the Town. The railways, ships, mines, main roads, post offices, are the property of the State. The lands and buildings within the town area belong to the Town. The workers employed in connection with the State property are paid by the State; all other workers are paid by the Town. There are no private employers of labour. Any one wishing to buy some article obtains it from the Town stores. Any one wishing to have some work done applies to the appropriate State or Municipal Department, which does the work, and charges the giver of the order for it. The houses are kept in order by workers employed by the Town, in all cases where outside help is desired. These domestic workers, except in special cases, have regular working hours, and when they have completed their appointed work each day, they are as free to spend their leisure time in any manner they choose as are the workers in factories, stores, etc. As most of the cooking and washing is done at the Town kitchens and laundries, there is not a very large amount of work to be done in the houses. Meals may be taken at the Town restaurants, or may be conveyed to the houses in suitable vessels, as may be desired by each person or family.

The chief authority is the Town Council, composed of half a dozen members. This Council is the ultimate Court of Appeal for all matters relating to the internal administration of the Town. The Council also from time to time makes any required alteration in the bye-laws, subject to the restrictions mentioned below.

All the work of the Town is divided into departments, as the agricultural, manufacturing, educational, etc. Each department is under the control of a Manager, who is responsible to the Town Council for the performance of its special work. There are assistant managers and subordinate officers of varying ranks in each department.

The people are divided into ranks or grades according to the work they do, and receive salaries or wages in proportion to their rank. Thus the Town Councillors, who hold the highest rank, receive the highest salaries; the Managers of departments and chief professional men are second in rank, and receive the second largest salaries, and so on.

There is a special 'Selection Department' charged with the duty of making all the appointments to the various positions. At the head of this department is a Council of three who appoint the chief officers, including the Town Councillors, Managers, etc. Subordinate members of the selection department make the appointments to all the other positions. Thus every worker, from the highest to the lowest, knows that his position depends, not on the influence his friends possess, but on his own merits.

In order to avoid the possibility of any one being treated with continued injustice, the 'Representative Department' exists. The members of this department

are elected by the Citizens, there being one Representative to every fifty people. If anyone considers that he has been the victim of unfair treatment, he can discuss his case with his Representative, and decide with him on the course to be pursued in order that the cause of complaint may be removed. If necessary, it is the duty of the Representative to bring the case before the highest authorities, in order that the injured person may obtain justice.

The members of each grade or rank elect one member of the Representative Council, a body whose duty it is to look after the rights of the Citizens, and to prevent the imposition of undue restrictions, or other undesirable conditions. This Council therefore has various rights, one of which is its power to veto any new bye-law, or alteration in any existing bye-law.

From the time when a boy reaches the age of twelve, he comes under the observation of the selection department, and his name is entered on his own page of the Citizen's Register. Reports made by his schoolmasters are entered at definite periods on this page, so that when the time comes for him to choose his occupation, the selectors who have to deal with his case have a certain amount of information regarding his abilities and character, and are thus enabled to advise him and his parents as to the profession or trade most suitable for him. Should there be a larger number of candidates desiring to follow any particular occupation than there are vacancies, they undergo a special examination, and the most successful candidates are trained for that occupation.

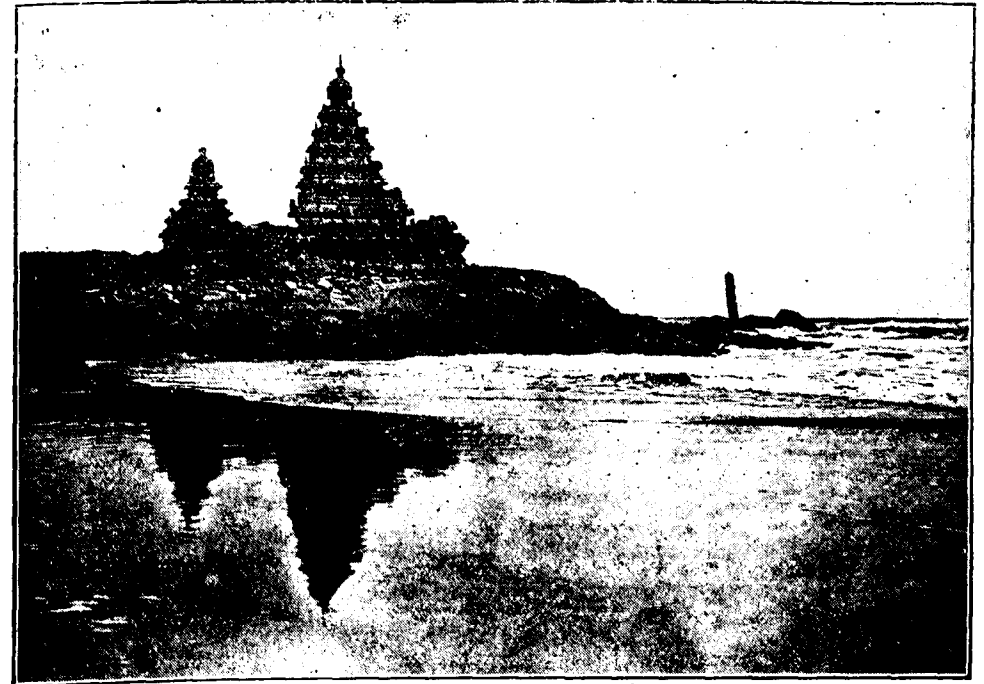
THE SEVEN PAGODAS¹

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

SUCH is the now rather inappropriate name of some remarkable ruins, among which one pagoda only is to be found, situated on the sea-shore, about forty miles from Adyar. It is possible to drive there in a motor-car, at much risk to the springs and the tyres, for such 'roads' as there are were manufactured long ere motor-cars were invented. Better is it to start towards the sun-setting in a flat-bottomed boat, and to glide slowly along the quiet canal into the growing dusk, and on through the star-lit night to the dawning, under the magic of the Indian sky. Then the goal is reached ere the sun is high in the heavens, and the shore with its caves and curious little temples is before us.

Once, tradition says, the mighty King Bali lived here, Bali who was so great a lover of truth that he would not tell a lie even under greatest stress of ruin and defeat. And for this he was blessed by Vishnu, the Protector, who promised him that in far future days he, the stainless truth-teller, should be Ruler of the Devas, Monarch of the upper sky. For his utter loyalty to truth made him worthy of all trust and honour. Bali, it was said, made here his capital, and it was named the City of the great Bali—Mahābalipuram. When he built it, the sea was at a considerable distance from its site, and between it and the sea seven pagodas arose, only one of which now remains, the other six having been swallowed up by the hungry advancing sea.

¹ The pictures are from photographs taken by Major A. B. Stone.



THE SEVENTH AND ONLY REMAINING PAGODA

The tide now washes against the narrow strip of land which separates the last pagoda from destruction, and it is probable that, ere very long, this also will be swallowed up and will disappear beneath the waves.

Other monuments, however, remain, among which are the five 'raṭhas,' small temples named after the members of the great reigning family, known in history as the Pāṇḍavas. These raṭhas are monoliths; that is, they are cut out of a single huge stone, and they are covered with sculpture and with inscriptions in ancient Samskr̥t. They vary in shape and size, as may be seen from the accompanying pictures. Draupadī was the Princess whose

troubled life is related in the great Indian epic poem of the *Mahābhārata*, and about whom you may read in the *Story of the Great War*, a book written for Indian boys, which tells the story of the Pāṇḍava Princes, their wanderings and their battles, and their many strange and exciting adventures.



DRAUPADI'S 'RATHAS'

Sahādeva was one of the five Princes, a younger brother of Arjuna—Arjuna, the great archer, whose wonderful skill with the bow made him one of the most famous warriors of his time.

There is an immense bas-relief showing Arjuna's long austerity, by which he won from the Devas various

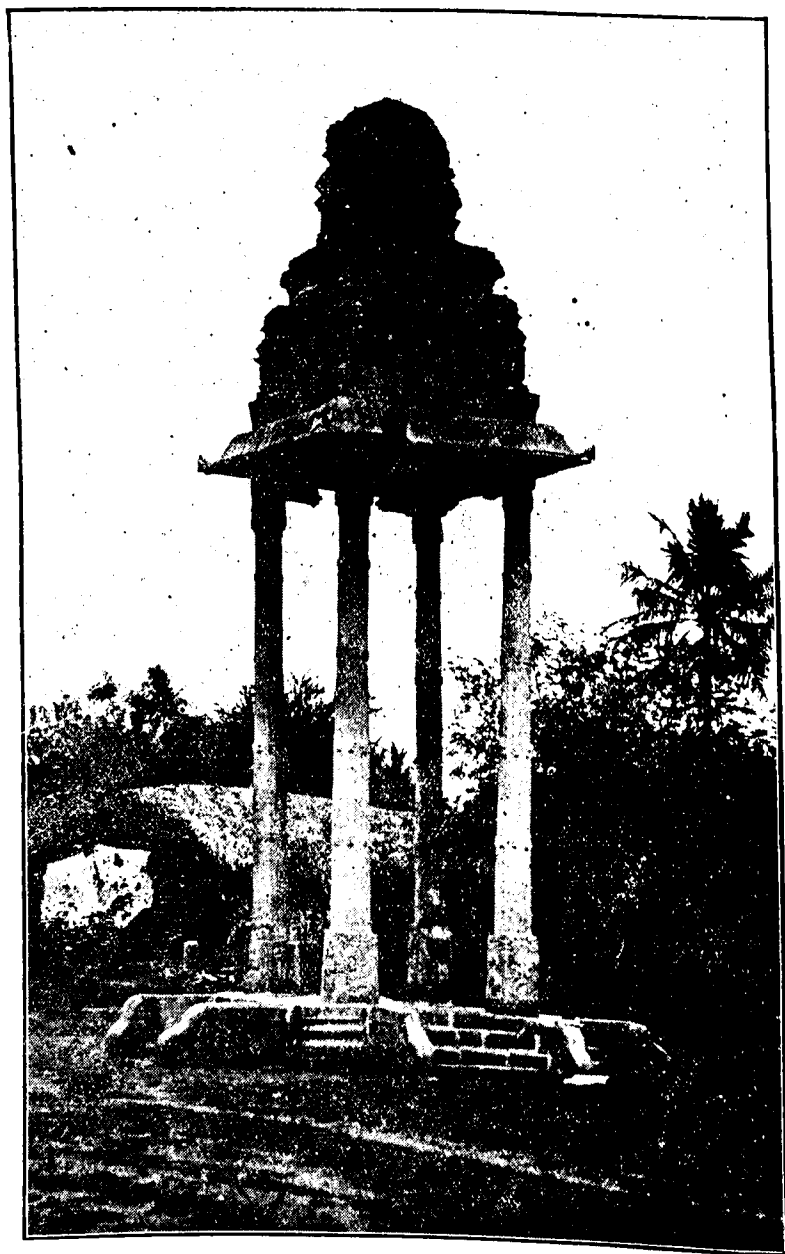


SAHĀDEVA'S 'RATHA'

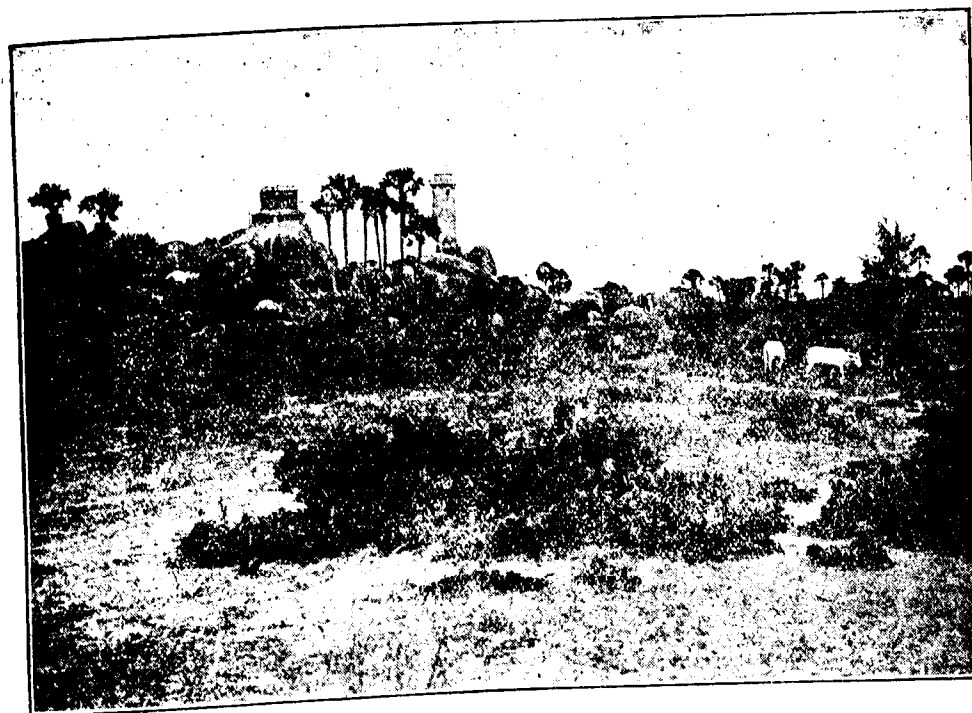
celestial weapons; this carving covers a great rock 96 feet long and 43 feet high. The sculptors of those days had evidently plenty of time, and probably many of them worked on such a huge carving, and each man put his heart into his own piece of work, and wrought it with loving care and skill.

Another huge thing is a figure 1,500 feet long, representing King Bali lying down, engaged in meditation.

Overleaf is a striking erection on four tall slender pillars but I do not know what purpose it was intended to serve, unless it once sheltered some great image, and was a canopy over it.



In our last picture, the old and the new jostle each other, for a light-house and a rock-temple are seen side by side. Few are the worshippers who come to the temple, but the warning ray of the light-house streams out over the sea, to bid sailors on passing ships not to approach too nearly the rocky shores.



LIGHT-HOUSE AND ROCK TEMPLE

Many cave temples offer fresh allurements to the student, but there is far too much to see in a single day. Most visitors, however, turn homewards with the setting sun, and once more the boat travels silently along the water-way, and the quiet night broods over the sleepers, as they glide between the banks of the canal.

THE FALL OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

THE traction engines slowly lumbered along the dusty highroad dragging their loads of wood, wire and canvas to the flying-ground, where their respective owners and a group of officials stood waiting in readiness to receive them. A flock of gulls wheeled and soared to and fro among the dust clouds, as though mocking this clumsy attempt on the part of man to conquer the Kingdom of Air. A quaint little figure, all equipped for flight in a close-fitting white hood, sweater and short grey skirt, ran forward to greet these unexpected competitors, closely followed by a tall young air-man.

"Come to see us make fools of ourselves, what?" said he. He spoke English almost perfectly and only a very slight accent betrayed his Dutch descent. His companion was more enthusiastic:

"Oh you dears! You beautiful things! You're too, too silly and lovely for anything!"

She stood watching them, shading her eyes with her hand.

"It's you that are too silly and lovely to-day," said he, looking down on her diminutive figure with an indulgent smile.

"I?" She laughed, then blushed and drew herself up. "That's rather a doubtful compliment, isn't it?"

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"It is a bit mixed, perhaps," he admitted.

"Why am I silly?" she demanded.

He raised his eyebrows.

"Did you imagine I was going to let you make your first flight in this gale?"

"But you promised!" pouted she. "You said I should be your first passenger!"

"And so you shall, but not to-day."

"Why not? You are going to make a flight."

"Yes, but only a short one, not to disappoint the crowds. It's risky all the same."

He looked up anxiously, as the creaking pine trees swayed to and fro in the gale.

"You said I should make my first flight to-day!" persisted she in an aggrieved tone.

"If you did it would probably be your last!" said the Dutchman grimly. "No, no, it's not safe for you."

"But I'm not a bit afraid!"

This time he made no answer beyond a decided shake of the head.

"Oh very well then; if you won't take me I shall ask Monsieur Duprès; he will be only too pleased."

"He's not here," said the air-man quickly.

"No, but he's coming—he told me so."

"Hullo! what kind of sky craft is this, I wonder!"

He pointed to a small speck on the distant horizon, hoping to distract her thoughts. The speck grew larger every moment and seemed to be making for the aviation ground. Every eye followed the movements of the unknown with the deepest interest, as he stopped his engines and glided in a masterly manner to the ground. His mechanics, who had been expecting him, sprang forward out of the crowd and received the aeroplane, as

he landed with a flourish. To it were strapped two portmanteaux and these he proceeded to detach amid a good deal of laughter and some cheers.

"Why it's he! It's Monsieur Duprès!" cried the girl. "And he's flown here with his aeroplane instead of trundling it along on a traction engine. How fearfully sporting of him! I must congratulate him." She pressed forward eagerly:

"Bravo! Bravo! Monsieur! what a brilliant idea! Tell me, do I weigh as much as those two portmanteaux of yours?"

"Ma foi! non," he looked admiringly at her slim figure. "Mademoiselle is a sylph—a fairy."

"And yet I have asked Monsieur van Bergen to take me a flight and he will not!"

"Ah Mademoiselle," said the Belgian impudently, "why did you not ask *me*? C'est qu'il faut s'adresser au bon Dieu et pas aux Saints."

There was a titter from one or two bystanders at this *bon mot*.

"Confound his impudence!" muttered Van Bergen.

"He says there is danger," went on the girl, "but I'm not afraid, only excited!"

"Mademoiselle has not the English sangfroid," said Duprès delighted. "Mademoiselle is like us—like myself—all fire and flame! Is it not?" He placed his hand on his heart and made a little bow.

"All gammon and spinach you mean, you old gas-bag!" growled Van Bergen savagely, and the crowd tittered again.

The Belgian could not follow the subtleties of the English idiom, but he saw plainly enough that some insult had been intended, and he glared furiously at Van

Bergen, who, not deigning to notice him, had drawn the girl hastily aside and was speaking earnestly in a low tone.

"Mademoiselle! Bridget! Listen to me. Don't go with that rabbit. He isn't to be trusted. I swear to take you the first moment it's safe. Wait for me! I can't make pretty speeches but . . . but when a chap's keen on a girl he doesn't want to see her dashed to pieces before his eyes."

Bridget, who had never had the smallest intention of entrusting her small person to Duprès' brilliant but erratic airmanship, allowed herself to waver and Van Bergen followed up his advantage. At this moment one of the older air-men happened to pass by.

"There's Hatchell! By all that's lucky! He's the best air-man we've got. Now we'll refer it to him. Is it a bargain?"

"Very well."

"What's all this," said Hatchell. "She wants to fly to-day in this gale? No, certainly not; much too risky."

Then he turned to Bridget with a twinkle:

"Can't have anything happening to *you*! Why it would soon be a double tragedy! He'd be doing this sort of thing"—and he drew his forefinger from ear to ear in a highly suggestive pantomime. Then, digging Van Bergen in the ribs with a facetious chuckle, he departed.

"You see?" said the Dutchman.

Then without waiting for her to answer, he strode across to where Duprès stood chaffing with an admiring crowd.

"I have persuaded Mademoiselle to change her mind. She will not risk herself to-day. She will wait and go with me to-morrow."

Duprès glared at the speaker. Here was another of the perfidies of the ever perfidious Albion!

"With *you*! And who are *you* pray? Mademoiselle is she then your property that you dispose of her as you think fit? What right have you to control Mademoiselle? You are her fiancé, hein?"

"No," said the Dutchman coolly.

"There is nothing between you then," fiercely pushing his advantage.

Van Bergen was a little taken aback but only for a moment.

"There is an 'entente cordiale,'" said he airily and, coolly flicking the ash off his cigarette, he turned to depart. The Frenchman flew after him and catching hold of his arm thrust his face close to Van Bergen's, saying in a voice choked with rage:

"For what there is between you and Mademoiselle, I care not; but between you and me there is war! You have insulted me, Monsieur! Gare à vous!"

The feud between the Belgian and Van Bergen was a thing of long standing. They were rivals in flight as well as in love, and the boy with his youth, his daring, his good temper and his chivalrous devotion, had taken the fancy of the flying school, who laid wagers on his ultimate success and enjoyed the little comedy daily enacted. With the crowds who now flocked to the aviation ground he was a hot favourite.

His machine, an extraordinarily small monoplane, now came in sight and the crowd, realising they were not to be altogether disappointed in spite of the wildness of the wind, raised cheer upon cheer, not unmixed with laughter at the quaint little object.

"Queer thing how that chap always takes people's fancy," remarked Hatchell. "Listen to that cheering! Oh, he's a fine figure of a man I grant you, but they make him a little tin god."

Amid much laughter and shouting of "Three cheers for the Flying Dutchman," "Hurrah for the Hollander!" "For he's a jolly good fellow," etc., Van Bergen stepped into what appeared to be a small bird cage, between the two yellow wings. As he did so a porter arrived with a truck, on which stood a large packing case.

"Say, Mister, what's all this?" enquired one of the crowd.

"Oh, those are spare wings in case I get a spill," he replied.

"Sportsman, ain't he?" said the man, with a delighted chuckle.

"You seem to 'ave thought of everything, Governor! Got some spare arms and legs too? Guess you'll need 'em!"

Van Bergen, not deigning a reply, donned his casket made of pneumatic leather, and then started off with the characteristic pop, pop, pop, like the drawing of numberless corks. He rushed headlong down the slope for about thirty yards, rose into the air and sprang above the tree tops.

"Plucky beggar that," said Hatchell to a fellow air-man, "I wouldn't go on that thing for a thousand pounds!"

"Nor I," said the other with a shrug, "look at him now! Did you ever see such a fellow?"

In truth the Dutchman's flight made them all hold their breaths; heeling over now to this side, now to that, rushing forward at a furious pace, slackening again. Now he would rise a few yards, then swoop down with

such startling suddenness that the spectators gasped. They watched him in a fascination that was half fear and half enjoyment, as he pursued his hazardous course. Bridget watched him too with no little pride, which changed swiftly to anxiety, as the pop, pop, popping became somewhat irregular and he appeared to lose control of the aeroplane. A strong gust of wind caught him and swung him out over a lake but he managed to reach the other side in safety. Suddenly they became aware that the air-man was descending; so rapidly had this occurred that no one could tell exactly what had happened, but some spectators declared the aeroplane to be upside down. Instantly there was a stampede in his direction. Doctors in motors, patrols on horseback, officials of all kinds sprang up as if by magic and dashed to the rescue. Before they could reach him however he had crawled out of the wreckage and was ruefully regarding the damaged 'Mosquito'.

"Had a bit of a spill," he remarked to the panting first arrivals, "any one got a cigarette?"

"Do you mean to tell me he lives still after that fall?" inquired Duprès. "Pas possible!"

"Oh, he was born to be hanged," said another air-man carelessly, "you need never be afraid of anything happening to him."

"He has the devil's own luck, curse him!" muttered Duprès.

The next morning broke bright and fine. The Military Band played gaily, and a larger crowd than ever had assembled at the flying-ground. The number of aeroplanes was considerable; indeed far more of them were in action at the same time than was at all prudent.

"It's scandalous," said Hatchell. "There'll be an accident soon."

He stood watching the competitors for the one thousand guinea prize for some moments, and presently he muttered half to himself:

"I don't like it."

"What don't you like?" said Bridget at his elbow.

"What does Duprès mean by dodging about like that so near Van Bergen?"

He watched with knitted brows while the crowd, who saw nothing amiss, cheered and shouted applause.

A little group of mechanics hard by, however, were also watching the tactics of the big bi-plane and discussing it in no favourable terms. Presently one of them scowled and shook his fist exclaiming:

"That's foul flying, and that feller ought to be warned off the course."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when, quite suddenly, the little yellow-winged 'Mosquito' fell like a stone to the ground. A groan of horror and consternation went up from the crowd. The band broke off suddenly in the midst of 'Our Miss Gibbs' and after a few wild discords ceased altogether, the bandsmen staring horror-struck at a crumpled mass of wood, wire and yellow canvas that lay motionless in the sunshine. The doctor in his motor was first upon the scene, directing the operation of removing the injured man from the ruins of his aeroplane, in which he lay as in a crushed cardboard box. As they gently lifted him on to the stretcher, the Dutchman's eyelids fluttered a little; then he opened his eyes and looked about him.

"How was it, old chap?" said some one. "Bit too crowded up there?"

"The backwash of another aeroplane brought you down, sir," said one of the mechanics.

"Yes, just you tell us who it was and we'll wring his neck for him. Curse him! The black-hearted villain!" Said another man shaking his fist:

"Who was it, Governor?"

Van Bergen, still struggling against a deadly faintness, strove to speak.

"I don't know who it was," he said shortly.

"But I know—" began Bridget.

The Dutchman silenced her with a look. She hid her face in her hands and sat very still.

"Now then, stand back there! Give him air!" cried the doctor wrathfully. "What d'you mean by crowding round like this? Do you want to make it a compound fracture? Get back there. Here, constable! Clear them all off but this young lady, who can stay and help me." Several burly policemen pushed their way through the crowd and took up their position with their backs to the stretcher, at which the Doctor was busy with his temporary splints and bandages, and their faces to the curious crowd whom they kept at bay. Anticipating trouble, they had arrived in strong force, and even now several of their number were engaged in defending Duprès, who had just landed, from the furious attacks of the mechanics, who were endeavouring to lynch him, convinced that he had been the cause of the mishap.

"Why don't you tell them?" whispered Bridget. "He may get the prize and he deserves to be hounded off the course." The Hollander shook his head.

"One doesn't tell," said he briefly.

"But I know who—"

"You will know nothing," he said peremptorily.

She did not speak and he regarded her anxiously.

"Bridget! do you hear me? You must forget anything you know."

The girl swallowed something with an effort, then spoke:

"I have forgotten," she said.

The surgeon, who had just finished his labours, turned his back on them for a moment or two. Van Bergen seized the opportunity to slip his sound arm round Bridget, as she knelt beside the stretcher. At this moment it was announced by the Judges that Duprès had won the one thousand guinea prize. The announcement was received in chilling silence by the crowd, and provoked another outburst of wrath from the mechanics.

"Confound it all! The brute has won the prize," exclaimed the surgeon with indignation.

"Pardon me, Herr Doctor," said the Dutchman, with a twinkle, "that's just what he's lost!"

REINCARNATION

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

HOBART

MEMORY FOR STUDENTS

By ERNEST WOOD, F. T. S.

V

IDEA-JOINING

VERY often a student is required to remember things in a certain order or serial form, and is expected to recall them in Indian file, as it were, one by one and one after the other. Such is the case very largely in the study of history. The student has to remember the order of appearance of the various characters on the world stage. Thus, to obtain a general view of English History, you might learn the ruling dynasties as a series; next the monarchs in each dynasty; next the distinguished persons who appear in the reign of each monarch, and finally what they were like and what they did. In this way you would form a table something like this:

Norman	The Conqueror	Lanfranc	Archbishop
		Hereward	Outlaw
		Malcolm	Scottish King
		Waltheof	Rebel earl
		Robert	Rebel son
	Rufus	etc.	etc.
	Henry	etc.	etc.
	Stephen	etc.	etc.
Plantagenet	Henry II	etc.	etc.
	etc.		
Tudor	etc.	etc.	etc.
Stuart	etc.	etc.	etc.

Now, by comparing each member of the series with the next in turn, you will find it quite easy to remember the whole series, and a few repetitions will serve to fix it in the mind. It is necessary, however, to go slowly with the work, and not on any account to pass on to a new point of study until you feel quite sure that you know thoroughly the one which is being learned.

Let us now try a little experiment to see the benefit of order and the best way of arranging the members of a series. Here are eighteen words written down one after another. Read them over very slowly and carefully:

Young Citizen	metal
water	skin
paper	rails
railway	ice
gold	yellow
steam	soft
fur	magazine
pen	hand
snow	iron

Now close your eyes and try to repeat the series of words. You will not be able to do so unless you have quite a remarkable memory.

Let us, then, try another set of words:

Young Citizen	ice
yellow	snow
gold	soft
metal	fur
iron	skin
rails	hand
railway	pen
steam	paper
water	magazine

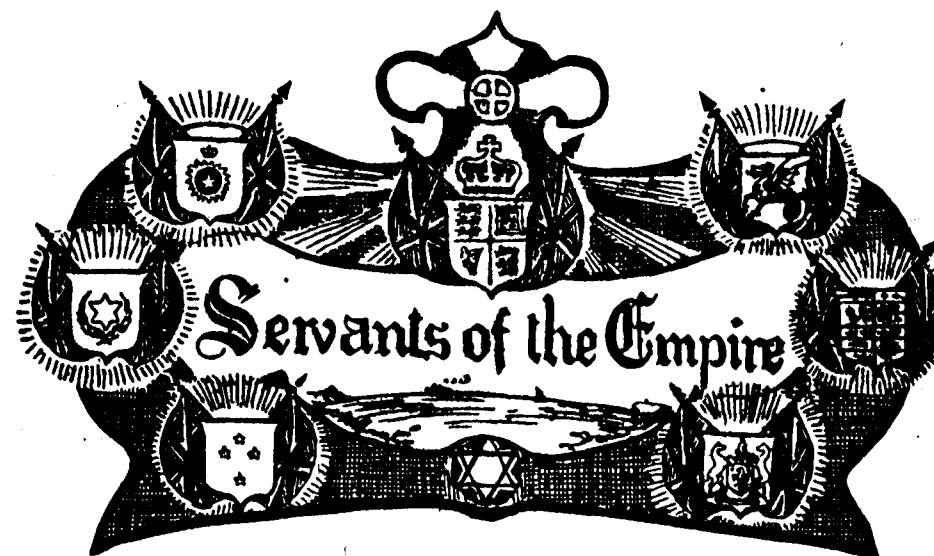
Take the first word, Young Citizen, and make a little picture of it in your mind. Then take the second word, yellow, and make also a little mental picture of something yellow. Next think of those two words, Young Citizen and yellow, and the two little pictures belonging to them,

together, and you will see at once how they are connected. Think of gold, and form an image of something made of gold. Then think of the two words, yellow and gold, and the two little pictures belonging to them, and again you will see how they are related. Proceed to metal, making a little picture of something metallic, putting together gold and metal until they blend into one idea. In this way read very slowly through the whole series of words, never forgetting to make the mental pictures for each.

Now close your eyes again. If you have been carefully through the list of eighteen words, making the little pictures carefully, you will now be able to repeat the series quite easily. Are you not surprised to find that you can recall them all almost without effort?

Compare the two lists. You will find that the words are the same in both of them. It is only the order of the words that is different, but that makes a great difference to your memory. Why is it that you can remember the second set easily, whereas you could not recall the first set at all? The reason is very simple, yet very important. In the second list the words are in an order in which they have a close relation to each other. Now if only you could put in order all your studies, how easy and pleasant a task it would be! But the greatest secret of all for the successful linking together of two ideas (and all learning consists in adding something you don't know to something that you do) lies in two rules, to be considered next month.

(To be continued)



The Editor of this journal, lecturing some little time ago on the reconstruction of Society, said: "There are certain fundamental laws of life according to which Society must be governed if it is to be happy and enduring. Let me give you my ideal of Society. You may say it is Utopian, but the Utopias of to-day are the realisations of to-morrow. A Government does not exist for itself, but for the happiness of the people—no Government can justify its existence except as it secures that happiness and contentment. And it must justify its power by the effective exercise of it for the common good. My ideal of Society is that only that Society is worthy to endure that secures to every man, woman and child born into it a minimum of well-being, which enables every individual to develop to the full those faculties with which he has been born into the world. This ideal had in the past been realised largely under conditions very different from our own. The difference of condition lay in the fact that they had then a great mass of people in whom mental faculty was developed only to a very limited extent, and they were ruled and guided by people enormously in advance in evolution of the people whom they ruled. This condition existed in the childhood of the race. Fragments of it might be seen in the great civilisations of the past, wherein it was decreed that wisdom should rule, and co-operation with the ruler be the duty and happiness of peoples. Such a civilisation could not be re-established to-day. No longer had they the enormous differences between the ruler and the ruled, for they had a population amongst whom mental faculty might be found in many, many stages, but with no such huge gulf between the mass of the people and those who ruled and guided them. Nowadays they

had not, as in the past, a few giants and a child-people, but rather a mass of people who felt the power they had and desired to exercise it, and did not see in their rulers those who were enormously in advance of themselves in intellectual power and moral character. So while they might admire those child-civilisations of the past, ruled by what were called divine dynasties and divine Kings, they could yet learn the truth that no country could be happy save where the wisest guided, and where ignorance, which, unguided and unhelped, was able to destroy, but was never able to construct, was guided and helped to the sure building of the social fabric. Men were brought into the world with an equal right to happiness and the development of their powers, and the duty of the elder people was to help the younger. The more they knew, the more it was their duty to teach the ignorant. The more they possessed, the more it was their duty to dedicate all they had to the service of the weaker, because the only right reward of strength was the power to serve. Let them look at their social system, and see how far it fitted in with the theory of brotherhood growing out of a common life. The general rule of their social system was that the more disagreeable the work the worse it was paid, the heavier and more exhausting the less the reward it brought. In a better social system, with the idea of the younger brother as less developed in mind, conscience and character, the conditions would be so arranged that labour done according to the man's capacity would bring him the well-being which would enable him to develop to the full such faculties as he had."

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF INDIA

THE members in Madura are working well to help a local Society with the following worthy objects:

To help poor and deserving students to prosecute their studies;
To encourage religious education in the Educational Institutions of Madura; To help the Educational Institutions of Madura pecuniarily;
To feed the poor; To conduct similar charitable objects.

It is often wise for Sons and Daughters to offer themselves as workers in useful local enterprises already existing, rather than to start new lines of work.



WE learn from the *Herald of the Star* that the English membership has risen to 1,405, New Zealand is approaching 1,000, America has 2,374, and in all the Order numbers some 12,000 men and women. Hungary has already 107 members, a result on which we may congratulate Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, who, despite constant illness, works with unwavering courage.

The second Italian edition of *At the Feet of the Master* is now on sale at the best Italian booksellers', and *The Immediate Future* is similarly placed on sale, having been translated and issued by the Order. It is very interesting to hear that "some serious and fruitful propaganda work has been done in the Waldensian Communities". These old Christian communities have maintained themselves in Italy since the days of violent physical persecution and Rome never succeeded in crushing them. Now they live peacefully under the ægis of United Italy.

The awful charges brought against the Head of the Order by his father have been declared by the Judge of the High Court of Madras to be absolutely baseless, and to have been invented by the father long after their supposed occurrence out of jealousy and hatred of Mr. Leadbeater. The Judge, however, while bluntly stating that he disbelieved the plaintiff's evidence, declared that the fact that "a father was a liar" did not deprive him of his right to the custody of his children, and ordered the poor boys to be given back to him, to the fate graphically described by the learned counsel for the plaintiff, that they would be placed in conditions "to have the nonsense knocked out of them". What that would mean, we can judge from their past. The whole costs of the suit are thrown on the plaintiff, to mark the judge's view of his conduct. Mrs. Besant

will, of course, appeal against the order, as the life of our Alcyone, were it to be carried out, would be too terrible to contemplate, being, as he would be, in the hands of a father who has striven to blacken his name, and to blight his honour. Four hundred poor people were feasted at Adyar on April 24th, in celebration of the judicial freeing of Alcyone from his father's awful accusations. His honour has been vindicated in the eyes of the world, and for this answer to his slanderers we must feel gratitude to the instigators and supporters of the suit.

The O.S.E. seems to be making great progress in England, where several clergymen are showing keen sympathy, and are preaching on the coming of the Christ on the lines of the O.S.E.

In Ireland, also, progress is being made, four Irish counties showing a dawning interest. Meditation is being carried on both in England and Ireland in the churches, advantage being taken of the devotional atmosphere often found in such places.

The persecution of members of the Order belonging to the Central Hindū College goes on vigorously at Benares. Twenty-six such members, belonging to the College, the Collegiate School and the Girls' School, have been rendering unpaid service for years, or living on bare subsistence salaries, and one of them, sometime back, presented to the College his father's splendid library. All this is forgotten, and their lives are being rendered miserable. They are held up to derision in the *Leader*, an Allahabad paper which signalled itself a year or so ago by a cruel anonymous attack on Alcyone, and which inserts anonymous letters, ridiculing and abusing the members whose religious views are disliked. Lately a letter of the most private character was obtained—we do not yet know how—and published in the *Leader*, an outrage on all social laws of honour, and some of the directors of the *Leader* having been lately placed on the Board of Trustees, our faithful comrades—whose only fault is that they are members of the O.S.E.—are in the unfortunate position of being in the hands of these local Trustees, who, in their other character as directors of the *Leader*, can create "public opinion" in support of their policy. Orthodoxy and free-thought—Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate—are once more joining hands.



Month—May Emblem—Bluebell

Quality—Peace.

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright. For the end of that man is peace.

PSALM, xxxvii. 37

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

WHITTIER

Peace is not to be found in the continued gratification of the separated self... It is found in renouncing the separated self, in resting on the Self that is One.

ANNIE BESANT

Lancelot sends this month an outline of a meeting which has proved useful to the Companions of the Round Table, and as many Tables are now being formed over the world, this sketch of the order of one of the regular meetings, as conducted by an experienced Knight, will be helpful as a guide.

Two songs are sung as an opening, and many suitable songs for this purpose may be found in the *Lotus Song-Book*.

A brief reading. Companions may take it in turn to give this.

A minute of silence. The thought of the month may be taken.

and the single figure in our second. The old man of the pair might be Abraham, from his venerable appearance, and many such types may be found by English children in the pictures of their family Bibles. The women are described as very handsome.



TODA MAN



TODA WOMAN

The chief people in the Toda village are the buffaloes, for they are regarded as sacred and are tended and waited on with the greatest reverence. The chief buffalo-keeper is also the chief priest, and he alone is allowed to enter the curious ringed erection shown in our fourth picture, and called the Toda cathedral. Women are shut out from the temples—a discredit to Todas, allying them rather to the Hebrews and Muhammadans than to the Āryan Hindūs, so that the grades in rank in the Toda villages are: (1) Buffaloes; (2) Men and Boys; (3) Women and Girls.

The Toda huts are very peculiar, and may be seen in our first picture; they are usually about ten feet high, eighteen feet long and nine feet broad; as the doorway is only thirty-two inches high and eighteen inches wide, entry is a matter of some difficulty, and when a piece of wood closes the opening there seems to be a certain lack of ventilation.



TODA CATHEDRAL



A VILLAGE GROUP

Our fifth picture gives a village group of men, women and children, and again we are struck by the fine type of the man on the extreme left. There seems to be some doubt as to the origin of the Todas, so different are they from the aboriginal tribes around them, and one of the many conjectures has made them descendants of the "ten lost tribes" of Israel!

THE MOON

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

"I CANNOT understand how it is, Judge," remarked a young man at a dinner party, "that you are not more concerned at the things that are said about you by your enemies."

"Can't you?" replied the Judge. "It is quite simple. In my backyard at home there is a dog and he barks and barks all night at the moon."

There the Judge stopped and placidly resumed his dinner, and apparently forgot all about the young man. Presently the latter ventured to remind him:

"Won't you finish your story, Sir, about the dog and the moon?"

"The moon?" echoed the Judge. "*Oh! the moon just goes on shining.*"

The young Theosophist is often at considerable pains to whitewash himself in the eyes of the world, but he presently discovers that much of this is a waste of time and a still greater waste of whitewash; then he learns to leave all that to the Master. After all why trouble to *whitewash yourself*? In the fulness of time *He shall bring forth* "thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day".

THE MOTHERLAND OR FATHERLAND

By C. KOFEL, F. T. S.

LAST autumn the editor of *La Semaine Littéraire*, Geneva, sent the question: "What is the Motherland?" (in French and German it is called the Fatherland) to a number of schools in various parts of Switzerland, to be answered by the children from nine to thirteen years of age, on the spur of the moment, without help or preparation, and without their having any idea why they were asked the question. Shortly afterwards some of the answers appeared in *La Semaine Littéraire*; they may interest the readers of *The Young Citizen*, though they lose some of the pithiness through the translation. The style is kept as much as possible as it is in the original. The writers are mostly under twelve years of age.

"The Fatherland is the corner of earth, be it mountain or lake-shore, where one is born, lives and dies: I was born in the Cité, 22. I love my Fatherland, which is Geneva, and I am proud that it has such a glorious past. When one is in another country, one is happy to be able to say that one is Swiss." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is the place where one is born, the country which one prefers. It is represented by the national monument." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is the canton of Geneva. Near the *Jardin des Anglais* (a public garden) there are two

♦

women on a monument, one representing the 'Fatherland,' the other 'Liberty,' holding a shield with a white cross on a red background." (Girl)

"The Fatherland is the country of any one. Mine is Switzerland, my canton is Geneva. Switzerland, for example, is represented by a good, humble and also courageous woman." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is, according to my idea, a numerous people which is held together by one bond." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is our country, that is where we are born, where we learn to work, to love each other and to become intelligent." (Girl)

"The Fatherland is the country which takes care of us and protects us. It keeps us safe from the enemy and from famine, and it watches over us, so that we do not suffer hunger, nor fall into misery. The Fatherland watches over us like a father over his family." (Girl)

[In reading the next and some more of the following answers, it must be borne in mind that they were written at a time when there were grave apprehensions of a general European war.]

"I love my country. At present one is not sure whether there will be war. The Fatherland provides us with food and clothing." (Boy)

"My Fatherland is Switzerland. It is a country of liberty which means to govern itself. Our Swiss flag must fly very high in liberty." (Girl)

"The Fatherland is there where the father is born, it is the country of which the grandfather tells the history to the grandson, who vows to himself to defend it some day, sword in hand . . . We boys must become familiar with arms, so that we may become good soldiers.

. . . What everyone loves best in the world that is the Fatherland." (Boy)

"There is no grander word in the world," says a little girl from Geneva, "than the word *patrie*. *Patrie* means the land of our fathers. For it we would give our life without hesitating."

"When one hears the word 'Fatherland,' the heart stirs and beats faster." (Boy)

"I love my Fatherland," confesses another boy, "because I am well off in it, and because here I have my playmates. If there was a war, I should be very sorry, because I would be too small to go . . . I love it also because it contains some beautiful things; mountains and lakes."

"When people speak of the Fatherland we Swiss immediately see before us pictures of high, snow-clad mountain tops, beautiful blue lakes, or wild mountain lakes, herds and fir trees, outlined against the sky." (Boy)

"If I cannot go to fight for my Fatherland, as I am a little girl, I can serve it all the same. I can pray for it and in case of war I can go and take care of the wounded."

"In the Fatherland there must be heroes in order to save it, if it gets into misfortune. There must also be brave men in order to direct it. And one must above all be upright and frank in order to be a good patriot." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is a gathering of people who unite themselves in order better to defend their interests, to be stronger, to make commerce and industry prosper, to put a bridle to their passions by means of laws, to establish and maintain order and to facilitate communication. The Fatherland is the territory which these people occupy." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is the ideal of a whole people; one loves it under all forms; it satisfies a longing of our heart. One can glorify and love one's Fatherland. One cannot give a true definition of it." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is a very large family, all the members of which have before them the same aim, the same ideal." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is our country; it is also the whole of the citizens united by the same love, to defend the same rights, even if it should cost them their life." (Boy)

"It is the land of one people. It is for the people, the nation, what the house is for the family." (Boy).

"The Fatherland is the stay and support of humanity," writes a little girl from Zürich.

Many others express views similar to those quoted, and in almost the same words, though in different languages, some coming from south-western, French-speaking, Geneva, others from north-eastern, German-speaking, Zürich. In a number of them we detect a note of service and heroism which indicates that these young citizens of Switzerland would gladly follow the example of their Arnold von Winkelried.

MEMORY FOR STUDENTS

By ERNEST WOOD, F. T. S.

IDEA-JOINING

V

(Continued from p. 226)

In the last number we gave certain lists of words and showed in practice that when these words were placed in rational order you could easily remember them, whereas when they were taken casually, to call them to mind was exceedingly difficult. We stated that learning consists in adding something you do not know to something that you do, not in casting something entirely new into your mind, and that we should offer two rules for success in this linking together of ideas. In order to understand the explanation of the rules, which follows, you will need to turn back and read again the lists that we gave last month. The rules themselves are:

1. When you link two ideas together, always give a reason for it.

2. Never invent any unnatural reasons.

Let us illustrate these rules by going over the lists:

1. Young Citizen and yellow: because the cover of the Young Citizen is yellow.
2. Yellow and gold: because gold is of a yellow colour.
3. Gold " metal: " gold is a metal.
4. Metal " iron: " iron is a metal.
5. Iron " rails: " rails are made of iron.
6. Rails " railway: " there is no railway without rails.
7. Railway " steam: " there is steam traction on most railways.

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------|---|
| 8. Steam and water: | because | these are two forms of the same thing. |
| 9. Water | „ ice: | these also are two forms of one thing. |
| 10. Ice | „ snow: | they are much alike in many ways. |
| 11. Snow | „ soft: | snow is very soft. |
| 12. Soft | „ fur: | fur also is very soft. |
| 13. Fur | „ skin: | the fur is attached to the skin of the animal |
| 14. Skin | „ hand: | the skin is part of the hand. |
| 15. Hand | „ pen: | a pen is always held in the hand when we write. |
| 16. Pen | „ paper: | with a pen we usually write on paper. |
| 17. Paper | „ magazine: | a magazine is printed on paper. |

In this list the links are very close, and the reasons for association are obvious. Very often a student can arrange his links as he chooses, as, for example, in learning lists of foreign words. It is, however, possible, with some little effort to apply the same rules to a fixed series, such as a succession of historical personages or events. Let us see how we should deal with our first list. Now, how would you think of joining Young Citizen and water? You might imagine that you see a copy of the Magazine floating on a river; but that will not do, because it disregards our second rule, which is against the invention of unnatural reasons. I happen to know that *The Young Citizen* is printed near the mouth of the Adyar River, close to the Bay of Bengal. That is a good reason for me to associate the two. But if I did not know this I might think that it is printed in India and carried across the water in steamers to distant lands. If you are interested in printing you will probably know that the sheets of paper are slightly damped before being put into the machine.

The next pair of ideas is water and paper. A sheet of paper is smooth like the surface of calm water. Or again, water is used in making paper-pulp. What is the connection between paper and railway? Sometimes carriage wheels are made of compressed paper-pulp, and everybody must be familiar with the forms of the book-stall boys running about in the big railway stations, selling

their bundles of papers. Next come railway and gold. Here it would be rather unnatural to think of a railway truck heaped up with gold; it would be better to observe that the railway companies are immensely rich and that much gold passes through their hands. How is gold related to steam? The use of steam power has increased the wealth of humanity enormously, and wealth is represented by gold. The next pair is steam and fur. Furs are warm; warmth produces steam from water; or, let us say, steam issues from a hot place, such as a volcano, while the most valuable furs are obtained (with great cruelty, be it remarked) from the cold latitudes, there being a contrast between the two ideas in this respect. We come to fur and pen. The hair of animals is used (among other things) for making artists' brushes, and the brush and the pen are akin, since both are used for the same purpose, that of writing and drawing upon paper. We might associate these two in another way. Fur and feathers are the coverings of animals and birds respectively, and a quill pen is made from the feather of a goose. As for pen and snow, let us say the feather of a quill is as white as snow. In deference to rule two we must, of course, avoid making an idea such as 'I find a pen in the snow,' or 'I see a snow-man eating a fountain-pen'. Such ridiculousities have no part in the true art of memory. Snow can be connected with metal because one is soft, the other hard. Metal could be connected with skin, on the ground that knights of old used to wear metal armour, and though as a rule it did not touch the skin it was, as it were, a metal skin to the body. A good alternative is the idea that the skin of a warship is made of metal.

In this way, then, one may link up the ill-associated words of even the first list, and learn them also quite easily. The student who learns in this way will find that his knowledge is always living and growing, whereas he who learns by rote finds that his brain is becoming every week more stupid and dull. Besides, if he learns in this better way his years of study will be bright and interesting, instead of one long grey stretch of brain-fag and discontent.

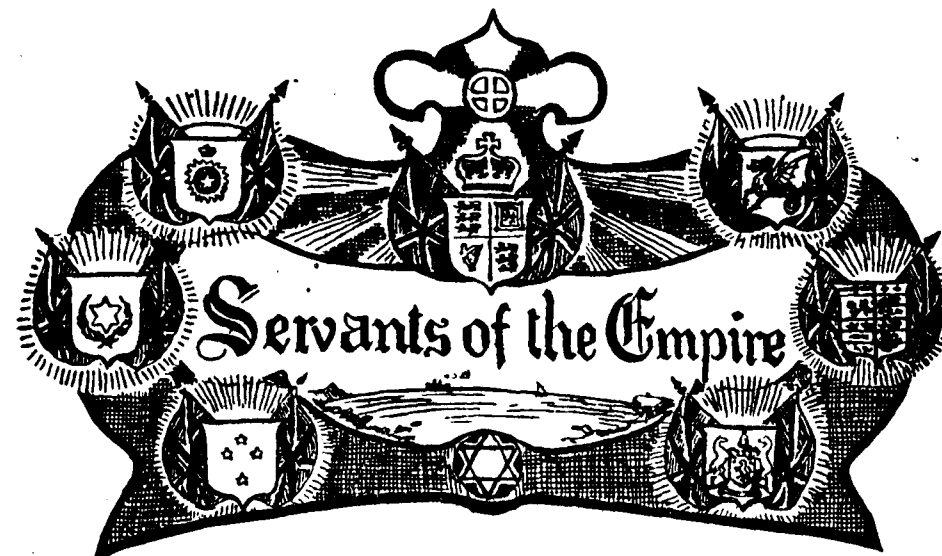
(To be continued)

THE THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATIONAL TRUST

Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave. . . . Every human action gains in honour, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that above all other attributes, separate man from man and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art whose majesty we may not measure by this test.

Therefore when we build let us think that we build for ever. . . and let us think as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them: "See! this our fathers did for us."

Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*



The following appears in *Bibby's Annual* for 1913, and is illustrated by four fine pictures of Viscountess Churchill, Lady Emily Lutyens, Mr. Bibby—a leading Liverpool merchant—and Mr. James Allan, a director of the Allan line of steamships. These are members of the temporary organising Committee.

The British Empire has grown to huge dimensions, imposing corresponding responsibilities; its outlying portions are shaping themselves under economic pressure into new forms, and are trying various experiments, but experiments which are wholly in the interest of the manual workers, and which threaten to crush others out of existence. These inevitably are drawing away from our shores the pick of our working population, attracted to the "workman's paradise," and are denuding the Motherland of her best and most skilled workers, while leaving her the less competent and the wastrels. In Ireland we are threatened with civil war, a menace which can only be turned aside by the granting of a local Parliament to each of the three kingdoms, and maintaining the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament over all, while including in that Parliament representatives from the self-governing Colonies, the Crown Colonies, and India. That political reconstruction is a task for Parliament, and will tax all its skill.

Meanwhile, a bigger reconstruction demands the energies of the thoughtful outside Parliament, a reconstruction economic and social. Piecemeal legislation affecting Capital and Labour, carried in a hurry, under pressure of an actual or of a threatened strike, and disorganising one set of relations while endeavouring to settle

cultivation of ourselves as individuals, second in importance to us, perhaps, but properly to be considered because of its bearing upon the outer work of the Order. Whatever may come to you from me will come always to better the work; no other consideration should be looked for.

We should always remember that the practical side of the work must come first, what is called "preparing the field". The figure is good. No seed can be sown by the Sower until the ground has been broken. The efficiency of the sowing will depend on how much of the seed is cast upon stoney ground, and how much of thorn we may leave, and weeds, that may spring up and choke the wheat. For this reason our work will be chiefly in the outer world, in vigorous propaganda and spreading out, and in the education of this great country to a true ideal of the Return. It is not enough to merely state the great fact; we must live a life which shows that we know it to be true, and we must explain it in a reasonable and logical way.

Our methods should be chosen with exceeding care, and for this reason: There is even now in the world more than one body of earnest and devoted people whose belief in the near advent of a Messiah, Prophet or Teacher is quite as real as our own, and they, we should remember, have held this belief long before us. They are, furthermore, most zealous in spreading the knowledge which they have. In what way do we differ from these other adventist organisations? What reason have we for existing as a separate organisation? I am sure that the answer to this question lies in the realisation of the fact that we "have a reason for the faith that is in us," a reason based not alone upon scriptural texts, nor even alone these and a study of the signs of the times. We see the exalted figure of the Christ not only as the Sun of God, which rises in the world, but as one of the several great Spiritual Suns, the Lamps of the Universe. Not only do we affirm this stature in Him, but also in the transcendent figure of the Buddha.

I am not by this attempting to read into our simple faith beliefs, foreign to it; I am showing what seems to me to be the *raison d'être* of the whole Order. If it cannot add to the knowledge of adventists a new criterion, it has no reason for existence.

Nor does the more intellectual interpretation of this central fact of the Return deny the value of the devotional. On the contrary, it gives it strength both within and without—to us by giving something upon which we can always lean when necessary, to the world by identifying in a logical fashion this conviction with the scientific knowledge of evolution. It points the devotion and renders its work more sure. We must be among those who *know*, for "this knowledge is the thing that counts".

In this case the inner and the outer work are one; for the cultivation of our intellectual and then our devotional powers for the purpose of more successfully presenting this central node of the Return to the world brings about two results—that benefit which

accrues to us and that which comes to the great work. So that one who is working in the highest spirit need have no fear that his own evolution will suffer.

I invite from you suggestions as to how the work may be bettered in our division, and so in the nation. What plans have you found good? What needs have you found most frequently?

Under separate cover I send you a copy of *The Herald of the Coming Christ*, that you may see how fortunate are the workers in Seattle. Our chief duty and pleasure just now is, however, to build up the circulation in America of *The Herald of the Star*, and I urge upon you the need to do this as quickly and as effectively as possible. Renewals for *The Herald of the Star* were due in December, 1912, and, owing largely to the fact that this was forgotten, the circulation has for the time dropped off. We should make America the strongest supporter of this little jewel among magazines, and I ask that you do not forget it. Remember also that it is published only quarterly, and further, that two months must elapse before a reply can be received from India.

Yours very faithfully,

Fritz Kunz

ECCE HOMO

Standing on the heights of purity and love,
Surrounded by the Æons of endless light,
Is He, whom men call Christ.
Far adown the ages come stealing from above
His dulcet tones: "Till faith be lost in sight,
I wait and watch, whom men call Christ."

We think that we in darkness strive all alone,
Unknowing that within the inmost shrine
Is He, whom men call Christ.
Whom knowing, all the scattered links entwine,
For all the worlds are one
In Him, whom men call Christ.



Month—June Emblem—Clover

Quality—Joy.

Train yourself to at-one through every joy that is yours the longing for joy of all humanity.

C. JINARAJADASA

Take joy home
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her,
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows.

JEAN INGELOW

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

R. L. STEVENSON

A glow in the crimson clover,
A laugh in the bubbling spring,
A flower-decked sod is a gift from God,
There is joy in everything.

Next month we shall print an interesting report of the Round Table work in New Zealand.



CONDUCTED BY HERBERT AND ETHEL WHYTE

"THE BUSY BEE"

By HELEN BROADBENT

LUCIE was swinging in a hammock under the apple trees humming lazily—

How doth the little busy bee
Improve the shining hour
And gather honey. . .

"Don't talk nonsense," snapped a velvety bee settling within an inch of her fingers. "We don't gather honey!"

"Don't gather honey! Oh!" cried Lucie, so astonished at the news that she forgot to be surprised at a bee speaking. "But every one says: 'Look at the bees gathering honey, and we get honey from your cells'."

"Of course you do," replied the bee scornfully. "But it isn't honey when we take it from the flowers—it's nectar—a sweet juice; we make it into honey."

"How?" demanded Lucie.

"That's our secret," replied the bee. "Ask Professor West and his little chum Jack, and see if they know."

"So I will," said Lucie, "but don't go away. Mother is out, and my governess has a holiday to go to."

another set, can never build a coherent social system likely to endure. A reconstruction is imperatively necessary, but at the stage of social evolution which has been reached, it should come by general assent, its materials should be hewn out by full discussion among the well-informed, and then the rough stones should be shaped and put together by wisdom. When this is done, when the new relations between Capital and Labour are laid down, when the righteous claims of each have been adjusted, when the best methods of production and distribution have been outlined, then, and then only, can Parliament be appealed to for the passing into law of such parts of the new system as demand legislation for their establishment.

For such a reconstruction two things are necessary: (1) agreement on a definite aim; (2) full discussion by well-informed persons of all points at issue, and the determination of a new order, and the methods by which it may be brought about.

The agreement on a definite aim is not difficult, for large numbers of thoughtful people are already practically at one on that aim, although it has not been very definitely formulated. "It is the duty of organised Society to secure to every one of its members at least the minimum of welfare which will enable each to develop to the full the faculties which he brought with him into the world." Nor less than this must be the aim; far more than this will in time accrue from the rational organisation of our powers and our resources. But it is enough to set up this as our present goal.

The second desideratum is less easy to achieve. Discussion in plenty there is, but much of it is not well-informed, and it is all chaotic and lacking in definite direction. Land Reform, Fiscal Reform, Poor Law Reform, Housing Reform, all jostle each other for front place, and each is discussed as a separate problem instead of as a factor in the whole. We seem to need a co-ordinating body, an organiser, some way of drawing together the various elements, and of rendering fruitful the discussion which is for the most part sterile.

It is this central body which ought now to be formed, and a few of us are making a beginning, setting before ourselves the heavy but humble task of organising—not a new Social Order, but—the body which shall select the organisers, which shall serve them while their onerous task is being carried on, and work under them when it is completed. For this purpose we are enrolling ourselves as "Sons and Daughters of England," for our purpose is national and imperial, and we trust that many in Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies will similarly enrol themselves under their national flags, until each has its own body in relation with all others. India has already such a body, aiming at the building of the individual citizen rather than at the shaping of a new social order, but it could send some to a council concerned with the larger aim.



The following letter has been sent out in America:

FRIENDS:

For the purpose of drawing more closely together those of us who have pledged ourselves to a life of strenuous devotion in the service of the Christ under the new ideals of the new age, I propose and begin herewith to publish an occasional letter of news and encouragement, and, it may even be, of inspiration to us all—to you by bringing regularly such contribution as I may find myself able to make toward the fulfilment of this pledge, to me by reminding myself regularly that I have with me in this service a number of strong and unfaltering hands. This letter is written primarily for, and is addressed to the local officers in the western Division of the O. S. E. in the United States, of which Division I have charge in the capacity of Organising Secretary. But if there be in it, from time to time, such things as may interest other members of the Centres under your charge, I shall be glad to have you make use of them. This letter is begun under the approval of our National Representative: may it win the even faint reflection of the approval of another.

I will divide the work into two parts: first we shall take up the practical side of the activities, the nature of meetings, methods of propaganda and approach, personal and individual questions raised to increase our efficiency in the work, and news from this office, which, fortunately, is in immediate touch with the National Office. In the second part of the work lies all of that important intensive

a wedding, and Jack has gone with his Professor. Do you know he only made friends with me, so that I should not catch butterflies with my hat!"

"Nice boy," remarked the bee, "but I cannot stay wasting my time."

"But you would not waste your time if you told me all about bees. I am sure you are more interesting than butterflies."

"Well we *make* honey for you to eat on bread-and-butter, which is more than the butterflies can do."

"Oh yes—you have a Queen with lots of courtiers."

"Courtiers?" repeated the bee in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, why you know, those bees that always go about with the Queen and brush her down and walk backwards."

"Oh, my dear little girl, you have some wrong notions about us. Those attendants are just to keep the Queen to her work, and give her nothing to do but just lay her eggs."

"Well, anyway they do follow her about like courtiers, and you only have one Queen, don't you?"

"Yes, because the old Queen stings the new ones to death, or if they do meet, they fight until one is killed."

"How cruel!" exclaimed Lucie.

"Nothing of the kind," replied the bee briskly. "You see if we had ever so many folks trying to be Queen we should never get any work done."

"Just tell me all about it," pleaded Lucie, "I do want to know something that Jack does not."

"I cannot stay very long but I will tell you just a little of what goes on in the hive. Take that old fashioned 'skep' that is in the far corner there. Well, when that was new, and a swarm was put in, the bees at once fell to work at the highest point, and began taking wax from the plates on the under sides of their bodies, making it soft with their jaws, which are very strong, you know. They hung in festoons and rows, and built downwards, and so they went on until the whole space was full, and

only just enough room was left at the bottom for a bee to go in and out."



Swarm of Bees
settling.
from a log end.

"How do they know their own hive? Don't strangers get in sometimes?" asked Lucie.

"There is a bee on guard at the entrance, and a stranger bee would be killed at once; though we are smart enough to let one in if heavily laden with honey; but as soon as the honey is deposited, out the stranger must go."

"How mean," laughed Lucie. "But do go on."

"Well now, about the 'Queen' as you call her. She really is the mother-bee and lays about two thousand eggs a day."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Lucie.

"And so you may guess that the bees who look after the eggs and grubs have a very busy time of it."

"I should say so! Just fancy two thousand baby-bees. Do go on."

"The grubs are curled up crescent-shaped at the bottom of the cell, and grow until they are big enough to lie lengthwise. Then the nurse bee puts honey and pollen at the mouth of the cell and seals it up with a porous covering. The grub grows to a chrysalis, and then to a nymph or perfect bee. Every time it changes, it casts a skin."

"How long does all that take?" asked Lucie, getting more and more interested.

"About three weeks from the time the egg was laid. When a tiny black point pierces the cover, the inmate of the cell is beginning to saw its way out. This it does working in a circle, but leaves a part swinging on a hinge, so that the cell may be used again when it is 'spring-cleaned'."

"How clever," murmured Lucie, listening with great respect to the buzzing of the bees among the apple-blossom. "How long does the baby bee stop a baby?"

"Only about twelve hours; it then begins to help to feed the grubs for about a fortnight; then the younger bees take on that work and the first-hatched goes off honey-making and pollen-gathering."

"How soon!" exclaimed Lucie, adding: "Suppose our babies began waiting upon other babies! How funny and how sweet they would look toddling about with sponges and soap!"

"Umph!" said the bee. "I think you humans must be too big to be very useful at any time. You can't make honey—you can only eat it."

"Yes," agreed Lucie doubtfully, having a hazy idea there were other things in life besides honey-making.

"How many bees are there in a hive?"

"From about twenty to sixty thousand worker-bees, and about four or five hundred drones or males."

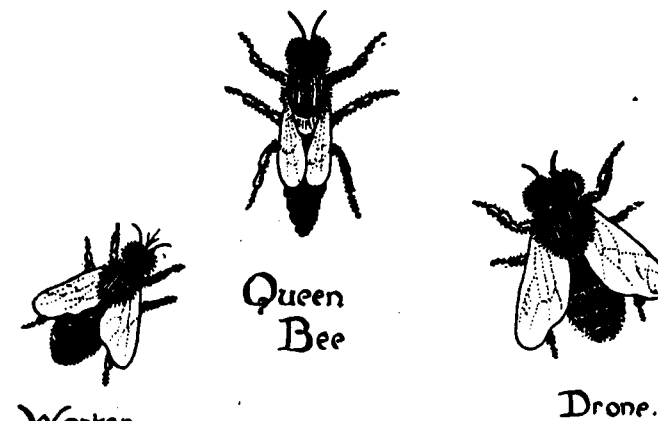
"Why do you have so few drones?"

"They don't work—the lazy drones! So after a short merry life of eating and playing, when winter comes on—we just sting them to death."

"Oh! you are cruel," cried Lucie.

"Not one bit. They would only die more slowly by starvation. People who will not work cannot live in our world."

"But you ought to work for those who cannot, don't you see?"



Worker

Queen
Bee

Drone.

"No. I do not see," replied the unconvinced bee.

"Well, tell me something about the bees and the flowers," said Lucie, gliding away from an unpleasant subject.

"When we visit one kind of flower we keep to that one kind only, and take both nectar and pollen. The pollen we roll up into little balls and put in our 'market basket,' which we have on our legs, instead of carrying it like you mortals do—on your arms."

"What becomes of the pollen that gets left on your heads?" asked Lucie.

"Some gets dusted off on to the next flower we visit, and if we go back to the hive with any on, some obliging comrade is sure to come and remove it for us. Do you know, when we have filled a cell with honey we 'sting' it to make it keep, and then we seal it down with wax."

"No wonder you are called 'busy bees,'" exclaimed Lucie. "What a lot of different things you can do. Can you tell me some more?"

"Oh yes, but not to-day. I must get to work. Good-bye, little girl."

"Good-bye," cried Lucie, as the bee flew away, "Be sure to come to-morrow."

(To be continued)

DAFFODILLY

By RICHARD W. ELAND

Daffodilly, daffodilly,
Why d'you stand there—O you silly!
Doing nothing all the day?
I should be ashamed of spending
So much time in dreams unending.
What's the good of dreaming, pray?

I am not ashamed of seeming
To be idle, standing dreaming
In the garden all the day.
You—ah, you are richly gifted!
Human life is mighty, lifted
High above me every way.

I—the world could do without me!
I can only gaze about me,
Cannot run or walk, like you.
But, with sunshine round me streaming,
'Tis of God I'm dimly dreaming.
That is all that I can do.

Yet God answers my poor dreaming,
Fills me, thrills me (though I'm seeming
To be idle, senseless, cold);
And the Glory through me breaking,
Sweetness for the sad world making,
Crowns me with a living gold.

FAIRY STORIES

By PASSION FLOWER

CHILDREN have you ever seen a fairy?

I can hear some of you say no at once—but I tell you that it is because you don't look in the right place, or don't look hard enough; and then some children say, "I don't believe in fairies".

You know it is very much harder for grown-ups to see fairies than children, because they can't see them without trying hard, and they get so used to looking at dirty cities and bricks and factories that some of them even forget to look for the beautiful flowers and sunshine which everyone can see.

Worst of all they say there *are* no fairies, and then the little folk get so disgusted that they put on their invisible cloak, and though people try ever so hard they can't then see them at all.

In the winter sometimes, to punish those naughty people that won't believe, the frost fairies nip their noses and make them red and cold—but I will tell you more about the winter fairies another time.

To-day I will tell you of those who are the easiest to see and those are the sun fairies—you may see them every day when the sun sends a beam of light into your room and you will see something dancing up and down in the light. Those are the old shoes flying off their feet as they dance from the sun right down to the earth.

If they present us with a fairy glass we can see them clearly—as light and airy as a dragon-fly and changing colour every different way you look at them—but to get a present like this you must be very good and believe in them ever so hard. Grown-ups will often tell you that what you see is only dust, but you believe me that it is only the old shoes and remains of the cloaks that they wear in their journey down from the sun.

are the people who have 'died,' as we say, the people, that is, who have finished their work here for the time being and have slipped out of their bodies and gone away from earth?

You will know that there must be other worlds for all these people, and those who know tell us that these other worlds are not far away but are all round about us, and that if our inner eyes were opened we should see them—should see the fairies and the 'dead' people—just as the boy and girl saw them in that wonderful play that some of you may have seen, called *The Blue Bird*.

Then there is another thing I want you to try to understand, and if what I am saying seems strange and new to you, think it over quietly and see if you get to understand it better. If you are puzzled about anything I say and will write me a letter, c/o The Editor of *The Young Citizen*, I will gladly answer it and try to make the point plain.

Try to think that you are living in more than one world at a time—you know you are in this physical world that we can all see, but you are also in the midst of these other worlds of which I spoke; and when you feel something or think something you are flashing out a colour and a shape into one of those worlds.

If your thought is a very clear one it makes a very definite shape with sharp outlines, if it is a misty cloudy thought, it appears to those who can see it, as a cloud or mist. Some thoughts take beautiful shapes, such as a strong thought of love and protection sent towards someone, which may take the shape of angel's wings; or a thought of reverent love sent up to Christ or to Lord Buddha or to one of the Masters, which might resemble a flower or a leaf—on the other hand an angry thought sent towards anyone would have the appearance of a sharp pointed instrument, and it might do quite as much harm as any instrument that we know of.

The colours taken by different thoughts are very various. A thought of unselfish love will be a lovely rose colour, one of devotion will be blue, an angry thought will be red and a selfish one a nasty muddy brown, and so on.

You should ask someone to show you the coloured pictures in *Thought-Forms*, by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater if you want to understand more about this matter, and then you will not be likely ever to forget again that thoughts are very real things. When you once realise this you will see how important it is that all our thoughts should be pure and beautiful.

As we think, we are adding to either the good or the bad forces in the world, and surely everyone of us wishes to help only the good. So when we are tempted to think cross or angry or ugly thoughts let us remember this and quickly change our ugly red and brown thought-forms to beautiful rosy ones of love and helpfulness. So shall we be keeping our promise as Links in the Golden Chain of Love.

Yours affectionately,

ETHEL M. WATTS

THE VASANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS, S. INDIA

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I

ADYAR, 7TH JULY, 1913

No. 7

FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

THE old often forget that the future is with the young, and that each generation must take its own road, and do its own work; for

God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Perfection is many-sided, and just as the diamond-worker cuts many facets on his gem, so that the white light, refracted at various angles, may break up into many-coloured radiance, so does the great Jeweller shape humanity into many generations, that each generation may refract His own white Light in a different colour. Perfection lies in variety where forms are many; the Spirit alone is one, and there only is unity desirable.

As we read history, we see that the great movements by which humanity progresses, or a nation has been shaped, have all been sown in the hearts of the younger

You can see the colours of the dresses they wear reflected in a piece of glass with many sides if you place it where the sun can shine on it.

The same colours will be seen in a rainbow. I expect you will want to know what causes that?

I think that after clouds have covered the sky and it has been raining some time, the rain-fairies start on their way back to their home, and on their way they meet the sun-fairies, who are so delighted at being able to start their work again of warming the earth, and helping the plant-fairies to build their houses, that they join the rain-fairies in a dance up in the air and they all join in a huge circle of which we can only see half.

The colours we see are the sun-fairies' dresses reflected in the looking-glasses that the rain-fairies always carry; so you see it is quite simple after all.

Those children who believe in fairies will find out more and more and gain all sorts of wonderful gifts from their invisible friends until one day some lucky boy or girl gets the gift of Aladdin's magic ring or lamp—and then all his delightful dreams will come true.

When you do get this gift, please to remember all the poor grown-ups who can't see fairies yet.

RETREAT OF THE FAIRIES

This nook the tiny theatre has been
Where elves have acted plays; such as they took
From the fond legends of old fairy book.
Their tiring room beneath these hollows green,
While clust'ring glow-worms lighted up the scene.
Their orchestra these hanging boughs, which shook
With music, such as lulls the nightly brook.
Their audience twinkling stars and moon serene,
Their strains inaudible to ear unblest,
But the sweet lark, listening the live-long night,
Against a reedy tuft hath lean'd her breast,
And borne them to heaven's gate at morning light;
And birds that elves most love, with emulous throats,
Do catch in leafy glens sweet fairy notes.

EAGLES



GOLDEN CHAIN TALKS

IV

DEAR LINKS IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN,

"And I will try to think pure and beautiful thoughts."

The next part of our Promise is to try to think special kinds of thoughts—those that are pure and beautiful. I wonder if it seems strange to some of you to find this in your Promise? Some people think it doesn't matter at all what kind of thoughts they have, so long as they do not say unkind things or do bad actions. But the Links are expected to keep a watch over their *thoughts* as well, and many of you know why this is. You have learnt that a thought is a very real thing, just as real as any word or act, and that it can do at least as much good or harm as these other things. Perhaps some of you have yourselves seen a thought, or rather the form made by a thought, have you? If so, there will be no need to tell you what a real thing a thought is.

Most people cannot see thought-forms however and as some of you, my dear young readers, may not be able to see them yet, you may like to hear what they look like. I must let you into a secret, and confess that I cannot see them either; but I know people who can see them, and some of these people have watched different thought-forms very carefully, and have written down descriptions of the different shapes and colours which different kinds of thought produce.

These people are what is called clear-seeing (*clairvoyant*, in French), that is to say that besides seeing the world round about them as you and I do, they can see other worlds that are also round about us, but which most of us cannot as yet see. Some day we shall all see these other worlds, but we have not yet grown the necessary sight for that, so we must make the best of the descriptions of them given us by the clairvoyants who have trained themselves to observe them, and we should feel very grateful to them for the trouble they take in describing to us the things we cannot yet see for ourselves.

But perhaps some of you have not yet realised that there are other worlds about you? And yet there must be other worlds, mustn't there, for where do the fairies live? and where do you go to at night when you dream all those wonderful dreams? and where

generation of the time, and, nourished by the warmth of young enthusiasm, have sprouted into growth and have redeemed their land, or led mankind onwards. It was the youth of Italy who gathered round Mazzini, and changed United Italy from a poet's dream into a political fact. And in the higher warfare of the Spirit, it is the glowing enthusiasm of youth which must lead in the van, and change the forlorn hope into the victorious army. Age bargains like a merchant, to see how much it can gain; youth pours out like a lover, to see how much it can give. The things of the Spirit are not merchandise; we cannot chaffer with the Divine.

* *

In the spiritual warfare of to-day, that is to change the social shambles into a Brotherhood, it is in the youth of every country that lies the hope of the future. And it is a fact full of cheer that, in every country, youth is responding to the divine-human call, and is showing an eager passion for Service that is the promise of success in the coming days. In every country young men and maidens are stretching out strong hands, eager to help. We see in India, the Sons and Daughters of India, enrolling themselves as teachers of outcasts, as helpers of the weak; we see the Rāmakṛṣṇa Missions springing up in town after town, for the personal helping of the poor and the sick; we see the Servants of India, led by Mr. Gokhale, consecrating themselves to the service of the Motherland. In Great Britain we see a Club of Helpers, ready to sacrifice themselves in numerous ways of practical service; we see the beginning of an imperial movement for the changing of the social system, that the transition may come by reason, not by force. In France, the reaction from materialism is

beginning among the young, and France's redemption to idealism is being wrought by young enthusiasm. As we look at the young, we see the direction in which the world is moving, and we see that it is towards Spirit, towards Brotherhood, towards Reality, away from materialism, from competition, from the unreal and the empty.

* *

The many organisations in which the young are banding themselves for the helping of others are promising signs of the spirit which is spreading among them. The Golden Chain for the children, with its pledge of kindness to all living things, of gentle speech and gentle act, lays a sound foundation for noble youth. The Round Table with its chivalrous spirit and its high ideals is a training-ground for youths and maidens, who have left childhood behind and see manhood and womanhood opening in the near future. Then follow the many Leagues of Service, wherein the trained and disciplined powers may be consecrated to the common weal. We have here a graded education in citizenship which is already showing fair fruit.

* *

Out of the Central Hindū College, now wrenched away from its fair ideals as a training-ground for national service, has emerged a band of old boys and teachers second to none in promise of future usefulness. It is as though it had been created to draw together from every part of India lads and young men who sprang forward at the cry of the Mother, eager to learn and eager to serve. These have been welded into a group of Servers, bound together by a common love and by common ideals, embodying the purest and highest spirit of the old C.H.C.,

and ready to carry that spirit into new forms. Among these will the great Teacher, when He comes, find His most devoted disciples, men and women ready to follow, ready to obey, ready to give everything to His service, everything they possess in mind, body, or estate. Apt to devotion, they have been trained for service, and stand with hearts alight, with intuition awake, waiting for the Coming of the Lord.

On that Coming all our hopes are based, and we gladly suffer in the preparation for it. "As gold is tried in the fire, the heart must be tried by pain," but pain is easy to bear when the end for which it is borne is clear. And as we see one after another come forward, ready to work, ready to suffer, ready to endure, we know that the night is wearing away, and that the dawn shall soon glow softly red in the grey of the eastern sky.

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that too become thou must.
God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust.

Immeasurable is the Highest; who but knows it?
And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it.

Trench.



THE HIERARCHY

By A. SNEVER

THE most beautiful thing in the whole world is the fact that there is a Hierarchy, a sacred Government of the Best and the Wisest, who guide and direct all things to the final good of everyone. Things do not go by chance, they go by Law, and the Law is the Will of the Logos, the God of our Solar System. His Will for all sentient creatures is their happiness, for He Himself is Bliss, and Bliss is the end and purpose of all that He has brought forth from Himself. We make sorrow for ourselves by going against His loving Will, and by refusing to evolve into the perfection of our being; we do this because we are ignorant, and therefore foolish. The Hierarchy is composed of Men who have grown out of ignorance into knowledge, and who, out of Love, remain in our world as its Guides.

Last month, we learned a little about one grade of the Officials of this Government—the Masters. They,

we saw, are Men who have evolved in our own Humanity, and have reached Liberation, and so have become super-human, beyond the bondage in which we all are living. The grade beyond the Masters was called by H. P. Blavatsky that of the Chohans, a Rājput name which she used for other great Beings as well, Beings who belong to the whole Solar System, and not to the Hierarchy of our own little globe. It is like the English word 'Lord,' and is a title of respect, just as we speak to a Judge or a Bishop as 'my lord'. She used this rather vague title to designate a quite definite grade in the Hierarchy, entered, as are all the grades, by its own Initiation. These great Beings guide all the forces which make for evolution in our world, and the countless Intelligences that guide and shape these are under Their direction. There are seven main lines of evolution, and each line is made up of elementals—or nature-spirits—minerals, vegetables, animals and human beings, so that there are seven groups of evolving living creatures in our world, all growing towards perfection side by side. The Chohans are concerned with these, and the Masters work under Them, each in his own group, or in the line along which He has evolved, in immediate touch with His own district. Also there is a Chief of these Rulers, whom H. P. Blavatsky used to call the Māh, and all work is in subordination to Him, so that everything may be quite orderly, and all the groups may co-operate in the evolution of the world as a whole.

Then we come to two other great Officials who preside over two departments of the work of Government. You know something of these two: They are the Manu, who rules, and the Bodhisattva, who teaches. In one world-period of the evolution of man, there are seven

Races, each of its own type, and by these the perfect type of the human being for our globe is gradually built up. Each Race has its Manu, so that there are seven Manus in an evolutionary period. We are now in the Fifth Race, and Vaivasvata Manu is our Head and Ruler. The Fourth Race Manu is the Head and Ruler of all the Fourth Race nations—the Chinese, the Japanese, the Burmese, the Siamese, and other smaller peoples, and there are more of these in our world than there are of Fifth Race nations. All are carefully looked after, guided, and protected, and although nations quarrel down here, their Heads in the Hierarchy work in perfect harmony, and all the wars and disputes and tumults, made by men in their folly and their ignorance, are used by the Heads to bring out the results needed for the working out of the divine Plan, and thus our little evils are turned to Their great Good. "He maketh the wrath of men to praise Him," said an ancient singer, and it is wonderful to see in history how the things that look so evil are made to bring forth good in the end. It is the Manus who are specially concerned in this part of the work of the Hierarchy.

The Bodhisattvas—who, as we have seen, are the World-Teachers—are not so closely connected with one Race, as are the Manus. There may be several Manus working side by side, but there is only one Bodhisattva at a time, and He looks after all the religions of the world existing during His period of Teacherhood, and blesses and inspires them all. He gives the old truths in a new form to each sub-race as it develops, and so the many religions of the world, all with the same truths as their foundation, grow up and flourish side by side, and He loves all their followers, and accepts them all.

He is ever saying: "Mankind approaches Me by different roads; and on whatsoever road a man approaches Me, on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are Mine."

When a Manu or a Bodhisattva has finished His work in that office, He becomes a Buddha—a Buddha of Power if a Manu, or a Buddha of Wisdom if a Bodhisattva. The latter leaves our Hierarchy and goes away from direct work in our world, taking up greater work in the Solar System—as to which we know very little; the last Buddha, as we saw, still keeps up a tie with our earth and remains in close touch with the Hierarchy, and especially with His Successor, the blessed Lord Maitreya, the present Bodhisattva. The Buddhas of Power—of whom there are now three—remain on our earth and form the highest grade of the Hierarchy below its KING. The Hindūs call Them the Kumāras, the 'Virgin-Youths,' and the Buddhists name Them the Pratyeka Buddhas; more modern religions have no name for Them, having apparently forgotten Their very existence. But men's forgetfulness does not touch Their power.

The KING Himself is also called a Kumāra by the Hindūs; Sanat Kumāra, the Ancient, they name Him. He is the supreme Director of Evolution on our globe, and modern Hindūs ignore His existence and even mock at the idea, although their own Scriptures proclaim Him. That is why modern India is so fallen; to her was given the knowledge of the Hierarchy more than to any other nation; she was given it for the helping of the world. But she has been false to her trust, has betrayed her duty, and having cast off her true Lords, she has justly fallen under the rule of her juniors.

From that great Hierarchy messengers have come to her during the last thirty-five years, recalling to her the ancient knowledge, bidding her realise the ancient truths. Thousands of her children have hearkened to the message, and a new life is beginning to pulse in her veins. But the foolish and the ignorant make a mock of the message and persecute the messengers. As in old Atlantis, the forces of Darkness are fighting against the Lords of Light, that they may obstruct the way of the Hierarchy's greatest Messenger, whose feet will soon tread the ways of men. Yet shall He come; He shall not tarry. "But who may abide the Day of His Coming? Who shall stand when He appeareth?" Of the work of the Hierarchy, in every day of its public manifestation, may be repeated the wise counsel of Gamaliel, when the messengers at the last coming of the Bodhisattva were haled before the courts of their time and evil entreated: "If this counsel and work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

O Fool, to try to carry Thyself upon thy own shoulders! O beggar, to come to beg at thy own door!

Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear all, and never look behind in regret.

Thy desire at once puts out the light from the lamp it touches with its breath. It is unholy—take not thy gifts through its unclean hands. Accept only what is offered by sacred love.

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE, *Gitanjali*

FATHER MORNIER

By PRINCESS B. POUCHKIN

III

(Concluded from p. 260)

1600 In Paris. Seventeen long years had been borne away on the tide of time since the day when Father Mornier, in an ecstatic impulse, had sworn allegiance to Giordano Bruno. And time does brush the freshness and the brilliancy of our highest youthful aspirations, and they fall off one by one like the petals of a withering blossom. Father Mornier had dreamed away the first weeks after his interview with Bruno, feeding on the words then spoken. He tried to set up a correspondence with him, but getting no answer to his letters, he ceased to write. Then he undertook the task of finding in the Scriptures and the theological works the confirmation of Bruno's teachings. But the Scriptures would not yield their inner meaning without the key to their reading and that was not in the priest's possession; the theological books were dry and scholastic and by-and-by they brought Father Mornier's mind insensibly back into the old orthodox grooves of thought. He had a strong will, but his intellectual powers and habits were not sufficiently developed to enable him to carry on, on his own account, a steady philosophical investigation. His nature was preponderatingly emotional. Bruno's

eloquence and beautiful theories had set fire to it, and all that was noble and fresh in his nature had leapt forwards in those youthful days in eager response to them. But the flame burned only as long as lasted the fuel that fed it. Bruno's books were scarce and difficult to get; he did not hear him speak any more, nor did he come into personal touch with him, and, little by little, the weight of previous education, the traditional earlier beliefs, the pressure of his profession quenched out the fire kindled by Bruno. It burnt lower and lower and finally went out.

The matter-of-fact, realistic conceptions of life and faith crept back into their old places in his heart, crowding out the ideals that were too new and unstable to turn them out for good. He began to consider Giordano Bruno not as a heretic—against that something lying deep down in his heart rose up in protest—but as a dreamer, perhaps dangerous for certain weak minds, one who preached things that would have been glorious if they could be true. Now he of his own accord imprisoned himself in a dungeon and barred the door against the radiant horizon outside it, refusing to see it, denying even its very existence.

Besides there was one thing that constituted one of the chief reasons of his changed attitude towards Giordano Bruno; it was the words said by him during the memorable interview: "What am I?—a runaway monk." They had stung him at the very moment when they were pronounced, but his enthusiasm had overborne the sting—for the time. Still they rankled in his mind. To his very loyal and honourable nature a vow, flung to the winds, affected him as an action falling beneath the standard of noble living, and this flaw in a matter of

such capital importance in the man he had looked up to was to him as the snake coiled under a rose. And so we find him in his fortieth year, leading a well-to-do, respectable life, having drowned his youthful dreams in the humdrum existence of an average Catholic priest. Suddenly the news of the execution of Giordano Bruno, burnt to death on the Campo dei Fiori in Rome, fell on him like a thunderstroke. He heard the news in church from another priest who was serving Mass with him. At the moment all was a blank in his heart. He mechanically finished officiating, then went home, turned twice the key in the lock, and sat down at the window. He sat motionless for three hours. Two angels—the Angel of Light and the Angel of Darkness—were waging desperate war in his heart. He assisted at it as an onlooker, not engaged in the struggle, but passionately interested in its issue.

"You see," insinuated the Angel of Darkness, "he is now in the full prime of manhood, prosperous, respected by everybody, doing his duty by church and men. Would you have him ruin all that for the sake of a boyish freak not worth mentioning? He did not know what he was about at that time. He acted in blindness."

"No," retorted the Angel of Light with force; "he did know what he was about; his eyes were open precisely at the moment when he had cast himself at the feet of Giordano Bruno. Those moments are sacred to him. Look into his heart, and see how deeply they are buried in its innermost core. With him an oath is always an oath. By repudiating this one he will be a traitor to all that was best and highest in him. 'With you in torture, in death,'" reverently whispered the Angel of Light.

"Oh! now the world will laugh at him; how foolish and romantic for his age and solicitation in life! Besides Bruno was burnt not for his teaching, but because he was a runaway monk. Did he keep his vows, I wonder?" sarcastically added the Angel of Darkness.

"It does not matter. Anyhow he has died for his ideas, and this man must keep his word."

Long lasted this strife. And it was extraordinary that both Angels drew the same pictures before the eyes of Father Mornier. Only the Angel of Darkness put right in front of him the picture of a happy, prosperous life, untainted by heresy; and beyond it rose the picture of the rack and the red-hot irons and the sharpened hooks; and the healthy, well-cared-for body of the priest writhed in rebellious horror at this sight.

The Angel of Light also spread before him the picture of a respected, well-to-do life. Only it was based on the foul foundation of a broken oath, and was undermined by inner disgust at the outer prosperity gained at such a cost. And on this picture followed also that of the rack and the flames and the hooks; but the torture inflicted by them was illuminated by the triumph of the Spirit over the flesh and was transmuted into a crown of glory and of bliss.

Father Mornier rose from his seat. The drama was over. Only its details had to be worked out. During the rest of the day and far into the night he put in order his papers, and wrote several letters. On the morrow he went to the representatives of the Inquisition and declared that he, a priest of the Catholic Church, had known Giordano Bruno, and had held to his heresy. He was arrested and in a few days tried. But when questioned as to when he had last seen Giordano Bruno,

whether he had held any communication with him, and whether he followed even now his views, he kept a resolute silence. The almighty Inquisition had to resort to torture in order to break the obstinacy of the priest. But the torture, the terrible torture, when the bones cracked in breaking and the flesh was rent in pieces, did not open his lips. Three days did the Inquisition do its best to conquer the priest's Spirit by tormenting his body. But all was useless. At the end of the third day, the body was flung, a heap of broken bones and bleeding wounds, into a dungeon. During the night Father Mornier regained consciousness. Life was fast ebbing away.

"With you in torture, in death," he faintly whispered, and with a blissful smile on his lips, he passed into another, less cruel world.

There is nothing new under the Sun—even immediately under it in Central Africa. The only novelty is the human heart—Central Man. That is never stale, and there are depths still unexplored, heights still unattained, warm rivers of love, cold streams of hatred, and vast plains where strange motives grow. These are our business.

H. S. MERRIMAN

A VISIT TO SERINGAPATAM

By ELISABETH SEVERS, F. T. S.

IN August 1912, a friend and I visited the town of Seringapatam, a town of considerable historical interest. We had a pleasant drive from Mysore along a good road, well-sheltered with banyan, peepul and baral trees. Bullock carts and herds of cattle; picturesque old men in white robes and vivid red or orange-coloured shawls, gracefully draped; dark-hued sari'd women; green fields of rice with hovering, white paddy birds; an occasional temple or wayside shrine diversified the way to my English eyes, as did a group of wild monkeys playing very human pranks. Our first stoppage was at the old English cemetery, which served as the English burying-place in the district generally until 1860. A curiously un-English looking place it proved to be; the rows of monotonous white and blue monuments had a Muhammadan look which the English ornamental Urns hardly dispelled. The graves mostly bore scantily worded and pathetic inscriptions of very short lives; forty years was old here! Twenties and thirties predominated among the men, and I noticed the heavy toll of female and infant lives. Our Indian Empire has cost—and costs—Great Britain a woeful heritage of brave men's deaths and sad women's tears; has been nourished by blood and watered by the tears of the bereaved. Many a Rachel has wept

for her child in that deserted, foreign-looking, resting-place of exiles.

Soon we found ourselves in a very different scene, in the Daria Dowlat Bagh, or the celebrated Tippoo's Pleasure Palace; a building also inhabited by Colonel Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington) when, in the turn of fortune's wheel (and her wheel turns fast in the East) Tippoo's day was done, and he was Governor of Seringapatam. This Pleasure Palace is a wonderful example of lavish, eastern, decorative work; every inch of it is gilded, painted, lacquered. It consists of two floors and on each are two large halls, from which open smaller rooms. Above the large central apartments were even more gorgeously decorated rooms with projecting windows of the elephant design, and everywhere beautiful slender columns of red and green and gold. Painted and ornamented by hand throughout, in bold conventional designs, one wonders how long the ornamentation of this palace took, and one desires greatly to have seen it in its original occupancy. On the external wall of the lower hall are paintings representing the march of the combined armies of Hyder and his son Tippoo, and several scenes connected with the battle of Polidore or Periamoakam wherein the imaginative power of the Indian artist is interestingly displayed. They are very quaint indeed, these frescoes! According to the pictures, the English seem in some cases to be inviting their own destruction by standing in front of their own guns, while the Indians are armed only with very unpleasant-looking knives. The Indian Generals—Royalties probably, for the umbrella is a regal sign—appear to be going into battle with umbrellas held over their heads, and others—the English—are in

palankeens! It is pleasant to read that these frescoes, that had been erased by Tippoo shortly before the storming of Seringapatam, were restored at the private expense of Colonel Wellesley when he occupied this bungalow.

It seemed a very utilitarian proceeding in these gorgeous surroundings, but we breakfasted in the lower hall, for this Pleasure Palace is used as a rest-house, and while our seryant was preparing our meal we explored the pretty and well-kept gardens. One could not help picturing, as one drank one's tea and ate one's sandwiches, the former wonderful scenes that this hall must have witnessed and one longed for the gift of psychometry. One thought of Tippoo taking his ease in his Pleasure Palace—"a handsome middle-aged man with small feet and hands, slender limbs, aquiline nose, brown-complexion, and full brown eyes"—lying on silk-cushioned divans in these gorgeous halls. All hot air and light would be carefully excluded while through the curtains and slender columns could be caught glimpses of the fair garden in the fierce glow of the eastern sun, aflame with vivid flowers, its peacocks strutting, well-pleased, with pride of widespread tails; while the narrow canal-like strips of water, so often found in eastern gardens, together with the fountains' cooler drip of sound, lulled all his senses. Surrounded by the lovely women of his Zenāna (it is said that upwards of six hundred and twenty ladies were found within the residential palace building after the siege of Seringapatam), Tippoo must have spent the time in his Pleasure Palace tasting to the full on earth the joys of the Muhammadan Paradise, happily ignorant of approaching disaster, defeat and sudden death.

A lovely, fascinating vision of eastern enchantment will Tippoos Pleasure Palace always remain in my memory; a palace quite unique, well worthy of remembrance. Then, as life always includes and leads to death, we went on to the Lal Bagh or the Red Garden, the Mausoleum of Hyder Ali Khān, where he, the father, and his wife Fakaruneesa Begum, the mother of Tippoos, as well as the Sultan himself, are all buried, and no monarch could desire a more beautiful last resting-place.

The Mausoleum is in the usual style of Muhammadan domed architecture; an avenue of cypress trees leads up to the raised terrace, set in a lovely garden. Its huge Dome towers into the air, and in the square hall beneath rest the mighty dead in sepulchres, their three tombs covered by silken palls; a red covering, marking Tippoos martyr death—for so his co-religionists consider his fate—for his faith. Finely polished black marble columns are a feature of the building to which Lord Dalhousie gave, in 1855, two pairs of very fine ivory doors "as a mark of respect and in memory of" his visit.

A dignified old Muhammadan official invited us to enter the building, and on each tomb was laid a row of flowers, white for the two Sultans and pink for the wife and the mother; a kindly touch of human sympathy and of remembrance of the kingly dead. A bunch of peacock's feathers, emblem of royalty, testified to the deceased's rank. The hall was redolent of incense, and we gathered that some equivalent of the Hindū pūjā was daily performed there. The Muhammadan tried to explain it to us in fluent—and my companion said 'high-flown'—Hindūstāni which she partly understood, while a group of loungers watched the proceedings from outside.

The building is kept up by the Mysore Government.

Opposite the Mausoleum is a very fine Mosque, which we were not, as unbelievers, permitted to enter, but of which the open doors allowed us a good view. It looked cool, clean and well-kept. Having received the inevitable flowers (and bestowed the equally inevitable tips), we next found ourselves inspecting—it is only a few yards distant—a monument on a very different scale, that erected by his nephew to Colonel Baillie, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Perinbakan in 1780, and died in the fortress of Seringapatam on September 3, 1782. This was a small white and blue, domed, building, also rather Muhammadan in style, surrounded by a shabby and rather dreary-looking garden.

Later, we viewed the dark, dismal, and underground dungeon where some of the English prisoners were confined after this disastrous defeat. "Its length is said to be 90 feet, the breadth $37\frac{1}{2}$ feet and the height 7 feet; 384 prisoners were confined here, chained to the stones in the wall," half starved, exposed to all the rigours of the climate. Yet these poor prisoners preferred death and imprisonment to renouncing Christianity and embracing Muhammadanism, an alternative pressed upon them, as Tippoos was a bigoted Muhammadan and ardent proselytiser, being accounted a very religious Ruler and often forcing his faith on those he conquered. One was glad to leave a place where one's fellow-countrymen had suffered so sorely, for few survived their hardships. In Seringapatam one felt an all-pervading atmosphere of suffering and tragedy.

Tippoos huge residential Palace, with its once heaped-up treasure stores, is now in ruins, except for a part used as a sandalwood store; and as one wandered about the scanty remains, one wondered at the skill and

pluck which had finally captured such a well fortified fortress; for the fragments of wall showed an astonishing thickness and strength, and the encircling river was an added strong, natural, barrier. However, taken the Palace and the town of Seringapatam were, on May 4, 1799, under General Baird (Windsor Castle boasts some of Tippoo's treasures), and Tippoo, who had been taking part in the fighting was himself killed. The spot on which he fell is now one of the sights to be seen and is known as the Water Gate. A few steps further give a picturesque glimpse of the river, with its busy and typically Indian scene of bathers; bullocks were also being vigorously scrubbed as well as men and clothes. Here also were some fine trees, under one of which was a very large number of stones, carved with the entwining serpents and single snakes one so often sees under certain trees. It must be reputed a very holy tree, for flowers were strewn before the stones which were decorated with vermilion, and I had never before seen so many carved stones under one tree.

The great Mosque or Musjid Allah, the favourite place of worship of Hyder Ali Khān Behad and of Tippoo Sultan, with its two minarets of great height, is another beautiful Muhammadan building. We, being rather tired with sight-seeing under the tropical sun at the hot time of the day, did not however mount the minarets for the fine view of the surrounding country which they of course afford.

A large and interesting Hīndū temple was close to the road leading to the dungeon. It is said to be one of the oldest temples in South India and to date from A. D. 894. One thing makes it interesting to Theosophists—it is said to have been visited by Rāmānuja

Āchārya, the Head and Founder of the Shri Vaiṣṇava sect. It is called the Temple of Shri Rāṅganātha Swāmi.

Seringapatam itself seems now to be a small and insignificant place with a bad reputation for fever, but its fine buildings—and my companion, who knows India well, declared that the Muhammadan architecture there was among the finest she had seen—*plus* its historical interest, make it well worth a visit.

Sic transit gloria mundi—the thought came spontaneously to one's mind as one contemplated the pall covering the remains of the renowned and barbarously cruel Tippoo, the 'Tiger of Mysore'; and yet to this day his memory is revered by his co-religionists as that of a martyr to his faith; prayers are recited at his tomb and flowers daily laid on his monument.

The pious remembrance in which India holds the mighty dead—and both Hīndūs and Muhammadans show this same trait—is one of the most pleasant of her many amiable characteristics. *Vale!* Seringapatam! favourite City of Sultans, destined town of death and tragedy to both East and West alike.

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F. T. S.

VII

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

This month we will consider the third of the truths of which I wrote in the March number of the *Young Citizen*—my conviction as to the existence of a Path of Evolution and as to the fact that all life is treading that Path somewhere. How does this truth affect my daily life, and of what value is it to my surroundings and to my country?

I think that this truth seems to put order where hitherto one has only been able to make out disorder, and calms and steadies the various bodies in the face of trouble or of unknown conditions. Unless we feel that we are parts of a great scheme, in which all around us has its place, there comes too often that sense of vagueness and isolation which hardens the nature and deadens it to the inspiring influences of God in His great growing. It has often been said that the theory—or as we should say, the truth—of evolution is one of the great contributions made by the nineteenth century to the world, but the truth is as yet unheeded and is not applied to the conditions of ordinary every-day life to make things easier. I want to suggest to you, then, that this Path of evolution is a fact of nature which helps us to practise the ordinary

homely virtues, enables us to understand more sympathetically the characters of others, and gives a clearer insight into the motives for human action. In addition to this service, which the fact of the existence of a Path of evolution renders to us in connection with the human division on the Path, we are also helped to realise more accurately the position of the animal, the vegetable and the mineral on the various rungs of the evolutionary ladder, and in their movements and manner of growth we take more interest, becoming thus more tolerant and helpful.

Take into consideration, first, the various types of people who live in your vicinity, whom you see, whom you know, of whom you have heard. Knowing as you do that there is one great Path of Progress, you begin to learn to judge others as you desire yourself to be judged; you begin to realise that the various excuses, or shall we be more polite and say 'reasons,' for your own mistakes are excuses which in justice apply to others when they make mistakes. Knowing your own weaknesses, and yet knowing at the same time your aspirations, you begin to credit those around you with aspirations as noble as your own, instead of always imputing bad motives to other people and good motives to yourself. It is true, of course, that just as there must inevitably be innumerable people below you in evolution so must there be many, very many, beyond you. But on the whole, judging from your own knowledge of yourself, most people are probably doing the best they can at the position which they have reached; and just as you need encouragement and a generous interpretation of your efforts and motives, so do they require encouragement and a recognition that behind all the follies and all the mischief there is a soul struggling to be wise and, therefore, self-conscious. In fact, we

rather tend to get rid of such words as 'wickedness,' 'evil,' and 'mischief,' and the one word, 'ignorance,' serves to explain the important fact that there are very few people who are deliberately wicked and evil, who are, that is, definitely setting themselves with all their bodies to hinder God's plan as much as possible. Most of us make mistakes—even the worst mistakes—because we do not yet know, because we are not yet Self-conscious, and the knowledge of God's plan shows us that all the crimes and the wickednesses, of whatever degree, are but the ignorant strivings of the unconscious God within to become conscious, through the many planes of nature, of all his powers and all his possibilities. And even the crime brings in its train God's blessing—pain; so we watch the great drama of life, ourselves part of it, and strive to know what it all means and what is the quickest way to reach the goal.

One seems to settle down, even without deep scientific lore, even without extensive acquaintance with the great evolutionary theories, and even without any adequate understanding of human nature, to the comfortable feeling that "all's right with the world." Each human being has his place, his possibilities, and his functions as part of God's plan for men. If, therefore, we know a little more about the plan than he does, if we know ourselves a little better than the ordinary human being knows himself, we may become increasingly conscious of the plan by trying to understand other portions of the plan in other people, and in the process of understanding we learn to sympathise or at least to avoid irritation, anger and other forms of ignorance. So you see, perhaps, that if we know that there is a Path, and by the word 'know' I mean the having of an inner conviction,

we begin to lose those signs which indicate that their possessors are still in ignorance of the world and its work. I am sometimes very much amused at the way in which people call Theosophists 'unworldly,' 'visionary,' 'unpractical'. It is the proud boast of some people that they are 'men of the world,' that is to say, people whose brains are trained just as the contortionist trains his legs and arms. They are well-versed in all the superficialities, conventionalities, and artificialities of life which make up our present stage of ignorance, and the contortionist can twist himself up into knots which need never have been made. In my opinion, the real 'man of the world' is one who is becoming increasingly conscious of the world without him, and who every day is learning to be more in harmony with, more at peace with, the rest of nature. The worldly man is he who really helps the world through those around him, and who has learned that anger and irritability and contempt and hatred are all forms of an ignorance which he would do well to leave behind him. He sees that all violence is but the sign of existing struggle, while calm and gentle purposefulness is the sign of incipient success. Thus a knowledge of the Path, however little it may be based on what the world calls evidence, gives us the key to the relation between ourselves and our surroundings, and we begin to live our lives *with* people instead of *apart* from them and often in opposition to them; for there is but the one great Path and all are brothers in the great family which is treading it. I do not suggest for a moment that we must always agree with people, or that we must never act in opposition to them. In the case of people who know less than we do, who are making what we know to be mistakes, it may be our duty to

place ourselves in opposition to them. It may be our duty to point out to others the nature of the ignorance of any who may be making mistakes, but we have to learn to oppose their ignorance and not themselves. And it is where you feel yourself to be opposing the individual, where you feel angry with him, that you are showing the plan to be yet veiled even from your own eyes. For if you were to reach, by means of inner sight, the inner bodies of someone with whom you now feel angry, you would see, at least, his ego as purposeful and perhaps as beautiful as your own; and while, when you come down into the world of *māyā*, the mind and emotion bodies may appear ugly because ill-controlled, in some region far away from all that is coarse and external there dwells the immortal individual in all his beauty, in all his gentleness, in all his purity. Sometimes if one can, and it is no doubt difficult, it is worth while to adjust our life in the world of form and strife without, to the life of peace and unity within. This power is one of the clearest signs of greatness in an individual, and it is one of the qualities for which personally I am most eager.

All that I have said as regards the human kingdom applies in its own way to all the other kingdoms of nature. The animal has a new value to us, for it represents a definite stage upon the path—a stage which once we ourselves have trodden. In the same way the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms are seen to be stages behind the animal on this Path of evolution, and we know that the life which now is in the trees and in the flowers, in the stone and in the animal, is life gaining the experience in those lower forms which shall lift it into the higher stages to which the human form belongs. Knowing as we do how gentleness and kindness help us at our stage to

grow more quickly, we apply this experience to the helping of the life as yet imprisoned in the lower forms, and the man or woman, boy or girl who treats animals with kindness and tends the flowers and plants, not only shows in the act that he is becoming increasingly conscious of the destiny of all life, but is directly lighting for these younger creatures the Path which lies before them—thus helping them to tread it.

Has it ever struck you that just as the great Teachers are to us, so are we to animals and all that is lower than these? Has it struck you that perhaps the animal would look to us, if we would let him, as the great Teacher allows us to look to Him? Are we not, under our own Elder Brethren, the elder brethren of the animal, the plant, the mineral? For is there not one Path and one Life, in varying degrees of growth and consciousness? If this be true, how beautiful a relation arises between ourselves and the lower worlds of life, and how carefully ought we not to live, so as to be to our own younger brethren, whether human or below, as our own Elder Brethren are to us.

What a preparation for citizenship to learn while young to share the bigger life with all that is yet smaller; for the motherland, of which each one of you is no doubt proud, belongs as much to the animal and the plant as it does to you, and a nation depends for its vitality as much upon the happiness of its animals as upon the prosperity of its human citizens. So the Path teaches us many lessons, many more than those I have sketched out for you in this short talk; but perhaps you will have caught the idea and will now be able to work it out for yourself.

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES"

By C. K.

WITH his back against a huge boulder, overgrown with mosses and lichen, little Rudi was reclining one fine afternoon in July. By his side was a small basket full of fragrant wild strawberries which he had freshly picked among the bushes on the grassy slopes at the foot of the *Stockhorn*. All around him spread a bright carpet of alpine flowers; white anemones mingled with dark blue mountain forget-me-nots, daisies with gentians, speedwell with dwarf bright-eyes, while it seemed as if one could hear the tinkle of the delicate blue-bells, swayed to and fro on their slender stems by the gentle breeze. A few bushes of the alpine rose nestled close up to one side of the boulder, the pale pink of the flowers thus being set off by the dark background of the huge stone, from a crevice on which there grew a little fir tree.

All this made a picture that would have delighted the heart of an artist; but the beauty of the landscape was yet enhanced by the figure of the boy in the centre. He was a picture in himself. Being slightly built and rather delicate he did not seem to be more than ten years old, though he had passed his twelfth birthday. His fair, curly hair looked like an aureole; in his rather deep-set, dark blue eyes there was generally a far-away, thoughtful look, though at times they could also flash fire. His whole appearance gave the impression of his

being of high birth, yet he was a humble child of this valley, which is more or less shut in by high mountains and little frequented by tourists. Born of poor, but intelligent, parents, he had never left his native place. Neatly mended and scrupulously clean were his shirt and trousers, the only garments he was wearing. On his knees rested a copy of *At the Feet of the Master*, in German. How had this priceless little book come into the possession of the poor child of this mountain valley?

For some years past during the summer holidays Rudi had been in the habit of gathering wild berries, which he sold in a neighbouring *pension*, so as to help his parents a little. Last year a family from Fürich had come to spend a few weeks at this very *pension*. One day he had occasion to render a service to these strangers. From that a sudden friendship sprung up between Rudi and Hans, the oldest child, a boy also twelve years old, dark-eyed and of a vivacious temperament, almost the very opposite of our little hero in outward appearance and disposition. Though of the same age as Rudi he looked more than two years older, owing no doubt to the fact that *his* growth had never been stunted by poor or scanty food.

Many an afternoon did the two spend together after Rudi had filled his basket with the fragrant berries. Hans' parents had for many years been members of the Theosophical Society and so had brought up their children on Theosophical principles. The doctrines of karma and reincarnation especially appealed to these little ones so strongly, and seemed so natural to them, that they often explained them to their friends and playmates. Thus it was not long before Rudi knew all that Hans' could impart to him about the Theosophical teachings. Evidently

this was not the first life in which they had become acquainted with them, all seemed so reasonable and natural. The teaching about the coming of a Great World Teacher above all made them feel quite enthusiastic. Often were they talking about it and planning how each of them would work for it in his way, among his playmates and schoolfellows at present, later among a larger circle.

As soon as the German edition of *At the Feet of the Master* had appeared Hans had received a copy of it from his parents, and when they came again to the Bernese Oberland this summer, Rudi was made happy by his friend through the gift of the precious little book. It became his constant companion during these summer holidays. Although he was now a pupil of the secondary school in the next village, he did not consider himself too grand still to gather wild strawberries among the bushes and sell them. But now he always hurried with his self-imposed task, in order to have as much time as possible for the perusal of Hans' gift. Both Rudi's parents, though poor, had received a fairly good education and possessed a certain inherent refinement, such as one often finds in people who have read much in the book of nature and held communion with her. The boy talked freely with them about all that interested him and so of course also about the conversations he and Hans had together. Though they were sometimes of different opinions, they never ridiculed him. Often he read to them out of his little book on a Sunday afternoon, and all three enjoyed the time thus spent.

On the day in question Rudi, after his reading, rested his folded hands on the open book while there was in his

eyes that far-away look, as if he tried to pierce into some unknown region. For some time he was lost in meditation, quite oblivious of his surroundings, then all of a sudden he roused himself and looked intently down the path, saying:

"I hope Hans will not be very late, I have so much to tell him."

Already the orb of the day was nearing the western horizon and the snow-capped giants of the Bernese Oberland began to glow as if on fire, when Hans came running up the path-way and Rudi hastened to meet him. "How glad I am you have come, I have so much to tell you," said the latter.

"Yesterday afternoon while I was reading here as usual, two ladies who seemed in earnest conversation passed by and sat down not far from me. They continued their talk without taking any notice of me and I went on with my reading without paying any attention to their talk, when, all of a sudden, I caught the words, 'Great World Teacher,' pronounced by a disagreeable voice that grated on my ears. It came from the bigger of the two ladies. Now I became interested in what they were saying and listened. I soon understood that they were of different opinions with regard to the coming of the next World-Teacher. The smaller lady spoke quietly and gently, while the other one became rather excited. She said she believed in karma and reincarnation, yes, but these new-fangled ideas she could not accept. Then she began to ridicule her companion for what she called her credulity, believing everything that a leader might say, and for her having expressed the wish to join the Order of the Star in the East, though she did not know much about it.

"At this point I felt that if I sat here quietly any longer without bearing testimony to the truth I would be denying my Master. So I got up and said gently and politely: 'Excuse me, I could not help hearing that you do not believe that a Great World-Teacher will be coming soon, but it is all true, I know it and feel it, and wish I could make you feel the same.' Then the big lady (I do not think though that she is a *real* lady) burst out: 'Wait till you are asked for your opinion, you dirty, ragged, little beggar, what do *you* know about such things?'"

"When I heard these words I became very angry, my eyes must have flashed fire, I felt it, I clenched my fist—if a boy had spoken to me so, I would have knocked him down—and burst out: 'I'm not dirty and not ragged and not a beggar,' and, I am ashamed to say, was going to add some angry remarks about herself, when fortunately, ere I had disgraced myself, I remembered that I had promised to practise *gentleness*. So I quickly said: 'Please, I beg your pardon.' More I could not get out; I felt choking and my eyes began to fill with tears. The gentle lady said to her companion: 'Oh Selina, how could you?' Then they rose and went away, while I returned to my seat, feeling very, very sad, first at having lost my temper, when I have been trying so hard to do well and to be gentle, then at the thought of those cruel words which had cut so deeply."

"Why do most grown-up people forget so soon that they also were children once, or rather, many times, if they only knew it? Why do some who profess to believe in reincarnation forget that there may be an old soul in a young body? Why do the rich so often despise the poor? Why do people who call themselves Christians, not remember that Christ said: 'Suffer little children, and

forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' or His saying: 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man has not where to lay His head.'

"All the evening I felt very miserable, mostly on account of my failing. I said to myself that I had really betrayed the Lord through my display of anger, forgetting to be gentle. Oh, I did so wish that you had come back from your excursion, so that I could have told you all then."

"Now however comes the better part of my story. To-day I was especially lucky in finding berries, so I filled my basket very quickly. As I hurried to my boulder whom should I see there but the little lady of yesterday? She came to meet me and said she was anxious to ask me a few questions. First, however, she apologised for her friend's rudeness and said I was a brave boy. Then she wanted to know how it was that I had spoken with such certainty yesterday about the coming of the World-Teacher. Of course I was delighted to tell her how from the time I was quite little I had a longing for such an event and the feeling that it would come to pass even in my lifetime. So, when I heard from you about this expectation, I *knew* right away it was true. Then I also told her what your mother had translated to us from *The Herald of the Star* about the meeting of December 28, 1911 and what her friend had written to her about it—how wonderful it all was, how strongly she had felt the influences in the hall that evening, and how she and her room-mate had described their impressions to each other that same evening."

"When I had finished talking, the lady said I had helped her much, she now felt quite certain that her own feelings had been right all the time and she would join

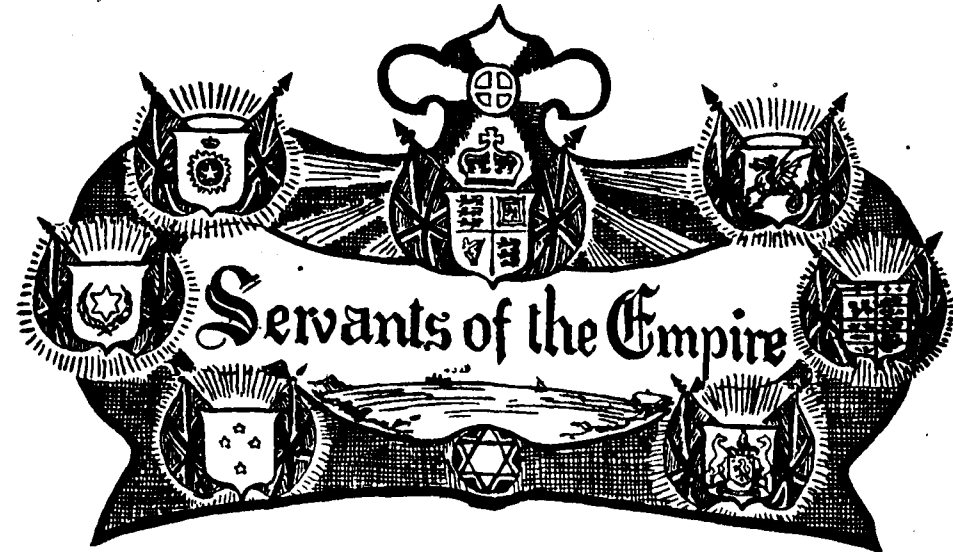
the Order of the Star at once after her return home. She would be leaving in a few hours. You can imagine my feelings after she had gone. In spite of my failing, I had been able to serve my Master; I had been used as an instrument to help a fellow-being. How grateful I was that this opportunity had been given to me!"

While Rudi had been talking, twilight had set in, so the two boys hurried back to the village. After the strawberries had been delivered they stayed yet awhile in the garden, for it was Hans' last evening; the next day he would be back in his own home and they did not know when they would meet again. So in their farewell they pledged themselves in a most solemn manner, that as their forefathers had fought for the political freedom and independence of the nation, so would *they* always fight for the spiritual freedom and independence of humanity. They would do all in their power to make ready the way for the World-Teacher, so that He might not find so many obstacles and be able to stay longer among mankind than at His last coming. Then they repeated their favourite little verses:

Master, may Thy servant ever,
Through *devotion* to Thy cause,
Strive to live as in Thy presence,
Work and pray and never pause.

Steadfastness shall be his watchword,
As his daily task he plies,
While on earth he helps his brethren,
He looks upwards to the skies.

Gentleness shall always mark him,
So that those around him say:
"He lives for the Great World-Teacher.
May we too behold His day!"



An important work has been taken in hand by the Editor of this Magazine. An Association is formed called "The Theosophical Educational Trust," with the object of establishing schools and colleges which shall be open to students of every faith, and in which religious instruction shall be an integral part of education and of doing all such things as are incidental or conducive to the carrying-out of that object. The Trust is a legally registered body, duly incorporated, and under its auspices the Theosophical Collegiate School comes into existence at Benares. It is later to be expanded into a College.

The spirit of the School will be that embodied in the book *Education as Service*, by Alcyone (J. Krishnamurti), and the religious instruction given will consist of the broad spiritual truths which are the common basis of all religions. *The Universal Text Book of Religion and Morals*, edited by Annie Besant, P. T. S., will be the religious Text Book. It will be the special endeavour of the School to awaken in its students a clear sense of their responsibilities as citizens of a world-wide Empire, training them to place the common citizenship above all party, provincial, or racial, distinctions. The School will, therefore, strive to inculcate in each student: (1) a reverent spirit towards the essential features of his own ancestral faith, and a sympathetic comprehension of religions other than his own; (2) a loyal devotion to the Sovereign; and (3) eagerness to fit himself to contribute to the welfare of his Motherland and the Empire. In order to teach these principles by example

as well as by precept, the members of the staff will be most carefully chosen, and character will be regarded as more important than even academical distinctions.

The rules of the School are:

(1) No married students will be admitted to the School, nor later to the College, and students who marry while members of the institution will be required to leave at once. (2) Special stress will be laid on physical instruction, and every student will be required to take regular physical exercise in the School playground after the ordinary work of the day is over. Special exercise will be provided for such students as, under medical orders, are unable to play games. (3) All preparation for the next day's work will be done during school hours. There will, therefore, be no home lessons nor private tutors. (4) Every student will be required to undergo a periodical medical examination as to his state of health. (5) Every student, whether boarder or day-boy, will be required to wear the School uniform while in the School premises. The uniform will consist of dhoti or pyjamas and a long coat, white or dark blue according to the season, and a light blue sash is to be worn at such times as may be prescribed by the School authorities. Arrangements for the uniform are to be made with the Headmaster at the time of the boy's admission. (6) No boy will be admitted as a day student unless the Headmaster is satisfied as to the suitability of his place of residence and guardian.

The Honorary Headmaster is Mr. P. K. Telang, F. T. S., M. A., LL. B., late Honorary Professor of History in the C. H. C. The fees are Ans. 12 for 5th and 6th classes and Re. 1 for 7th and 8th classes per month with Re. 1 for Admission Fee.

The badge of the School is a silver five-pointed Star on the School colour—bright blue. The Theosophical Educational Trust has acquired a large piece of ground, close to the School, which will temporarily be used as a playground.

All Servants of the Empire should help this great work. In this institution will be nurtured and trained the future Servants of India and the Empire. Mrs. Besant in making appeal for help says: "We have the essentials—the men and women who teach; we ask for the money necessary to build and to carry on the work." Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Editor of this Magazine, c/o Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.



THERE is no greater need in the world to-day than to proclaim the message of gentleness, for gentleness dissipates the clouds of selfishness and enables the light within a man to shine forth; and this light not only makes clear to a man how he shall act concerning his spiritual affairs; it also shows to him what he shall or shall not do with reference to his affairs in the material world. There is no problem which the cleverest of men to-day think can be solved only by force, but could be better solved by gentleness, if only men's hearts were gentle. We fall back on force as a method because we see no other way; were we but to train ourselves to be gentle, we should then see many a method to achieve our aim, but with means that bring hurt to no living thing.

Now it is because gentleness will be predominant in the Great Teacher who is to come, and because gentleness will characterise the civilisation He will build, that so many to-day are responding to the message of the Order of the Star in the East. Out of all religions they come to join the Order, for in the virtue of gentleness is a vivifying force that transforms the character in mysterious and subtle ways, and yet adds to it a strength that withstands the shock of every calamity. As members of the Order we are working to usher in a new era; let us see to it that we do not narrow the portals for those eager to work for gentleness. Well and good if they believe in Theosophical truths, but such belief is not necessary in order to be active in the Order. What they believe as to life here or hereafter matters little in this work, so long as they heartily co-operate to bring before men's minds the power that is latent in gentleness. Theosophy is the scientific knowledge of the laws of nature and of life, and every religion expresses some of these laws in terms of human conduct. Each founder of religion generalises from the

Ancient Wisdom certain principles of ethics, which he formulates in a code of conduct, that in His judgment, is the most helpful to the era which He is to usher in. He sums up Theosophy for an epoch in some one or more virtues on which He lays special stress. . . . So too it will be in the religions yet to come; to suit the time and the civilisation, each Teacher will offer to men a path to Salvation by the practice of certain virtues. It is our faith as members of the Order that Gentleness will be the supreme virtue that will transform men's lives in the era that is dawning.

Theosophy, as a body of scientific truths, is only for a few—only indeed for those who have qualifications of heart and mind to see for themselves the laws of nature and understand their significance. But Theosophy as a code of conduct, as the practice of certain virtues, is for all, irrespective of the level of their mentality or the capacities of their hearts. High and low, evolved and unevolved, can practise virtues, while the conquest of truth is only for a few.

The Order of the Star in the East, with its virtues of Devotion, Steadfastness and Gentleness, is one more expression of Theosophy as ideal conduct. The Order embraces all peoples, demanding of them no ability of heart or mind, but only a desire to practise the three virtues to prepare the way of the Supreme Teacher. What the Supreme Teacher will do with the Order when He comes we do not know; we can but prepare to-day an instrument for Him to wield in the service of His children. Of one thing alone are we now certain, and that is that the message He will speak to men will appeal more universally than any religion of to-day.

C. JINARAJADASA in the July *Herald of the Star*

THE ROUND TABLE

We regret we are unable to publish the promised report of New Zealand work. It has not been received, and we hope to print it in our next number. The Emblem for the month of July is *Rose and the Quality, Steadfastness.*



CONDUCTED BY HERBERT AND ETHEL WHITE

"THE BUSY BEE"

By HELEN BROADBENT

II

"Be quick, my dear Bee," cried Lucie as once more the obliging bee came sailing along and settled close to the little girl who was sitting down gazing intently at a rose tree.

"What is the matter, little girl," asked the bee. "You seem very excited."

"So I am! I have found out something for myself."

"What's that?" asked the bee curiously.

"Why—look—look—there they are again—in the rose tree," cried Lucie, her eyes shining with excitement. "Look! They are taking away bits of leaves! If you had not come this minute I should have been obliged to go and fetch Jack or the Professor. What can bees want with bits of leaves?"



"To build nests with, my dear."

"Nests—where?" asked Lucie looking up in the trees where she knew the birds were at work.

"You must look on the ground or in decaying trees for their nests."

"I will. But I have been watching these nearly all the morning. See how neatly the piece is cut out. Won't Smithson be cross when he sees his rose-tree with nibbled leaves! I saw them tuck the bits up between their legs and then they flew away. How clever you bees are!"

"Yes, we are indeed," said the bee modestly.

"Do they use any other leaves? You know it would have been prettier if they'd use the rose-petals—and think how sweet it would smell. But I should not like to see the roses all nibbled, so perhaps it is as well that they did choose the leaves."

"You will find them at work on the laburnum trees and the acacias. If you could see into their nest you would find all the leaves neatly arranged one inside the other like thimbles. And talking about using petals, there is one of the family who uses poppy petals—is that pretty enough to suit you? It is called the Poppy Bee, or the upholsterer Bee of Réaumur, the naturalist. Your Professor would call it *Anthocopa papaveris*—I suppose; Jack would know enough Latin to tell you *papaver* means poppy."

"What a clever bee you are," repeated Lucie with awe and admiration. "And it is so much nicer to learn these things out of doors than at school. When I grow up I'll have an 'out-door school'; we'll just walk about and look at things. Even when it rains, then we can all walk about under umbrellas—wouldn't that be fun?"

"Of course everything out of doors is best," answered the bee, "but you want your hives for storing your things in, just as much as we want ours. Now just follow this leaf-cutter bee and see where it goes. Follow me."

Lucie obediently rose from the grass and followed her little guide who tracked the leaf-cutter bee.

"Oh—oh!" she almost squealed, "the bee is making straight for my old swing."

"Get into the swing and sit still," commanded the bee.

Lucie obeyed, almost breathless with excitement. She was quite right, the bee made straight for a small hole in the decaying wood post of the swing and disappeared, leaf and all. Lucie sat quite still; presently out came the bee and flew away, and almost before it seemed possible returned again to the hole with another leaf. Lucie sat entranced.

After a few minutes silence, she drew a long breath: "It is clever of you," she repeated. "Are there any lazy bees in the world, do you think?"

"Yes, there is a lazy class of bees called 'the Cuckoo Bee' for they do not make any nest, but they lay their eggs in the nests of other bees and leave them to be brought up by the foster-parents."

"What are they like—can I see one?"

"The commonest are called Nomada, and are slender and shiny and smooth, more like a wasp than like us. They are very gaily coloured with bands of black and red and yellow."

"And where must I look for that lazy kind of bee?"

"Well, a sunny bank is a good place to watch. They sneak into the nest when the owner is away and put their own eggs among the food prepared by the owner-bee. I think myself they close up the cell too, for I have seen the lazy parasite-bee with clay sticking to the hind legs. Your Professor might tell you that the nest-making bee thinks she has forgotten to close up the cell and does it when she returns. But I am not sure."

"Where do these kinds of bees live?" asked Lucie.

"The leaf-cutter species are found anywhere in the northern part of the globe: but the poppy-bee is not a native of England."

"I suppose there are lots and lots of bees, all different then. I thought bees were all bees, you know."

"Well, of course we are all bees—but we all have different habits and ways."

"It makes you much more interesting," agreed Lucie. "My old nurse calls you dumbledores, and the stable boy calls you bumble-bees, and Smithson, humble-bees."

"And the Professor calls a humble-bee *Bombus terrestris*" broke in the bee.

"Now tell me this," Lucie suddenly exclaimed. "Why do tom-tits tap beehives?—Jack declares they do."

"They do," indignantly replied the bee, "and when we come out to see what the danger is—the horrid little things eat us—head first, because they know the sting is in our tails—mean little things. Good-bye—I will come again soon," and away buzzed the indignant bee.

"Dear me," murmured Lucie. "I am afraid I made him rather cross. I am sorry I mentioned tom-tits. I feel like 'Alice' when she kept mentioning 'Dinah' to the mouse and the other animals. But I am going to watch the hives. I must look about for heaps more things ready for our next meeting. It makes a garden so interesting. Some day I'll try and find a talking bird and then I'll write down all he says in a book," and Lucie skipped off to where the beehives stood in rows under the apple trees.

(To be concluded)

THE LAIDLEY WORM

A Tale of Magic and Enchantment

(Illustrated by S. Hitchens)

By E. C. MATRAVERS

IDA was King of Northumbria and he lived in his great castle of Bamborough overlooking the North Sea. He had two children, a son named Childy Wynd who was far away at the wars, and a daughter, Margaret. His wife had died when these were still quite young.

One day Margaret was at home alone when she received a message from her father saying that she must prepare the castle with the utmost care for his return, because he was bringing home another wife and he wished her to have a hearty welcome.

Margaret set bravely to work, and in the evening she waited anxiously at the castle gate till the procession appeared riding up the hill. In front was the King with a lady grandly dressed on his right hand. She was looking this way and that to inspect what her new home might be like, and it would seem that the threatening black towers and the moan of the sea did not please her, for she looked sour and cross. And when she saw fair Margaret waiting for them she looked indeed blacker than thunder, and, turning to her attendants, pointed out the blushing girl with a finger of scorn.

But Margaret stepped forward and with the prettiest grace in the world bade the lady welcome. But she scarcely seemed to notice this for, sweeping past her step-daughter into the hall, she ordered that her supper should be promptly served.

Now unfortunately the Queen's sharp ears overheard one of her gentlemen-in-waiting praising the beauty and grace of the Princess and her sharp eyes saw the admiration with which he watched her movements. For this dire offence she rebuked him harshly, calling it bad manners on his part to praise any but herself. Not only did she rebuke him, but she summoned Margaret to her and said that the whole court should see how hollow her beauty and her pretty manners really were. She was indeed, the Queen declared, nothing better than a "laidley (loathly) worm".

The courtiers shivered at these terrible words, for they knew the wicked Queen had magic powers, and all had deep misgivings as to the fate of poor Margaret, especially when they heard the Queen muttering something about the spell lasting till the return of Childy Wynd.

Nothing happened, however, for some hours, and everybody was beginning to breathe more freely, when in the evening poor Margaret, who was spinning on the castle terrace, became aware that some strange thing was happening to her. Her arms dropped to her side and became part of her body, her feet were glued together and her whole form was growing longer and thicker and more shapeless every moment. Then every-



body ran away from her, for they saw her pretty features changing into the head of a hideous dragon, and for very shame the wretched creature had to wriggle her

huge unwieldy folds away and away, down the hill and across the plain, into a dark cavern called Spindleston Heugh.

When the poor King heard the news, he was very unhappy, but he dared not cross his new wife, so he gave orders that the "laidley worm" should be properly fed and left unhurt in 'her' cave, even though every day many cries and complaints used to reach him about the harm which the great creature did in the neighbourhood, for her breath was so venomous that the land was burnt up for miles around, and though she never wanted to kill or hurt any one, yet her hideousness was so terrific that no one willingly went near her hole. Every day she drank the milk of seven cows, and every day her scorching breath swept over the country.

This sad state of things went on for several years, till at last the news spread into distant lands, and Childy Wynd learnt that some great trouble had befallen his sister. As soon as he heard this, he made up his mind to return home at once, and indeed he might be of great use there, for having travelled far and wide he knew more about witches and spells than anyone expected.

So he ordered a beautiful ship to be built made all of mountain-ash, only he called it rowan-wood, and he went on board with thirty-three brave followers and set sail for his native shores.

When they drew near and could see the great castle of Bamborough frowning down on them, the step-mother appeared on the walls, and she guessed at once that this gallant ship contained some enemy, so she sent her old witch-wives to stand on the shore and try to sink it with their spells. But these had no power at all, because Childy Wynd had so cunningly built it of rowan-wood over which no evil spirits have any power.

The Queen saw this and was more and more angry. From her watch-tower she then gave orders that her followers should attack the stranger ship at sea and on no account allow it to come to land. But her wrath

increased still more when she perceived that her champions were easily overthrown; many of them were drowned in their attempt, and the others only regained the shore with great difficulty.

She saw too that the "laidley worm" was coming, streaming and coiling down the hill-side to the shore, her ghastly length covering the crops, and her hot breath causing even the sea waves to steam and churn with heat.

Now Childy Wynd supposed this hideous creature was some offspring of the wicked Queen's wiles, intended by her to drive him from his home and his sister, so he ran his ship ashore; and arming himself with his sword, he approached 'her' horrid coils meaning to fight to the death.



What was not his surprise, when that hideous mouth dripping with venom and belching forth evil-smelling smoke and flames rebuked him gently for his impetuosity and told him that his conquest could only be won if he would thrice kiss her lips.

So Childy Wynd laid aside his sword and approached the "laidley worm". Once, twice, thrice he kissed her

lips, and then the great creature writhed her way back to her cavern of Spindlestone Heugh. There she plaited her coils round a huge stone and lay sleeping, the three and thirty heroes watching her meanwhile.

But just as the sun first dipped below the horizon, they saw stepping forth from the cave a fair lady, whom Childy Wynd at once recognised to be his own dear sister, the Princess Margaret.

You can imagine how happy the brother and sister were to meet again, and how grateful Margaret was to Childy Wynd for his courage, and what stories each had to tell the other about their respective adventures.

When Childy Wynd had heard the whole of the story, he went to the castle of Bamborough and searched out his step-mother, whom he found cowering in a dark corner, for she was monstrously afraid of her step-son, now she was aware that he knew at least as much about magic as she did herself.

He at once with many sharp words of rebuke ordered her to become a toad, which indeed she did on the spot, and crawled away to hide in the cracks and holes under the castle-walls.

This is a true story, and if you do not believe it you had better go to Bamborough and you will see the cavern where the "laidley worm" lived, and the trough out of which she lapped her milk, and also the street which still is named after Childy Wynd.



WE regret to disappoint our Golden Links but the Letter addressed to them by Ethel M. Whyte has not arrived this month so they will have to exercise the virtue of Patience. We give a beautiful Hymn instead, which, no doubt, they will appreciate, while the news of their Australian brothers will please them.

In Victoria some three thousand applications have come in from children wishing to join the Golden Chain, as the result of Mr. Studd's putting its pledge in the Journal published by the Education Department of that State. This quick and widespread result of publicity should encourage other workers to bring this valuable Children's Order before the teachers in the public schools of every country. It has been warmly welcomed in the American States, and its pledge hangs on the walls of many of the State schools.

A VESPER HYMN

"Come unto Me"

Like to weary children
Turning home to rest,
May we, when comes evening,
Say, "Now comes the best:"

"Comes the holy night-time,
Ends the restless day;"
Leave the little labours,
Cast the toys away.

Fold the hands contented;
Close the tired eyes;
Then, beside the Master,
Wake in Paradise.

C. W. S. M

THE VASANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS, S. INDIA

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I ADYAR, 7TH AUGUST, 1913 No. 8

FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

THIS month the message is on work done, instead of work looked forward to. A new departure in Education has been taken by the founding of the Theosophical Educational Trust. Its constitution will be found under 'In the World's Service,' for to that Service it is consecrated by its founders. Its general policy is outlined in Alcyone's little book, *Education as Service*, and, when he is a man, we trust that he will become its most trusted officer and guide. No greater joy can come to an old worker than to see growing up, in the younger generation, those who will outstrip him in the uplifting of the world. That joy is mine, and outweighs the contumely poured on me. The future will justify the efforts of to-day.

The immediate cause of the formation of the Trust was the need for the creation of a body which should

afford a refuge to the spirit of Service in Education driven out from the Central Hindū College, Benares, as the result of the resolution to merge it in the Hindū University. The Honourable Paṇḍit Madan Mohan Malaviya blew the trumpet against Theosophy, and Professor Homersham Cox claims that he urged separation from Theosophy on this eminent Hindū leader in private conversation. His arguments evidently convinced the Honourable Paṇḍit, and the result to the University of this change of policy must be left for the future to disclose. The result to Theosophy is seen in the formation of the Theosophical Educational Trust.

* *

The first School under the Trust is the Theosophical Collegiate School, Benares. This issued its prospectus in May, and opened on July 7th, 1913. It has adopted the *Universal Text-Book of Religion and Morals* as its general religious text-book, and it declares:

It will be the special endeavour of the School to awaken in its students a clear sense of their responsibilities as citizens of a world-wide Empire, training them to place the common citizenship above all party, provincial, or racial distinctions. The School will therefore strive to inculcate in each student: (1) a reverent spirit towards the essential features of his own ancestral faith, and a sympathetic comprehension of religions other than his own; (2) a loyal devotion to the Sovereign; and (3) eagerness to fit himself to contribute to the welfare of his Motherland and the Empire.

Much stress is to be laid on physical training, and physical exercise is compulsory. Preparation for the next day's work is to be done during school hours, and there are to be no home lessons. Mr. P. K. Telang is the Honorary Headmaster, and the School, in his hands, will enjoy all the advantages which made life in the C. H. C. so inspiring to youth. Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu expended much time and trouble on preparations

during the holidays, and all was in order on the opening day.

* *

On July 7th the E.S. members at Benares assembled at 7 A. M. in the new Boys' School for a brief meditation, and then went to the Girls' School for the same purpose, dedicating the future work to the Guardians of Humanity. At 10 A. M. Mr. P. K. Telang, M. A., opened the Boys' School with readings from the World-Scriptures by representatives of the different faiths, and the classes were formed with 70 boys—now (July 16) risen to 120. At 11 A. M. the ladies gathered at the new Girls' School and Miss Palmer, B. Sc., the Principal, gave a short address. Short readings from the World-Scriptures and sacred songs by old pupils followed.

* *

At the Vasanṭā Āshrama School three large classrooms were ready, which had been built during the holidays. Friends write that they are beautifully cool and airy, and that the ground now attached to the Āshrama makes it a charming place. Mrs. Shiva Kamu passed the Matriculation at the last Allahabad University examination, and is now reading for her degree at the Āshrama.

* *

From North to South. Mr. Giri Rau, a good Theosophist, has for twenty years been carrying on, under the greatest difficulties, a High School founded by himself at Madanapalle; some little time ago Mr. Ernest Wood went there to help him, and immensely improved the place, adding a hostel and a laboratory, and setting on foot sound scientific teaching. Mr. Giri Rau has vested the School in the Theosophical Educational Trust,

and the Trust has bought some additional land. The Acting Collector has also given ten acres of land at a nominal rent on a perpetual lease, so that we have now ample room for extension and for good play-grounds. Mr. Giri Rau has been appointed Correspondent with the Madras Educational Department, a post he has long filled and in which the Department wishes him to be continued. I may add that, even without that wish, the Trust would have only been too thankful to retain his invaluable services. Next year, we hope to raise the School to a College. There is sore need for many more Colleges in the Madras Presidency, for literally hundreds of youths who have matriculated can find no places in the Colleges now existing. Here lies open a vast field for usefulness.

* * *

In Gayā the Mahārāja of Tikari has made a most generous gift of fifty-eight acres of land for a College. Our energetic brethren of the Gayā T. S. Lodge have the matter in hand, and I hope to visit the place ere long and lend them some help in their noble work. Rai Bahādur Purnendu N. Sinha is making the legal transfer to the Trust of the School he has maintained and guided for so many years. The Sarvahitkar T. S., Gorakhpur, has opened a College there, the sixth of our educational ventures. There is only a second-grade Mission College in Gorakhpur, and the Missionaries are strongly against the opening of a non-proselytising College. Needless to say, the *Leader* is publishing strictures to help their opposition, since the name of Theosophy to it is as a red rag to a bull. We have in Gorakhpur Rai Bahādur Sris Chandra Bose, Sub-Judge, the famous Samskr̥t scholar, and Ayodhya Das, Esq.,

Barrister-at-Law, who was outcasted in Benares on his return to India after being called to the Bar. These two are a tower of strength. The Gorakhpur T. S. is giving Rs. 500 a month, and another Rs. 150 per month are promised. Some thousands of rupees are also promised as donations. This makes a good start. A further gift of land was made in England by Miss Dodge, F. T. S.—ten acres on the Sussex Downs, a magnificent site. With half a million of money, we could take advantage of the many demands which are being made upon us! But whence is that to come? Mr. Ratansi Dharamsi, F. T. S., of Bombay, treading in his noble father's footsteps is giving us Rs. 600 a month, and has already paid over Rs. 3,000; he naturally feels very deeply that the C. H. C., of which his father was one of the greatest benefactors, should be possessed by the Hindū University, and he recalls the fact that his father gave a very unwilling consent to the transfer, and only promised to help the University because I was on its Governing Body. The Trust received a donation of £ 3,000 (Rs. 45,000), for the purchase of the land at Benares, and other sums have already been received. Friends everywhere should help with funds, in order that our good beginning may be rapidly improved. No better service can be done just now than the training of the boys and girls in that ideal of duty and usefulness which is embodied in the Theosophical Educational Trust.

* * *

Our June editorial on Purity was very generously reprinted by the *Madras Indian Patriot*, to which I offer my grateful thanks. Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, K. C. I. E., LL. D., has resigned his trusteeship in the C. H. C.



AN OFFERING TO THE HIERARCHY

By SERVERS

THE THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATIONAL TRUST

*In the matter of Act XXI of 1860 of the Acts of the Viceroy
and Governor-General of India in Council, being
an Act for the Registration of Literary,
Scientific and Charitable Societies,
and
In the matter of the Theosophical Educational Trust.*

MEMORANDUM OF ASSOCIATION

1. The name of the Association is "The Theosophical Educational Trust".
2. The objects for which the Trust is established are:
 - (a) To establish Schools and Colleges which shall be open to students of every faith and in which religious instruction shall be an integral part of education.

(b) To do all such things as are incidental or conducive to the carrying out of the above object.

3. The names, addresses and occupations of the persons who are members of, and form the first members of the Trust, are as follows :

- ANNIE BESANT—President, T. S. ; President, Board of Trustees, Central Hindū College, Benares.
 A. SCHWARZ, Treasurer, T. S.
 SIR S. SUBRAMANIA AIYAR, K.C.I.E., LL.D., Late Judge, High Court, Madras.
 THE HON. DEWAN BAHADUR T. SADASIVA AIYAR, B.A., M.L., Judge, High Court, Madras.
 MR. K. S. CHANDRASEKHARA AIYAR, Judge, Chief Court, Mysore.
 KHAN BAHADUR N. D. KHANDALAVALA, Late Special Judge, Poona.
 G. SOOBBIAH CHETTY, Head Appraiser, Customs House, Madras.
 B. P. WADIA, Hon. Superintendent, Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras.
 G. S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., Late Hon. Principal, Central Hindū College, Benares.
 IQBAL NARAIN GURTU, M.A., LL.B., Hon. Headmaster, Central Hindū Collegiate School, Benares.
 P. K. TELANG, M.A., Hon. Professor, Central Hindū College, Benares.
 FRANCESCA E. ARUNDALE, Hon. Principal, Central Hindū College Girls' School, Benares.
 C. KOFEL, Superintendent, Olcott Pañchama Free Schools, Madras.
 J. R. ARIA, Recording Secretary, T. S.
 SRIS CHANDRA BOSE, M.A., LL.B., Rai Bahādur, Sub-Judge, Gorakhpur.
 PUENENDU NARAIN SINHA, M.A., LL.B., Rai Bahādur, Government Pleader, Bankipur.
 A. MAHADEVA SHASTRI, Curator, Oriental Library, Mysore.

4. A copy of the Rules and Regulations of the said Theosophical Educational Trust is filed with this Memorandum of Association, and the undersigned being seven of the Members of the Trust do hereby certify that such copy of such Rules and Regulations of the said Theosophical Educational Trust is correct.

As witness our several and respective hands, dated this 25th day of April, 1913.

Witness to the signatures :

M. A. SHARPE
A. VAN HOOK

ANNIE BESANT
S. SUBRAMANIAM
A. SCHWARZ
T. SADASEVA AIYAR
B. P. WADIA
C. KOFEL
G. SOOBIAH

Rules and Regulations for the Management of the Association named "The Theosophical Educational Trust," Adyar, Madras.

1. The Theosophical Educational Trust shall consist of not less than 14 and not more than 28 members. The members of the Trust shall all belong to the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society. The President of the Trust shall be the Head of the E. S.

2. The General Body shall ordinarily meet once a year at the place and time of the Annual Meeting of the T. S. But a special meeting may be called at any time by the President, when the need arises.

3. At all meetings of the Trust, members thereof may vote in person, or in writing, or by proxy.

4. The quorum of an ordinary as well as of a special meeting of the General Body shall be three. If

there be no quorum, the meeting, may be adjourned *sine die*, or the Chairman of the meeting may adjourn it to another date when the business of the meeting shall be disposed of, irrespective of whether there be a quorum present or not.

5. The President, or in his absence any member of the Trust chosen by the meeting, shall preside at all meetings of the Trust, and the President or Chairman shall have a casting vote in the case of an equal division of the members voting on any question before the meeting.

6. The President shall appoint a Treasurer and Secretary and any other officials that he may find necessary, which appointments shall take effect from their dates.

7. Such officials being assistants to the President, the President shall have the authority to remove any of them from office.

8. The President shall be the custodian of all the archives and records of the Trust, and shall conduct and direct the business of the Trust in compliance with its rules; he shall have discretionary powers in all matters not specifically provided for in these rules.

9. All subscriptions, donations and other moneys payable to the Trust shall be received by the President or the Treasurer, the receipt of either of whom in writing shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

10. The securities and uninvested funds of the Trust shall be deposited in such Banks as the President shall select. Cheques drawn against the funds shall be signed by the President or by the Treasurer of the Trust.

11. The funds of the Trust not required for current expenses may be invested by the President in Government or other public securities, or in the purchase of

immovable property, or First Mortgages on such property, and he may sell, mortgage or otherwise transfer the same.

12. Documents and conveyances, in respect of the transfer of property belonging to the Trust, shall bear the signature of the President and shall have affixed to them the Seal of the Trust.

13. The Trust may sue and be sued in the name of the President.

14. The Secretary may, with the authority of the President, affix the Seal of the Trust to all instruments requiring to be sealed, and all such instruments shall be signed by the President and by the Secretary.

15. The President, on assuming office, shall appoint a successor, the appointment being revocable by him at any time previous to his death or resignation.

HEADQUARTERS

16. The Headquarters of the Trust are established at Adyar, Madras, and may be changed by the Trust at an Annual Meeting.

FINANCE

17. The financial accounts of the Treasurer shall be audited annually by qualified auditors who shall be appointed by the Trust for the ensuing year at each Annual Meeting.

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F. T. S.

VIII

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

This month I shall begin the consideration of the fourth of the truths which mean most to me. Perhaps I had better restate it so that you may not have the trouble of looking back: my conviction that, if I will only use it, I have the power, which I may intensify, to help others who are behind me on the Path, and that somewhere in the world I shall some day find—if not in this life then in the lives to come—a few individuals who will look to me for the light for which I now look to my own teacher and to Those who may be beyond him.

I think there is no knowledge more important for man than that which tells him of his own innate divinity and of the means of its unfoldment. We must all learn that we share a divinity common to all existence and that our own happiness and growth in the long run depend upon the happiness and growth of others. No doubt fleeting pleasures may come your way—some of which may seem to be independent of your surroundings, while others may even appear to have come to you at the expense of your surroundings. The ordinary man leads his small life from day to day, ever casting about

for new forms of enjoyment which shall take the place of those no longer able to satisfy. He is constantly on the look out for pathways to new enjoyments, and as he travels he surrounds himself with the delusion that he will reach permanent joy at his journey's end. But the pleasures which fit the restricted intelligence of the lower self are ever fleeting, for the lower self is itself but a temporary manifestation of the one Life beyond; and the only way to the more lasting forms of happiness is through the effort to awaken in others a knowledge of their own divinity.

If among your friends and elders there is one in whose presence you feel a peace and a security which give you strength and purity of life; if when with such a one your whole nature is lifted beyond its normal level; try to remember that the permanence of this added strength and purity, of this higher level of living, entirely depends upon the measure in which you are able to be to those below you as this special individual is to you. All who, greater than yourself, enter into your life and make it bright may not remain with you, unless you in your turn enter into the lives of others and make them happier and wiser for the brightness you bring to them. There is an infinite amount of joy for us all, but our consciousness of it is determined by our use of it. A little fleeting joy is enough for our own small selves, but we may draw largely upon the store if we undertake to try to pour joy into the lives of those who as yet are too young to learn this great lesson of life.

This conviction, therefore, as to the power of helping is indeed a great truth, for it points out to me my attitude towards my surroundings as well as the spirit in

which I have to work. I see at once that it is of very little importance what I do; all honest work of whatever kind helps the progress of the world, provided that I undertake it in the helpful spirit. Wherever I may be, whatever I may be doing, there is sure to be some one who needs my help, for if it be true that helpfulness to others is the only pathway to lasting happiness then every single individual throughout the world must be so placed that the path is open to him at any moment should he care to tread it. Such must surely be the Law of Love, and so each one of us must try to see whereabouts *our* pathway lies, for it cannot be far off. People sometimes deplore the dullness of their lives or the few opportunities they have of doing useful work. They complain that in *their* profession there is no opportunity for useful service, that *their* lives are full of the struggle for existence, and that gentler impulses would inevitably spell ruin. But the strong man imposes himself upon his surroundings, or, if need be, shakes himself free from them. At least he makes ceaseless effort to create opportunities whereby he may exercise his usefulness, and the more he perseveres the nearer does he come to the success for which he strives. Such people do not always understand that our Elder Brethren sorely need helpers in this struggling world, and one who strives with adverse conditions, so that he may find an outlet for his unselfish energies, is sure to be made use of as soon as it is seen that his attitude is permanent and unflinching. Many of the world's best servants will tell you that somehow obstacles seemed to vanish as if by magic—leaving a path in front of them whose difficulties invariably yielded to honest effort. The magic is the need of the world, and the triumph

over difficulties is largely through the watchful aid of Those who Themselves have triumphed in bygone times.

Applying these principles in terms of citizenship, we must clearly understand that the welfare of the State in reality depends upon the contribution each individual citizen makes to the virility—spiritual, mental, physical—of its constituent units. Your School or College is part of the national life; your profession—whatever it may be—is part of the national life; your immediate surroundings send of their essence—whether pure or impure—into the vast reservoir from which your nation draws its vitality. Try to realise, then, that the small view of yourself and of your possibilities which you may hitherto have been taking is but one view, and that the humblest life has in it God's own majesty and grandeur. It is necessary, also, clearly to understand that our usefulness primarily depends upon our attitude in the small affairs of daily life, for every big usefulness has come into being as the result of innumerable smaller usefulnesses rendered either in this life or in the lives that now are gone. Those who stand at the head of their professions are those who, beginning at the foot of the ladder, have gradually climbed up step by step—feeling themselves firm on the step they for the moment occupy, before they venture upon the step beyond. Similarly, in the profession of usefulness, the boy who is handy in the small affairs—however trivial—of the ordinary routine of family life is building up a faculty which some day shall make him great in the world. The boy who is happy in protecting the weak, in lending his young strength to the aged, in sharing his own sources of knowledge or happiness with those who are less fortunate than himself, is the boy whom our Masters watch and

whom They send out into the world to practise in a larger field the principles he has learnt to employ in a smaller area. So you must prepare yourself for the larger citizenship by endeavouring to fulfil the duties of the smaller, and keep clearly in your mind the fact that the greatness of a nation depends upon its usefulness to the world, just as the great Teachers of the world stand out from among the rest of the human family by the happiness They have bestowed upon Their fellows.

Sooner or later you must tread the path which all the world's Saviours have trodden before you; in your turn you must become a great Helper of the world; for the greater the Helper the greater his happiness, the greater his knowledge of that unity towards which each one of us is more or less consciously wending his way. The sooner, therefore, you can withdraw from the illusions of the lesser happinesses which suffice for most, the more quickly will you establish yourself in a "peace which passeth understanding". The knowledge of the power to help others, its gradual intensification by constant use, these are among the forces which establish you firmly in the realities of existence rather than in its fleeting moods, and help you to place your feet upon that Path which leads to Life Eternal.

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE S. ABUNDALL

THEOSOPHY AND MRS. ANNIE BESANT

[We thank the *Rajput Herald* for its generous defence, and the *Madras Standard* and *Indian Patriot* for reprinting it. I am not, of course, so ungrateful to my "educated Indian" friends as to take the *Hindu* and the *Leader* as the exponents of educated India.—A. B.]

THE agitation in India, engineered by a misguided section of educated Indians, against the Theosophical Society, as the consequence of certain opinions held by Mr. Leadbeater which are not shared by Mrs. Besant, shows no sign of abatement, and it is deplorable that in the din and clash of petty differences, the all-absorbing work of Mrs. Annie Besant is ignored. We thought that after Mrs. Besant's repeated declarations that she does not see eye to eye with Mr. Leadbeater on all subjects, the anti-Theosophical agitation would break down. But the continuance of it only brings to light a remarkable state of affairs in India which is well worth mentioning.

Theosophy, as our readers know, was launched with the blessings of India's foremost man of modern times, and one of the greatest exponents of Hindūism of all times, the late Swāmi Dayananda Saraswati. The late Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky were on cordial terms with Swāmi Dayananda, for whom they had the highest possible respect; consequently, none can deprecate Theosophy as being anti-Hindū. But the real opposition originated in Madras, and the missionaries actually organised a campaign against Theosophy, as they thought

that it was a serious obstacle to the progress of dogmatic Christianity in Southern India, where, prior to the introduction of Theosophy, it was making considerable progress. In this connection the work of the Madras Christian College is too well-known to need any mention. But level-headed and intelligent men, like Sir S. Subramania Iyer, a Retired Judge of the Madras High Court, supported Theosophy and are staunch Theosophists to this day. The missionaries were not, however, to be thwarted in their designs, and they carried on their campaign, now and then picking holes in particular members of the Society, till at last they successfully worked upon the Christianised (in sentiment at least) men of Southern India. The recent agitation against Theosophy that started in Madras is undoubtedly the culmination of the machinations of Christian missionaries through the instrumentality of the Hindūs of the Southern Presidency. The former entrapped the latter into their nets of sophistry. Being unable to find fault with the Society as a whole and powerless to attack the great personality of its distinguished President, they availed themselves of Mr. Leadbeater to calumniate the whole Society. Men were found at once to hatch a little plot to throw the whole Society overboard, and some of these, who were zealous Theosophists before, firmly adhering to its tenets and bound to its President and its members by the bond of fraternity, were induced to suddenly cease their connections with it.

This was how the whole campaign against Theosophy began. Soon after this the Theosophists in Northern India began to shake their heads a bit, and the Hindū University added a cap to the conclusion. The Hon. Paṇḍit Madan Mohan Malaviya came forward with his

now famous Hindū University scheme. Mrs. Besant was also at the forefront. The Theosophists of Northern India, men of high rank and scholarship like Babu Bhagavan Das, who had ever been devoted and unflinching adherents of Theosophy, took Mrs. Besant's position in connection with the Hindū University amiss. This slight misunderstanding, misplaced and unfounded as later events have testified, was opportunely utilised by the anti-Theosophists of Madras. As a direct consequence the conflagration spread from Southern to Northern India. This is the keynote of the present situation, and the psychology of the anti-Theosophical agitation.

Those who look askance at either Theosophy or Mrs. Besant merely because Mr. Leadbeater holds certain opinions which are repugnant to the good sense of all Hindūs, must distinctly understand that Mr. Leadbeater is essentially a product of Christianity, and holds some opinions commonly shared by some of the clergy of the Christian Church. He does not back his opinions by the authority of the Hindū religion. Nor does Mrs. Besant as the President of the Theosophical Society, support him in these particular views. Under these circumstances, when an individual member, in this case Mr. Leadbeater, stands isolated in some opinions and does not in the least insist on his brother members accepting them, and holds them merely as personal opinions, this can have nothing possibly to do either with the Theosophical Society as a whole or with Mrs. Besant, its President.

We cannot speak too highly of the Theosophical Society whose work in familiarising Indian literature to the West is monumental. With the exception of the Royal Asiatic Society, which is purely a cold and rigid scientific association, there is no medium through which

the literature of India could be made known to the West. But this is not keenly interested in making the Europeans appreciate Indian literature and religion. The Theosophical Society has taken immense pains to translate Indian literature and philosophy, and to treat it sympathetically. It has made some of the most obscure philosophical works intelligible and accessible to all western nations. It has admirably put the Indian case before Europe, and not without success. Hundreds, nay thousands, of cultured men and women of Europe have made it their mission in life to popularise Indian philosophy and the Hindū religion in Europe and America. While the Christian missionaries spared no pains to tear the reputation of the Hindū religion to shreds, abuse and vilify Indian customs and manners, and depict India as a soul-ridden land, the Theosophical Society is endeavouring with its might and main to reveal the greatness of the Hindū religion to the world at large. To speak of the Theosophical Society, which has done more for India than any other Society extant, in terms of reproach is to be ungrateful to India's greatest benefactor. We discourage the indefensible attempts made in Southern India to bring Theosophy into contumely and contempt, as we are afraid it will reflect rather badly on those who had once been orthodox Hindūs.

It is bad enough to abuse Theosophy, but it is positively wicked to ignore the eminent services which Mrs. Besant has rendered to India. Her magnetic personality, her erudition, her genius, her enormous influence, have always been utilised by her for India's advantage. In season and out of season, both in public and in private, has she laboured for the betterment of India and her people. Not even her vilest enemies can

include her failure to stand by India, in fair and foul weather, as among her failings. She rises immeasurably higher than all these critics and arm-chair theologians who pretend to love India. Her matchless qualities of head and heart, her immense sacrifices on behalf of India, her ceaseless advocacy of the Indian cause, entitle her to the grateful memory of the people of India. She stands as India's guardian angel, protecting the Hindū religion against foul calumnies and mean abuses basely hurled at it by Christian missionaries. She is the connecting link between India and Europe and the agency through which the best Hindū religion is transmitted from the former to the latter. Her life has been one long series of noble works done on behalf of humanity and she has spent the best years of her life for the sake of India. Those who desire to sit in judgment upon this great, noble and pure-hearted soul must first examine themselves. What Indian is there in all India who can justly lay claim to a thousandth part of her contributions to India and the Hindū religion? It is unjust, it is servile, to condemn one who has rendered incalculable service to the Hindū religion by strangling all missionary campaigns and making it practically impossible for foreigners to ignore the rich and the glorious traditions of the Hindūs.

There is another feature of Mrs. Besant's work on behalf of India that convincingly shows the important part which she has played in modern India. This is her labour in bringing the British and the Indians closer together in India. The aloofness of British officers had long been a just cause of complaint by the Indians. But to-day the gulf between the British officers and the Indians has been to some extent bridged, and even this

modicum of success is entirely due to the constant appeals made by Mrs. Besant to the foreign community in India. She dinned into the ears of the British officers that they were not serving the best interests of the Empire by displaying a spirit of aloofness towards the indigenous inhabitants of the country. She thoroughly understood the great principles of Imperialism and preached them to all. She brought about a unity among the people which seldom existed before, and, if it existed, was never displayed. She petitioned Viceroy, freely conversed with high British officers, and generally brought her influence to bear upon men of dignity and position in England to secure a co-operation between the people of India and their rulers. She advised the young men of India not to disobey their Dharma and always remain God-fearing. In short she forged a new link to the chain that firmly binds India to Great Britain and the British Empire.

We appeal to those in India who, without realising that Mrs. Besant is the Shiva receiving the Ganges on her head by rendering yeoman service to India, defiantly facing all opposition jump to foolish and rash conclusions, to desist from their unjust criticism and see Mrs. Annie Besant in her true light.

Collection for the King's Treasury. An Almoner should be appointed to take charge of this. From time to time the money should be voted to suitable objects.

Resolution Papers. Papers marked with a blank shield should be given to every Companion, who must choose privately that evening what act of service he will perform during the interval before the next meeting. At the next meeting he will bring this paper, blank if he has succeeded, or marked with a cross if he has failed in his resolution, and will hand it in to the Knight in charge, who will announce how many have kept their resolutions and how many have failed—not giving the names.

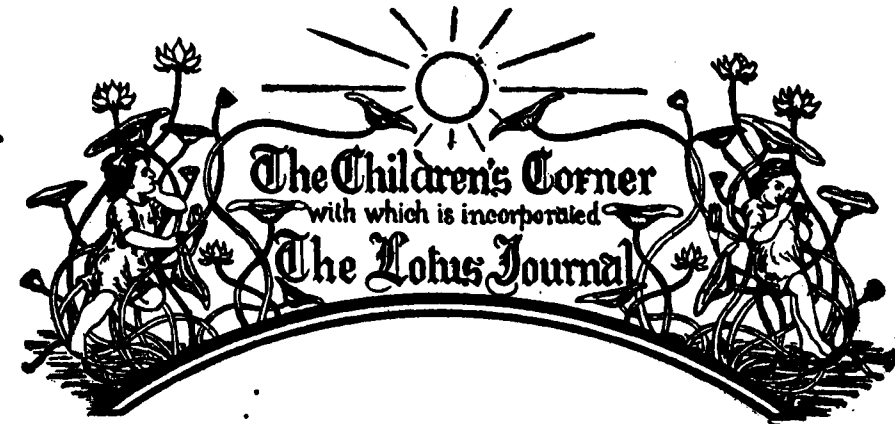
Lesson. A lesson lasting twenty minutes or half an hour, in which Companions are encouraged to express themselves should be given. The nature of this lesson must depend entirely upon those who attend. A small book which might most suitably be used is *At the Feet of the Master*, by Alcyone (J. Krishnamurti).

As is well said in the Foreword to the *Lotus Song-Book*, the study must depend on the idiosyncracies and age of the students. "To some it may be possible to talk of the great ideals in which their Theosophical studies have led the elders to believe; of the laws of Re-birth and of Karma; of the reality and scope of the after-death life; of the unity underlying all the Religions of the World; of the kinship of all the Kingdoms of Nature.

"The effort should be always directed towards making the" Companion "feel that he or she lives in a realm of law, that the Universe is not a *Chaos* built out of a fortuitous concourse of atoms, 'but a *Cosmos* brought forth by Divine Love, and steadily guided and shaped by myriads of living beings of endlessly varying grades of intelligence'. As he is helped to see this view revealed in the World-Scriptures, and in the great writers of all ages, he will grow up to feel his own responsibility as one atom in a realm of law. Being taught that there is truth in every presentment of religious belief, he will feel free to follow along the lines that to him seem truest, and thus encountering no outer rigidity of form, he will be free to expand the Divinity within him in the way best suited to his own temperament."

Story. It is a welcome break to have a story told. Some of the older Companions should help with this.

Closing. After one or two songs, the meeting should be closed by the leader repeating the Round Table pledge, all standing.



CONDUCTED BY HERBERT AND ETHEL WHYTE

A SPORTSWOMAN 'SPOILED'

By ACHILLES

THE last hunt of the Season had been a sad one, for the General's beautiful daughter, the joy of her father's heart and the beloved mistress of his home, had been brought back seriously injured. The girth of her saddle had loosened during the last ardent pursuit of the quarry, and she, who was usually the first to arrive at the goal, was left lying in a ditch as wounded and helpless as the quarry itself.

Rāja, the leader of the hounds, had done a strange thing this day, a thing unworthy of the tradition of his blood. The hounds had been wildly pursuing a fleeing jackal, and the tension of the pursuers was at its highest point when the General's daughter was precipitated into the bed of the dried-up ditch. Rāja, in the midst of his wild pursuit, suddenly showed signs of distress, began to quiver, and suddenly left the hunt and rushed back to the place where his wounded mistress was lying, white and unconscious, and as yet unmissed by her companion hunters. The hound, who, when not on duty in the hunt, was the loved play-fellow of his mistress, following her on her rambles and lying by her long chair on the veranda when she read and rested, whined piteously and licked the white face and limp hands.

The others at the end of the flight, merry at the conquest of a specially fine jack, soon missed their favourite play-fellow, who was never known to be late at the kill. Much surprise was expressed, and finally some anxiety. Rāja also was missing, so, turning their horses' heads, the hunters returned by the way they had come; guided by the howls of the dog, they soon came upon the limp pathetic figure of their once joyous, active play-fellow. They bore her home, as pitiful an object as was the quarry they had just left behind. Both alike, one moment joyous, full of bounding life; the next helpless, wounded and as was at first feared—she too—bereft of life. It was a sad return to the General's bangalow.

The noble hound followed; he, the ardent hunter, had forgotten the traditions of his blood in his love and devotion to the mistress who had fed and taught him and made him the companion of her daily recreations. The master of the kennels could not persuade him to leave the room of his mistress, and the General, lenient in his grief, gave orders that the dog should be allowed to remain.

The young huntress did not die, but during the long days of suffering and the weary days of convalescence, the dog remained her constant companion. Her gay friends, taking time from their bridge, tennis, polo, and dances, called regularly, but it was the dog alone who was her real friend and confidant.

As she began to recover, to be able to recline in a long chair on the veranda, her chief diversion became the instruction of Rāja. The dog was responsive and very intelligent, and by degrees learned more and more new tricks. The mighty hunter became the master of parlour tricks, and, while seeming to have lost his old fire, yet preserved his dignity when called upon to entertain the friends who called to see his convalescent mistress. These accomplishments showed great increase in intelligence. He was taught to fetch objects by name. His mistress would tell him to go and fetch her slippers, her book, or to call the butler. The dog invariably brought the desired object or, pulling at the butler's coat and leading the way, would bring him to answer his mistress.

The butler had a dog also, one of the much despised breed called pariah dogs; this one was chosen out of his brethren to be loved by the kindly man. As he watched his mistress teaching her dog, he in turn began to teach his dog tricks, and at last he brought the poor pariah to amuse his beloved mistress. He had made a turban for the little animal and a coat, and had taught it to fetch and carry objects given to it—but it never learned to recognise objects by name as did the dog of greater intelligence. The girl was much pleased, and from that time on the two dogs became her pupils—the fine high caste hunting dog and the once half-starved, beaten, and homeless pariah. The dogs were trained to do some tricks together, and it was interesting to note how the pariah learned to follow the lead of his superior. The young sufferer would order her dog to rise, to lie down, to sit on his hind legs, to go to sleep, and the pariah would watch him and imitate his action, while not understanding the words of their mistress.

Little toy blocks of different shapes belonged to the hound, and he was taught to fetch a sphere, a cube, a pyramid, or a cone, by the name. As he would bring the block to his mistress and receive her praise and then lay it down, the little pariah dog would pick it up and carry it to her and receive the same praise, would wag his stub-tail, and sit and look at the company in much more self-approval than did his superior who seemed to care only for his mistress' smile. Their last trick was an act of a drama, and each had a role. Rāja would rush in, fall off a chair provided to serve as a horse, lie as if dead, and the pariah would lie by his side, whining and licking his paws and nose. This trick, at first applauded, suddenly brought the company back to the realisation of the scene of the last summer, and they recognised the grim humour of their friend, who reproduced that painful scene in caricature.

One beautiful morning the general's daughter was lying as usual on her long chair on the veranda, the dogs near her. She was especially sad, as the day was that of the big hunt and she had always been its queen. In

COURAGE

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh! a trouble's an ounce, or a trouble's a ton
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face:
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown why the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

EDMUND VANCE COOK



LETTER TO THE LINKS

III

DEAR LINKS IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN,

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

"Every living thing I meet!" Have you ever tried to count how many living things you meet in one day? Perhaps you think there are only one or two, but think again, and you may find that there are many more than you at first counted.

You will naturally think of your parents, your sisters and brothers, if you have any, your nurse, governess, or servants, your school friends. Then have you a dog, or a pussy, or possibly a bird?—though I rather hope you do not keep one of these little caged prisoners. Better than that, you may have many bird friends who every day come to you for food or drink, and are always sure of finding something when the frost of winter or the drought of summer makes it difficult for them to find either food or drink for themselves.

But are even these *all* the living things you meet? Surely not, for there are other animals in our streets—the horses and donkeys and oxen that labour for man, and that man too often repays with blows and unkind treatment. No Link of course would ever be actively unkind to an animal, but we must be careful that we are never unkind through *lack of thought*, and also that we are ready to take trouble to help any creature whom we see in distress.

We shall never for instance be so thoughtless as to jump on an overloaded tramcar because we are in a hurry, and don't want to wait; we shall never overdrive, or override our own horse or pony, because *we* want to go further than his strength will allow; we shall never tease an animal because "it is so funny to watch them getting excited"; we shall never neglect them but remember always that their lack of power to speak and to do many

a little while, from the high point of her father's bungalow she would see the pink coats flying across the downs that stretched out before the house. Never again would she be able to ride her spirited mare to hounds. She was so young and joyous such a short time before, and now she was a saddened spectator of the life around her and seemingly taking in it no part.

Suddenly she was aroused from her reverie of self-pity by the sight of Rāja. He stood at her side quivering in every muscle, his eyes fiery and his ears stiffened as in chase. He looked at her, and seemed torn between two violent emotions.

Then, like a flash, across the lawn and up to the veranda and under her long chair, with its flowing silk shawl covering, flew a jack. As the hunt passed that way, some instinct led the harassed animal to the cover of the garden and the house. Enemies surrounded it, and it made little difference into whose hands it fell.

Rāja's instinct seemed to fail him. Had he been pursuing the jack, with his beloved mistress on her horse, he would have known what to do, and would have seized and torn the frightened creature. His friend and fellow-pupil would probably have imitated him and have joined him in the slaughter. But the conditions were unfamiliar and he was quite at a loss. The frightened animal was concealed by the drapery of the lounge, and Rāja, in his doubt appealing to her with his eyes, received the word of command he sought. "Lie down, Rāja, and keep quiet." Down went Rāja, and down went the pariah dog. All was over in about a minute and a half, and then were heard shouts of men and baying of dogs. Soon the tall figure of the Master of the Hounds was seen at the foot of the veranda steps. He was smiling and bowing. "Have you seen our quarry, Miss—? It must have run this way, as the hounds have traced it to your grounds and will go no further. The men are holding them off, as we do not wish to disturb you. But you will sympathise with and direct us."

"No, Major, I will not. Your quarry has sought my hospitality and I cannot give up my guest."

"I am surprised Miss—, that you refuse my request. You are an old hunter and know how we feel."

"Yes, I know, Major, but I also know the finer feelings of a hostess. I am sorry to spoil your sport—but my guest is safe."

The Major went angrily away and grumbled to his friends as they returned home with some resentment: "It is a pity to see a fine sportswoman utterly spoiled."

And the quondam sportswoman looked humbly at Rāja, the degenerate hound and fellow-offender, and said sadly: "We shall no longer be popular, Rāja. It is strange how much and how long suffering is needed to teach us a little compassion."

THE LEGEND OF THE PASSION FLOWER

There is an old legend which tells that the beautiful flower now called the passion flower (*genus passiflora*) was once an insignificant climbing plant with small green flowers on its way to become a kind of clematis, but at the feet of the cross on which the body of the Lord Christ was hung were a few seeds of this plant.

During the night after the Lord's body had been removed these seeds sprouted, and the plant grew and grew, trying to cover up the ugly wooden cross, and when it touched the places on which His body had rested it burst into beautiful buds.

At last it reached the top of the cross and here it came into full bloom, and hung in the beautiful starry clusters you see in the passion-flower of to-day. In the centre of each blossom is a circle of threads like purple silk, which are said to represent the halo of light around the head of the Lord. Its stamens resemble the nails, and above these the central pistil branches out in three directions, reminding all of the threefold divinity of God.

M.

things for themselves makes a special call on us for help and care towards them.

And then there are still other living things we meet—can you think what I mean? I mean of course the plants and trees that we come across—the flowers that grow in our gardens, or by the wayside, that give us so much pleasure to look at.

Often we long to possess these, to carry a little bit of the country back to our homes in the towns, and we do no hurt to nature by gathering some of her gifts; but a Link would be always careful to see that the flowers or branches that he picks are put in water as soon as possible, and that nothing is ever plucked and then left to die by the roadside. Also he will remember, when he picks a flower, that the plant or tree from which he takes it is a living thing and must be treated gently. So there are plenty of ways in which during the day we shall find opportunity of carrying out our promise to be kind and gentle, are there not? For God's life is in everything and is all about us everywhere. And that explains why we are taught to be helpful to everything about us; it is because we ought to help the life that is in 'younger' bodies than our own.

Do you know what I mean by this? I mean that the world is like a great big school, and the human beings, men and women and children in the world, are all in the top division of the school. Some of them are in the highest part of that division, some in the middle and some in the lower part of it. And the scholars in the different classes of this upper division have a duty to each other, the elder to help the younger, the more ignorant to serve and obey the wiser, and so on.

Then below the human stage comes the next division, the animal kingdom; and the souls in that are slowly climbing upwards towards the human kingdom. And yet below them is the vegetable world, and what answers to the soul there is dimly groping its way upwards, just as the point of the bulb buried under the ground in winter pushes its way up through the dark earth and seeks the daylight above.

So you see it is very important that we should help these lower forms of life to grow, and we can do that by pouring out upon them the sunshine of our love, by guiding and helping and protecting all that need our care, whenever we get a chance of doing so.

The day of the Link will be full of opportunities of carrying out his promise to be kind and gentle to every living thing.

Yours affectionately,

ETHEL M. WHYTE

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FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

AMONG the Virtues that are absolutely necessary for all who would be of Service to the World is the exquisite Virtue of PURITY. I take this as the Message from the Front to-day, because some wicked men are pretending that I am in favour of impurity, and because many of you, my readers, who love and trust me, may be led by these falsehoods to think that Purity is less valuable in a Server than it is.

* * *

One of the subtlest devices of those dark powers who are ever striving to hinder the evolution of man is to put evil into mouths that are pure, and so, by making "Satan an angel of light" to mislead and deceive the trustful and unwary. We have had two such instances of late about which for the moment my tongue is tied. They are both likely to come for consideration before proper authorities and till the verdict is given I must

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE IDEAL¹

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

"MAN is created by thought," says an Eastern Scripture, "that which he thinks, that he becomes." And again: "A man is compacted of his beliefs; as he thinks, so he is."

These words are entirely in accord with the psychological science of our time, which recognises that ideas are the bases of actions. In the triplicity of man, the Will impels, the Mind directs, the Activity accomplishes, and action is but the manifestation of an idea. The destiny of a man, of a nation, depends on the ideas which dominate the individual or collective mind. The artist, rapt by a vision of Beauty, seizes the brush and achieves a masterpiece. France, intoxicated with the idea of Liberty, hurled herself on Europe in order to break its chains. Always the idea precedes the action. The idea is the creator; the action is the creature.

But among ideas there are differences. The ideas which are vague, drifting, indefinite, frivolous, leave but a passing trace on character; fixed ideas dominate it. A fixed idea, according to the psychologist, is an idea which rules the mind, remains therein despite all arguments, all temptations, all the forces to which a man normally succumbs. If such an idea be true, beautiful,

¹ Originally published in the Paris *Le Matin*.

in harmony with the laws of nature, it guides the man dominated by it to the lofty summits of the most splendid virtues; if it be false, it plunges its victim into the mire of fanaticism or madness.

Now an Ideal is a fixed idea of an ethical nature, apt for the formation of character and for the guidance of conduct. He who has no Ideal drifts rudderless on the ocean of life, floating hither and thither, carried away by the currents of circumstances, of attractions and repulsions, without a foreseen goal, without deliberately chosen direction. He who has an Ideal goes straight forward, only recoils to spring forward with more energy, compels circumstances to yield before his will; his ship obeys the helm.

In the education of the young the most important feature should be the placing before their eyes of a living and lofty Ideal, incorporated as much as possible in the great men and women of the Motherland, models of religious and civic virtues. The ardent imagination of the child will vivify these pictures, and he will draw from them the characteristics out of which he will construct a Hero, embodying his aspirations and his hopes. Whatever he may aspire to become—statesman, priest, soldier, merchant, artist, or simply good citizen—he will find in the Ideal offered to him the materials which answer to his aspirations, and he will build out of these his own Ideal, an Ideal which shall be to him as a Guardian Angel, protecting him against all that is ignoble.

When we have chosen our Ideal, we should contemplate it for a few moments every morning, with strong purpose and with ardent love. This morning thought, repeated day by day, will soon begin to implant in the

character the germs of the qualities contemplated in the Ideal; without even consciousness of effort, the beauties of the Ideal will shine forth in the character, for thought is fertile and brings forth qualities.

It must be admitted that false, base and evil thoughts also bring forth vices of their own types, and that when unwholesome ideas are sown in a country, they will germinate in the character of its citizens and produce a harvest of vices and crimes. Books, journals, songs, dramas, pictures, sow ideas in all directions, and these generate good or bad citizens. If we can elevate others by a noble Ideal, we can also abase them by corrupting thoughts. And, above all, it is the minds of the young that are most plastic under the influence of thought.

To present to the public noble, true, fraternal ideas, vibrant with love and justice, is to help in the building of a nation great, peaceful and happy. To present coarse, vulgar, frivolous ideas is to help in the degradation of the Motherland. For thought, the one creative power in the universe, creates either good or evil actions, and they who poison the source of human activity are the enemies of mankind.

A DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT

By ELISABETH SEVERS

[The chief interest of this imaginary story lies in the curious coincidence that I wrote it in the spring of 1912, I do not remember the month, at Adyar; and in the following September issue of *The Theosophist* I find in the article, 'In the Twilight' the account of a real boy's experiences along the lines indicated in my story.

A gentleman there relates: "In January, 1911, his son, a boy of twelve years of age, told him that he had had a dream that the Star in the East was founded and would be heard of in the town of M. in July or August, and that he should join it. He had seen in a dream, 'a boy much taller than I am' whom he had known, as soldiers know their general, for many lives, and whose follower he had always been, who taught him many things and who advised him to go to our (Theosophical) meetings. This young lad gave so striking a description of this being, whom he said was his superior, that I lately asked him to tell me exactly where he was. He answered without hesitation: 'At this moment in England but usually in Asia.' I gave him the March number of *The Theosophist* and told him to look at the pictures.....presently he came to the portrait of Alejone and cried out: 'There is the beautiful boy I saw in my dream.'"]

"I DREAM perpetually of an Indian boy," a youth of about fifteen said abruptly to his mother. "It is so odd," he added, with a slight frown of bewilderment.

Gerald Seymour adored his mother, and she, as was but natural in a widow who had deeply loved the soldier-husband to whom her only child bore so striking a resemblance, lived for her son. Gerald was in appearance, though not now in reality, a somewhat delicate looking boy; fair-haired, blue-eyed, good-looking, with an air of distinction, a suggestive something that marked him off as somehow different from the usual schoolboy,

though in what exactly this difference lay, it would have been hard to define.

Gerald was popular on the whole with his school-fellows, though a few said: "Seymour gives himself airs." He was a good runner and a good cricketer, and by playing for his house was ensured a certain prestige in his school world, while he was also popular with the masters, because he was really interested in his studies and was distinctly clever. Only his mother and the old family doctor knew that Gerald had certain psychic peculiarities to which perhaps was due the something that differentiated him from his fellows.

As a child Gerald had been a seer of the invisible; he had also given evidence of an extraordinary sensitiveness with regard to the feelings and even the thoughts of others. He saw them, he said, but could not or would not explain further. His dreams were also of a startlingly vivid nature, and sometimes of a prophetic character as regarded himself or others with whom he was closely connected. But with regard to his psychic qualities Gerald was unusually reserved, a reserve which intensified with his increasing years.

Mrs. Seymour had heard nothing of his psychic experiences for so long that she was startled, and even a trifle annoyed, when Gerald suddenly broke in upon the evening's quiet by the remark: "*I dream perpetually of an Indian boy.*"

It was a Sunday evening in the Christmas holidays, and Gerald had been lying on the hearthrug before a glowing fire, half asleep, his mother thought, as he had not spoken for some time.

Mrs. Seymour looked up from her book and repeated his words with a slight edge of annoyance in her tone.

"Dreaming again, Gerald? I thought you had lost that old habit of yours?"

Gerald coloured faintly as he answered; he was acutely sensitive to any tinge of feeling in those for whom he cared. "I thought so also, and yet during this last year I have kept on dreaming of this boy. Since I have been at home these holidays I have dreamt every night of him. I go to him in my sleep, it seems to me, and sometimes he and I do things together and sometimes I only look on at what he is doing." "What do you mean by doing things together?" Mrs. Seymour asked, growing more interested as she realised that Gerald was telling her something on which he evidently felt keenly. Gerald hesitated for a moment. "I can't remember exactly," he said slowly, and then with an effort: "And, I think, also that if I remembered I am forbidden to tell."

"Forbidden to tell!" Mrs. Seymour exclaimed, "and by whom?"

"By the boy, I think," Gerald answered. "But I am not sure. But I know that what we do together is good. We work to help others, I think. I remember much more accurately when I am merely looking on at what my Star Boy does."

"Your Star Boy," repeated his mother, "why do you call him that?"

"What a duffer I am," Gerald exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you that the boy I dream about always has in my dream a silver Star shining over his head? So, as I don't know his name, I always call him my Star boy. I never see him without it, and I see him so distinctly that I shall know him at once when I meet him."

"Do you expect, you foolish boy, actually to meet your Star friend in the flesh. Really, Gerald, what a

baby you are still." Gerald flushed. "It must sound awful rot, I know, and yet I know that some day I shall meet my Star Boy. I am certain of it," he concluded, and a stubborn look his mother knew well came over his face.

"Well, tell me what the Star Boy is like?" Mrs. Seymour queried. "He is beautiful," Gerald answered gravely. "It seems a queer word to apply to a boy of about my own age and yet it describes him best. He is dark skinned, very dark, darker than Subramania whom you saw at Rugby, do you remember?" Mrs. Seymour nodded. "He has very thick black hair, it falls about his neck in thick black locks. It is his eyes that are so wonderful. I feel as if I could look into them for ever. They draw me as it were and hold me." Gerald was speaking slowly and dreamily with his eyes half shut; he was, as his mother recognised, describing something that was a living reality to him. "Such long black eyelashes he has, longer than I have ever seen before, and the eyes are like dark pools of light. His features are clear cut and regular. He is dressed differently. Sometimes I have seen him in Indian and sometimes in European clothes. He looks splendid stripped to the waist, running with his dark hair tossing in the breeze. At other times he is dressed in a long silken cloth of pale blue or pink or purple. I have seen him walking in palmgroves with a lot of people. I have seen him with boys about him in a queer-looking place, I don't know how to describe it, full of benches with white arches and little galleries and in front of a large terrace is a big bare-looking dried-up field. I seem to meet him in England too. He has been here, I am sure, and that is

why I am so certain I shall meet him some day. It is in England that he is dressed in English clothes. But there are times when I only see him and he takes no notice of me. But, at the other times which I do not so clearly remember, we do things together; he tells me what to do and we do beautiful things. I go where he goes and I do what he tells me to do. He teaches me, I am sure. I love my Star Boy, Mother, I wish I knew his name. I shall though some day, he tells me."

Mrs. Seymour was rather perplexed as to how to treat Gerald's strange confidence. She saw the existence of the Star Boy, as he called him, was a reality to her son, though she herself was inclined to treat the whole thing as a recrudescence in dream form of the invisible child-companions of his youth. However she was afraid of alienating Gerald's confidence by a want of sympathy, though she did not wish to encourage him to dwell on what she thought a mere hallucination. So she temporised. "Well, dear," she said: "If your dreams make you happy and your Star friend tells you to do good things, your dreams do you no harm, I suppose."

"They make my nights very happy," he answered, "and so interesting. And I know that I shall see him soon. The impression grows stronger every day. I feel as if he were drawing nearer to me daily. That is why I tell you about him, Mother."

"Yes, dear. Thank you for telling me. You know what interests you always interests me. But Gerald, see, how late it is! We have forgotten the time. It is nearly 11 o'clock. Good night, dear."

"Good night, mater," he answered, kissed her, and left the room.

A few weeks later Mrs. Seymour was having tea with a friend when her hostess asked: "Have you heard of the latest religious, or perhaps occult would be a more appropriate adjective, craze? It is about a wonderful Indian boy that Mrs. Besant—you know how much I admire her lectures—has brought over with her. He is to be the Christ, they say, or is now the Christ; I don't profess to be up in the details of the cult. His followers worship him, it is rumoured, and all who believe in him wear a silver star."

"A silver star!" Mrs. Seymour, who had been listening with only a polite show of attention to what she deemed a mad extravagance, was recalled to sudden interest by the words, as she remembered Gerald's insistence on the silver star.

"What is the boy like?" she asked.

"Very good looking, it appears, in the Indian fashion, dark of course, with regular features and wonderful eyes."

"What odd ideas one hears now-a-days," Mrs. Seymour remarked. "Really nothing seems too fantastic for some people to believe; but this sounds more than odd, and is almost blasphemous."

And then she deftly changed the subject. Somehow she resented the appearance of a boy who recalled the account of Gerald's Star Boy. She told herself it could be only a coincidence and tried to dismiss the subject from her mind, resolving at the same time not to tell Gerald of what she had heard. Though she did not realise it, Mrs. Seymour was vaguely jealous of the attraction the Star Boy held for her son. She sincerely hoped that Gerald, now back at Rugby and hard at work, would hear no rumour of the advent and odd story of

this Indian boy. But a few days later she received the following letter from Gerald:

DEAR MATER,

I have heard from Smith major that an Indian boy has come to London who, I am sure, is my Star Boy. Smith's sister, who is, he says, quite cracked, and won't eat meat, and believes in reincarnation and has all sorts of queer ideas, told him about the boy. His name is Alcyone and he has come to England with Mrs. Besant. I remember your telling me how you had been to some lectures she had given. Dora Smith wrote lots about Alcyone to her brother and he read her letter to me. Her description of him was exactly what I told you he was like. And she says that he is head of some Order, though he is a boy only a little older than I am, and they all wear little silver stars and she intends to join herself. I am writing to ask you, when I come home for the next *exeat*, to take tickets for us both at Mrs. Besant's Sunday lecture at Queen's Hall, for Dora Smith says the Star Boy always sits on the platform. Do, dear Mater, do as I ask you, there's a brick. I know it is my Star Boy and I must see him.

Your loving son,

GERALD SEYMOUR

Very much annoyed indeed was Mrs. Seymour with this letter, and yet she realised that she could not very well refuse Gerald's request. She knew his firmness of character, and besides the Indian boy might not be his Star Boy, and so a very persistent delusion might be dispelled or Gerald might be disillusioned by reality. She took tickets for the Sunday in question, finding to her surprise that she had some difficulty in getting good places even for a distant Sunday.

So on the appointed evening she and Gerald found themselves sitting in the large Queen's Hall, watching

the audience slowly filling the huge place. Some sellers of literature were walking about disposing of their wares, and Mrs. Seymour saw that Gerald's eyes were fixed with a peculiar interest on a small boy who was selling pamphlets and magazines, and she saw that the child wore, fastened into his Norfolk jacket, a small silver star. She was not surprised when Gerald beckoned to the boy, bought some of his literature, and then said, indicating the star: "Why do you wear this?"

"Mother gave it to me," the boy answered shyly.

"Yes, but why do you wear it?" Gerald persisted.

"It is to show that the great Teacher is coming," was the answer. "A great Teacher," Gerald repeated in astonishment.

"Nitya and Alcyone wear it," the boy continued, gaining confidence as he talked, "and Peggy and Dora and lots of others. But I must go. Mummy is beckoning to me"; and the child ran off. At that moment a murmur and rustle of expectancy ran through the Hall as two Indian boys and a young man came on to the platform and took their seats near its centre; Mrs. Seymour saw the boy before her whom Gerald had described so graphically. She glanced at her son, and saw that he was gazing intently at the group on the platform. Presently he touched her arm, and she saw that he was singularly pale and that his eyes were shining with evidently keen excitement. He looked so wrought up that his mother felt rather alarmed. "Don't you feel well, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"I am all right," he answered almost roughly. "Do you see it?" "See what?" Mrs. Seymour asked. "The Indian boys on the platform? Of course I do. Is the elder one your Star Boy?"

"Yes," he answered, "and I can see the Star now, shining over his head. It is the Star I want to know if you see. It is so bright I should think everyone would see it."

"No," Mrs. Seymour replied, "I only see the star he wears on his coat. Really, Gerald, don't you think you are imagining the other Star?" "No, I do not imagine the other Star. It is there and very bright. Is he not beautiful, my Star Boy?" Gerald went on, and his face glowed with the light of a great admiration.

But he was silenced, for the audience rose simultaneously to their feet as an elderly white-haired impressive-looking woman, dressed in flowing white robes, came quietly on to the platform, and began immediately to speak when the applause that had marked her entrance died away.

Mrs. Seymour found her attention was rather distracted between her attempt to listen to the lecturer's eloquence and her anxiety about her son. He was listening, she soon saw, however, with careful attention to the speaker, and yet from time to time his glance strayed to the Indian boy, sitting with bent head on the platform. Once Mrs. Seymour fancied the boy looked straight at Gerald as if answering his look, and Gerald smiled radiantly back in return.

The lecture dealt with the expected coming of a great World-Teacher, and as the speaker unfolded her subject, she rose to such heights of glowing eloquence that her audience, sitting spellbound, felt her own enthusiasm, and gladly yielded themselves to the influence flowing to them from the platform. And as the silver tongue ceased to speak, and the lecturer disappeared in a hushed silence that was a much more impressive

testimony to her eloquence than thunders of applause, followed closely by the Indian boys, Mrs. Seymour heard Gerald whisper: "Wait for me, Mother, I shan't be a minute," and before she could remonstrate she saw him disappearing through a side-door, evidently leading to the artists' waiting room, and she realised that Gerald was on the track of his Star Boy.

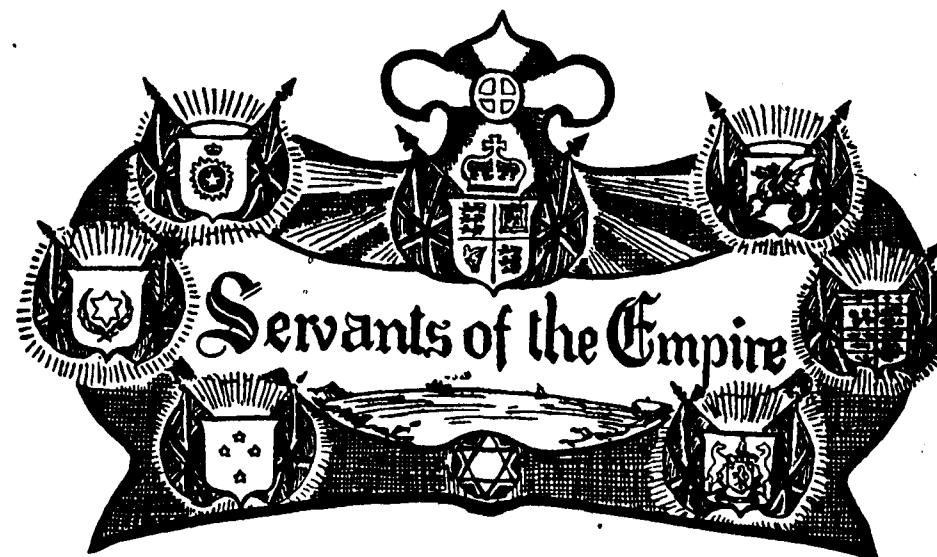
She waited anxiously for what seemed some time, though it was probably but a very few minutes, and then Gerald re-appeared, his face flushed and his eyes shining: "Sorry to keep you waiting, Mother," he said, "but I could not lose the opportunity."

And further speech being then impossible by reason of the surrounding crowd, it was not until they were safely in their taxi that Gerald continued: "I found him, and I told him a little about my dreams and he was not, I think, surprised. He is going to write to me and I to him. Perhaps I shall see him in the holidays. He is not going back to India until the autumn, he says. At any rate I shall join the Order of the Star, in fact I already belong. Look, what he gave me," and Gerald pointed with pride to the small five-pointed star he wore on the lappel of his coat. "I shall always keep it and wear it, Mother," he said, "and I shall give my life to following and helping my Star Boy, and I told him so."

"And he said?" Mrs. Seymour asked, feeling rather overwhelmed with these rapid developments.

"Nothing," said Gerald calmly. "But he smiled at me; he understood."

The years to come will show how Gerald kept the promise he made in his youthful enthusiasm.



THIS movement is spreading very steadily and very quietly, and promises great future usefulness. The following report has come to us:

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF AUSTRALIA

Centres have been established in all the leading Cities of Australia by members of the T. S. Nothing so far has been done in the way of outside work, as when the centres were formed they were told that the direction of further effort would depend upon circumstances.

I have written to England to ask for any particulars as to lines of work, or directions that may have been made known.

The membership so far is about two hundred.

The *Young Citizen* is being subscribed to by about sixty and I propose later on to circularise members about it.

Any suggestions made in *The Young Citizen* as to methods of work would be useful.

T. H. MARTYN

In answer to the above remark we may say that until the Central Council is formed in Great Britain, our chief duty is to study and discuss social questions, and to help forward such movements as are already in the field, and are moving in the right

direction. For instance, in the *Young Citizen* of February, in the section of Servants of the Empire, we pointed to methods of treating criminals. Here is a line of work. In England, just now, a discussion is going on upon this very matter, and in the *Theosophist* of August some extracts are given from letters sent to the *Times*. It will be noted that these show a current of thought very similar to our own.

General Booth says:

The real difficulty, in the vast majority of cases, is in the minds and hearts of the criminals themselves. They thieve because they are thieves and like thieving, and like it in spite of the temporary risks and inconvenience it involves. From which, it seems to me, two things follow:

1. That it is folly to allow men who have forfeited their privileges as free members of the community to pass from under control until they have proved their disposition and ability to live honestly. The going in and out of prison is a double curse—it ruins most effectively most of those who suffer from it, and it spreads the infection among hitherto innocent men. When a man has proved himself, by certain infallible signs, to be a criminal by choice, he should be required to show that he abandons that choice before regaining his liberty.

2. But if it be possible to change the preference to which Mr. Lilly refers when he quotes the words of Our Lord Jesus Christ "all these evil things come from within"—and this was certainly also Our Lord's teaching—then every influence in favour of promoting that change should be brought to bear on the prisoner.

Captain Arthur St. John writes:

Is it sentimentalism or cant to say that when a person has been proved to be a confirmed criminal he should not be allowed complete freedom until he has satisfied a responsible body of persons that he has become a safe and desirable citizen, and that in the meantime his treatment should be educative? Is it sentimentalism or cant to say, as the last International Prison Congress said, that "no person, no matter what his age or past record, should be assumed to be incapable of improvement"?

Dr. Cobb declares:

The "pseudo-humanitarian school," as Mr. Lilly dyslogistically calls those who disagree with him, deny that vindictiveness, deterrence, or retribution (all thinly disguised forms of anger) form any part of the law of nature, or should form any part of human law. They maintain that retribution as invented by man in his twilight days is neither a moral thing nor a successful method of dealing with crime. Its direct action hardens, or makes more cunning, but does not affect the free will, while its indirect action is far less beneficial than is commonly thought. It is a melancholy fact that all that our current penal theory and practice do is to produce a number of criminals, of whom 75 per cent. are recidivists. Could there be a more ghastly comment on the ethical utility of Mr. Lilly's theory of punishment?

On one point both sides are agreed; it is the volition—the *liberum arbitrium*—which is the *crux* of the problem. Mr. Lilly thinks that the infliction of pain is the most suitable instrument for securing a good will, but the whole history of our criminal laws proves the contrary. What really is effective, and exclusively effective, is education, with its consequent raising of the general moral standard. We may agree to segregate the professional criminals if we first of all agree that when segregated they shall be made to understand that they are there to be educated, not punished. This may be called pseudo-humanitarianism. To me it seems sound sense.



THE National Representative in Russia reports the Order has enrolled there ninety members. This may seem small compared with the numbers in other lands, but the difficult conditions of Russia have to be remembered. The Report says:

The general membership is comparatively small, because no propaganda work is possible in the form of lectures, pamphlets, public meetings, etc. It is confined chiefly to private conversations with those who feel themselves attracted by the mighty aura descending on our earth.

Several members are full of plans for propaganda and a certain number of them have banded themselves together with the intention of making a tour on foot through the villages and country towns in the South of Russia with a cargo of books: *At the Feet of the Master*, a projected special organ of the O. S. E. and other literature. But their zeal must not carry them too far, for the Government is becoming ever stricter and stricter, and moreover there is a regular campaign against Theosophy in the leading newspapers and the two things are connected in the public mind. The members suffer from this forced inactivity on the physical plane, but we do not forget that thereby we store up mental energy, and we have set before us as an ideal—the forming of a reservoir of mental force and devotion, on which our brethren in other lands, more fortunate as to physical conditions of work, may draw. Anyhow all our love and admiration go out to them, and they may be assured that inwardly we are getting ready to collaborate with them with all our might and enthusiasm, the moment that outer conditions will allow us to do so.

In the meanwhile our work consists in the spreading of thought-forms about the coming of the Lord Maitreya in churches,

schools, tram-cars, offices, trains, public buildings of every description. Three child-members do the same in the school they are going to, and have started a little propaganda-work, speaking of the Advent to their school-fellows, wherever the occasion presents itself, and giving away copies of *At the Feet of the Master*.

One of the members finds himself almost daily in the presence of the Imperial Family, and does mental work in these surroundings.

Meetings are seldom held, some four or five in the course of the winter, mostly at the house of the National Representative.

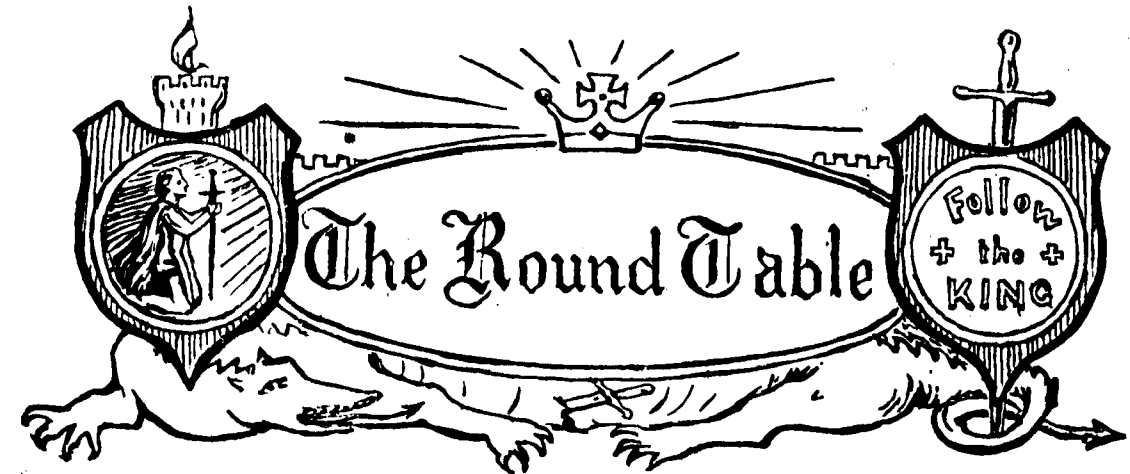
The programme is: music, short meditation, address or reading, music. The members attend eagerly and hunger for more meetings and more communion.

The Russian members of the O. S. E., gathered at Stockholm before the Congress, listened with great pleasure to an address which we here reproduce partially, and welcomed with much enthusiasm the ideas set forth therein. We have only space for some extracts.

"Having come here from all parts of Russia, we must clearly realise the purport of this Congress, and the relations in which we, members of the O. S. E., must stand to it. This seventh Congress takes place after the painful events that have happened since the founding of the O. S. E. The apple of discord in the T. S. was the O. S. E., therefore our position is quite an exceptional one and we must realise the task that falls to our lot."

"Amid these untoward circumstances, we must try to realise what is our duty. We must remember that a great privilege and a great opportunity are given to us, and we must not neglect nor be blind to them. Karma has given us the opportunity to serve more actively than we have been able to do till now. This service must consist in the creating of a luminous wave of love and union, and the pouring of it into the Congress, so that from the very first it may be felt, and may help in creating the atmosphere of the Congress. With this wave we must meet any unfriendly, agitated, or painful vibrations that may occur, dissolving them with the serene light that we diffuse, with a love embracing alike friends and foes. Foes need most our love, and no force can, in the long run, withstand a patient and unswerving love. During the Congress our hearts must be full of love for our brother-congressists, they must respond to and strengthen every vibration of love and unity emitted by others."

"Let us hope that we shall clearly realise our task at this Congress, deeply feel the opportunity for service offered to us, and fulfil our task as perfectly as lies in our power."



Month—August Emblem—Daisy

Quality—Tolerance.

THE ROUND TABLE IN NEW ZEALAND

DEAR LANCELOT,

It is my pleasant duty as Secretary and Treasurer of the Round Table in New Zealand to record what has been done by the Order during the past year.

Gratifying progress has been made in every direction, due largely to the enthusiastic co-operation of Knights and Companions, and what is still more, to the benediction shed by the King Himself upon the service rendered in His Name.

Three new Tables have been formed, making a total of eight Tables, as follows:

Invercargill	Invisible Helper Table	Knight Kaoru (Miss Royds)
Dunedin	"	Knight Bayard (Mr. H. Colonna)
Christchurch	League of Mercy Table	Knight Lotus (Miss E. Hunt)
Wellington	League of Service Table	Knight (Miss E. E. Smythe)
Napier	Scindian Helpers Table	Knight Mahita (Mr. W. J. Yarrall)
Auckland	Brotherhood Table	Knight Nara (Mr. H. Banks)
"	Invisible Helpers Table	Knight Percivale (Mr. Clyde Thompson)
"	Dharma Table	Knight Amrita (Miss I. Hemus)

In point of numbers we are just double the strength of last year, having 81 Companions and 8 Knights, as against 40 Companions and 5 Knights last year.

There is no reason why we should not add at least five new Tables in the year just entered, if we are alive to every opportunity to make the Order known amongst likely candidates. It is a noteworthy fact that quite a number of Companions are senior Lotus scholars also. This fact shows at once the value of the Order in taking hold of young people at a critical time when they easily slip away from the Lotus Class, and holding them together, preparing them in many cases for the next great step, that of entrance into the Theosophical Society.

In most cases Tables have held weekly meetings, and useful work has been done along lines of study and united service.

The Social element has proved a great help, keeping the interest alive, and making an effective appeal as it always does to youth. Picnics, rambles, and social evenings found great favour in the eyes of all, and these functions promise to become a regular feature of the work. Some of the Tables have done excellent work in providing concert entertainments for local Orphanages, Children's Hospitals, giving a Christmas treat to the Lotus children, and full programme at a monthly social of a large Lodge of the Theosophical Society. This has already brought out quite a lot of talent, and what is still more, developed the Brotherhood quality which is the keynote of the Order.

Much of our attention and effort is directed towards the preparation for the Coming Teacher and we count it a unique privilege to be thus allowed to serve the Supreme Teacher of Gods and Men.

The Correspondence Bureau has lapsed of late as it is preparing for an impending change. It is thought by some that the purpose would be better served if Companions of the various Tables in New Zealand corresponded with each other, rather than with Indian youths and maidens. Should this view be upheld, the scheme will be put into operation without delay.

The King's Treasury Gift to our revered Protector, Mrs. Besant, was sent to her on her Birthday, 1st October. The sum this year amounted to £5. With the money was sent an original poem, an ode to our Protector written by Companion D. W. M. Burn, M. A., and illuminated in a most artistic manner by Companion Laura Bastian of Invercargill, a Birthday card designed by Knight Nara, and a letter. (The money has been given to the Pañchama Schools. A. B.)

With regard to the Badge, we have heard from the Central Council that a uniform Badge to be worn universally throughout the Order is being designed. Those already in use in New Zealand may still be worn, but when the new ones arrive it is desired that they will be used from then onwards. The cost of the new ones is small.

It may be worthy of mention to say that most of the Tables have adopted the use of the Bread and Salt Ceremony, as well as an impressive Initiation Ceremony, both of which were sent from London. These ceremonies lend grace and dignity to the meetings and add much to their effectiveness. They take place at the monthly or quarterly meetings.



CONDUCTED BY HERBERT AND ETHEL WHYTE

"THE BUSY BEE"

By HELEN BROADBENT

III

A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay.
A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon.
A swarm of bees in July is not worth a fly.

"Now Busy Bee, I learnt that since I saw you last from a nice old man who calls himself a 'bee-master'. So please will you tell me why bees swarm, and everything else you know." And Lucie settled herself ready for a good listen.

"Certainly I will tell you all I can," replied the good-natured bee. "It all begins with the Queen, as you call her, working herself up into a great state of excitement because she is getting to know that a rival Queen will soon be on the scenes. Believe me she would destroy her rivals if she could get at them!"

"How does she know a new Queen is coming?"

"The cell from which this young female is coming is known by the sharp piping sounds she makes. So the workers have to keep her in her cell safe from the angry old Queen. However, she goes on getting more and more excited until at last all the other bees

begin to get very excited too, and their great activity makes the heat in the hive unbearable; next, some of the bees begin to leave the hive and hang in masses just outside. This is called 'clustering' and shows that swarming is about to take place. Very soon a whole mass of bees will rush out, as many as fifteen thousand from some hives, taking with them the excited old Queen. The air will be quite thick with bees. However, the old Queen does not fly very far, and she and some of the bees will settle on a branch or some other object. (I once heard of a Queen who settled on a man's hat in a busy city street! She must have been *very* excited to choose such a queer place as that!) All the bees begin to collect on the first ones, and soon there is a big ball of bees with the Queen in the middle of them. This is put in a hive and so a new colony is formed."

"How interesting!" cried Lucie. "But what becomes of the hive the old Queen has left? It hasn't a Queen now."

"Oh, yes it has; a new Queen comes out of her cell, and at once kills all the other new Queens she meets."

"Cruel little thing!" cried Lucie indignantly. "Why don't the workers keep her shut up in her cell?"

"The workers help her to destroy the other Queens, my dear little girl, unless they think more swarming is necessary for the welfare of the hive. Then they treat the new Queen without any ceremony to prevent her working her wicked will. Then in a couple of days, or at any rate before the week is out, away the new Queen goes on her 'marriage flight,' accompanied by the drones. When she returns to the hive to take up her duties, namely to lay the eggs, she will not quit it again unless it is for the purpose of swarming."

"Well, I really do think you are the most interesting insects there are. I nearly quarrelled with Jack because he says butterflies are, and the prettiest too. Professor West caught us squabbling, and he said he would make me learn all about butterflies, and Jack all about bees,

and *then* we could fight it out. But, bee dear, tell me how you make honey?"

"That's our secret," laughed the bee. "We go to a flower, and put our hair-clad little trunks in the cranies and corners of it and find out all the sweet juice; then we put our laden trunk through our jaws and scrape off the liquid and swallow it. We pass the juice into this little receptacle called the 'honey-bag,' which we have in our bodies. It is made of very delicate membrane. Next we fly off to our hive, and disgorge the juice into one of the cells. By that time the juice has become honey—that's all."

"That's all," repeated Lucie discontentedly. "Oh, you aggravating bee. You leave out just what I want to know. How does the juice become honey?"

"Bee-bread is what we feed our young ones with," said the bee, changing the subject, "and that is made of honey and the pollen of flowers. When you see us hurrying home with our legs loaded with yellow pollen, that is the material for making bee-bread for the grubs."

"Do you get the wax out of flowers, too?" asked Lucie.

"No, that comes from little 'pockets' with flaps. Under the flaps the wax is secreted in little scales. We like to be very quiet and warm and well-fed when we are producing the wax."

"I wonder the honey does not soak through the wax," remarked Lucie.

"The material is too close to allow that," answered the bee.

"The 'bee-master' has promised me that I shall help him with the next swarm, and it is to be my very own. So I shall be able to watch everything going on as you have told me, you dear old bee. Then when I know all about the hive-bees, I am going out with Jack to learn things about the other kind of bees. He says wasps, too, but I do not like your bad-tempered cousins. You look a dear good-tempered old darling, but a wasp looks a crosspatch."

"I agree with you—we are the best of the family, my dear. Now my time is nearly up; is there anything else you would like to know before I go?"

"Do you ever go to sleep?"

"Yes, sometimes, we creep into an empty cell until our head and thorax and part of our body is hidden. We do this in the winter. We try to keep warm by 'packing' and by a little exercise. We begin spring-cleaning in April, taking out the dead bodies of those who have died in the winter, and the lids of the cells from which the honey has been consumed, which lie where they fell. As a rule most workers only live about six weeks."

"What a short time!" sighed Lucie. "I hope you will be one that will live through the winter, and come and tell me lots more about bees when spring comes round again. Do try and join the swarm that is going to be my very own, please."

"I will certainly try," agreed the bee graciously, sailing away with a busy 'buzz'.

THE SAINTS AND THEIR ANIMALS

S. BASSIAN

IN Italy in the fourth century S. Bassian—afterwards Bishop of Sodi—became converted to Christianity while being educated at Rome.

His father Sergius, præfect of Syracuse, on hearing of his conversion sent orders to have him brought home at once, but Bassian, fearing the result should he be re-conducted to Syracuse, ran away to Ravenna. To Ravenna, that city of memories, whose wonderful mosaics—even now quite fresh and bright though thirteen hundred years old—among other things, tell the legend of its bishops.

They represent the first eleven of the See, each with a dove; for the Church of Ravenna is said to have possessed this remarkable privilege, that on the death of a bishop, his successor was designated by the fluttering of a white dove above the head of the person who was to succeed him.

Another story deals with a very different bird, for it relates that on the feast of S. Apollinaris, the first bishop—who was, so the legend runs, a disciple of S. Peter, and founded the see in A. D. 44—such swarms of ravens arrive at Ravenna, that the inhabitants throw out a quantity of food to feed these black pilgrims.

At Ravenna too is the tomb of Dante, and the "immemorial wood" of Byron—that famous forest of pines, between the city and the sea, wherein perchance those poets loved to wander.

But to return to Bassian; on his way to Ravenna occurred one of those touching incidents which abound in the lives of the Saints.

A doe with her two fawns bounded into the road; the hunters were in pursuit, the doe was not willing to desert her little ones, and they were too young to make good their escape.

Seeing the distress of the mother, Bassian called to her, and she came to him with her fawns, and licked his feet, as he caressed her dappled hide. Soon after the hunters came up, and one, more impetuous than the rest, attempted to take the doe. Then Bassian threw his arms round her neck, and called on God to protect her.

Instantly the man, whose anger had flamed up at the resistance offered him, fell into an apoplectic fit; and when he recovered, withdrew in fear, without injuring the doe.

B. M. Y.



LETTER TO THE LINKS

V

DEAR LINKS IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN,

"I will try to speak pure and beautiful words."

Last time it was about *thoughts* that we talked, this month we are to consider together *speech*, the words that come from us.

Have you ever wondered, little friends, why it is we are always told to be good? Why should we not go through life just doing what we feel inclined to do at any moment, without at all troubling as to whether what we want to do is *right*?

I wonder how you would answer this question if you and I were talking together, instead of my writing to you in print and your reading it, as we have to do. I wish I could hear your answers, for they would interest me very much I expect. As however I am writing in London, and you who read this line are perhaps many hundreds or even thousands of miles away from there, I cannot hear you speak your answers, so I shall have to try to give you mine now—and then perhaps some day some of you will write and tell me whether you agree with me or if your answer would be different.

It seems to me that there are certainly two answers to this question of why we should try to be good, and that these put shortly are:

- (1) So that we may help to make other people happy.
- (2) So that we may become happy ourselves.

If you agree with me that these two objects are worth trying for, and that they do come as a result of trying to be good, then perhaps you will be ready to consider with me how we can direct our speech so as to make it good speech—or, as said in our promise, "pure and beautiful".

"How can we make others happy or unhappy by our speech?" I think I hear some one say. I doubt if anything in the world has more power to bring joy or sorrow to another than the power of speech. A very good man writing to some of the early Christians told them that just as a great ship driven by the wind can be turned about in whatever direction it is wanted to go by means of a small helm, so the tongue is a small member but it may influence a man's body and his whole nature.

We have this wonderful gift of speech—of which we think so little; and it lies with us to make it a valuable instrument for helping the world, or a miserable tool used for injuring others. Let us see some of the ways in which speech may be helpful.

Have you ever heard a great Speaker—the President of the Theosophical Society for instance?

If you have, you will understand a little what a wonderful influence may come from speech that is guided by a fine and pure mind. It may bring help and encouragement and inspiration to thousands of people.

Would you not like some day—in a future life perhaps—to be able to exercise this great gift of speech and to turn thousands of people to better ways of living, to bring consolation to those who sorrow and help to those who are in trouble? Such a power may be grown by any one of us who sets his heart on gaining it, and who makes up his mind only to use his tongue in true and right ways for the helping of those about him.

To speak only pure and beautiful words—this is not an easy thing to do, for it means never saying what is untrue, or what would injure another; never speaking the sharp or angry word, never being impatient or cross. It means that we *think* before we speak instead of saying out just whatever comes into our head. It means for instance that in describing anything we have seen, or repeating something that another has said to us, we choose our words and are careful to say what expresses *exactly* the truth as we know it, and not to allow ourselves to give any little twist to what we are reporting, or to exaggerate or colour it in any way so as to suit ourselves, or make our story sound more interesting.

All these things, and many more that you can think of, come under purity of speech. It will not be possible all at once to make our speech what it should be, for most of us have grown accustomed to speaking without carefully thinking first, and we shall find when we first begin to practise control of speech that over and over again words slip out before we mean them to—and a word once spoken cannot be called back.

But if we make up our minds that we are going to become the master of our tongue, instead of our tongue being our master, we shall gradually grow into a habit of thinking before speaking, and our wayward tongue will become our useful servant.

Alcyone in *At the Feet of the Master*, says: "You must never do or say or think what you cannot imagine the Master as doing or saying or thinking." This seems a very high ideal to us, and perhaps some may think they are so far from being able to follow this out that it is no use paying much attention to it.

But that is a mistake, for however far we may be at present from carrying out such a teaching, yet we may all strive towards the ideal set before us; and remember that every time you stop a cross word, or keep back the bit of gossip you are longing to pass on, or refrain from adding the little touch of exaggeration to the story you are telling, you are gaining control over this unruly member of yours, and taking one step nearer to the time when your speech shall be only an instrument for helping and beautifying the world in which you live.

You will think, perhaps, that I have been writing all this time about our first heading; how to make others happy by speech; but the other heading, how we may become happy ourselves, follows on from this. For as we cease to spread unhappiness by wounding others or helping them to be jealous or uncharitable, we shall become happier ourselves, and shall cease to mind what is said about us.

The gossip who carries to some of his friends unkind stories about other friends is never quite at his ease, because he never feels sure that the same kind of things are not being said behind his back that he has said of others. It also frequently happens that some untrue statement he has made or passed on is brought home to him. And so you find a person who is a 'tattler' is always anxious as to what others are saying or thinking of him.

When we learn not to spread reports about others, but to attend to the 'beam' in our own eyes, we become much less anxious as to what is being said or thought about us by others, and thus we become much happier.

A very useful rule of speech was once given in an Indian Scripture, which says to each one: "Let him say what is true, let him say what is pleasing, let him utter no disagreeable truth, and let him utter no agreeable falsehood; this is the eternal law."

If each 'Link' would think over what this means and try every day to rule his speech by it, we should soon become a Golden Chain of Love indeed, and be known to our friends as those they could rely on for true and honest speech.

Let us each try, in Sir Edwin Arnold's beautiful words, to
"Govern the lips

As they were palace doors, the King within.
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win."

Yours affectionately,

ETHEL M. WHYTE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

THE front line of the hosts advancing towards the civilisation of the future consists in every country of the youths of both sexes in whom the social conscience is awake and is developing. Their natural leaders are men and women who are still young, and who have the enthusiasm and energy of youth enriched and made wise by battling with the outer world, with such elders as have preserved the plasticity of their brains and the generosity of their hearts. The ideal General would be a man wise with the experience of a long life, but inspired with the passionate idealism of youth, full of a trust in mankind limited only by his insight into individual character, flexible in details but unswerving in purpose and in principle, quick to utilise the new ideas conceived by the young, so adapting them to the conditions of the moment as to render them achievable.

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A force thus composed and thus led would be irresistible, for it would combine all the elements necessary for success. The future is with the young, and the swiftness of the world's progress depends on their acceptance of high ideals, and their self-surrender to the Service of Man. The ideals will be rendered articulate by the prophets of the time, who, guided by their vision of the future, will embody the ideas necessary for the realisation of that future in glowing language, and thus fascinate the eager susceptibilities of the young.

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Such a prophet was Giuseppe Mazzini, who created Young Italy, for youth cannot arouse enthusiasm among the young by preaching its crude ideas—though containing the germs of the True and the Beautiful—clothed in language not yet mastered and inspired by energies not yet disciplined. The prophet's insight is needed to arouse the young, in whose hearts and brains, indeed, are seething the ideas which will be realised in the future; for these can only be rendered effective by being made articulate, and this articulation demands wisdom and not only feeling. A chaos may contain every element which is necessary for a cosmos, but, while still a chaos, it wins no admiration. A block of marble may contain the possibility of an exquisite statue, but it needs the chisel of genius to hew away the superfluous material and reveal the gracious lines of the form which shall win the worship of succeeding generations. No great movement can arise until the ideals of the future are germinating as seeds in the brains and hearts of the young; but that movement can only become effective when the sunshine and the rain of the prophet's words have stimulated these germinating seeds to rapid growth. The youth

only recognises the ideals hidden within him when the fervour of the prophet has made articulate, and therefore purposive, the inarticulate longings which before merely caused unrest.

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Two conditions are necessary for a great movement: (1) the power in a considerable number of the young to assimilate new ideas, *i.e.*, the young having arrived at the stage in evolution in which these ideas are attractive because they satisfy longings already existent within them; (2) the presenting of these ideas to them in a form which fascinates their imagination and renders purposive the longings hitherto only vague and disturbing. Unstable equilibrium is necessary for movement, but the instability must be of the nature that leads to healthy growth, not to disease and degeneration. A man might set before a pack of hounds a fine ideal of a civilised State; his eloquence would be wholly wasted, since his audience would be sniffing after the scent of a fox or a jackal, and there would be no response to words and ideas wholly unintelligible to it; so must the young have reached the stage at which they can grasp and respond to the ideals of the prophet; without their responsiveness he is but a Voice crying in the wilderness, a Sower of seed where there is no fertile soil. He is impotent, he can do nothing without them. But neither can they do without him, for the plan of the architect is needed as well as the materials for the building.

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Who makes a movement, leader or followers? History answers: "Both." An unorganised mass of people is a mob, potent only to destroy. Knowledge and discipline transform the mob into an effective instrument for

defence and construction. A great individuality is impotent unless it can attract around it the force of numbers. A Cromwell, a Napoleon, only conquered because they aroused in others a passionate devotion, and were heroes worshipped by their soldiers, who were ready to follow them to death.

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Moreover, the followers must be full of noble ideas if the movement is to be strong. Cromwell's Ironclads were men who had "a conscience in what they did," to borrow his own expression. They were full of a sense of duty—duty rightly or wrongly conceived. This, and this alone, gives the stability of purpose and the unswervingness of execution necessary for triumph in face of difficulties and dangers. So also Napoleon's soldiers were fired with a passionate enthusiasm for liberty, with the idea of striking off the fetters imposed so long by feudalism on the limbs of the people. Without ideals no great forward movement has ever been successful, and the prophet must formulate that which inspires the leaders and impels the followers.

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The rejection of leadership, where a leader is worthy, is due to vanity rather than to a noble and rightful self-confidence. Vanity is the result of an over-estimate of our own capacities and an under-estimate of the powers of those around us. It is a bladder, which collapses when it comes up against the sharp points of circumstances. It may be known by its arrogance and by its insolent contempt of others. The self-confidence, the self-reliance, necessary for all good work is based upon a true self-analysis—a recognition of the One Self who dwells in one's own heart as much as in the hearts of all

around one, and a careful measuring of one's own capacity for Self-revelation. It may be known by its quiet strength and its gentle bearing, by its patience and its perfect courtesy, for with it goes the recognition of the One Self in its antagonists, the seeing in each of "the One Self equally dwelling". Moreover, it understands also that suitable conditions must be present if the Self is to be made manifest. A clear and eager mind, a tender and brave heart, a pure and useful life—these are the conditions of Self-revelation; only under such conditions can the Self show forth his illimitable powers. As well try to make the opposing electricities leap across from the two poles and join, flashing into light, in an atmosphere loaded with moisture, as look for the manifestation of the all-conquering power of the Self through untrained brains, through hard and narrow hearts, through unclean and frivolous lives. To expect such manifestation is vanity. Law is as rigid in the subtler worlds as in the denser. We can utilise the tremendous forces of Nature only as we provide the apparatus necessary for their successful evocation. In vain do we rely on their assistance unless we work according to law. Nature laughs at the ignorant tyro who would play with her energies, or, if he be too presumptuous, strikes him down.

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Shall we try untrodden paths, confident in the God within us? By all means, if we have provided the apparatus through which He can flash into manifestation. Such righteous Self-confidence makes the leaders of men. It is true that such men may, nay will, make mistakes. Should we, for fear of falling, shrink from hewing out the new path? Nay. But here again arises a condition. Mistakes which are made recklessly and

thoughtlessly, without previous observation of the circumstances and careful consideration of all the factors we can grasp—such mistakes have only pain as fruit, a pain that may indeed be useful as teaching us to be less foolish in the future, but a pain that might have been escaped. But a mistake which is due only to lack of a knowledge which we do not yet possess, which follows on a course carefully chosen after the strenuous exertion of our best faculties, and is the result of a choice based on such experience as we possess, such faculties as we have created, and such conscience as we have made by similar efforts in the past—such a mistake is truly a step upwards, ripening indeed the bitter fruit of pain, but a fruit which contains within itself a seed of experience which shall result in growth.

* * *

The growth and development of a strong individuality is essential for the Young Citizen who would play a useful part in the building of the new civilisation, of the future Commonwealth of Nations. But let us develop strong individualities in order that we may render strong Service, rather than in order that we may ourselves be strong. Let each regard himself as a block of marble, to be hewn into the most beautiful form, to be chased with the most delicate lines, to be polished to the last possibility of brilliance, not in order that it may be an isolated though beautiful fragment, a separate perfection, but that it may be a stone fit to build into the Temple of Humanity, its beauty heightened, not diminished, because it is an exquisite part of a perfect whole.



THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS

By A VOICE FROM THE PAST



WHEREVER the sky is reddening to the dawn of a new Day, there appear on the world's stage the men and women whom history crowns as Martyrs, those who see a truth to which others are blind, who see it with such clarity of vision and such passion of inner response to it, that they are impelled to proclaim it even at the risk of happiness, liberty or life. Without such men and women progress cannot be made, for the mass is ever slow-moving, and its inertia has to be overcome. A truth of the past becomes an orthodoxy of the present, and blocks the advance of the race. That which in its day was a stimulus becomes later a clog, and the discovery which was made from within becomes a dogma imposed from without. When its use is over, when its nutriment is exhausted and only the dry husk remains, then a new truth begins to emerge. One man sees and proclaims it—"Athanasius against

the world"; a roar of execration meets him and drowns his voice, but others have caught his words ere he goes down, and it echoes out again from them. They in their turn perish, but the truth has spread from them to a wider circle, and so it goes on until all men accept it, and, wondering at the blindness of their predecessors, they raise a statue to the dead martyr, while using some of the stones with which they are building his pedestal to fling at his successors in their own time. And so the world moves on.

What are the characteristics of the martyr, which mark him out for his glorious rôle? First, an eager intellect; second, a passionate heart. He must see a truth to which others are blind, and this demands clarity of vision. It is true that when this has been seen by one, others may catch it from him who do not, at first sight, seem to be above their fellows in intelligence. Yet have they some new *quality* of mind in them which makes them recognise the new truth as soon as it is proclaimed in their hearing; their intelligence has the characteristic which will mark the intelligence of the future, even if it be not eminent in dealing with the matters environing them. Moreover, the first martyr may arouse in them an intense personal devotion which will drive them to follow him even into danger and death. But for the martyr who is blazing the path through the dense forest an eager intellect is a prime necessity, for how else shall he see?

But he needs also a passionate heart. For a man may see a truth in the clear dry light of intellect, and yet may feel no impulse to sacrifice to it everything that men hold dear. Copernicus saw that the earth moved round the sun, not the sun round the earth, but he did

not publish his book till he lay on his death-bed, and therefore ran no risk of martyrdom for proclaiming the truth he saw. Bruno saw the same truth, and rushed through Europe proclaiming it; hunted out of one country, he fled to the next and reproclaimed it. Why? What was there in the relative stability of the sun and the fact of the earth revolving round it to make a man renounce home and country, face the wrath of Kings, lie for six years in prison, bear the tortures of the Inquisition, and walk calmly to a fiery death amid the howls of an infuriated mob? Why did he think it *worth while*? Because his passionate heart fired his imagination, and he saw what this bare fact contained of infinite possibilities of progress for mankind. It meant an illimitable universe, throughout which was pulsing an illimitable and single Life. It meant that man was part of that Life, and that the body he wore was but a passing vehicle which might perish without marring the eternity of the Life. It meant that the Spirit in man was unborn and undying, with a past and a future of unimaginable splendour. It meant that each little life was only worthy as it was consciously part of the Life Immortal, and was transfigured by the deathless glory of the whole, of which it was a part. It meant that man was no creature of a day, trembling at the wrath of a God, cowering beneath the threats of a Church, holding his existence at the mercy of another. He was an emanation of Life Eternal, he was a portion of God Himself, no Church could crush him, no priest could fetter him, no death could slay him, he held his existence by birthright not by favour, he was Self-dependent in the radiance of an Eternal Youth. Not for a moving earth and a stationary sun on the physical

plane did Bruno suffer and die, but for the splendid conception of the One Eternal Life and its illimitable manifestations in space and time.

As we seek to place ourselves within the consciousness of such martyrs, we shall ever find them inspired by some vast vision of the future which transports them out of the trivialities of the present, and makes all that the world calls precious but as the dust on the wheels of an advancing chariot. Rapt in that vision, they see not the gauds of earth; its prizes are valueless, its praise and its blame are but as empty air. They may have their hours of depression, their agonies of loneliness, their nights of almost despair. But they have but to open their eyes to behold the Vision Glorious, and ever in the depths of their Spirit there is peace untroubled and an unchanging joy. For they abide in the Eternal, and their feet stand unshaken on that Rock.

In these modern days the Young Citizen need scarcely prepare himself for physical martyrdom, for the times have changed, racks are mouldering, fires are quenched. But if he would be a leader, none the less must he cultivate within himself the heroic qualities which make the martyr. Martyrdom is now on a higher plane, the plane of the emotions and the mind. He must live, not die, a martyr. There are still Ideals which are worth martyrdom; there is still a Service which demands the sacrifice of all the world holds dear. Fortune, fame, honour in the world's eyes, affection of family and friends, respect of those we love, good reputation—all that makes earthly life fair and sweet: these, these are the gifts they may pour out as libations in the Service of the Masters to the Progress of Man.

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F. T. S.

IX

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I left untouched last month a most important part of the fourth great truth—the conviction that somewhere in the world I shall some day find a few who will look to me for the light for which I now look to my own teacher and to those who may be beyond him.

In spite of all that may be said to the contrary, I feel convinced that no more beautiful and stimulating relationship exists than that between the teacher and the pupil, the guru and his disciple, whether from the standpoint of the leader or from that of his follower. It is a relationship which is at the basis of the whole fabric of society though unrecognised save by the few to-day, and no progress of any real and lasting value can be made until the younger brother finds *the* Elder Brother for whom his heart has long unconsciously yearned, or until also the younger brother finds one still younger than himself who looks to him as the embodiment of all he can conceive as noblest. Love must ever manifest itself—if it be true and pure—both as reverence towards that which is above and as compassion for that which is beneath; for love is the great link which establishes the

brotherhood of man, joining him to the elders of the race and uniting to him those younger on life's pathway.

In modern life we have—no doubt for useful purposes—lost sight of the value of a recognition of our relations with those above us and with those below. Such distinctions as at present exist depend upon worldly position, not at all upon character and intrinsic worth, and the world confers its own degrees according to its own measure of worth. It matters little what a man thinks provided that his acts are in accord with worldly standards. He must present a polished conventional exterior whatever may exist beneath it. He must judge as the world judges, praise as the world praises, condemn as the world condemns, and he must take his pleasures as the world chooses to take them.

Now it is a most instructive fact that until a young man falls beneath the yoke of convention, his natural instincts lead him in the direction both of what is called hero-worship and of a pride in 'looking after'—as he would call it—some one younger than himself, who awakens in him a sense of superiority which he feels must be used to protect. Without exactly realising his position, he acts as if he were a link in a chain which stretches upwards out of sight and downwards far beneath him. He hears of the world's great heroes and worships them from afar, may perhaps sometimes see them in processions or read accounts of their doings in the newspapers. But these are links far, far above him, and his immediate hero is a boy in his own school who does more brilliantly than himself those things which he yearns to do well. It is not with him a question of character, or of brilliant intellectual power. The stupidest boy in the school may be his hero, provided that the boy

excels in some power which his worshipper longs for but cannot grasp. Side by side with this comes, after a certain age, the consciousness of strength and power with reference to some junior member of the school family—a consciousness which promotes the virtue of protection and gives balance to the whole character. I consider that these two instincts are the most important elements in school life, and need more attention and guidance from the teacher than they receive at present. Every boy in a school ought, unless circumstances be very exceptional, to establish relations both with his seniors and with his juniors. The senior boys may find their heroes among the teachers or in the outside world, but among those junior to them should be one or two who arouse in them the sense of responsibility and the need to set a good example. Younger boys may have the hero of their school days in the higher classes. But no school fulfils its duties to its students unless it arouses in them both reverence and compassion—for these two qualities are of the essence of a prosperous State. I do not suggest that either of these qualities will at first be either wisely or at all adequately expressed, but a beginning must be made and the habit formed whereby in after years the man may learn to recognise true greatness and to exercise true compassion. The boy whose hero is perhaps nothing more than a good cricketer is nevertheless learning to look upwards, and in due course he will begin to realise that greatness rests upon foundations far deeper and surer than that of ability in the direction of cricket. It is the task of the teacher to utilise the boy's ardour to guide him insensibly to higher levels, to bring before him truer heroes than the one he is for the moment able to recognise. By appreciating that

which appeals to the boy, the teacher will earn the right to his confidence and trust, and the old ideals will merge into the new—thus preparing the future citizen to discover in the larger world outside the school the true heroes of the State, whether the world recognises them or not.

Similarly, the young citizen has to learn that the State calls upon him to perform certain well-defined duties towards those less well-circumstanced than himself. Beyond the duty of supporting his family and of maintaining it in reasonable happiness and comfort, he has the duty both of loyalty to those whom he has learned to recognise as his superiors as well as of care for those about him whom he may be in a position to help. It is most unfortunate that in most modern schools there is a spirit of competition which fosters in the boys a desire to excel and to outshine their fellows. The system of prizes, of athletic competitions, and so forth, breathes the modern individualistic tone, which has, I venture to think, been sufficiently founded during the past few hundreds of years. We have, in the West, sufficiently stimulated the impulse towards individual effort, and it is now time to superimpose upon it the co-operative spirit, using the power of the individual for the common welfare. We need the co-operative spirit in religion, in politics, in business, but unless each unit of the State recognises his true position, is aware that his principal duties are those of understanding that which is above him and of sympathising with that which is below, he will not be co-operative in the true sense of the word. Here again the word co-operation has acquired a meaning which reflects the present spirit. We at once think of sharing benefits, whereas we should rather understand that the true principle of co-operation lies

in the duty of each individual to contribute to the general welfare according to his capacity and opportunities. And when we have learned more thoroughly the fact that the general welfare depends upon intelligent co-operation with the State leaders, and upon due fulfilment of obligations towards the younger members of the State family, then we shall begin to watch our boys in schools practising the art of following leaders and of learning to exercise the power of compassion.

I hope I have begun to make clear the importance attaching to my fourth great truth, all the more important because it is so little realised. In fact, when I think of the average training received by our boys and girls in most schools, how the clever students have every encouragement and honour while those less brilliant remain unappreciated in the background, how those who excel are encouraged to show their light against the darker background of their surroundings, how in most schools each boy feels himself a rival to all the others in one department or another, I long for the time when schools will become homes in which each boy's power—however limited by comparison with the powers of those around him—will be welcomed as *his* contribution to the State welfare, when he will be exercised at school in all the duties which he will later be called upon to perform in connection with the State. I want him to be taught that any advantages he may possess are to be used in the service of those who lack them, under the direction of his superior officers. If he is good at mathematics, he must help some one who is weak in the subject. If he is an expert in any game, he must place his knowledge at the disposal of those boys who are striving with difficulty to accomplish that which he so easily performs.

He will thus begin to understand that the only way of learning thoroughly is to teach, and if some of us wonder why we forget so easily all we learned at school, we might remember that we learned for ourselves and not for others.

In concluding this month's letter I should like to point out that the realisation of the existence of those who look to us for guidance confers upon us a most useful sense of responsibility. I know from my own experience that while my duty towards Alcyone tends to make me more careful than otherwise I should be, at the same time I am to a great extent prevented from committing many follies because I know that there are those who regard me as their leader. It would be cruel and ungrateful on my part to be utterly careless of my thoughts and actions, when I know that those who follow me are ever ready to interpret them in the most generous light, to look upon them as worthy of emulation, to defend them before the world. And so I am glad when I find that a boy is looked up to by some younger student. I make a point of explaining to the elder his solemn responsibility, and I try to make him realise how much is in his power. So far I have never found my appeal unheeded, and if a boy seems to need the steadying influence such a relationship affords, I endeavour to place him in a position in which he has to render service to those younger than himself, so that he may acquire the qualities which will win for him even during school life loyal and devoted followers, who will teach him to realise his duties to them through greater self-control and wider sympathy.

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

THE DARK VALLEY

By MARIE BERMOND

(Translated by A. E. Adair).

MISTS ever enshrouded La Vallée, no sunshine ever penetrated there. The clouds hung over it, heavy and oppressive, only lifting slightly at times to herald the oncoming storm. It was not a place one would choose to live in, yet its sullen and discontented-looking inhabitants were, strangely enough, drawn to it from all parts of the world and some inexplicable attraction held them there.

From morning till evening they moaned and complained. "Still, dampness! still, fog!" they grumbled, "are we not unfortunate?" And then they would shut themselves up more closely in their houses, solitary and rebellious, thus making life more and more unhappy and gloomy. So limited was their horizon that they believed that the whole world was full of shadow, was all in darkness. They did not notice that, while they were living in this state of misery, wandering stars silvered the nights, and the sun rose and lighted and warmed the earth beyond the boundaries of La Vallée in spite of the gloominess of its inhabitants. Their ill-will extended to the whole world, to the elements, to their neighbours and to themselves. They cursed the heavens for their mist and rain; they almost cursed God Himself.

"It is He who sends these ills," they said. "Have we deserved such treatment? Since He created us, why could He not give us happiness and beautiful weather, always!" At other times, they prayed to Him fervently: "O Thou, who art responsible for all good and evil, perform for us this miracle! Make us joyous! Send us no more the burden of this terrible darkness!"

But the colour of the sky remained unchanged.

One day a youth came to the place; he was one of their own countrymen who had wandered far afield seeking adventures, and now returned wishing to see his family again. He had passed through many hardships, had suffered from cold, hunger and thirst, but after many efforts, many alternate periods of failure and success, he had at last achieved something. Amongst other things he had succeeded in making a flying machine; and after he had perfected his apparatus and tried and tested it, he said: "It will be splendid to go back to the country where my mother and father live. How surprised they will be!"

Accustomed as he now was to flying freely through space he had forgotten the conditions that reigned in his old home; and he was royally fêted on his arrival, the people losing for the moment their perpetual gloom. It was a great event, the return of one who had travelled so far; but they were so habitually discontented that one thing had become impossible for them—that one thing was to rejoice whole-heartedly.

All went fairly well, however, until the youth displayed his flying machine and announced his intention of mounting above the earth in it. They called him a fool. They said to him: "What is the use of struggling to do the impossible! Besides, even if you succeed in

rising, the clouds that constantly obstruct our view will arrest your flight. Far better accept the world as it is—a world of darkness, rain, storm and fog—and remain on the solid ground."

The young man smiled because his experience had taught him that this was not true. "That is only an illusion," he said, "your clouds are but trifles, I shall pass through them."

The people of La Vallée shrugged their shoulders, not without a certain pity. "As if it were possible," said they, "for anyone to cross that solid grey wall. We know better than that, for it has oppressed us so long. It is useless to try; and, even if he were to get outside, he would be very uncomfortable, he could not breathe. He is a foolhardy boy."

"I say I will pass through them," repeated the youth serenely. "Who will come with me?"

At first no one would take the risk; so firmly was the habit of sadness fixed in them that they could not even make the effort to get away from it. Then another youth, a companion of former years, came forward and consented to go with him. Up, up, they went, gently rising higher and higher until at last they disappeared from sight. The onlookers were filled with anxiety, not daring to hope. "They are lost," cried the weeping parents; but after some hours the heroes descended to the earth again, radiant and smiling. They were surrounded on all sides and questioned as to what had happened. The adventurous youth who had accompanied his friend told them what he had seen. "There is," he said, "above the clouds, a sky of wondrous blue, a brilliant sun which warms, a pure air and an intensity of life of which you have no idea."

Immediately the more courageous amongst them began to desire to see such wonders: a sky that was not leaden! a pure air! an expanse of light! it was incredible, such things would indeed be well worth seeing.

Each one who ventured through the clouds returned from the flight marvelling; and as time went on more and more of the people went up in order to be convinced that the canopy of darkness was not impenetrable, that it could be transcended because it was only near the earth.

"It is not from the sky then that the clouds come," they argued. "They go out from the earth; she is responsible for them; she covers herself with their shadow; all the evils from which she suffers, she herself has made; for beyond her mists and storms the sky is ever radiantly blue." Thus encouraged, those who had grown tired of the obscurity and longed to escape from it learned to fly.

"We must get away from here," they said, "we cannot breathe. Since we know that there is light somewhere, we cannot do without it; and, even if most of our life must be spent amongst these shadows, we know at least that it is possible to rise above them to the pure air and sunshine beyond."

Joy returned with this hope and their faces lost their habitual expression of sadness. And when the timid, the cowardly, wedded to the earth by their fears, complained of the cares which constantly oppressed them, a traveller of the skies never failed to suggest slyly: "Perhaps like the earth it is thou that makest thy storms and createst thy sadnesses. Perchance all thy sorrows come from thyself."

And another would add: "Arise! transcend thy clouds and thou shalt see the sky which is always blue."

MR. ARUNDALE AND THE HINDŪ COLLEGE

[It gives us great pleasure to reprint this appreciation of Mr. Arundale from the well-known *Hindustan Review*.—ED.]

THE cause of Indian Education has suffered a truly heavy loss in the retirement of Mr. G. S. Arundale, M. A., LL. B., from the Principalship of the Central Hindū College, Benares, after ten years of unremunerated labour at that great institution. Mr. Arundale has filled many positions since his arrival as quite a young man, fresh from Cambridge, in 1903, to take up the post of Honorary Professor of English, in the College department. In 1904 he was transferred to the Headmaster-ship of the school, which he held with phenomenal popularity and success until in 1907 he was brought back to the College as Vice-Principal, succeeding finally to the Principalship on the retirement, through illness, of the late Dr. Arthur Richardson, in 1909. It is no exaggeration to say that in all these positions he showed that rarest of qualities, a true genius for education; and there is probably at the present moment in India, no figure in the educational world more deeply loved and venerated by those who know him, whether they be his colleagues or his pupils, than is Mr. G. S. Arundale. A personal influence of this kind is always difficult to analyse in precise terms; but in the case of the educationist, it will usually be found to rest, in a large measure, upon an imaginative enthusiasm for the work,

and a real love and sympathy for the student world, together with a genuine understanding of its problems and its ideals. All these qualities Mr. Arundale has richly displayed during his years of work, and there are few teachers or students of the Benares institution who have not, in their time, been raised to nobler views of life and more strenuous and purposeful ideals by the practical example before them of this selfless and devoted worker. Perhaps few outsiders can realise how much in the way of really practical help and sympathy Mr. Arundale gave to his students. Not merely was he a veritable guide, philosopher and friend, to whom the young men did take their most intimate and troublesome difficulties, but there are many poor students in the institution who owe their whole education to the assistance which Mr. Arundale gave them out of his own slender and limited means. It may truly be said of him that he never betrayed feelings of racial distinction and he often confessed, indeed, that he looks upon India as his Motherland and upon all Indians as his compatriots. He is at the same time an Englishman and proud of being so, and looks forward to a time when the British Empire will be a mighty brotherhood of races, all enjoying equal rights and the same freedom, and all bound together by a common love and by loyalty to a common Throne.

It is Mr. Arundale's deep conviction that India has a very great part to play in the future, and that in the young generation of to-day we have the first beginnings of a new and more spacious era. What is needed, he has always held, is to draw out and render self-conscious that fund of idealism which belongs to the Indian character, and having elicited it, so to discipline and purify it, that it may be definitely used in the great

constructive work of the future. To this end Mr. Arundale's work has always been two-sided. On the one hand he has sought, by all the means in his power, to arouse into activity all those warm and generous impulses which belong to the natural idealism of youth: on the other hand, he has set himself to devise all kinds of ways in which this soaring spirit may be wisely trained and guided. To this side of his work belong the many special features of student life in the Central Hindū College, the prefectorial and monitorial systems, the parliament, the Vidyārthi Sahāyak Sabhā, the night and morning schools, all of which are intended to teach practical lessons of responsibility and self-reliance, together with Mr. Arundale's own lectures on civics, given regularly to all the classes in the College, the aim of which has been to inculcate high ideals of citizenship and of service to the Motherland. Whatever one may think as to Mr. Arundale's views on this or that non-educational subject, or on life in general, few, even of those who differ most from him in these respects, will deny that in the ex-Principal of the Central Hindū College we have a nature of rare and refreshing originality, full of the wine of a noble enthusiasm, loving his fellowmen and being loved by them in return, unsparing of himself in service and (what is even rarer than concrete service) in continuous thought and care for all who surround him—one of those natures, in short, which help to vivify the whole atmosphere of educational life, and of which Indian Education to-day—dessicated and devitalised as it is—stands in such sore need. On behalf of all who have ideals for young India, we thank Mr. Arundale for all that he has done and trust that his absence from our country may only be a temporary one, and that he

may return before long to take up once more the educational work for which he is so peculiarly fitted and which he has so well done. We have no desire to go into the recent unfortunate controversies about matters Theosophical, theological, and philosophical with which Mr. Arundale's name has been connected. These are matters beyond the scope of this note, in which we desire to express our whole-hearted appreciation of Mr. Arundale's good, solid, and valuable worth as an educationist and as a teacher in the Central Hindū College.

LEADERS

Some leaders lead too far ahead,
High-visioned, unafraid;
Yet ages after they are dead
We tread the paths they made.

Some leaders lead too far behind,
Nor seem to keep the track;
Yet they bring on the deaf and blind
Who else would hold us back.

And some seem not to lead at all,
Slow moving on the way;
Yet help the weary feet and small
Of those who else would stray.

Lead on, O Leaders of the race!
Your work is long and wide;
We need your help in every place—
Before; Behind; Beside.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman

MEMORY FOR STUDENTS

By ERNEST WOOD, F. T. S.

VI

ADDING KNOWLEDGE TO KNOWLEDGE

IN our last article we stated that all learning consists in adding something that you did not know to something that you do. Nothing can suddenly heave into your mind a new piece of knowledge which has no relation to anything that you already know. Suppose, for example, some one suddenly begins to talk to you about the ornithorhynchus. It may be that your first thought will be only that there must be something to which this name corresponds, and you wonder what it is. You hear that it is an unusual kind of animal. Well, you know already what animals are, so you add to your existing knowledge the fact that there is another kind of animal, unknown to you before. You next learn that it is an animal which differs from others by having a bill like that of a duck, and other peculiar details of form and structure, and so you go on adding bit by bit to knowledge which you already possess. Because of this character of learning we laid down a general rule that when you want to remember some piece of knowledge which is new to you, you should *add* it to something that you already know well; that is to

say, you should find in your mind something that you know quite well which bears a natural relation to the new thing that you want to remember. It was by observing this natural relation in the succession of ideas that you were able so easily to remember the list of words which we gave, from 'Young Citizen' to 'Magazine'. That was only an example, but now that you know the principle, you may apply it to placing in the memory large numbers of related facts in history, languages, science and other branches of knowledge, which we have no room to exemplify here.

Now, these natural relations at most are only nine, and if you take the trouble to study and learn them, you will find that, when you apply them, at once your memory becomes keener. We will go over these nine links one by one, showing all the various ways in which two ideas can be related together.

1. Our first natural relation answers to the question: To what class does this belong? A cow belongs to the class of domestic animals; a coat belongs to the class of garments; a candle belongs to the class of illuminants. Thus cow is related to animal, coat to garment, and candle to illuminant.

2. Our second natural relation answers to the question: Are the two ideas members of the same class? A cow and a horse are members of the same class of animals; a coat and a shirt are members of the same class of garments; a candle and the sun, and a lamp and the moon are members of the same class, all being illuminants. So a cow is related to a horse, a coat to a shirt, and a candle to the sun.

3. The next question is: Does this contrast with that? Water contrasts with fire, because they are both

natural elements, but of opposite kinds; tallness contrasts with shortness, because both refer to heights, but opposite kinds of heights; a King contrasts with a peasant, because both are men, but in opposite stations in life. Thus water is related to fire, tallness to shortness, and King to peasant.

4. Is this a part of that? A branch is a part of a tree; the hand is a part of the body; Cumberland is a part of England. Therefore branch is related to tree, the hand to the body, and Cumberland to England.

5. Are this and that parts of the same thing? The branches and the roots are parts of the tree; the hand and the brain are parts of the body; wheels and a spring are parts of a watch. Therefore branches are related to roots, the hand to the brain, and wheels to springs.

6. Is this a quality of that? Heat is a quality of fire; roundness is a quality of the moon; strength was a quality of Samson. Thus heat is related to fire, roundness to the moon, and strength to Samson.

7. Are this and that qualities of the same object? The sun is both round and glowing; the table is both wooden and square; the tree is both green and tall. Thus, if we wish, we may relate a ball with brilliance, wood with squareness, and green colour with height.

8. Do this and that occur together? A pen is held in the hand; a cat sits on the hearth-rug; *The Young Citizen* is printed at Adyar; a beard grows on the chin. So pen and hand, cat and hearth-rug, *The Young Citizen* and Adyar, beard and chin are related together.

9. Does this succeed that? Day succeeds the sunrise; contentment succeeds wisdom; indigestion succeeds over-eating or worry. Thus day is related to sunrise, contentment to wisdom, and indigestion to over-eating.

Now we may see how the pairs of words in the list which you so easily remembered are related. In order to show this we will place the numbers of the relations between them. Young Citizen, 6, yellow, 6, gold, 1, metal, 1, iron, 6, rails, 8, railway, 8, steam, 2, water, 2, ice, 2, snow, 6, soft, 6, fur, 8, skin, 4, hand, 8, pen, 8, paper, 4, magazine.

Out of this set of nine relations you can, if you like, make a very pleasant guessing game. Two ideas are propounded by a member of the party, while the others present try to discover the relation between them. The one who finds a connection first then himself proposes two ideas for the others to relate together, and so the game may go on, occasioning much laughter at the quaint suggestions which arise. Sometimes it will be necessary to bring in another idea in addition to the two which are propounded in order to form a link between them. For example, if cow and rug be suggested, the answer might be : cow is related to cat, because both are animals, and cat is related to rug, because they occur together ; or, cow is related to skin because the latter is a part of the former, and skin is related to rug, because some rugs are made from skins. Again, suppose house and quicksilver be suggested, you may relate them by putting in between them the idea of a chemist's shop or a laboratory : house and chemist's shop are both buildings, and quicksilver is found in the chemist's shop.

Are you in earnest ? Seize this very minute ;
 What you can do or dream you can, begin it ;
 Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
 Only engage, and then the mind grows heated ;
 Begin, and then the work will be completed.

GOETHE

WANTED—WORKERS

[The following circular has been issued, and we are asked to give it the publicity of our pages. Ed.]

BENARES CITY,

1st July 1913.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

You will be glad to learn that the idea of starting Theosophical Schools and Colleges in the different parts of the country is being taken up in right earnest by some of our members, who take a keen interest in education. The arrangements in the Theosophical School at Benares have been almost completed and the School will open on 7th July. Our friends at Gorakhpore (U. P.) and Gaya (Behar) have also decided to establish Theosophical Colleges there, teaching up to the F. A. standard at present. At Gaya it is expected that about 60 acres of land will soon be endowed for the construction of College buildings, Hostels, etc.

In the selection of their staff, the organisers of the above Colleges naturally wish to give preference to Fellows of the T. S., who will thoroughly understand and be in sympathy with the Theosophical lines on which education is sought to be imparted in these institutions. Among the large number of our members in India, it is hoped that there may be some so favourably situated in life that they would feel the call to share in the pioneer work of education on Theosophical lines, which is full of such deep significance to the future of the country ; for it will inculcate in each student "a reverent spirit towards the essential features of his own ancestral faith, and a sympathetic comprehension of religions other than his own". Such might very well now volunteer their services as honorary workers in these institutions. Others to whom karma has not given the advantage of affluence and wealth, but who have been gifted with the necessary enthusiasm and educational qualifications, may be anxious to work in these institutions on either subsistence allowance or even a full salary. I am giving below a list of teachers and professors required for the three institutions

at Benares, Gorakhpore and Gaya, for the information of yourself and your friends. Members wishing to take up any of the following posts are requested to apply to the undersigned at an early date, giving full particulars of their age, educational qualifications, salary if any needed, or any other requirements:

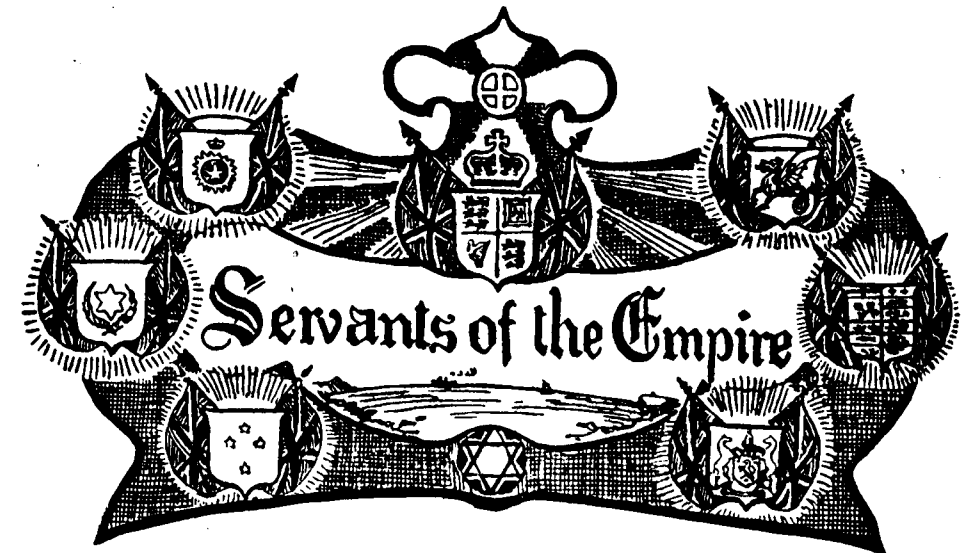
I. For the Theosophical School at Benares, an English-knowing teacher thoroughly proficient in Hindi, and able to teach that subject to the Matriculation Class. Salary according to qualifications.

II. For the Theosophical College at Gorakhpore (U. P.) and at Gaya (Behar):

- (a) A Principal for each, who should be a Master of Arts of an Indian University, or a graduate of an English University, and who could teach either English and History or Mathematics. Salary between Rs. 150 and 200 according to qualifications.
- (b) A Professor of Mathematics who may be a graduate of any Indian University. Salary between Rs. 80 and 100 according to qualifications.
- (c) A Professor of History who may be a graduate of any Indian University. Salary between Rs. 80 and 100 according to qualifications.
- (d) A Professor of Samskr̥t who may be a graduate of any Indian University. Salary between Rs. 80 and 100 according to qualifications.

Please circulate this information among the members of your Lodge and also your friends as much as you can. With fraternal good wishes,

Yours fraternally,
 IQBAL NARAIN GURTU,
 TRUSTEE, THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATIONAL TRUST
 AND
 General Secretary, T. S. Indian Section.



The following suggestions were made towards the solutions of social problems by Mrs. Annie Besant in a lecture delivered in England last year:

Improvement must begin with the child, with the realisation that every child born into the nation had a right to education, in order that he or she might develop the faculties brought into the world as the result of past experience. No nation could be great while a miserable education was all it gave to the great masses of its population, instead of realising that in a well-organised social State no man or woman should have to labour for self-support—is the idea too utopian?—until twenty-one years of age. Those twenty-one years should go in education, to make the person fit to be a citizen of a country which called itself free. By education I mean not only reading and writing which were mere instruments of education, but I mean the training of the faculties, the sense of power, of observation, power of memory and adaptation which make the difference between the educated and uneducated man, which make the one the master of his surroundings while the other is ever enslaved by them.

In order that men and women might be free, capable, and able to be citizens of a free land, the early years, then, must be claimed for education. In any reasonable social organisation enough could be produced for the welfare and comfort of the country by combining their men and women between the ages of twenty-one and sixty, or even fifty-five, in well-arranged production and distribution. Before twenty-one and after fifty-five life should not be spent in

labour to support life, but the early years in preparation for work, and the later years in utilising the experience gained to guide the necessary administrative works of the nation. We should take a lesson from America in the organisation of industry. Trusts were disapproved of, not because they were well organised and economical, but because the result of such organisations was irrational, wealth for a few, and no better conditions for the many who toiled for that wealth. America had solved the problem of production, and largely of distribution. We should get the best brains of the country together, and then initiate a system whereby production would be limited to demand, and co-operation instead of competition should be established. Let us do for the nation what America has done for small groups of clever and sometimes unscrupulous men. We should learn how to produce economically, and avoid crises in the labour market because of overproduction and the stocking of unsaleable things, while men and women went half-clothed and hungry for want of the very products in which their labour had been employed. The success of that labour meant misery, and not happiness. That was the curious paradox of to-day. Intelligence should be enough to prevent that horrible paradox, whereby the success of labour meant idleness, and that while they idled, they starved. These people could not mend matters for themselves. They might strike, and strike, and strike, only to make more widespread misery and more starvation of the helpless, and increased bitterness and hatred as the result, whether the strike were successful or no.

There was another aspect to consider with respect to the relative capacity of the more evolved and the less evolved. In our social system the more evolved a man was intellectually, the more he was fitted to be a successful man, the more he asked for outside pleasure and outside distractions. The ideal of the worker was to be rich and idle, and instead of taking joy in work as man's natural condition, the joy of creative work; he looked upon idleness as the ideal, and work as an unfortunate necessity. Work is our greatest pleasure, so long as it is work that suited our faculties. Now that joy of the worker we have to bring into our modern work. The worker ought to take a pride in his work whether he be an artist or an artisan. It was the uncultivated, the poor, and the undeveloped who must be surrounded by every possibility which would draw out their dormant faculties, and train them into higher possibilities. In a well-organised State amusements of every sort would be free to the people, and only paid for by those whose higher education made amusements less necessary. The Greeks were the most beautiful people that practically the modern world had ever known. Beauty to them was a necessity of life. Art was thrown open to the masses of the people. All that was noble in art was common enjoyment, and that is a lesson we have to learn from the Greeks. Ugliness degrades and brutalises, and we put the people who need beauty most into the slums. We have no sense of duty in those things, and no social conscience. We would have to give up the fetish which we call personal and individual liberty. Liberty is only a blessing when the law within the man made unnecessary the pressure

of law without. When a man learned self-control, then, and then only, was he worthy of being free. When he learned self-control he needed only a steady pressure, which would help him to adapt himself to better conditions, and which made liberty the price of self-control. We manufacture our habitual criminals. What else could they be? We do not reform and change them. If we believe in reincarnation, we must place our criminals in schools, and give them teachers who are the pick of the nation. From such schools I would draft them into labour colonies, and would not give them liberty until they showed the power of being able to control themselves. We should not give them votes. Presently we were to have Manhood Suffrage. But what right had a man who could not rule himself to rule another? What right had a man who gave way to drunkenness to help in the shaping of our laws? If we want to train our men let us give votes to every man and woman in the municipality where they knew what they wanted, where they understood their needs, and then make our suffrage more and more restricted, according to education and experience, according to training in history and economics, for no man who did not know the history of the past could safely be left to shape the history of the present.

Reincarnation would lead us thus to have an ascending scale of votes for representative bodies: all sharing in the rule of the towns; only the more educated in the County rule; the much more educated in the Parliament of the Nation; and only the most experienced in everything that touched our relations with foreign Powers. Then we would have a representation worth having, and success in one grade would be a credential for the next. To put into the hands of the ignorant, the most complicated questions of economics and politics was madness. We would not cross the ocean with a captain who did not know his business, but we trusted the life of the nation and the guiding of the ship of State to the ignorant hands of the multitude, and then we wondered that there was unrest and disturbance. What should be done in order to make this work a practical question? Leave Parliament to go chattering as much as it likes—it does not do much else—and ask the King to call a council of the best men of his nation of every class—the best economists, the best merchants, the best landholders and millionaires, the best organisers of industry, the best representatives among the labour leaders, to the help of the nation. We should ask him to put before that council the problem of the national unrest, and to call on those best brains to plan out a better life. He would not touch the Constitution, for he was making no law, but he would make a great plan with their help, and then hold it out to the nation and call on the nation to help him in that mighty social reform, and so make it a practical possibility. Along that line let us go. One as earnest as our present Monarch was, one as sympathetic for the feelings of his people, one so desirous of doing his duty, might make himself the centre of all that was noblest, best, most serviceable, in our nation and build up a plan of reform far better than party discussions in Parliament ever made or would make. Such a King, appealing to his people, might revolutionise the state of our country, and leave his name to go down to

history as the father of his people, who gave his thought and his work to them. Then the landowners would give the land that was wanted for the better keeping of the people, the millionaire would give the money that was wanted for the education of the people, and so the King and the wise men might save the nation. That was the first step in reform.

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true—
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

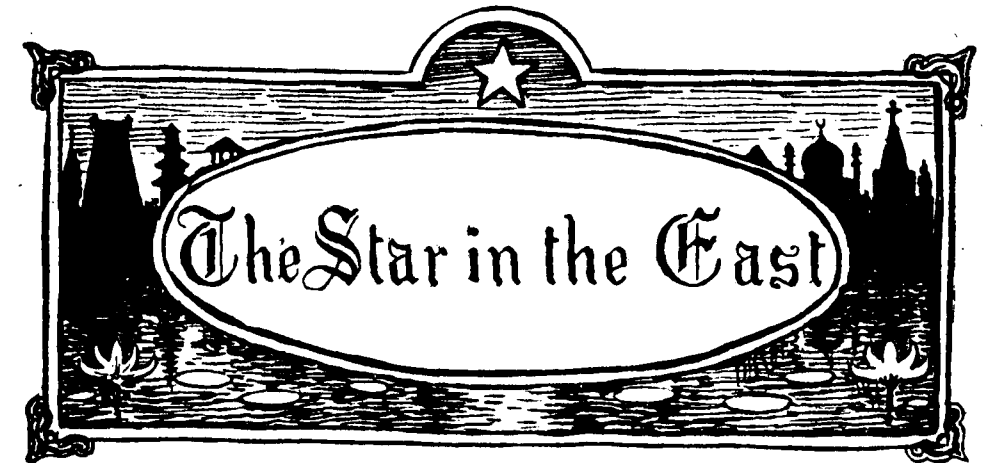
Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honour will honour meet,
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
You will gather, in flowers, again
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne,
Though the sowing seemed but in vain.

For life is the mirror of King and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN



MISS JEFFREYS, Honorary Secretary for Portsmouth and Southsea, sends the following:

The usual meetings have been held on Sunday evenings. A fair number of the members attend regularly. One new member has joined our ranks this month. We have had a great treat in our little branch here. On Wednesday, July 23rd, Mrs. Jeffrey held a drawing-room meeting at which Mrs. Lauder, who kindly came down from London, gave us an address. Many guests came from the surrounding country, as well as from Portsmouth, Southsea, and Gosport, and listened with interest and appreciation to the address on 'The Days of Expectancy'.

Mrs. Lauder dwelt shortly on the last manifestation of the Great Teacher through Jesus of Nazareth, pointing out the glory and purity of that life. That Theosophy has brought back the lost knowledge of previous Divine Manifestations makes the hope of the Order of another such manifestation not an impossible or unlikely event. The lecturer remarked how this hope is springing up, and how the beacon-fires of expectancy are being lit in many countries all over the world where the Order of the Star in the East is spreading. The note of joyful sure expectancy sounded clear and strong in the lecture and drew out the answering note of joyful response from many of us there. While tea was dispensed by our hostess many took advantage of a talk with Mrs. Lauder on the subject of her address. A number of pamphlets of the Order were sold and a very enjoyable afternoon came to a close, the first we hope of many such gatherings for our Order in this district. Later in the evening, at Mrs. Wren's house, Mrs. Lauder presided over a devotional meeting for members of the Order only—all but three of our members being present. As the incense rose fragrantly in our midst, a few paragraphs from *At the*

Feet of the Master were read, and the hushed peace of the Masters' benediction fell softly on all present. We meditated on the near coming of the Great Teacher, and felt indeed the Peace which passeth all understanding. Mrs. Lauder in her address took us far a while into her garden of thought, a fragrant and beautiful garden full of the flowers of love and the joy of service, giving out in full measure the gifts of the Spirit she has received from her sojourn in Adyar, closing the meeting with the grand rhythm of the 'Invocation'. We parted for our several ways, feeling strengthened, refreshed, helped, to renew our efforts to live up to the ideal of the Order to which it is our privilege to belong.

[The Report from Persia will be printed next month. I much regret the delay.—Ed.]



Month—September Emblem—Lily of the Valley

Quality—Purity

AN INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF THE STAR

Star of the East that from the orient sky
Sheddeth a soft effulgence o'er the earth!
Star of the dawning of a nobler birth,
Herald of Him whose coming draweth nigh!

Touch with thy spirit men of every race,
Fill them with love increasing day by day,
Guide them along the straight and narrow way
Unto the joy and glory of His face.

J. Scott

THE following report of the first year's work of the Round Table in America comes from the Senior Knight for that country, Mrs. Josephine E. Wardall (Parsifal), 2616, Walnut Avenue, Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.

The work was introduced in this country in July 1912, so we have been busy just about ten months and have established fourteen Tables: Seattle 2, Tacoma 1, Spokane 1, Vancouver 2, Victoria 1, Butte 1, Denver 1, Toledo 1, Cleveland 1, Kansas City 1, Detroit 1, Berkeley 1. We have now a total membership of 107, i.e., 14 Knights, 50 Companions, and 43 Associates.

This work meets a long-felt need in America. We have the Lotus Circle for the small children and the Lodge for grown-ups, but for the ages between thirteen and twenty-one there has been no interesting definite line of work such as the Round Table discipline gives. The enthusiastic reports which come from all the Tables show that our boys and girls are ready for this work, and we hope to double our numbers in the next six months.

On Christmas Day, 1912, each Round Table was busy in the service of others; many families and children who otherwise would have had no pleasure were made happy by these young workers who are seeking to follow the King.

Many Tables are interested in Children's Hospital work, and spend many hours making scrap-books, bean-bags, strings of bright

coloured beads, dressing dolls, and filling post-card albums. These things are taken with a wealth of love and sympathy to the little sufferers, thus teaching the joy of service to the Companions.

One Table in Vancouver B. C., is taking care of a poor family, making clothes for the children and helping with the house-work while the mother is ill. As the Knight expressed it: "We are even finding joy in washing dishes for others." One of their mottoes is: "Be ye faithful in small things and I will make ye rulers of great."

The Table of the White Knight in Cleveland, and the Halcyon Round Table in Toledo, are endeavouring to become helpers in the invisible worlds, and have been doing some special work along this line as well as helping on the physical plane.

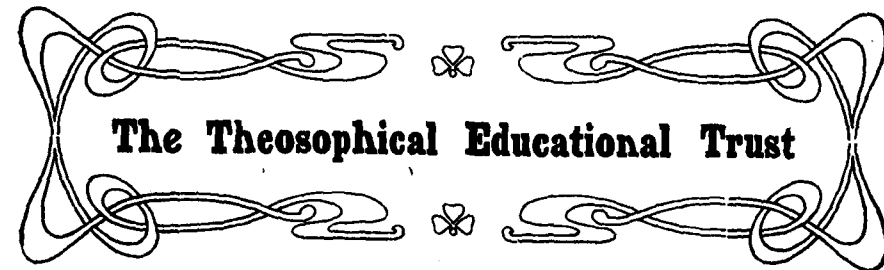
In Detroit, the Table is responsible for one child (not always the same one) having a half-holiday each week, and the Companions alternate in taking him to the beach or woods. Some of the members go once a week to a Settlement House to help in teaching English to foreigners; others provide flowers for the old ladies in a Home. This is indeed a Table of Service.

In the Builders' Round Table, Seattle, their Knight is particularly fine in her faculty for interesting children, and an idea of hers is splendid. Companions are asked to go upon secret quests, excursions into their own lives and characters, and where any wrong has been done, or unkind word spoken, they must do the knightly thing and rectify this before the next meeting of the Table. This is giving most excellent results.

All the Tables are studying the best literature and Theosophical books, and at every meeting of his Table each Knight reads from our priceless treasure, *At the Feet of the Master*—this is done at the request of the Senior Council.

The beautiful ceremony of Initiation, which we owe to our beloved Protector, is greatly appreciated by our Knights and Companions, and is a most impressive and fitting introduction to the work of the Order.

We send cordial greetings to all our Fellow-Knights, Companions and Associates, the world around, and hope that our Order may grow to a great army of helpers in His Service.



A correspondent of the *Indian Patriot* writes:

"We hear that the Theosophical Educational Trust, under the Presidency of Mrs. Annie Besant, is taking up its beneficial work in right earnest. It has started a new Collegiate School in Benares; it is managing a large School in Bankipur; the well-known Olcott Panchama Schools in Madras are coming into its hands; it has taken over the High School at Madanapalle and is taking immediate steps for its conversion into a Second Grade and then a First Grade College. It contemplates most extensive work; and a rumour has been set afloat that a magnificent institution in Madras itself may be expected before very long. The kind of work that is being done may be judged from the change that has come over the old High School at Madanapalle. For many years it struggled to cope with the Regulations, but when Mrs. Besant turned her attention to it, the School shook its recumbent frame, new buildings and equipment appeared like magic before our eyes; instead of remarks in the Report: "The space is insufficient"; "The apparatus is inadequate and unsatisfactory," we witness Collectors and Sub-Collectors and Inspectors of Schools exclaiming with delight: "Why we never saw a school like this before!" "It has a Laboratory of which any School or College might be proud"; "The best in the Presidency," and so on. Mrs. Besant is now sending out Mr. Ernest Wood, of Manchester, Superintendent of the Madanapalle High School, to collect money for the Trust, to visit Schools and give lectures on Education from the Theosophical point of view. It is said that his idea is to collect ten rupees from every gentleman in India; and if this could be realised India would be transformed within a generation."

Mr. Wood has not quite such large ideas as are suggested, but we hope we may collect a respectable sum. The Bankipur School is only in course of transference.

We shall acknowledge here from time to time sums received for the Trust. The following have come to me direct: *Donations:*

A Friend, Rs. 45,000; J. Prasad, Rs. 50; G., Rs. 2,100; Three Friends, Rs. 4,000; Copenhagen Lodge T. S., Rs. 750; J., Rs. 400; A Friend, Rs. 36; A Brother, Rs. 50; Anon, Rs. 300; A Friend (per J.N.R. Mehta), Rs. 30; Mrs. Stead, Rs. 20; Pradhan Lodge T. S., Rs. 15; Mrs. P. D. Oza, Rs. 50; G. H. Desai, Rs. 50; G. G. Desai, Rs. 25; Bhavnagar Lodge T. S., Rs. 15; A Friend (per J. N. R. Mehta), Rs. 30; Akola Lodge T. S., Rs. 50; Dr. M. W. Burnett, Rs. 76-10; Mrs. Boyd, Rs. 750; Miss Kühr, 60; A. L. W., Rs. 75; Mrs. Parker, Rs. 75; A Friend (per P. O.), Rs. 501; Some Indian Ladies, Nellore, Rs. 136-4. Total Rs. 54,644-14.

Subscriptions: Ratansi Dharamsi (Rs. 600 per mensem), paid Rs. 3,000. Three Friends (Rs. 300 per annum each), paid Rs. 900. A. B. (Rs. 220 per mensem), paid Rs. 960. Total Rs. 4,860. A promise of Rs. 50,000 has also been made.

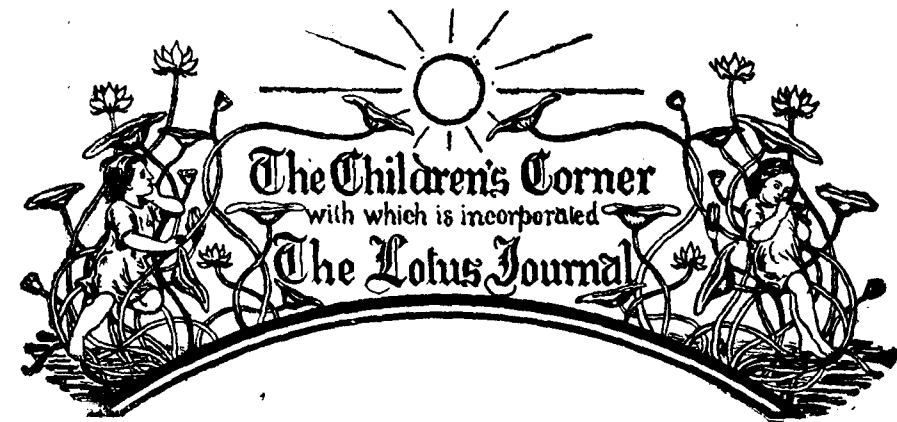
Lands: A gift of land by the Mahārāja of Tikari, valued at Rs. 50,000, and a plot of ten acres in England by Miss Dodge.

Subscriptions have been sent to Benares amounting to some thousands, but I have not yet ascertained the total sum.

The following have been received by Mr. B. P. Wadia: *Donations:* T. Gopalswami Aiyer, Rs. 20; V. Narsimhacharya, Rs. 20; XX., Rs. 20; N. H. Cama, Rs. 10. *Subscriptions* for Rs. 5 per month: T. Gopalswami Aiyer and V. Narasimhacharya.

Land has been bought at an expenditure of Rs. 41,541-11-11. I have as yet no account of the expenditure on School Furniture at Benares.

We have not done badly so far, I think. But we are only beginning, and much hard work will be needed before we can feel that we have laid a sure foundation. We are looking forward to the time, years hence, when Mr. Arundale will return as Principal to the Benares College, and our Alcyone will be its inspiring influence. Meanwhile we may feel thoroughly satisfied with the spirit of our Benares School, which is truly that of the old C. H. C. The happy letters which come from pupils show that all is going very well.



CONDUCTED BY HERBERT AND ETHEL WHYTE

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

By ANNIE BESANT

THERE is a legend current in the West, the Legend of the Seven Sleepers, which has come down from early Christian days, and has often been told at eventide as a story for children round the Christmas fire.

When the Roman Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, there were seven Christian youths of Ephesus of noble lineage, who hid themselves in a cave in a mountain-side in the vain hope of escape from their pursuers. The tyrant gave orders that they should perish in the refuge they had sought, and the entrance was walled up with huge stones, so that escape was impossible. The youths cried aloud to God in their sad strait, and as they prayed sleep came down upon them, and they sank peacefully to rest. And there they slept on and on for one hundred and eighty years, while the world changed its ways, until, upon a day, the slaves of the man to whom the ownership of the mountain had descended by inheritance carried off the stones for some building they were erecting, and the light of day shone into the cavern so long closed against it.

With a start the sleepers awoke, unconscious of their long slumber, and finding themselves hungry they bade one of their number, Jamblichus by name, go forth

secretly and seek for food. The youth stole carefully out, but found himself, to his great astonishment, in unfamiliar surroundings, and presently, as he approached Ephesus, he saw shining over the gate the, to him, surprising vision of a huge cross. When he entered the city and, finding a baker's shop, offered in payment a coin bearing the stamp of Decius, the baker was as astonished at his archaic language, clothes and money as he was astonished at seeing the symbol of a disgraceful death erected as a decoration on the gate. The baker, imagining that this curious young man must have found a treasure from which the coin had been taken, reported the matter to the authorities, and Jamblichus was taken before the Judge.

Here, in answer to the questions put to him, Jamblichus answered quite straightforwardly that he and his six friends had escaped from their pursuers the day before, and had been walled up in the cave in which they had taken refuge; that they had awaked that morning and had found the entrance open, and that he had come to the city to buy food. The youth was obviously honest, but his answers were, as obviously, incredible. There had been no persecution of Christians, Christianity being the ruling faith of the city, and it seemed that the youth must be mad; but whence came his coin, bearing the stamp which showed it to be nearly two centuries old?

Finally, the Bishop and the Judge, with the clergy and the magistrates and a great crowd of curious people, followed the youth to the cave, and there they found the remaining six sleepers, who were much astonished, and not a little alarmed, at this invasion of their refuge. They told their simple story, and received in exchange the amazing intelligence that one hundred and eighty years had rolled away since they had fallen asleep in the evil days of Decius.

Thereupon all fell upon their knees and praised God for the astounding miracle which had been wrought, and the people prepared to carry the Seven Sleepers in triumph

to the town. But the youths gently refused to return to the life from which they had parted so long ago, and, raising their hands in benediction, they calmly laid themselves down once more and fell into the sleep of death.

The ending of the story seems a little inconsequential, as it was hardly worth while to sleep through a hundred and eighty years and then wake up only to leave their bodies permanently. But so runs the tale, and from the tale has come the phrase "to sleep as soundly as the Seven Sleepers".

FAIRIES

See the tiny fairies
Gathered in a ring,
Swaying on the tender grasses,
Laughing at the breeze which passes
Warm with Scents of Spring.

Hark! the little fairies
Joyously do sing:
"We are free from care and sorrow,
For fresh life and love we borrow
From the Scents of Spring."

"Tell me, gentle fairies,
Prythes just one thing:
Can a weary care-worn mortal
Ever pass the fairy portal
To the Land of Spring?"

Nought the fairies answer,
Only dance and swing.
Is it that they cannot hear me?
Is it that, perchance, they fear me
In the Land of Spring?

Dainty, gentle, fairies,
My Spirit shall take wing
And fly with you from flower to flower,
Or sport with you in shaded bower
In the Land of Spring.

T. L. CROMBIE

A MUCH-TRAVELLED CAT

WONDERFUL HOMING INSTINCT

THE latest instance of the wonderful homing instinct of a cat is described by a Ripon correspondent of *Country Life*:

Our chauffeur's daughter recently came by rail from her home in Cardiff to visit her father here. She brought with her, in a basket, an ordinary black tom cat which she has had four years, intending to leave him with her father. After the first day in his new home, while his mistress was still here, Tom disappeared and could not be found. Inquiries elicited the fact that a black cat had been seen on the railway which passes near the house. Ten days later a letter arrived from Cardiff saying that Tom had come home! He was in an exhausted state, with all his claws worn off and the flesh of his toes abraded. The distance between Ripon and Cardiff is fully two hundred and fifty miles. The cat must, therefore, have travelled nearly thirty miles a day. Physically that is a fairly good feat. But if he returned by the way he came, how did he travel? Did he choose a route across country, or did he retrace his way through the busy junctions through which he had passed, but had never seen? Or did he choose his train and escape the vigilant eyes of guard and ticket collector? Any explanation seems impossible, but the fact is incontrovertible. He left here! he arrived there, worn and travel-stained. I am glad to say he soon recovered.

How do cats manage these marvels, instances of which are known to most of us? And how many humans could equal this achievement, without the aid of speech or maps?

—*The Madras Mail*

HOW AN INDIAN BOY SERVES HIS MASTER

[The extract that follows is from the letter of a boy of sixteen in reply to one of mine congratulating him on being put upon Probation by a Master. We can readily understand why, young though he is, he has accomplished so much already. Would that more of his elders had this boy's simplicity of faith and dedication.—C. J.]

THANK you very much for your loving and affectionate letter. I will try to remember the points which you mention in your letter and act according to them.

The first point about which you write is of doing all the work In His Name. Now for a long time I have been trying to keep that point in my mind. Whenever I do any work, first I imagine the Master and then do it In His Name, and therefore do my very best. In the mornings, I strongly think that I will do all my work during the whole of the day In His Name; that before doing anything, no matter how trivial it may seem to be, I will think of Him and offer it to Him. I succeed in doing it, but sometimes I forget to think of the beloved Master before doing the thing, and then I remember Him either in the middle of the work or when I have done it. And then I again make a strong thought-form, so that I may not forget again.

The second point which you mention is about keeping a note-book. I shall follow the advice most cheerfully. I have now a pocket-book, in which I put down such thoughts as occasionally strike me as useful. I think the thought for instance: "Whenever I see a

person, I must first think how can I be useful to him, how can I bring him a little nearer to his ideals," and I put it down. I shall always be on the look-out, whenever I read a book, and pick out the kind of thoughts you have suggested. I will always keep the note-book with me, and put down the thoughts which strike me while in the school or anywhere else. I will show you my note-book when I see you.

I hope I will prove myself worthy of the privilege of being put upon Probation by trying to serve other people in the best way I can.

DO GOOD IN THOUGHT

Do good in thought, some future day
 'Twill ripen into speech,
 And words are seeds that grow to deeds,
 None know how far they reach.

Like thistle-down, upon the breeze
 Swift scatter'd here and there,
 Where goodness dwells in heart and mind,
 A fruitful harvest bear.

So words will travel far, and these
 Both words and deeds will be
 Like bonds that closer draw mankind
 In peace and charity.



LETTER TO THE LINKS

VI

DEAR LINKS IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN,

"I will try . . . to do pure and beautiful actions."

Our last talk was about one particular kind of action, action in sound which is *Speech*. But there are, as you know, many other kinds of action in which we all take part.

You have probably all heard about the three different bodies that we use whilst living in the world: the mental or mind-body through which the Thinker (which is your Self) shapes ideas and thoughts and sends them down into the brain; the astral or desire-body through which he feels and wishes; and then there is this physical body through which he acts.

Try to think of all the actions you know of, and which your body performs. There are very many, are there not? eating and drinking and swimming and playing games, and making things with your hands, and many many other kinds of action. If you went on thinking quite a long time you would probably not be able to think of all the actions that can be performed, for this physical body of ours is a very wonderfully-made machine and can do an enormous number of things.

When we begin to realise that, we see that we ought to be very careful of the machine, which is the instrument that the Thinker uses on the physical plane. We shall feel that we must try to keep this machine in good order, by living healthy lives and eating pure food as far as possible, by keeping it perfectly clean, and by using rightly the eyes and ears and hands and feet and all the different parts of which it is made.

So that there is quite a lot to think about with regard to right actions, is there not? Our bodies are a little kingdom that we have to rule, remembering all the time that we are living in the body, and

that we are responsible for training it to be healthy and useful and as beautiful as possible.

I wonder if you can think of a special way in which all the actions of a Golden Chain Link might be done? It seems to me that we can go through life doing all action in one of two ways: we can act always thinking of ourselves, and here what we want to do will give pleasure to us or be of use to us in some way; or we can try to act always in the spirit of some of those heroes we have heard of, who never seem to have thought much about themselves but always of how they could serve or help others.

Every Link, I expect, would like to act in this best way, taking for his or her motto that noblest one which is the motto of our English Prince: "I serve". Who is your special hero in history? Is it Joan of Arc, who led her countrymen to battle and inspired the soldiers to do their duty, by forgetting herself and thinking only of her country? Or is it Rāmā, the splendid King, or Sītā the example of perfect womanhood? Perhaps it is Bruno or Hypatia, who gave their lives for truth, or S. Francis of Assisi, giving up home and comfort and going out into the world to serve better the men and women and animals and birds? There have been, and there are to-day, many heroes in the world, who have done great deeds that stand out for us to admire and to make us long also to do great deeds; but the only way in which we can make ourselves ready to play the part of hero when the opportunity comes to us is by learning to do every action not for ourselves, but for service.

And so, dear Links, as you and I go through the day, we can be learning to become some time a hero or a heroine. For you know that it is by each little act as well as by each thought and wish that we are building up what we call our character. There is nothing too high for us to reach if we are willing to work, and as we try to think and act not for ourselves but for all around us, seeking always to be a little messenger of love to them, we shall not only grow up with the power to act like heroes, but we shall now be helping all the other Links in this great Golden Chain which stretches round the world.

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

Yours affectionately,

ETHEL M. WHYTE

2



THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I ADYAR, 7TH OCTOBER, 1913 No. 10

FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

SOME workers in India are enrolling themselves under the general name of the Brothers of Service, to serve as the nucleus of a popular movement for the uplifting of India by the introduction of reforms necessary for the national life. They bind themselves to live the reforms, not only to talk about them, and so will be a driving-power of which others, more timid, may take advantage. There are no rules and the organisation is very loose, so that any group forming itself may take a shape suitable to its locality. The first leaflet was issued on October 1st, 1913, and it will be followed by others. The following is the promise taken by those of the Brothers who are able and willing to take the whole promise, and who are affectionately termed 'the Stalwarts': "Believing that the best interests of India lie in her rising into ordered freedom under the British Crown, in the casting away of every custom which prevents union among all who dwell within her borders, and in the



GIORDANO BRUNO

restoration to Hindūism of social flexibility and brotherly feeling,

I PROMISE :

1. To disregard all restrictions based on Caste.
2. Not to marry my sons while they are still minors, nor my daughters till they have entered their seventeenth year. ('Marry' includes any ceremony which widows one party on the death of the other.)
3. To educate my wife and daughters; and the other women of my family so far as they will permit; to promote girls' education, and to discountenance the seclusion of women.
4. To promote the education of the masses as far as lies in my power.
5. To ignore all colour distinctions in social and political life, and to do what I can to promote the free entry of coloured races into all countries on the same footing as white immigrants.
6. To actively oppose any social ostracism of widows who remarry.
7. To promote union among the workers in the fields of spiritual, educational, social and political progress, under the headship and direction of the Indian National Congress.

* * *

Those who, for any reason, are unable to take the promise in its entirety, select any clause or clauses which they are prepared to carry out, and send in their names with their acceptance of the selected clauses as numbered. Non-Hindū subjects of the British Crown, living in India, also join this department of the Brotherhood, and work for the clauses which are practicable for them, *e.g.*, they might sign 4, 5 and 7. British subjects living in other countries may join, in order to work in their respective countries to spread a knowledge of the unfair

conditions existing in India which can only be altered by the action of Government, and which are felt as injustices by educated India; *e.g.*, they might enroll themselves by signing clause 5, and then actively assist Indian students resident in their respective countries by extending to them hospitality; they might work against the Colour Bar in the Colonies; they might support all appeals made to Parliament when Indian grievances are brought to its notice; they might remove the misconceptions so current in Great Britain as to Indian aspirations; they might popularise Indian requests for equal treatment, and for the carrying out of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's proclamation of 1858. There are a few brave men who speak for India in the Houses of Parliament—the names of Sir William Wedderburn, Sir Henry Cotton, and Lord Ampthill rise to the mind—and they might be strengthened and helped from outside. In fact there are innumerable ways in which help might be given abroad.

* * *

The fact that I myself am taking an active part in this movement must not be taken to involve in any way the Theosophical Society. As the late President-Founder pointed out, the Society is absolutely neutral on all subjects outside its three objects, but any of us may plunge as actively as we choose into any movement with which we sympathise. Also the movement in India is intended to serve Hindūism, not to injure it; for if Hindūism is to play its part in the India of the future, it must discard everything that fetters National Progress. We see in England how Christianity is adapting itself to new conditions; Hindūism must do the same in India. It is well known that I personally regard Hindūism as the

noblest of living faiths, and I long to see it march at the head of every movement for the uplifting of India.

* * *

Some questions have been asked as to clause 7, as the introduction of the 'Indian National Congress' bars Government servants from signing the promise as a whole. That is so. But it seems to me that the recognition of the Congress as representing Educated India, and of the right, therefore, of the Congress to lead, *if it will*, any national forward movement, should form part of our duty. Educated India is the rightful leader, and is the voice of the Indian Nation. And this was surely recognised by H. E. the Viceroy, when, for the first time in the history of the Congress, he gave welcome to a deputation from it, and pointed out to it that in the new Legislative Councils its members could bring forward the proposals they had made in the Congress itself.

* * *

From the Front I send this message to all our Young Citizens, and to all who read their journal, asking for help in this work. The intrepid band of Stalwarts is a band of real Heroes, sacrificing themselves for the good of their country.

O People, O perfect Nation,
O [India] that shall be,
We dreamers, we derided,
We mad blind fools who see,
We bear ye witness, ere ye come, that ye shall be.



GIORDANO BRUNO

It is the 17th of February, A. D. 1600. A great crowd is seething in an open space in an ancient city. A confused murmur of voices arises, and some words may be caught: "A cursed heretic." "Serves him right." "Burning too good for him." "Obstinate as a mule." Monks slip about among the people, stirring them to fury. As they pass from group to group, fists are shaken in the air, clutching fingers are stretched out as though to seize and rend. In the midst of the crowd an open space is kept by armed men, and in the centre of it rises a high black pole. From the pole dangle fetters—a ring to clasp the neck, a larger one for the waist, others for the ankles; around it are heaped up faggots and brushwood, and from a brazier near-by leap up flames, pale in the sunlight. Necks are craned in expectation, faces are turned to the corner of the space where a road opens into it—a road from which a path is kept, leading direct to the centre through the crowd;

expectation rises high. We are in the Campo dei Fiori, the Field of Flowers, in Rome.

Hark! there is a roar, the roar of an angry mob—one of the most terrifying of sounds, human brutality set loose. The roar swells and swells, discordant yells and curses mingle with it. A procession has entered by the road, a procession of monks, and it advances through the crowd along the guarded path. There is a break in the procession, and in the midst there are guards; within their circle, in a space left vacant that all may see it, a figure walks alone. Tall and spare from long suffering is he, limping slightly, for he has known the torture of the rack; the face calm, but very pale from years of prison; the head held high with a touch of defiant scorn; tawny green-flecked eyes, steady but weary, looking outwards as though at some far vision, unseen by all save them; mouth set close and firm, curving into a grim smile and turned away, as a monk pushes against it a crucifix of iron; clad in a hideous robe, with lurid flames and grinning devils ill-painted, grotesque and abominable, but powerless to destroy the dignity of the form it clothes. It is Giordano Bruno. It is the Nolan, going to his death.

The guards chain him to the stake; he stands there, with back against the pole, and head upraised, gazing into the illimitable expanse of space. The flames flash up, a cloud of smoke uprises and hides the strong calm face. Within that pall of smoke the martyr dies, but the life has left the frame ere yet the flames have scorched it, and he has gone home—home to the Master he adores, home for short respite, for brief rest, ere he takes again a body, and returns to the work he loves. The message he proclaimed in the sixteenth century is ringing through

the world in the twentieth. For he taught the Ancient Wisdom; he brought to the western world the message of Theosophy.

Filippo Bruno, later called Giordano, was born in the ancient town of Nola, near Naples, a place which had kept alive the memories of Pythagoras, and was a cradle of Alexandrian neo-Platonic thought. From his infancy he had imbibed those ancient teachings, and he grew up in their atmosphere. At the age of fifteen he became a monk, and, on his taking the vows, he was given the name of Giordano, that of a famous Dominican, for the monks were captivated by his brilliant intelligence, and regarded him as a future pillar of their Order. Poor monks! they augured ill.

For some years the lad studied within the library of the monastery, and that, said the admiring monks, was very well. But the lad also observed, and that, if they had known it, they would have said was not so well. Presently he began to ask questions—unnecessary questions, troublesome questions, presently dangerous questions, and that, said the monks, was very ill. And then—wickedness on wickedness—he began to write, and his caustic wit, at which they had so often laughed under the trees in the still evening, was turned on them, and there were gibes, and mockeries, and taunting nicknames, and at last, horror of horrors, sheer blasphemies. Quick, send off word to the Inquisition to send some of its Familiars to crop the wings of this young eagle, beating against the bars of the monkish cage, where only was wanted the useful domestic fowl.

Giordano Bruno heard of the coming Inquisitors, and, having no mind to submit himself to their tender mercies, over the wall of the monastery he slipped, lithe

and agile, and took the northward road. With him was another young monk, whom he loved as a brother, and who in turn, was tenderly attached to him. Many a gay joke cheered the fugitives as they took the way to Rome, for both were young, and both were joyous, and their hearts throbbed high with hope, as they faced the unknown future. From that day, until they captured him in Naples, the Inquisitors hunted him over Europe, but never succeeded in laying a hand upon him. Yet through all the many years of journeying in Europe, his road led straight to the Field of Flowers in Rome.

First the young travellers went to Rome itself—a foolish visit—and soon had to fly from the Sacred City. Then to Noli, a little northern town—not to be confused with Giordano's birthplace—and tried to gain their living by teaching. Here Giordano picked up a lad, one of his scholars, who conceived for him a most passionate attachment, and the boy, when his master turned northward, clung to him, declaring vehemently that he would follow him whithersoever he went, were it even unto death. And truly it was to death he went, the gallant boy. For the three travelled to Geneva, where the stern Calvin had established a religious despotism, cruel as that of Rome, so that, ere long, threatened by the city authorities, headed by the equally ruthless Beza, it was thought well that, once more, they should slip over a wall and hie away. To Lyons they went, and then to Toulouse, and in Toulouse the Noli-lad found his fate. For the Inquisition captured him, when he chanced to be away from his friends, and its terrible tortures racked the boy to force him to betray his master into their hands.

(To be concluded)

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F. T. S.

X

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have already said that it would be absurd to expect other people to have precisely the same truths—the same way of looking at life—as myself. All I have sought to do by writing of my own truths has been to try to give you an insight into the spirit of my life, so that those of you especially who are still young may perhaps find their own true selves by looking upon a somewhat similar self without.

But I fully recognise that few people are able, as I in this life have been able, to find an ideal embodied in human form, and most must be contented with something which comes as near to this as possible. You will notice I am frankly taking it for granted that each one of us has some day to find a 'big Brother' to guide us on our upward path, and the finding consists in realising him, for he is always somewhere though we may not consciously realise where. The fact is that we all need guidance, and we all get it, though if our pride leads us into the delusion that we can walk alone, our guides will not thrust themselves upon us, although they will be ever watchful. So long as we like to imagine that there

are no guides, and that we can carve out our fortunes for ourselves by ourselves, so long will the Elder Brethren remain apparently in the background, and we shall be walking apparently alone. As a matter of fact I sometimes think that an ideal without only becomes concrete as the Spirit within awakens to its true destiny. Innumerable people worship the Christ, the Buddha, Muhammad, Zoroaster, and all the other Elder Brethren, not as living beings but as vague perfections of bygone days. If I were to say: "I saw the Christ yesterday," it would be regarded as a blasphemy, because other people do not see Him, because He is too great, and is not endowed by His present-day worshippers with living force or with a human personal sympathy in the daily troubles of His children. There is obviously no compelling reason for me to see Him so long as I want Him for myself alone, for *my* salvation, for my personal comfort. While I am living thus, His shadow suffices, the shadow of the life He lived in Galilee. But if I am trying to mould my life in the image of His, if I also am learning to become a Saviour of men, though millions of years may pass in the learning of the lesson, then will He become a personal Hero to me, for all that He pours into me I shall use in the helping of others to lead the Christ-life. The anomaly of the position seems to be that only when we feel that His shadow is in itself an ample blessing, does that shadow gradually become the substance, does the living Christ find His way into our daily lives. So your own task is to use to the last ounce all you possess at present, resting assured that one or other of the great Saviours of the world will become a personal factor in your lives, a factor of which you will grow increasingly conscious in waking life as you use all

you are in the service of those who are younger in growth than yourself.

Now, in this building up of the personal relation with one of these greater Souls, what force have you wherewithal to build? First and foremost, your patriotism. But it must be a special kind of patriotism, the kind which strives to make a country great for service rather than for prestige. It is the kind of patriotism which expresses itself in active usefulness, not merely in waving a flag and in denouncing the perfidy of other nations. It is a patriotism which involves reverence for the Sovereign, and a belief, or rather a conviction, that the greatness of a nation depends upon the power of its wise men among the citizens. Government by party will be recognised as an evil to be eliminated as soon as possible, and wealth will be looked on as a power involving special responsibility as regards the distribution of well-being among the people. The true patriot will educate his sons so that they may serve the State in some capacity, even though their country may not employ them directly; and all business will be considered as a part of the State machinery for which the individual is personally responsible. Again, the true patriot will know that the world is governed by World-Statesmen whom we recognise under the names of the great World-Teachers, Vyāsa, the Buddha, the Christ, and many others. He will, therefore, try to live his life according to his understanding of the principles They have laid down, so that his smaller patriotism may receive the wisdom of Their greater knowledge. He will learn to understand that They love the world with a love far nobler than the love he has for his Motherland, and that perhaps some of Them may even have a special love for the very country to which

he himself belongs. If it be true that the world is governed with infinitely greater wisdom than that with which an ordinary statesman directs the policy of his country, then may we not assume that each country, England, France, Germany, India, and so on, has over it a Representative of the great World-Sovereign, the Supreme Director of Evolution on this globe, a teacher in charge of a special class in the school of life? Stop for a moment and think of all that this may mean; try to realise for a moment that perhaps the world is in far safer hands than you have hitherto thought; and then, using your imagination, based upon your understanding of the lives of the great Teachers of the world, try to make your patriotism a link between Them and the peoples over whom They rule. Try to become a ruler under them, not merely a pawn in the great game of life. Feel the tendencies of the time, endeavour to learn of all the forces which are moulding the future, try to perceive the hand of God amidst His children on earth. It is not a question of merely reading the newspapers, or of studying books on social problems. You must yourself begin to help, for the greater your own helpfulness the nearer you are to an intelligent understanding of the ways of the Gods among men.

Perhaps it is clear now why I laid some stress on the need for reverence of the Sovereign, and for the realisation that the rule of the wise can alone bring happiness to a people. I was simply trying to reflect into outer conditions my own small knowledge of the system under which we live. I know that there exists a great World-Ruler, that He is the object of the utmost reverence and deepest loyalty and unquestioning obedience from all His subordinates, for He is the wisest

in the world. I know that each country has His representative guiding it according to His plan, which is the perfection of loving guidance, not according to the plans of men which are but reflections of their ignorance. I know that He has His messengers scattered throughout His world who are doing His will as best they can, and who are learning to live in accordance with eternal principles and not under the dictates of conventions which live but for a day. Knowing all this, and now and again coming into touch with some small outlying portion of His great plan, which we call evolution, I see that men must learn reverence for constituted authority, even though it appear to be but of this world. I see that the truest form of government is not that by the many but by the few who are wise, and I see that every Sovereign is Sovereign by Divine Right and not alone by the will of the people. I am well aware, of course, that sovereignty is by no means what it should be in many countries, but the principle of sovereignty must not be given up merely because some Sovereigns are untrue to their great office.

I do not wish to suggest that, say, Socialism is incompatible with patriotism, or that a republic is an obvious evil. But I do emphatically declare that the final form of government must be that by a Sovereign surrounded by the council of his wise men, for that is the truest reflection possible on earth of that greater Government which controls the world.

I ask you, therefore, to look upon all the great problems of your national life from the standpoint of the greater consciousness of which I have tried to give you a glimpse. Remember that the more you really understand the nearer will you be to your country's Ruler,

whoever He may be, and that every movement—however repulsive it may be to you personally—is an expression, at the worst a distortion, of an impulse of the world-life. First must you realise its place and its object, before you proceed to judge. You must have no prejudices, for they mar your usefulness, and prevent you from helping people who think differently from yourself. There is always a truth at the back of every movement. Try to see the truth and then compare it with its expression in the outer world. Training yourself in this way, avoiding violent antagonisms and sweeping condemnations, you will gradually find yourself becoming clear-sighted and able to gauge with comparative ease the value and purpose of the various stirrings in your national life. And the more you grow clear-sighted and balanced the more will you approach the time when one of the world's Rulers will make you one of His messengers, and the sign of your choice shall be a sympathetic understanding and a vigorous one-pointedness regarding all the various apparently conflicting issues which antagonise and perplex so many.

Your friend and servant,
 GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

THE PLACE OF ENGLISH AND THE VERNACULAR IN INDIAN EDUCATION

By PROFESSOR E. A. WODEHOUSE, F. T. S.

A Paper read at a Theosophical Educational Conference

It is sometimes useful, for educational purposes, to keep clearly in mind two of the divisions into which every language naturally falls, in respect both of usage and of study. Those divisions we may roughly describe as: (a) the language considered as a means to an end; (b) considered as a thing in itself: and to these we may give the names respectively of 'utilitarian' and 'cultural'. Each division has its own characters and ideals, and its own appropriate methods of study, and much is to be gained by keeping the two clearly separate; more particularly when we come to consider the question, so often discussed now-a-days in connection with the future of Indian education, as to the possibility or advisability of conducting the general scheme of studies for Indian students in English, as has hitherto been the custom, or in the Vernaculars. It is this question, especially, about which I should like to suggest a few thoughts to-day in the brief time at my disposal.

Generally speaking, the 'utilitarian side' of a language includes all that department of its usage where importance is attached rather to the subject-matter than to the form of expression, and this covers all official, legal and

business dealings, all the many methods of recording facts which everyday life demands, all simple communications epistolary or conversational—in brief, all the various modes of intercourse, whether by speech or writing, made necessary by the joint interest of human beings living side by side in the world. In this particular province of a language, plainness and explicitness are above all other qualities necessary. Moreover, the chief object being to make oneself clearly understood, as a corollary to this, the writer or speaker, who would be truly efficient, must make himself master of the accepted conventionalities of expression. In any line of business, a knowledge of the technicalities of that line is obviously demanded. The same rule may be applied, quite generally, to all that side of a language to which I have given the name of 'utilitarian'. Here custom, with its obvious bearing upon perspicuity and intelligibility, reigns supreme: and the first thing for the student to acquire is a familiarity with accepted idioms and with whatever has become customary in everyday usage, no matter (in many cases) whether or no the latter be technically or grammatically correct. The 'utilitarian' side of a language is thus (broadly considered) identical with what is usually known as the 'colloquial'. Its ideal is to make the passage of thought between man and man, for practical everyday purposes, as clear and expeditious as possible; and having achieved a completeness of mutual comprehension it has, for the ordinary man of the world, attained its due and acknowledged end.

Applying these thoughts to the question of English or Vernacular education, it is at once clear that, so far as the purely utilitarian aspect of a language is concerned, the question has, in the last resort, to be decided by the

practical needs of daily life. It becomes, in other words, a matter simply of convenience. If the general business of a country is conducted in a certain language, if the only available text-books for most branches of study are in that language, if that language provides the only common medium of intercourse for large classes of people in the country—then, while and in so far as these conditions continue, there can be no question that the language referred to must remain the received vehicle of instruction. Even the broadest view of education, as a preparation for life, necessitates the taking into account of the special conditions of life which the student is preparing himself to meet: and there is, perhaps, some danger of sentiment outweighing practical good sense in considering this language problem from this point of view, unless we clearly realise its dependence upon hard facts. It is sometimes not clearly enough perceived that, for practical (*i.e.*, utilitarian) purposes, the question of what language is to be used depends primarily upon what language is actually being used. To rewrite the text-books, to invent a terminology for the various branches of science, to taboo the use of a tongue with which the educated must be familiar, at the very moments when such use would be most convenient for him—all this would, I venture to think, be placing too severe a strain upon human weakness and engaging the best minds of the country in too quixotic and expensive a battle with the *status quo*. I am inclined to think that, so long as the English language remains the official language of India—and, still more, so long as it remains the most convenient language for educated Indians, as a class, for many of the more important purposes of life—under such conditions, the question of

substituting for it one of the Indian Vernaculars (*e.g.*, Hindi), as the medium of instruction for the young, must remain almost wholly academic and so outside the serious attention of practical minds.

But—and here is the distinction which it is the special purpose of this short paper to emphasise—what has just been said applies solely and exclusively to the ‘utilitarian’ side of language, not to the other. In so far as the language under consideration is to be thought of merely as the handmaiden of the practical needs of daily life, the existing conditions of that life must undoubtedly be the first thing taken into account by sensible men. But when we come to consider a language as a thing itself—that is, in what I have called its ‘cultural’ aspect—all this is changed. As an element of national civilisation, as an art, as the subject-matter of the creative writer and of the critic of literature, each language—each special ‘Vernacular,’ I might perhaps say, in order to make my meaning clear in the present connection—has its own claims and its own right to consideration. For each has most emphatically, for its own people, something which no other tongue—no matter how admirably and how carefully learnt—can ever give. The soul of a language is, in a profound sense, the soul of a race: and so, for all purposes where a demand is made upon a people’s soul, no adequate substitute is possible for that mother-tongue which is the true and appointed vehicle of racial self-expression. And this is only another way of saying that it is only in a people’s own vernacular that a genuine literature of their own can ever be created. For the stuff out of which literatures are made is only available, in each tongue, for those who have been born and bred in that

tongue and who share in its genius as their birthright. There can never be, for example, in my convinced opinion, an English Literature, springing up on Indian soil as a result of British rule and English education in India. The utmost that familiarity with the literature of the West can ever do for Indian culture is to stimulate the best minds of this country to create in their own vernaculars. English literature and the English language can never be more than an incentive; they cannot give to India a literature of her own; nor, along the same line of inference, do I imagine that there will ever be in India, even among the vernaculars, any one tongue which will so dominate the rest as to become the common literary language of the land.

More probable is it that the future of literature in India lies in the specialisation and cultivation of the separate vernaculars, each by its own people; that, in other words, the coming literature of India will be a literature of many languages, not of one. And the reason for such a prognostication will, I fancy, be plain to anyone who has had the teaching of his own language to those of another tongue.

Persons who have had to do this will have found, almost without exception, that there is a department of the language which they find it quite impossible to teach; moreover, that this department is, from the purely literary point of view, incomparably the most significant and important. To set forth, with any completeness, what it contains would be to embark upon a manual of the Higher Literary Criticism. But, speaking quite roughly, it may be said to embrace all those uncounted subtleties and *nuances* which make up the *atmosphere* or *aura* of a language; everything, in short, which—over

and above all question of accuracy and correctness—gives true creative quality to language whether in prose or verse. The whole science of ‘association,’ whether of idea or of sound; the question of vowel-colouring, of rhythms and sub-rhythms, of the overtones of words and phrases, of mass and outline, of suggestion and impression—all these and a thousand other niceties which belong to the finer literary sense and which mean so much, are appreciable in full degree, I think, only to the mind which finds in a given language its own native air and soil. It is possible that there may be isolated exceptions;¹ but, at least for purposes of generalisation it may be laid down that within this special region no alien foot can penetrate: and it is on generalisations of this kind that any educational system, considered as a system for the many, has ultimately to be built up.

The truth of what I have said will, I think, be acknowledged by all who have made any scholarly study of their own language; particularly, as I suggested a few moments ago, by those who have tried to teach it to students of a different race. There is a point at which the foreign student, in practically every case, stops short: and it is only on the further side of this limit that Literature, whether for creation or for criticism, really begins. Up to that point, we know only the *meanings* of words: after that point we begin to know their *souls*. Up to that point, we value a writer for his thought; after it, for that fusion of life and expression which lies behind all thought. In English literature this explains, incidentally, why Wordsworth and Byron are more readily accepted by readers of other nations than Milton

¹ Such, for example, as Mr. Joseph Conrad, a Pole by birth but one of the acknowledged masters of English style.

or Keats. Doubtless the Indian man of letters could give examples from his own special literature, illustrating the two several kinds of appeal; for of course the same truth applies equally to the literature of every language. What comes out of it all, however, is a kind of hint as to the direction in which those who are thinking about the future of Indian education may profitably turn their hopes and ideals in connection with the study of languages.

In so far as we are able to judge at all to-day, it would seem that English must remain the common medium of instruction for the general purposes of life,—even though we may be legislating for a purely Indian University, Hindū or Muhammadan: the reason for this being, as I have said, the simple fact that English happens to be the language actually in use, and that it has thus the one commanding argument in its favour from any utilitarian point of view. To go in any detail into the other forms of practical convenience connected with the use of English would be unnecessary in this place. Suffice it that they are many, and that they are well recognised.

But it should, at the same time, be clearly understood that if, through the medium of any Indian University, we are dreaming of bringing about, at some future date, a literary Renaissance in India—a genuine revival of letters—it is to the vernaculars, and not to the English language that we must look for this; and not, moreover, to one general vernacular, artificially spread over the whole of India, but to numbers of separate languages, each cultivated within its own sphere. For the same rule which prevents the English language ever becoming the literary language of India prevents also any one vernacular from becoming the vehicle of literary expression

for Indians bred in another tongue or dialect. The Tamil- or Telugu-speaking Indian will never produce literature, worth the name, in Hindi or in Urdu; nor will the Punjabi ever "find his soul" in Marathi or Canarese. The literary Renaissance of India, when it comes, will be a polyglot Renaissance; and in this will lie its richness and its value. Let none be fearful of plurality in literature or the arts. The destiny of India is that of variety in unity—one soul and many expressions; and that destiny can only be accomplished by each element of the people cultivating its own special field to the utmost of its capacity, and giving its own special gift to the general store of national culture. Nor are there signs wanting that such a revival has already begun. During the past few years there has been a distinct revival of the vernaculars in many parts of India—the prelude (who knows?) to that coming age when the genius of India, long mute, will once more become articulate, and give to the world a new literature, as it has already begun to give it a new music and a new pictorial art.

THE PERSIAN ORDER OF SERVICE

By CAPTAIN E. G. HART, S. & T. CORPS, F. T. S.

THIS Order of Service has been formed for the service of a great and very ancient Empire which has now fallen on evil days and would almost seem to be near its end. It is intended to be as catholic as possible and so it is divided into five sections (which may be increased later if found necessary); hence, although started under the auspices of the Theosophical Society and with the kind permission of its President, Mrs. Besant, those who find themselves in disagreement with the principles and objects of that Society need have nothing to do with the two sections which alone represent it and the Order of the Star in the East. It is very necessary to organise and combine the various and scattered efforts at present being made to help Persia into a single and homogeneous whole, and it has been thought that no better way of doing this could be effected than through an Order divided into a number of different sections, in one or more of which those interested in the welfare of the country could find vent for their energies according to their tastes and capabilities. Practically all who are so willing to help must agree to the main tenet of Brotherhood of the Theosophical Society, and as that Society admits as Theosophists all those who make this principle a working factor in their lives, whether they be members or

friends of the Society or not, there is no reason why the Order should not work under its auspices although only one of the sections is pledged to work for it.

Persia as a country is admittedly in a very bad way. Her independence has almost disappeared, whilst internally there is only anarchy in the land and it seems as if her days as an independent Empire are numbered. To all Muhammadans, to all subjects of the British Empire, and to all philanthropists, this is a consummation to be avoided at any cost, and all those who do desire to avert this disaster to a once great and glorious Empire should join the Order to help the Persians to help themselves; for it is not intended in any way to be a merely charitable concern nor indeed a material charity at all.

Although Persia is a country of from ten to twenty millions of inhabitants it is probably in more urgent need of outside intellectual assistance than any other country in the world. Countries with small populations like Norway, Switzerland, New Zealand, etc., all have their National Sections of the Theosophical Society, always a mark of the intellectual advancement of a land; in Persia it is doubtful if seven Theosophists could be found in the whole country. In the same way there is not a single decent school in Persia, and every year dozens of young Persian boys are sent to Europe and India, often to very indifferent schools, from which they return, with a superficial intellectual and no moral training, to despise their own country for the rest of their lives. The whole country is crying out for intellectual help and rescue from the remnants of an autocratic and religious tyranny which has prevented the ingress of modern ideas and thought. In the West we have ready to hand an

organisation unfettered by political or religious bonds which can be utilised for the help of Persia in the translation and publication of literature likely to assist the Persians and in the organisation of schools. These will all be carried out on business lines, and there should be little difficulty in making them pay their own way once a start has been made, for Persia is by no means a poor country; but funds will be required at first to make a start, after which it is hoped to utilise the profits on the literature, at any rate, wherewith to publish more and more. Books are so very expensive in Persia, and there is such a demand for literature of the class it is hoped to supply, that quite fair profits should be made whilst selling books at a much cheaper rate than they can be obtained in the country.

The Sections into which the Order is divided at present are as shown below, and it is hoped that all who are interested and willing to assist with service or money will fill in the form enclosed and send it to the organiser. In particular an appeal is made to Parsis to help their Motherland, which, it is believed, many of them still hold very dear.

1. General Education Section.
2. Islamic Section.
3. Theosophical Section.
4. Order of the Star in the East Section.
5. Miscellaneous Section.

The *General Education Section* will bring to the Persians the treasures of ancient and modern thought by the translation and publication of such literature, etc., as may be thought to embody it; and possibly later on by the publication of a high class quarterly, or even monthly, review, for which it is thought there is a very real need,

there being at present nothing beyond very poor daily and weekly news-sheets, and very few even of these. This Section might also take up the question of education, and help to start a Trust of schools, on the pattern of those which have been so successful in India at Ajmere, Rajkot and Indore, etc., for the sons of Indian Chiefs. The whole question of female education is also in crying need of attention.

The *Islamic Section* would do all it could to revive and strengthen the national religion in consonance with the highest and noblest of its Founder's ideals, and at the same time to free it from the bigotry and narrow-mindedness which must militate against its real acceptance by the more educated of the community.

The *Theosophical Section* will strive to spread a knowledge of Theosophy in Persia and to enlist members for the T. S. Its funds will be devoted to the printing and publishing of notices and pamphlets and of Mr. Leadbeater's *Outline of Theosophy*, all of which have been translated already whilst others are in the course of translation. A few copies will be sent free in order to advertise them.

The *Order of the Star in the East Section* will have similar objects to the above. *At the Feet of the Master* and a shortened version of Professor Wodehouse's pamphlet have been translated and await funds for publication. There is a likelihood of this Section making a very strong appeal to the Persians, many of whom are expectant of the nearer coming of the Twelfth Imām.

The *Miscellaneous Section* will be for those wishing to serve Persia along other lines than those noted above, and may be expanded into further Sections as the need arises. For the present, sub-sections can be formed for

the assistance of Jews (who need assistance badly), Christians, Bahais and others, and one of them might endeavour to get other movements with the same object—to co-operate with the Order.

It is hoped that a number of Persians themselves will be enlisted in the Order and will assist in the work of translating and spreading a knowledge of the literature published, and arranging with local booksellers for it to be stocked. With regard to other members, all will be welcomed who are genuinely anxious to serve, but those who have a knowledge of the language or are well acquainted with the country and the people, especially as regards their tastes in literature, etc., will be especially useful. Those wishing to make themselves acquainted with the country and its people are advised to study the following works:

Sketches of Persia, by Sir John Malcolm.

Hajji Baba Isfahani, by Morier.

Persia, by Lord Curzon.

Persian Revolution, by Professor Browne.

Strangling of Persia, by Mr. Shushter.

Further enquiries should be made to

The Organiser,
Persian Order of Service,
Theosophical Society,
Adyar,
Madras, S.

CONFERENCE OF THEOSOPHICAL WORKERS AT ADYAR

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

"THEOSOPHY must be made practical" was a sentence written and published long ago by one of Those whom Theosophists regard as Masters. Since Mrs. Annie Besant came to India in 1893, she has been seeking for ways of service to India, so that the country of her adoption might rise in the scale of nations, and take the world-position to which her past entitles her and which her future will justify. Rightly or wrongly, she judged that the great Forward Movement must begin with a revival of spirituality, for national self-respect could only be aroused, and the headlong rush towards imitation of western methods could only be checked, by substituting spirituality and idealism for materialism. Great success attended the work, and she then added to it educational activities, so as to appeal to the citizens of the future and shape their aspirations towards Nationhood, as an integral part of the coming World-Empire. Cautiously she carried on some Social Reform Activities, organising propaganda against child-marriage, and in favour of foreign travel, helping the latter by the establishment of an Indian Hostel in London, and of a committee of friendly Theosophists who would welcome youths arriving in England as strangers. For many years

many of her more attached followers have been pledged to delay the marrying of their children for some years beyond the custom of their caste and neighbourhood. In politics, she has urged the larger ideals, and has, especially in England, spoken for the just claims of India.

Now another step has been taken, and some of the best T. S. and E. S. workers enrolled themselves on the 20th September 1913 instant in a band who have taken the sweeping promise (see P. 434).

Breach of any clause entails expulsion from the organisation. Those who are not prepared to take the whole of this, may take any clause or clauses which they feel they can work for. Thus some who are in Government Service, take all but seven, as they cannot participate in the Indian National Congress as a movement, Non-Hindūs take clauses 4, 5 and 7.

On the 21st another meeting was held of all who were working for education, or social or political reform. Various matters were discussed, and the members agreed to do everything possible in their respective neighbourhoods to unify the various bodies engaged in progressive work; to establish Libraries for books about the four departments of the forward movement; to form translation committees for the publication of leaflets and pamphlets for propaganda purposes. The co-operative movement was recognised as one of vital importance in the Department of Social Reform.

Mrs. Annie Besant's carefully planned and sequential work of the last twenty years seems to be issuing in her carrying with her the bulk of the Theosophical Society—while guarding it from committing itself *as a whole* to any special opinions or activities—along the line of

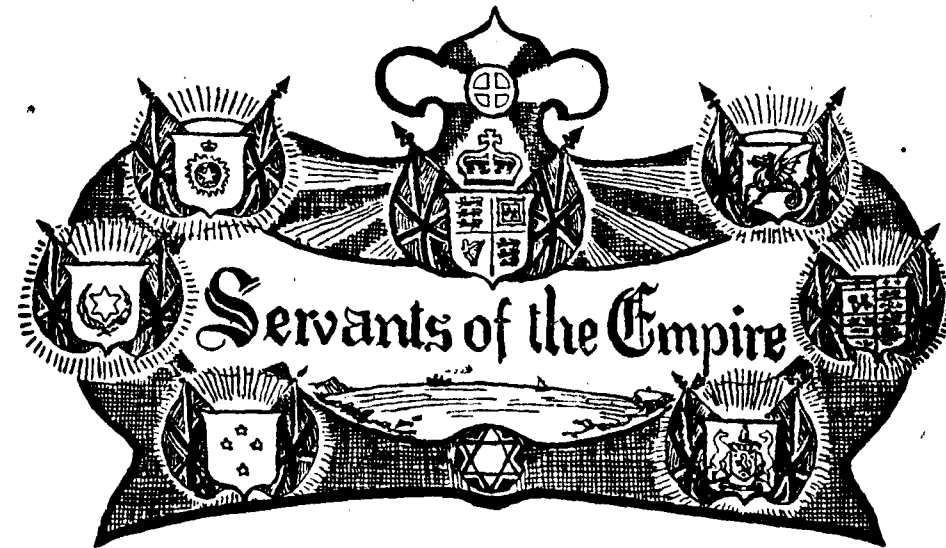
national service to India, just as in England she is leading the way along a similar path, ventilating plans for profound social re-organisation, with love instead of hatred as an inspiration. She aims at the ever-closer union of the British and Indian races, by mutual understanding and mutual respect. The present bold step has been led up to very gradually and quietly, and its effect on Indian public life will be watched with interest.

NOTE

Mrs. Annie Besant writes: "I should be glad if you will allow me to add the following: No person will be allowed by me to sign the Stalwarts' promise, or any part of it, who is not perfectly loyal to the British Crown.

"There is no hostility to the Hindu religion, which I personally regard as the noblest of living faiths, but only a desire to make it stronger by purifying it from accretions.

"The Theosophical Society, as such, has nothing to do with the movement, and members who are opposed to the views expressed in the promise have as good standing in every way as those who may hold them."



THE Provisional Organising Committee of this League, acting in England, Scotland, India, and Australia, now numbers thirty-two persons, many of them eminent in public work, social position, or both. It is not proposed to take any definite public action until next year, when a Conference will be held (during the London season) to determine the lines along which the Central Council shall be formed. The ever-increasing restlessness in the worlds of Capital and Labour—the two factors in production, which ought to work in union and not in opposition—points to the absolute necessity for an organised Social Movement, which shall put an end to the internecine conflict, and save Society from a cataclysm in which the angry many shall rise against the few.

THE SONS OF INDIA

The 'Sons' had a meeting on October 1st at the Madanapalle High School, and addresses were given by Mr. K. R. Deobhankar, and Mr. R. Giri Rau. The latter is the Warden of the Madanapalle Lodge. Schools under the Theosophical Educational Trust should enrol their students in the Sons of India.



WITH the beginning of the year *The Herald of the Star* is to become an illustrated monthly magazine of sixty-four pages, and it is likely to secure a very large circulation and to serve as a world-wide organ of the cause it represents. It is to be published in London, and to be printed by Mr. Joseph Bibby, whose name is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the workmanship both in printing and illustration. We hear that the first number is to contain a coloured reproduction of the beautiful oil-painting by Mr. Alfred Hitchins, wherein Mr. Krishnamurti is represented in Indian dress. The original picture is a fine piece of work, in which the dazzling golden shawl seems to light up the room; in the proof of the reproduction the colours are duller, but still it is a picture worth framing. An initial outlay of about £ 5,000 (Rs. 75,000) will probably be required, and of this half has already been paid in, while £300 a year for five years has already been promised. The prospectus of the new venture is to appear in the present *Herald* of October 11, 1913. Mrs. Annie Besant, Protector of the Order, has promised a monthly article on "Ideals of the Future," and other well-known writers will also contribute regularly.

Adyar Theosophical Publishing House are appointed sole Agents in India.

An organisation of young people has been started, the 'Servants of the Star,' who are "eager to share their happiness with those less fortunate". The First Division consists of those who are members of the Order of the Star, and the second of those who have no belief, one way or the other as to the Coming, but who are "eager to share". More particulars will be given next month.



Month—October Emblem—Violet

Quality—Harmony

Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

TENNYSON

A MEETING IN BRIGHTON (ENGLAND)

ON the last Sunday in June two members of the Central Council went to Brighton to admit some new Associates and Companions and to create three Knights. (One of the latter was a lady who does splendid work in a school where deaf and dumb children are taught. Two of these poor afflicted children came to be enrolled in the ranks of those who are being prepared for service of the King, and it was very touching and very interesting to find that, thanks to their careful training, they were able to repeat the promise themselves and to follow what was said by lip-reading. Surely it is a noble work, worthy of the King's Blessing, which this Knight is doing in spreading the Ideal of His Service and the Hope of His Coming among these afflicted brethren.

The first business, after some singing, was the always delightful one of adding some Links to the Golden Chain; this was done by our National Representative, and then Lancelot took up the Round Table work, using the Ceremony of Admission written for us by our

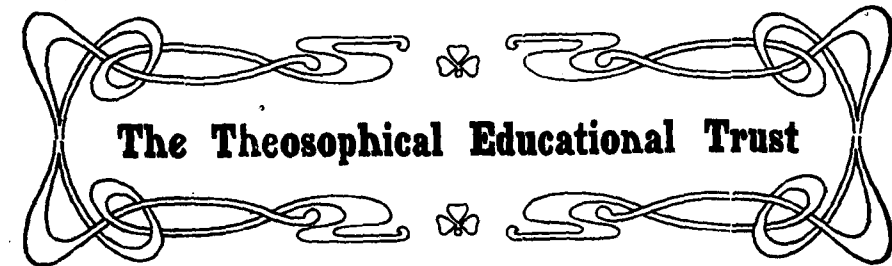
Protector, which never fails to touch and to impress the youthful candidates.

He then gave a short address of which the following is a summary :

In the Ceremony of Admission reference is made to the Holy Brotherhood, Guardians of the peoples of the earth. Perhaps you may have wondered what is meant by this and also by the prayer that you may become worthy to be servants of this Brotherhood. Have you ever wondered whether there are any Guardians of the World—any Guardians, say, of England, who watch over our nation and our land? Perhaps you think that the politicians, the great merchants, and the great landowners are those who watch over our land? Let me draw a picture for you which I think may make things clearer. Imagine a great building which is being erected; come with me and watch the men who are putting up the scaffolding, carrying the bricks, squaring the stones, mixing the mortar and climbing up the ladders. Are these the men who are shouldering the responsibility for all this vast work? Come with me again to a quiet room, away from the noise of the hammer and the chisel, where a man sits at a table, with paper before him and compasses and pencil in his hands. He is the architect; he plans out the building in his mind first, in every detail, and then he puts his plan down on paper and gives one piece of the work to this foreman and one piece to another, and the whole responsibility for the great building rests upon his shoulders.

Now it is something like this with our vast world. There is a great Architect who has made a Plan, after which the world and all that is in it, is being built. Your life and mine are tiny parts of that Plan; our English and Indian nations are other larger parts. The great Architect gives portions of His Plan to certain Overseers, whom we speak of as the Masters of Wisdom, and They see that Their portion of the Plan is carried out. They live in the world, knowing the Plan, and ever watching and guiding the building. They form the Holy Brotherhood of which our Protector speaks, whose servants we fain would be.

(Next month this address will be concluded.)



MONEY is coming in for the purposes of the Trust, and the work is extending. The fine and self-supporting School at Bankipur has been legally handed over to the Trust with its lands and buildings by its Founder and Director, Rai Bahadur Purnendu Narayana Sinha—a noble gift. The National High School, founded a few years ago at Proddutur, has also been handed over, and has been placed under the superintendence of Mr. C. Ramaiya, who has just retired from Government Service as a Headmaster, with twenty years of experience and a splendid record behind him. Mr. Ernest Wood went to Proddutur to see the School, before its acceptance by the Trust; he secured thirteen acres of land in the best part of Proddutur, half being given and the other half assigned on a rental of Rs. 16-14-0 *per annum*. A building is to be erected on this site, and Mr. Sambiah, Civil Engineer, will superintend the work gratuitously. Mr. Wood collected Rs. 11,600-3-9 for the purposes of the School; the legal expenses and purchase of two small plots of land to fill up corners cost Rs. 116-14-0. A grant of Rs. 736-3-9 was made for the purchase of necessary furniture, and some people gave almiras and other requisites. The balance of cash, Rs. 10,747-2-0 has been handed in, and banked to the credit of the School. Another Rs. 6,000 is promised for building, and Rs. 4,140 mostly dependent on permanent recognition. Great gratitude is due to our good brother Mr. Wood for his self-sacrificing work, for the personal collecting of money is one of the most thankless and unpleasant of tasks.

The present rate of fees at Proddutur is very high, ranging from Rs. 50 *per annum* to Rs. 41-4-0. And many who need education are sons of families of clerks whose total yearly income may reach only Rs. 180 *per annum*—to say nothing of those lower in the social scale. We shall reduce the fees to the standard rates, but those are also terribly high in the Madras Presidency.

THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

OCTOBER 1st 1913 was a memorable day at Adyar. It was the first time during all her stay in India that Mrs. Besant has spent her birthday there, so we felt it was an occasion of special rejoicing. The celebrations began at 7-30 A.M., when we all met in the great central Hall of Headquarters to hear readings from the Scriptures of all the world-religions. Mrs. Besant, duly garlanded, sat on the raised dais, and behind her gleamed white the statues of the Founders of the T. S., suitably decorated for the occasion. The readings were given in the original language (as far as possible), and the ceremony was picturesque and impressive. This finished, Mrs. Besant then stepped down and unveiled a beautiful bronze bust of Giordano Bruno, the gift of a member from Sicily. She spoke a few well-chosen words on the subject of the statue, and then retired again to the dais to receive certain gifts from her loving pupils. The coolies on the estate then passed by her, one by one, each salaaming and presenting a blossom—a truly memorable scene.

Thus ended the morning celebration. At 7 P.M. we assembled again under a large tree near Headquarters to drink coffee. The tree was beautifully lighted up with Chinese Lanterns, the residents of Adyar having been most intrepid in placing these on high and rather inaccessible branches. But the effect justified the labour. Mrs. Besant stopped for an hour chatting to everyone and receiving congratulations, and this meeting was a great success.

After she left, some of us still lingered round the tree, keeping up the celebrations until 10 P.M. Then, tired with all the excitement of the day, we also felt we must go to bed.

So ended the President's Birthday at Adyar.



CONDUCTED BY HERBERT AND ETHEL WHYTE

THE BELLS OF LEYDEN

I

JAN

K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

CLATTER, clatter, rang the horse's hoofs over the slippery cobblestones of Rotterdam. The rider rode full tilt through all the street traffic, nor drew rein until he reached the entrance of a royal mansion. There he dismounted, and throwing the bridle to a loafer loitering on the curbstone, he carefully untied a covered basket from the saddle-bow and knocked boldly at the great doors. No one came, and the youth walked up and down impatiently for a minute or two; then he seized the knocker and thundered again. At last the great doors opened slowly and majestically, to disclose an aged man in a royal blue livery with orange facings.

"Who knocks?" he demanded in a quavering voice.
 "Who knocks as it were the crack o' doom?"

Per Mrs. Besant: *Donations*. Miss Banks, Rs. 500; Miss Renda, Rs. 50. Total Rs. 550.

Subscriptions: A Friend (through Mr. J. R. N. Mehta), Rs. 30 per month.

The following have been received by Mr. B. P. Wadia:

Donations: Mr. Ramanuja Pillai, Rs. 20; Mr. V. K. Desikachariar, Rs. 10; Collection at Palghat, Rs. 140-7-3; Mr. O. Lakshmanaswami, Rs. 50. Total Rs. 220-7-3.

The following have been received by Mr. Wood:

Donations: for Proddutur, Y. Nagiah (decd. per Mr. C. Sundarachari), Rs. 6,371; K. K. Rau (Balance from old management handed on to new), Rs. 736-3-9; C. C. V. Subbiah, J. C. S. Chetty, P. V. V. Brahamam, A. V. Subbiah, S. Hassain Sahib Bahadur, C. Sundarachari, Rs. 500 each; C. V. Subbiah, Rs. 375; G. Venkataramaiah, Rs. 250; G. S. Soorappa and T. Aswattu, Rs. 200; S. K. Chetty and C. K. Chetty, Rs. 100; K. Subbiah, R. S. Sastri, N. Nagiah, Rs. 100 each; N. Subbanah, N. S. R. Chetty, Rs. 50 each; K. G. Chetty, Rs. 30; B. Nagabhusanam, Rs. 25; K. Hussain Sahib, Rs. 20; V. S. Rau, Rs. 15; V. Eswarayya, Rs. 13; H. S. John, B. P. Garu, J. K. Rau, Rs. 10 each; Seven under Rs. 10—Rs. 35. Total Rs. 11,600-3-9.

For Madanapalle: Residents of Cheemalavagupally, N. Vedavyasachari, Ramadasappa Nayanivar, Rs. 250 each; A. Nanjundappa, T. V. V. Iyer, M. N. Ramaswami, Bavaji R. S. Das Ji Varu, Rs. 100 each; V. C. Seshachari, Rs. 70; V. V. S. Avadhani, T. V. G. Iyer, B. C. Raghava Iyer, C. R. P. Aiyengar, Rs. 50 each; A. Subba Row (for self and others), Rs. 40; K. Narappa, Rs. 30; C. S. Iyer, A. D. G. Rau, S. Gaweppa and Bros., G. Venugopal, M. Chengayya, S. V. Rau, Rs. 25 each; Hon. Mr. P. K. Pillai, Rs. 24-12-0; Mrs. Stead, A. R. Sastri, E. Lakshman, R. A. R. Chetti, S. N. Rau and friend, O. M. Rau, Sub-Judge K. Krishnamachariar, C. R. Iyer, Rs. 20 each; N. L. Rau, V. R. Aiyengar, Rs. 15 each; Tirupatti Donors, Rs. 12; S. Ramachandra Iyer, K. P. P. Reddi, K. V. Reddi, S. M. Sheriff, A. Rau, M. Das, R. Kottala, Clerks of the Taluk Office, Gooty, Natesa Iyer, S. S. Reddy, N. L. N. Rau, N. C. Rau, R. N. Rau, K. H. Rau, Y. Seshappa, Y. C. Rau, S. S. Rau, T. B. Rau, S. Kamalbai, G. M. Virabhadrappe, T. Raghavachari, H. L. Rau, M. G. Mudaliar, Rao Sahab A. Rau, H. V. Rau, V. Padmanabhaiya, P. J. Charlu, B. R. Venguswami, T. Sivasankara, H. R. Rau, Dewan Bahadur T. R. Rau, M. Narsimhachari, M. P. Rau, V. N. Rau, N. S. Varadachariar, C. Doraswami Aiyengar, E. Suryanarayan, A. Bhimeswara Rau, P. Krishna Rau, N. A. Varadachary, Rs. 10 each; Sixty-nine amounts under Rs. 10—Rs. 348. Total Rs. received before 14,985-7-0. Grand Total Rs. 69,630-5-0.

Lands: Thirteen acres at Proddutur. We have not yet the names of the donors of half this.

Sent to Benares: *Donations* (Boys' School): Blavatsky Lodge Bombay, Rs. 1,040; Poona Lodge, T. S., Ram K. B. Panidwal, Rs. 150 each; V. R. Naidu, N. N. Gupta, Shewak Ram, N. Singh, per D. P. Kotwal, Rs. 100 each; M. M. Gandhi and K. Chimanlal, Rs. 64; E. S. Group Bombay, Rs. 52; M. B. Master, Rs. 51; C. R. P. Aiyengar, G. N. Shete & Sons, M. S. Iyer, Rs. 50 each; Hyderabad Lodge, Rs. 40; Mrs. S. Eliezer, Ganesh Lodge, Bombay, G. B. Sapre, Y. M. Sanzgiri, R. Narayan, B. Narayan, Rs. 25 each; Mrs. Rosher, Rs. 20; X. Y. Z., J. Prasad, R. N. Marchant, Rs. 15; H. L. S. Wilkinson, Nambat Rau, J. B. Rau, R. Prasad, L. Prasad, M. Galbhankar, Alwar Lodge, K. L. Dube, Vasik Lodge, Rs. 10 each; Forty-nine amounts under Rs. 10—Rs. 168. Total Rs. 2,650. *Girls' School* per Mrs. Besant, Rs. 1,000; per J. D. Chak, Rs. 60; A. Schwarz, Rs. 50-8-0; Miss. A. C. Johnston, Rs. 50; J. M. M. Pillay, Rs. 25; per M. Subramania, Rs. 25; In Memoriam, Rs. 20; Nine amounts under Rs. 10—Rs. 42. Total Rs. 1,272-8-0.

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CARLYLE'S MORNING HYMN

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think! Wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think! Wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

"'Tis I, Jan Steen. I bring tidings. Haste thee! Show me to the Prince," and he attempted to cross the threshold, but the old man intercepted him:

"Softly, softly, young sir, I pray you not so fast. Whence come you in this plaguy hurry?"

"From Leyden," said Jan curtly.

"I knew thee for a liar," cried the old man excitedly, shaking his fist in the youth's face. "Leyden is fallen. There be not a man left alive. The news hath all but slain the prince."

"The news is false," returned Jan calmly. The old man looked him over very suspiciously; then with an air of great cunning:

"If it be still beleagured, how did ye come?" he demanded.

"Through the Spanish lines," said Jan.

"Ye be stark mad!" cried the old master of the household, and he was for shutting the door, but the youth stood his ground gallantly.

"Nay, do but listen . . ." he began.

"To thee? Thou art but a *boy*," said the old man contemptuously. The insult went home.

"I be no boy," returned Jan proudly, "and if I would win my spurs, what is that to thee, old curmudgeon? Besides . . ." The youth paused and reddened slightly.

"Well?" asked the master impatiently.

"There is a maid . . ."

"Aye, aye. I might have known it," said the old man grimly, "there would be a maid, but . . . well, what of that? God knows they be common enough."

"Common?" exclaimed the youth. "Were it not for thy grey beard I would make thee eat thy words!"

Common, said'st thou? Nay, but thou should'st see Tecla! Tecla, when she feeds her doves! Fair as a virgin dily! Graceful as a young fawn! Brave as the daughter of a Viking! I tell thee 'tis a wondrous maid. Men call her the Lily of Leyden."

The man was never born that can resist an honest lover. Even the crabbed old master of the household softened a little.

"Maybe, maybe, lad," he said gruffly, "but what of her?"

"'Twas she sent me. 'When he knoweth our straits,' saith she, 'the Prince will bring food to Leyden'."

The old servitor threw up his hands in despair:

"Now by our Lady, 'tis like a woman to want a miracle! Bring food to Leyden! He scarce can lift a spoon to feed himself."

"How so?"

"The fever hath him these many days . . . at times he raves . . ."

"He raves?"

"Aye, he babbles of an Ally—a Royal Ally—he, the lawful prey of every King in Christendom! How one could laugh, if one were not already weeping," cried the old man, half hysterically. "Did ever misfortune so dog the footsteps of a noble Prince? Misericorde!" He wrung his hands and wept aloud.

"Let pass, let pass," urged the youth. "Weeping will not cure the Prince nor yet save Leyden; while ye weep, men die of famine and pestilence. Let pass, I say, and show me to the Prince."

The old man yielded reluctantly; he half turned, hesitated, and then said:

"If I let thee see him, have a care! Be not too sudden!"

The young man fairly stamped his foot.

"The Prince! Show me to the Prince!" And at last the old master turned and led the way upstairs; outside a half-open door he paused and raised his hand for silence. Jan listened, and from within came forth a feeble groan and a faint voice:

"O Leyden, light of my eyes, pride of my heart, lo, now thou art desolate, for men have laid thy beauty in the dust."

The old master gently pushed Jan into the room and withdrew. The Prince of Orange lay upon a low pallet; as Jan entered, he turned his deep-set eyes inquiringly upon him. A hand, white as ivory, lay listlessly upon the blue coverlet.

Jan went forward swiftly. He fell upon his knees and kissed the royal hand.

"O Sire, be comforted. The men of Leyden live still. The city sends her love and loyalty to her noble Prince."

The eyes of Orange positively danced; his heart within him leaped for joy. His whole form seemed to dilate.

"It holds out?" he cried. "The gallant city! Holy Mother! but these tidings have put a fire into my veins. Tell me, my lad, who art thou?"

"My lord, I be Jan Steen."

"And thou hast broke through the Spanish lines?"

"'Tis so, my Lord."

"Jan Steen, I love thee for thy stout heart; tell me now who sent thee? Van der Werf?"

"Nay, my Lord, 'twas Tecla, my betrothed. O Sire, she knows not of your sickness, only of our sore straits,

and she bade me bring thee a token." He produced a small strip of parchment and placed it in the hands of the Prince, who opened it and read:

To the Father of his people.

Sire,

The little children fight with the famished dogs for food in the gutters of Leyden.

TECLA

A spasm contracted the features of the Prince of Orange. He lay back with clenched hands, breathing hard. His eyes were closed but his lips moved audibly.

Jan caught disjointed fragments of speech.

"O my people . . . have pity upon my poor people . . . Smite *me* . . . but . . . these lambs, what have *they* done?"

It seemed as though in that tranquil chamber there suddenly arose a very hurricane of emotion. Jan, weak with fasting and worn with travel, shook and quivered in the tempest. And then it seemed to him as though, as suddenly as it arose, the storm was stilled. His heart felt comforted and calm, and presently the voice of Orange broke the stillness:

"Jan!"

"My lord?"

"Thou seest I cannot bring food to Leyden!"

"No, my Lord."

"But I have an Ally."

"An Ally, your Highness!" exclaimed Jan.

"A royal Ally," repeated Orange calmly. "Leyden shall not fall into the hand of Philip."

"A royal Ally! Sire, is it Queen Elizabeth?"

"Nay!"

"The King of France, then?"

"By Saint Bartholomew, no!"

"Who, then?"

"Nay, that thou shalt see hereafter."

"O Sire, give me a token for Tecla," entreated the youth. The Prince pondered a moment.

"Give me a morsel of parchment." The lad did so, and the Prince wrote a few words laboriously, and handed it to Jan:

"There, take that to thy liege-lady."

"Nay, Sire," said the boy stoutly. "I am come to be thy servant. She sent me to thee. But I have here a winged messenger." He stooped down and, opening the basket, he took from out of it a small grey dove. He stroked it a little, gently, to still its flutterings, and then he deftly tied the Prince's note under its wing.

"'Tis a carrier bird?" asked the Prince, who had watched all the proceedings, not without a twinkle of amusement.

"Aye, aye, Sire, 'tis hers!" returned Jan. "Now, little sister," said he, taking the dove upon his wrist, "farewell, fly away to Tecla;" and with that he opened the casement and the little dove flew away.

"Jan," said the Prince, "thy coming hath given me new life! Dost wish naught for thyself?"

"Sire, only to serve thee!"

The Prince laughed: "What then of thy lady-love?"

"Sire, 'twas she bade me 'Serve the Prince'."

"Thou shalt serve Leyden," said Orange, "and thy lady-love also and after that—hark ye, Jan Steen, thou shalt be in my bodyguard, seeing thou art a man of deeds and I have need of such."

The boy's face flushed, his heart was too full to speak, he could only stoop and kiss the Prince's hand.

"Moreover," pursued the Prince, "since thou askest no favour for thyself, I am moved to ask a boon for thee."

"Sire?"

"Be still. Tell me if thou hearest aught."

Jan stood still in the long silence that followed; he trembled with awe; for the second time that day swept over him that overpowering sense of peace. In it his heart was lulled to rest. He closed his eyes. Suddenly there came a succession of silvery sounds like fairy bells—low but exquisitely clear and sweet.

"Hearest thou aught?" asked Orange.

"Sire, they ring bells!"

"Ah," said the Prince, "do they toll for the brave?"

"Nay, Sire, they peal as for a famous victory."

"Dost know these bells?" asked the Prince suddenly; and at the words a flood of light broke in upon the boy; he fell upon his knees.

"Merciful Heavens! A sign, it is a sign!"

"How so?" asked Orange.

"O Sire! O my Lord! They be the bells of Leyden!"

(To be continued)

LOVE'S LABOUR

[The following hymn is sent with a suggestion that teachers may find useful to begin their pupils' day with its recitation or singing.]

The work of Thy hand
Resounds to Thy praise:
Thy word of command
Unceasing obeys.
The order of Heaven, the course of Thy will,
Thy times and Thy seasons—all beings fulfil.

The world is the thought
Thou clothed with Thy form;
And Nature Thou taught
Her work to perform.
The cycles and æons, Thy moments and days
Are timed to Thy reasons, and stamped with Thy traits.

And man Thou hast placed
In measures of time—
No span may he waste,
If upward he climb.
To him Thou gave reason, his ways to devise
He chooses in freedom, or foolish or wise.

But law he fulfils,
And reaps as he sows—
Each labour he wills
Its harvest bestows.
In good or in evil, his days he expends,
And faces the future—the present foretends.

Then rule all your ways
God's will to perform—
And work to His praise
In peace and in storm.
The sun spreads his glory, and sinks in the west —
Your seasons of labour are followed by rest.

J. E. HOLDEN



LETTER TO THE LINKS

VII

DEAR LINKS IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN,

Many of you I daresay have what we call a pet-animal, some dog, or pussy, or perhaps a rabbit, or a pony, which you think of as specially your own, and which you feed and look after yourself.

Of course no boy or girl who is trying to make his Link bright and strong would ever willingly be unkind to an animal whether it belonged to him or to anybody else; but without being unkind ourselves there are many ways in which, often without knowing it, we encourage unkindness to the animal world.

So let us look round to-day and see if any animal is suffering at all on our account, and if we find that he is let us see if we can help to change that.

But before we consider this, some one may want to ask *why* so much is said about being kind to animals. I should like to hear the answers you would give to this question, for there are many ways of answering it.

The answer I should give, supposing you came and asked me for one, would be something like this:

I should first remind you that the world came from God, and that God is All Love, so that every one grows nearer to God by becoming more full of love. Therefore if you love anyone or anything you are taking a step towards God; if you hate anything you are turning away from Him.

Now how does love grow? It grows in the way that all other powers grow—by exercise. If you are learning to swim, or to bicycle, or to draw, you know that the more you practise the faster you get on. It is just the same with love. If you and I want to become loving we have just got to start 'right away,' as they say in America, and practise it by loving everyone and everything about us.

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I ADYAR, 7TH NOVEMBER, 1913 No. 11

FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

NAMES are coming in for the Brothers of Service from India, and we shall soon have quite a respectable band as to numbers. There has not, of course, been time to hear from Great Britain, but I have no doubt that a strong response will come, and that we shall have a body of Brothers there who will collaborate actively with the work here. D. Graham Pole Esq., Theosophical Society, Edinburgh, will receive names in Great Britain, and will suggest the various kinds of help which may be given; his wide acquaintance with prominent public workers in Scotland makes him the best man for the post. Our Society of the 'Friends of India,' led by Mrs. Herbert Whyte, 21 Cromwell Road, London, S. W., that has done so much for Indian Students, will also provide workers, since it has lists of sympathetic persons ready to hand.

* * *

We cannot, of course, be sure that the Indian National Congress will accept the leadership of the

Now some of you may think that is an easy thing, you may even imagine that you already love everyone and everything. Well, how about that wasp that stung you the other day, or those guats that were so troublesome when you were sitting out of doors, or the rabbits that came into the garden and ate up all the tender shoots last spring so that there were no green peas to be had this summer—did you love them too?

It is not so easy to love the creatures that interfere with our comfort, but remember God dwells in them as well as in us, and unless we can love them also we can never become really loving or God-like.

So it seems to me that one reason why there are animals in the world is that men and women and boys and girls may learn to love God in all the many different forms that He takes. And when we dislike an animal or an insect, and think it seems very ugly or useless, shall we not say to ourselves: "God's love is there in that creature as it is in me"? Then we shall probably want to protect it, and if it is necessary to remove it we shall do it gently and see that the creature is not hurt on our account.

And then another reason why they are here is, it seems to me, to teach us lessons. How much we can learn from the animals and the insects if we study them! You will have often heard of the faithfulness of a dog, of the industry of the ant, the perseverance of the spider, spinning her web bit by bit, and, when it gets broken, starting over again; and if you keep your eyes open as you go about, especially when you are in the country, you will see many wonderful and interesting things in connection with the animal world.

I want to tell you of one or two things which I have seen during the last week or two. I will do so in my next.

Yours affectionately,
ETHEL M. WHYTE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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combined movement; that we can only know after its December meeting. If it will not, it will be necessary to seek some other Indian leader, whether it be a man or an organisation.

* * *

The question of National Parliaments, crowned by an Imperial Council, is rapidly coming to the front as a matter of practical politics. Little did I think how soon this was to happen when, in 1904, I traced out a plan of Government—Individual Politics, Municipal Politics, National Politics, International Politics, each with its own governing body in ascending scale—crowned with a

Permanent Council of the wisest of the Empire, gathered round their Sovereign, to help him with their advice, counsel and experience. And that, the Monarch in Council, should be the highest authority in the nation. It should contain men of light and leading from every part of the Empire, who should be the Councillors of the Ruler, and form a steady, reliable centre of the national life, standing as its symbol before all other peoples.

Now, in 1913, the idea of National Parliaments and of one Imperial Parliament over all is spreading among responsible statesmen. Some years ago, in a symposium on Home Rule in *Nash's Magazine*, I voiced the same idea; that Home Rule in Ireland should only be a part of a great scheme to give Home Rule to each country in the Empire, and to have a central body formed of representatives of each constituent country. Now, the threat of civil war in Ireland is forcing this question to the front, and Australia, in offering a ship of war to the Imperial Navy, is coupling with the gift a plea that her voice may be heard in the direction of the Imperial policy. Steadily events are moving towards the realisation of an ideal which seemed, in 1904, to be but a Theosophical dream. The lectures referred to were delivered in Benares under the title of *Theosophy in*

Relation to Human Life, and dealt with the application of Theosophical principles to Religion, Sociology, Politics and Science. Our Young Citizens might find them useful reading.

* * *

There were many celebrations of October 1st in various parts of India. The Schools under the Theosophical Educational Trust have selected it as Founder's Day, and it is to be thus celebrated hereafter. Readings from the Scriptures of the world-faiths formed a prominent part of the proceedings. In Madanapalle the Sub-Collector of the District, Mr. Souter, unveiled a picture of myself—a gracious and kindly act. At Headquarters, we had the reading of World-Scriptures, and the unveiling of a bronze head of Giordano Bruno in the morning, and a tea-party of the Indian and non-Indian residents in the evening. Between these pleasant functions, there was the attendance in Court—a peculiarly painful day, as it included unfriendly comment on the subjects most sacred to us. But, after all, the mingling of the pleasant and the painful was typical of my life, and was thus appropriate.

* * *

Nothing is more necessary in education than the holding up of Ideals before the minds of the young. One of the greatest defects in the education of boys in India is the absence of this presentation of Ideals, and the consequent absence of enthusiasm. A really noble manhood cannot grow out of a boyhood which is left uncultivated on the emotional side. Much of the patriotism of Englishmen, which makes possible the growth of the Empire, is sown during their school-days, when their highest feelings are constantly evoked by the holding up

of the memories of great Englishmen—great in religion, in self-sacrifice, in love of country. Indian boys are even more sensitive than are English lads to the compelling power of such examples, but these must be drawn from the past of their own country. One of the most remarkable things about the Central Hindū College in Benares was the swift response of the students to the great national Ideals constantly held up before their eyes. It was one of my greatest joys there to see the young faces brighten and glow, as I spoke to them of self-sacrifice for the Motherland, of love of Country and of Service. And here, in Madras, I have found the same thing in every address which I have given to students; there is always the same lighting up of the eager faces, the same swift response to the appeal. But there is apparently no School here which makes such evocation and training of right emotion part of its regular instruction, as was done at the Central Hindū College. Yet people complain of the lack of enthusiasm and of self-sacrifice in the men! As well might the husbandman complain of his barren field when he has sown no seed therein.

* * *

We may hope to see in the Schools and Colleges established by the Theosophical Educational Trust, a growth of the spirit of Service, such as rewarded the care bestowed on the Central Hindū College. Mr. Arundale has a wonderful power of inspiring boys with his own fervent longing to serve all who are around him, and we shall all rejoice when, on the completion of the special work now entrusted to him, he shall return to India, and again breathe on the spark, which glows in every youthful heart, causing it to break into flame.



GIORDANO BRUNO

II

GIORDANO made desperate efforts to find out what had befallen him, but behind its heavy iron-sheeted doors the Inquisition crouched over its prey. And the lad died, smiling in his death-agony and loyal to the last, and thus won the right to work in a future life with him for whom he died.

Northward to Paris went Bruno, sad at heart, but soon he lost sadness by plunging into energetic work, capturing the hearts of the Paris students, delighted with the contrast between his caustic wit and passionate fervour and the dry-as-dust lucubrations of their ordinary teachers. Henry III, the King at the time, also lost his changeable heart to the eloquent Italian, and some bright days of Court favour followed. But alack! when a professorship was offered to him it was coupled with the obligation to attend mass, an obligation which Giordano would have none of. Gloom

King Henry, a bigoted Catholic, frowned on his rebellious favourite, and the gathering storm warned the heretic to betake himself out of its range. To England, ruled by Protestant Queen Bess went he, and formed a warm and lasting friendship with noble Sir Philip Sidney, the pattern of knightly honour. But he went alone, for the friend who had fled with him from his Italian monastery remained in Paris, lured by the bribes of royal favour and safe protection, and the warm heart of Bruno received a deadly stab, for he loved this comrade of his as he loved none else on earth.

But work must be done, whate'er be the pain at the heart, and work was plentiful for our Giordano in those stirring days. That eloquent tongue of his was ever ready to debate, and it was barbed with irony and sharpened with keen and mocking gibes. The staid and learned seniors of Oxford—in a famous tournament in which the lances were tongues and the armour was argument—were rendered furious by the charges of this Rupert of debate, and were bewildered by his sallies and the unexpected turns and twists of his ready wit, which seemed to assault them on every side at once, and to construct a new position for fresh attack while they were laboriously destroying an old one. Beaten in argument, they resorted to threats, and turning his back gaily on Oxford, after he had delivered a course of lectures, the Knight Errant of Liberty betook himself to London, and for awhile rested safely, protected by the enmity of Rome. For Rome was the bitter foe of Henry VIII's imperious and heretic daughter, and the mere fact that Bruno was a fugitive from the Inquisition was a recommendation to the Court of Elizabeth. Warmly did he write of that famous Queen. "No noble of her

realm equals her in dignity and heroism; no lawyer is so learned, no statesman is so wise.... In the judgment, wisdom and prudence she displays in governing, it is difficult to find a Queen who approaches her." The high praise echoed in the halls of the Inquisition, and formed one of the accusations which brought Bruno to the stake.

Presently, even England became too hot for the heretic, and in 1586 Bruno, greatly daring, crossed to France and held another debate in Paris. But, for this, once more he had to flee, and betook himself to Marburg, where the University gave him a doctor's degree, but withheld permission to lecture, thus arousing the wrath of the fiery Italian, who forced his way into the very house of the Rector himself, and flung back the degree in his face, since a doctorate with no right of teaching was an empty form. Threat of prison was the answer to the insult, and once more was Bruno a wanderer. To Würtemberg he went, and there rested in peace, writing and teaching, for two years. To Prague, to Helmstadt, he went, ever finding his opinions his foes, and then to Frankfurt he betook himself to publish his last works. And there came to him the letter that lured him to his death—the fatal letter from Giovanni Mocenigo, the traitor, offering him protection and a home. The longing to return to Italy burned in the heart of the exile; her sunshine wooed him, dwelling beneath the grey skies of Germany. He turned his steps southward, and, after a visit to Padua, arrived in Venice.

O Venice, Queen of the Sea, most exquisite and fairy-like of cities, what wrought you of cruelty and wrong on this gallant son of Italy? Seized by the dark Familiars of the Inquisition, thrown into the gloomy prison-

cell beneath the level of the waves, he is brought forth into the torture-chamber, and bound upon the rack. Thither is dragged Giovanni, to bear witness against the man he had betrayed, and his wan lips can scarcely syllable the charges of heresy which doom his friend to torment. The slow turning of the wheels strains the muscles well-nigh to tearing; agony intolerable rends every joint. But no word of recantation soils the writhen lips, and at last, the tortured body, broken and torn, is cast, a senseless heap, on the damp floor of its dungeon.

Eight years of prison follow—the last two lightened by renewed debate, for Rome sought to dishonour even more than to destroy. How great her triumph, if Giordano would recant, and return to the bosom of Mother Church. He is worn to a shadow with long imprisonment; his hair is white, as the hair of an aged man. His limbs are twisted and bent. Surely his courage must be outworn, his high heart broken? Nay, his Master has been with him in the dungeon, has stood beside him in the torture-chamber: "But a little longer, son of mine, and you shall come home to me again." The eyes are bright with courage as he stands before his judges; at last, at last, the day of his freedom approaches, and the long fight nears its close. Undaunted his mien; fearless his ringing defiance. The morning of his triumph at last has dawned, and, in a chariot of fire, he goes home.

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M. A., LL.B., F. T. S.

XI

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I should like, this month, to ask you to consider carefully your duties as citizens of your respective countries, and to note certain definite lines of preparation for your future work as workers in the world.

If we compare the young generation of to-day with that of, say, fifty years ago, we shall be struck with the great advantages modern young people possess. It is much more generally recognised now-a-days that the young must have some share in the life of the outer world, than was thought desirable some decades ago, and education has a far wider significance and scope than hitherto. Education is gradually acquiring its true meaning of "drawing out" the faculties and possibilities latent in man, and it is becoming increasingly understood that a young man or a young woman needs far more preparation for citizenship than that afforded by the ordinary syllabus of the school-day. At best the subjects taught in school for the purposes of examination produce an elasticity of mind which gives it power to deal with the perplexing issues confronting

it in after life. Greek, Latin, Samskr̥t, Mathematics, Science, History, Geography, and so forth, impart a certain tone to the student, give him a certain culture which enables him to select the finer conditions of external circumstances and to avoid those which, to him, are coarsening. But the proper application of the trained mind to the affairs of men is the end to which all true education should be directed, and it is well that the training of the mind should go hand in hand with practical experience in applying the results of the training in the outer world. In a word, it is eminently desirable that young people should have brought within the circle of their attention a few of the problems with which later they will have actively to deal, so that they may familiarise themselves with them and learn, under the guidance of elders, to make attempts in the direction of their solution.

As I have already said, fifty years ago this would have been out of the question. That which we now see to be a means was then deemed to be an end in itself, and the life in a school was an entirely different life from the life in the world outside. I wish to emphasise, however, that the school must be regarded as a training-ground in which the young may gradually learn to understand the duties of life, and while I should indeed surround them with all happiness, I should equally train them to realise that their happiness must be used in relieving others of their troubles and distress. It is in the school that a happiness-account must be opened and largely subscribed to, so that it may be possible to draw on it in after years when the rose of the future has given way to the cold grey of reality. But true happiness consists in a consciousness of the power to help and to serve,

and I would make it one of the greatest privileges of the young to be allowed to see a little of trouble and despair in order that they may learn the joy of banishing it. The teacher's duty is to see that only such cases are presented to his young charges as may be benefited by their ministrations, for he must create within his pupils a consciousness of a power to help, a feeling that they have that to give which does good. It is not for the young to be oppressed with a sense of the stupendous magnitude of modern problems. They will come to it soon enough. In the meantime let them see such trouble as they may be able at least partially to dispel, and let them learn that the dry subjects which they have to study in the class-room give them keener powers of perception and understanding and make their minds subservient to the will to help. I feel quite strongly that we do not let our young people understand sufficiently clearly the relation between arithmetic or algebra, or any other subject, and the meaning and purpose of life. Brought up in the proper atmosphere, trained to look for opportunities to help, and eager to be a messenger of love and courage, the child cannot—unless guided—understand the relation of the multiplication table, or of simple equations, or of the events of a thousand years ago, to the spirit of Service which burns within him. He learns his subjects because he has to, because there is a prize to be gained at the end of term, or some displeasure to be avoided. But unless he has some quite unusual aptitude for any particular subjects, he will be unable to co-ordinate arithmetic or algebra with the service of those around him. The child who has received no training in the spirit of Service, who has been allowed to grow as he would, who has been treated

by his parents simply as a young creature who has to practise the art of obedience and of subordinating himself without a murmur to their wishes and opinions—such a child will take his school life as part of the one big monotony of existence as he finds it. Everything that he does is something imposed upon him from outside and he lives in the present for the present, and only longs to be left alone. But a child in whom the ideal of Service has been emphasised, and who has been taught to realise the joy going with it, will be ready to understand his school and its life as they should be understood. If it is made clear to him that every action, thought, word, must have relation to the dominant note of his life, and if he is shown how his school studies are but means to an end, he will enter into the spirit of work, and will learn the great lesson that study of whatever kind is a preparation for citizenship and all that it implies. He will learn the value of an orderly, precise and observant mind, and will be able to understand how these qualities are brought out in the study of mathematics and of science. He will realise the necessity for understanding human nature, and he will see how history, psychology, ethics, help him to such understanding. He will be aware of the need for cultured behaviour and habits of thought, and the value of Latin or Greek will become apparent to him. If the end be an inspiring one—and the ideal of Service is surely inspiring—the means will, however dry in themselves and by themselves, assume a certain interest as leading to a definite result, and I wish that Schools and Colleges had a more definite and recognised place in the preparation of the young for citizenship than they enjoy at present.

As remarked above, the youth of to-day has many more opportunities for learning his duties than the youth of long ago, and it is of the utmost importance that young people should constantly keep the ideal of service before them by practising it even while young, and while they are still free from the greater responsibilities under which their elders stagger. But such movements should be part of the school life, a natural outcome for the qualities which are being built into the boy's or girl's nature through mathematics or science or any other subject of study. In a modern business house every activity of whatever kind has its own specific value in the affairs of the house, and everything must either be definitely and profitably productive or is ruthlessly discarded. Time is precious, and unprofitable energy is a deadly sin. The same principles should apply to the young. Their lives are so precious, since they have to guide the world in the immediate future, that nothing must be allowed to take any of the time which has not a definite message the youth ought to hear, because the hearing of it will make him better ready for his future work in the world. And each boy and girl should feel the Spirit of the Future stirring them to be up and doing, urging them to make use of every circumstance in their lives which will fit them to cope, more successfully I hope than we have been able to do, with the ignorance and joylessness which make the world so cold a place to many. The innumerable movements open specially to young people are signs of the Spirit of the Future waking up among his own, and I hope that as time goes on part of the regular school curriculum will consist in participation in some movement appropriate to the child's temperament, so that he may benefit from practice as well

as from theory. I might add, too, that such participation involves co-operation and a deeper sense of the underlying brotherhood of all, and I feel sure that one of the great signs of the progress of the world in the new future will be that nations and peoples will have learned the advantages of mutual forbearance over war and destructive competition. But to practise this lesson in the future on a large scale, our young people—upon whom the duty will fall—must begin now to make the attempt on a small scale. The many societies for the young now existing are signs that the Gods are ready for the attempt to be made, and it would be well for the present generation of youth to embrace the opportunity rather than to allow the chance to slip into the hands of those who will come after them.

It does not matter if mistakes are made or failures recorded, and the teacher need not fear that the ordinary studies will be in danger of neglect if he is able to show his pupils how the theoretical studies of the classroom are definite aids in the more interesting occupations in which they take part as members of societies or leagues or unions. So long as we divide our life into independent compartments of activity we may tend to live in one compartment rather than in another, but when we realise that all compartments are in reality interdependent we shall begin to learn to give due weight and time to each.

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

HOW THE NIGHTINGALE OBTAINED HER VOICE

By PASSION FLOWER

I HAVE often wished that I could have heard the Angels' songs that the shepherds listened to when our Lord Christ came to earth last.

There was one little bird that listened well—and that was the nightingale—she was only a little brown bird with only a little song, but she had a great desire to praise God for all the beauties around her, and felt so small and humble against such beautiful birds as the peacock and the pheasant that she only crept out at night to sing as well as she could. In those days the peacock had quite a fine musical voice as well as his beautiful feathers.

The Bird Fairies knew that the Angels were coming down to sing the glad news to the world, and told all the birds to gather to help in the heavenly music as best they could.

The peacock would not come—he was too busy admiring himself and his fine feathers in a nice pool near by. "Plenty of time," said he, "no hurry." But there was need of hurry, and arriving too late he lost his voice and has never had any music in his note to this day.

The rooks, wise birds as they are, were too busy with their housekeeping and building new nests to be in time, and their cousins the crows were just as bad, and they can only say 'Caw, Caw,' with harsh voices

for ever as if they had colds—and many others I could mention would not go at once.

But the little nightingale and all the other birds that sing sweetly flew to hear the heavenly music and listened till the last faint echoes had died away—and most of them sang as well. The nightingale was so much afraid that her voice would not be good enough to sing with the Angels that she could not raise a note with the other birds, but she was so filled with joy and happiness by the angels' message that as the last echo died away something seemed to snap in her throat, and floods of beautiful music filled the air and all nature was silent to listen.

Ever since then the nightingale lifts up her voice at night and sings again what she can remember of the Angels' song—but you must go into a quiet place to hear her, for you very seldom can hear the heavenly music when the world fills the air with its noises.

NASTURTIUMS

Troops of tiny warriors,
Bound for conquests all,
From their green encampment
Start to scale my wall.

Great round shields they burnish
In their radiant hold,
Gay their curving helmets,
Copper, bronze, and gold.

Swiftly moving upward.
Grasping everything,
See the bright-hued squadron,
Sway, and climb, and cling.

SOME SUGGESTIONS

FOR THEOSOPHICAL SCHOOLS.

By EVELINE LAUDER

Housing and Garden

WE should have bedrooms (not dormitories) capable of holding 3 to 5 children, fitted with washing accommodation which ensures refinement and privacy of some kind; *i. e.*, a screen to put up round the washstands or between them when the toilette is going on: a foot-bath in order that the necessary washing twice daily of certain parts of the body should be adequately done.

Out-door coats and clothes should be kept in wardrobes on any landings, never in bedrooms. Utensils (of a certain kind) should *never be* used in bedrooms.

I consider (we will suppose our house is being built) smaller rooms for a teacher or older student should open off these rooms for the younger ones who require supervision—so that they can be easily supervised.

Ventilation holes should exist in the walls of each room in the building; the system of small top-windows above, that open out, should be followed, as these can be open at all times and the rain cannot enter: but you might also adopt the ventilating panes in the windows of the rooms.

The lighting of a room for study should be specially attended to; each scholar should have a seat out of the

draught and in good light: every book used must be in large, clear type—green type is preferable, and I have seen books done in this.

Green blackboards (this sounds paradoxical!) should be used. The colouring on walls, in hangings (of these as few as possible), rugs or carpets (not nailed down), should be decided on by an expert. By that I mean an artistically developed person, who also should know something of the colour effects and correspondences as regards mental and moral development. (This to be based on Mr. Leadbeater's colour teaching.)

Adequate sanitary accommodation is of supreme importance, and should be regulated according to the number of children taken.

I do not believe in large numbers: twenty-five boarders seems the limit. I think boarders and day scholars should be apart: because I believe illness is often introduced by day scholars whose parents may not be as careful in methods as the school authorities.

There should, of course, be daily baths for each child.

Children's teeth should be cleaned three times a day, after the three main meals. They should be looked over by the dentist every six months. Nails should be scrupulously cared for. (See *The Hidden Side of Things*.)

The diet ought to be composed largely of good, sound fruit and nuts; home-made bread, brown or white, so long as it is home-made or equal to it in nutriment; cream cheese (plain); butter and milk; the nourishing vegetables; brown sugar; cocoa; porridge; all grain foods, malted diet and milk. Clothes should be, as far as possible, of washing material and changed often.

Doctors and Drugs: Dispense with these almost entirely, if you can use the newer healing methods—those of the Higher Thought School. Have, if possible, a matron who is trained in the Higher Thought Healing System.

Between every class there should be ten minutes' run in fresh air: a covered playground for wet weather is indispensable.

Mr. Leadbeater's papers on the education of the early sixth race children should be carefully studied and made a basis for our Theosophical School education.

Boys and girls should learn cooking and sewing. This partly to help forward the equalisation of sex.

Walks should not be undertaken only with a view to exercise, which is dull, but in suitable weather be made the means of gathering botanical knowledge and the faerie lore of flowers and trees—the work of nature spirits, tree dwellers, etc.

We must have a teacher on these topics who sees Fairies and knows. His vibrations will play on any latent capacity in the children and hasten their development as Seers and future teachers.

Have only those pictures and ornaments which are of high tone and chaste design; good plaster casts—if possible; great simplicity and no crowding.

Books for school library to be very carefully selected; of good colouring, design and print.

Do not have uniforms, but adopt a loose, artistic style of dress, and adapt colour and style to the individual child; avoid, if possible, wool, except for outside coats in winter.

I am against violent methods, such as going bareheaded in all weathers, or barefoot.

Teachers of foreign languages must be natives of that special country. I find schools often seem to have English people teaching French. This is bad.

Co-education an essential. All forms of religion to be studied, and no bias to be given to any special one.

Before bedtime I think all pupils should be gathered according to age and capacity, and spoken to of the life outside the body and the work that goes on, and thus trained by degrees to take part. This in place of 'prayers'.

I am of opinion a 'Dalcreye' Class is one of the chief requirements in education. I shall be happy to give information on this, if needed.

With regard to the limitation of numbers to 25—30 boarders, I am of opinion that, if it is found necessary for financial reasons to increase this number, we should have small sections in small houses on the lines of Harrow, in order to preserve the 'family' atmosphere and ensure the individual attention which in a mass is inevitably neglected from sheer lack of time, etc.

I think the above, coupled with my pamphlet, about represents my personal opinions on the matter, and the conditions I should claim for my own children in sending them away from me, since they are what we carry out at home.

MEMORY FOR STUDENTS

By ERNEST WOOD, F. T. S.

VII

COMPLEX IDEA-JOINING

IN our previous articles we have several times stated that the act of learning consists in adding something that you did not know to something that you do know. It has necessarily its two parts—comprehension of the subject to be learnt, and the remembering of it. We showed that if you take care to relate each new piece of knowledge to something that you already know well you will never need to complain of a bad memory. We listed and explained the nine modes of natural relations, and enabled the reader to memorise without effort a long list of simple concrete ideas.

In the study of science, history or mathematics the same process may be followed, but there is more difficulty in the task because the ideas are often complex or abstract. It is best to make the new idea as simple as you can at first, so that it may easily add itself to knowledge existing in your mind. In every case where you are studying from a book it is a good plan to simplify the sentence you are reading by taking away all qualifying words, making a mental picture of

the essential idea, and then adding to this image one by one all the various qualifying attributes. For example, you read of the discovery of Lithium:

In 1817 Arfvedson, working in Berzelius's laboratory upon a petalite from Uto, Sweden, discovered an alkali which he found to differ from those already known in the following particulars: (1) in the low fusing points of the chloride and sulphate; (2) in the hygroscopic character of the chloride; and (3) in the insolubility of the carbonate.

Simplify the idea: Arfvedson discovered an alkali. Make a clear mental picture (not in words) of Arfvedson in the act of discovering an alkali. Repeat the idea several times until it becomes familiar. Then add to it the idea that the discovery took place in a laboratory. Picture the discovery in the laboratory; add the idea that it was Berzelius's laboratory; next give the whole idea the aspect of 1817; the date may easily be remembered by noting that 18 is followed by 17, which is one less. Get the whole idea clear that in 1817 Arfvedson discovered an alkali in Berzelius's laboratory.

How did he make the discovery, and what exactly did he discover? He was working in Berzelius's laboratory in 1817 upon a mineral silicate named petalite from Uto, Sweden, when he discovered the alkali. Be sure that your idea of an alkali is clear, and recall to mind familiar examples, as those associated with sodium and potassium. He found that it differed from the known alkalies—study them together; compare them carefully, noting the resemblances and differences. Finally repeat the whole idea from memory, and thus slowly work sentence after sentence right through the text-book.

We have tried to show how each sentence must be worked upon with thought, not simply read and repeated as a whole, how the qualifying words, phrases and sentences

must first be removed and then added again bit by bit. The aim is to transfer the form of words from the printed page not into a form of words in the mind, but into a living mental image which its owner can express in any words or from any point of view he may choose. The image may be an inner visualisation, audition, or other sense imagination of the object, or a simplified or symbolic picture, such as those we discussed on page 122 of this volume. Most students, I feel sure, will find it more difficult to remember: "The period of Charles I was one of continual parliamentary, religious and martial strife," than to make and keep a small mental picture of the handsome King, with an excited parliamentary group on one hand and a body of bible-carrying Roundheads on the other.

When such picture-ideas have been made they should be compared with each other, two at a time, in accordance with the nine natural relationships which we have classified. Suppose, for example, that we have studied the reign of Charles I, and are familiar with it, and we now wish to study that of James I, we may make another little picture of the authoritative monarch sitting upon his throne surrounded by his favourites in succession; and then go on adding details to each picture, enquiring in what respects, with reference to the whole and to each detail, they resemble, differ from, and contrast with each other.

Let us take a simpler instance from elementary geography. Suppose you are about to study the geography of India, and you already know quite well that of the United Kingdom, France or Germany. As you come to each point that is new to you compare it carefully with a similar point in the geography of the country that

you know well. For example, the lower part of India is a triangle with the point to the south; so is England also roughly a triangle, but with the point turned to the north; India is bounded on the north by a long range of mighty mountains, whereas England is bounded on the north by a very short range of small mountains; the large rivers of both countries flow into seas on the east and the west, but in England the rivers, like all the other natural features, are comparatively small; on the west of India we have a sort of projecting nose (Kathia-war) just as Wales sticks out on the west of England. So you may proceed to compare the numbers, sizes, shapes, and positions of rivers and mountains with those you already know; and go on to compare the political divisions of the country, the natural products, the manufactures, the commerce, the railways, the religions, the local and general government of the country, with those which are familiar to you.

No doubt it will seem easier and quicker to many students to read over and over again the portions of their text-books that they require, in the hope that some of the ideas they thus gain will stick in the mind; but all who have been students know that the only knowledge which is really retained for long is that which has been slowly acquired and deliberately pondered upon. Our method is nothing more than a scientific kind of pondering.

SOME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

By ELISABETH SEVERS, F. T. S.

As I look back on my childhood and early youth I recognise what an important part animals of many kinds—from white mice upwards, our earliest pets—have played in it. Animals certainly absorbed a great deal of my time and more of my affections in my early days. Even now I consider no home satisfactorily furnished, if its goods and chattels do not include some animals to play with and to educate by loving them. Animals are such good company, are they not? One's pet animals never are angry with you or hurt you, they never contradict you or misunderstand you. If you are out of sorts in any way they seem to understand something is wrong, and to try in their dumb fashion to give you what solace they can. And they can give a good deal.

I remember the absorbing interest of the unexpected arrival occasionally amongst us of reinforcements of tiny little white mice, who were certainly very pretty little things when they got over their initial stages of pink nudity of skin. We cultivated them with such ardour and so carelessly, that the house became peopled with mice of varying shades. It was one of the tragedies of my childhood that I once stepped on a mouse and killed it. I quite felt as if I had committed a murder. Ferrets I detested; they were a schoolboy's treasure, and

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white rats also I could not bear. I did not enjoy my breakfast, which we three children used to have together before going to our respective schools, when my brother persisted in allowing his white rats to run about him while at the table. We kept silkworms also, with a keen interest in their silk-producing qualities, but the silk was not very much to the fore, and worms are neither pretty nor pettable objects.

With dormice we were never successful. They would *not* live with us, whatever superior cages we provided them with, or whatever care we took of them. And they were so very pretty, so soft and brown and small, that I and my sister felt their deaths severely. Our birds, however, flourished. The house resounded with the shrill singing of the canaries that I bred. Old established bird-favourites were allowed to fly about the room, and they used to sit on a vase in front of a large mirror and peck at their reflection angrily, under the impression that it was another and an alien bird. Dogs growl at their reflections also, and I have known them—Tip at any rate did—to run round a looking-glass standing on the floor in a dressmaker's room, to find the strange dog.

The interests of the cats we also of course kept and loved and those of the mice and birds were not one. I have known kindly disposed passers-by to ring the front-door bell to inform a careless household that a cat was sitting on the birds' cage. And with pigeons I was not very fortunate. Cats would eat them and they mysteriously disappeared. People caught them and also ate them, I expect, and as I could not see very much of them—they lived in an outhouse in the garden—I never grew very fond of them. But I used

to like to see the fantailed pigeons strutting about, showing off their tails to the best advantage.

But to dogs the whole household was devoted, and it is of dogs that I chiefly think when I look back on my past of pets. The advent of the first dog, which came comparatively late in our chronicle of animals, was a thrilling event. He was called Tiptop, a name soon abbreviated to a short and convenient Tip. Tip was the very dearest little dog; he had all the canine virtues and none of their vices. But I don't know that any one—except of course someone who loved him—would have called Tip pretty. He was a small Yorkshire terrier, bigger than he ought to have been for his breed, with a rough dark coat. His character was marked and reserved, and he was very exclusive in his affections. He adored, as a dog should do, I consider, his own human family and cared not at all for anyone else. He hated being laughed at and remembered it with a curious tenacity. He never forgave one servant who laughed at him when he emerged, a black, dishevelled, rather sick, rough puppy-coated little object, from his travelling box, after a long railway journey to his new home. He always disliked her and resented her presence. Perhaps he knew also that she was one of those unfortunate people who don't like dogs—unfortunate because they lose a good deal of innocent pleasure.

When I think of Tip, I think of the following incident because, I suppose, it is one so typical of his character. I see myself kneeling, crying, on a hearth-rug before a fire, and tears with me were so rare a phenomenon that I could count their occasions on the fingers of one hand. I was crying because I had just been behaving extremely badly—and I was not a child, I

was about seventeen—and though I had got my own way—I had flatly refused to do something I ought to have done—I suddenly felt overwhelmed with a sense of my wrong-doing and cried (though I regret to say that I do not remember undoing it, as I could very easily have done). I soon felt something soft pressing against my arm, and there was Tip, who I did not even know was in the room, snuggling up against me. He recognised something was wrong and was trying to comfort me. Gratefully I picked him up, and wept a few more last tears into his shaggy coat.

Tip lived with us for fourteen years, and then one morning—and we had not even known that he was ill—we found him dead in a quiet corner of the kitchen where he had turned his face to the wall and died. Tip's only fault, if you can call it a fault in a dog, was his jealousy of whatever other dogs from time to time shared his home. As a rule Tip never fought; he was a wise enough dog to mind his own business and to let other dogs mind theirs. But that he could fight was shown when a strange dog, a visitor's, once invaded the house without an invitation, and a Homeric battle, waged on the stairs, summoned the whole household to the rescue. Tip will never be forgotten by the family he loved so well, and his memory will remain with me as long as I live, so intimately entwined was he with bygone family pleasures and bygone family pains. In fact Tip was and is a member of the family.

(To be concluded)

NATIONAL EDUCATION

A. Suggested Remedy for some of the most Pressing Social Problems

[We publish the following letter with pleasure.—Ed.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Professor Huxley, in his eloquent essay on 'Science and Education,' says :

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and the fortune of every one of us would one day or other depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with disapprobation, amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet, is it not a fact that the State does allow its members to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight, for is it an exaggeration to claim that in the majority of cases our boys and girls, when they leave the State Schools, are not helped to discover their natural abilities or to find their vocation in life? Nevertheless the idea underlying the granting of free education is to enable the child of the proletariat to hold its own in the struggle for existence, not only in the interests of the child, but also of the British Empire in competition with other Nations.

It may, therefore, well be asked, what advantage is gained in wasting millions of hours every year in teaching a child all kinds of facts which it cannot use, and which, therefore, it does not want and quickly forgets? Why should this Nation remain content when, in return for a very great sacrifice, it succeeds only in partially opening the minds of the great majority of the children, and in so doing merely generates half-formed desires which can be seldom realised and which do not contribute, other than in a comparatively few cases, one iota in helping the child to find its natural bent, its sphere of usefulness, or its life work in the hive into which it has been born.

The State, during its ten years tutelage, certainly does its best to awaken the mentality of the child, but what it does not do is to give the child's expanding mind any practical subject to feed upon, so creating the most fruitful conditions for the growth of dangerous, but most assuredly not divine, discontent; nevertheless we appear to consider it has done its duty in giving an education wholly divorced from any practical training, and which practical training alone will enable the majority of our children to become independent, and therefore self-respecting, members of the community.

Now the remedy which is proposed, and which it is believed will remove one of the principal causes of the national ill-health, is a comparatively slight alteration in the curriculum of our State Schools. Instead of this Nation being satisfied to teach its children subjects which do not even help them to become half-timers at twelve or thirteen years of age (a concession which should not be permitted under any circumstances), the suggestion is to retain the present system of education up to, say, the age of ten, and from then until they leave school, which, as a rule, is now 14, but which, if possible, should be extended up to the age of 15 or 16, to have the children taught, upon alternate days (or under some equivalent arrangement) the elements of practical subjects, for instance, in the case of boys, agriculture, building, engineering or wood-working, and in the case of girls, housework, cooking, dressmaking, or upholstery.

Each school would not, of course, teach all the subjects, but only those considered important in the district which it serves.

On the other alternate days the teaching could be devoted to the ordinary studies now carried out, so that from the age of ten upwards the practical side of a child would be developed concurrently with its mental faculties, each assisting in the growth of the other, and giving the child an opportunity of expressing capacities which would be of real importance in after life.

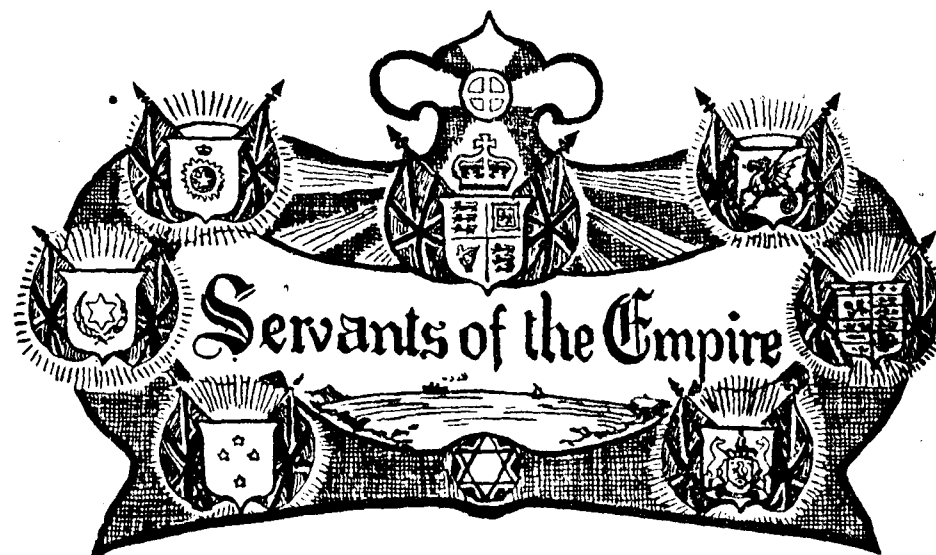
Those boys and girls who showed a special aptitude and preference for mental work could be trained, say, from the age of 11 or 12, in those subjects which would enable them to fill the positions of teachers, clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, or any other work which may be roughly described as of a non-manual character.

There are, of course, many initial difficulties to be got over before this suggested alteration could find practical expression, but it is submitted that the idea is worthy of consideration by, say, a committee composed of representatives of our national system of education, of our polytechnics and trade schools, and last, but not least, of our trade unions.

It is probably unnecessary to mention that the facilities offered for practical training by our polytechnics and trade schools do not meet the position in view of the age limits imposed and the fees charged, as the few hundred free scholarships offered by such bodies are negligible amongst the millions of children annually passing through our National Schools. Further, it may be pointed out that even though free evening tuition in the subjects mentioned above were granted, it is, except in very rare cases, an impossibility for growing boys and girls, or even young men and women, to superimpose serious evening study on a day's work.

Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK THORESBY



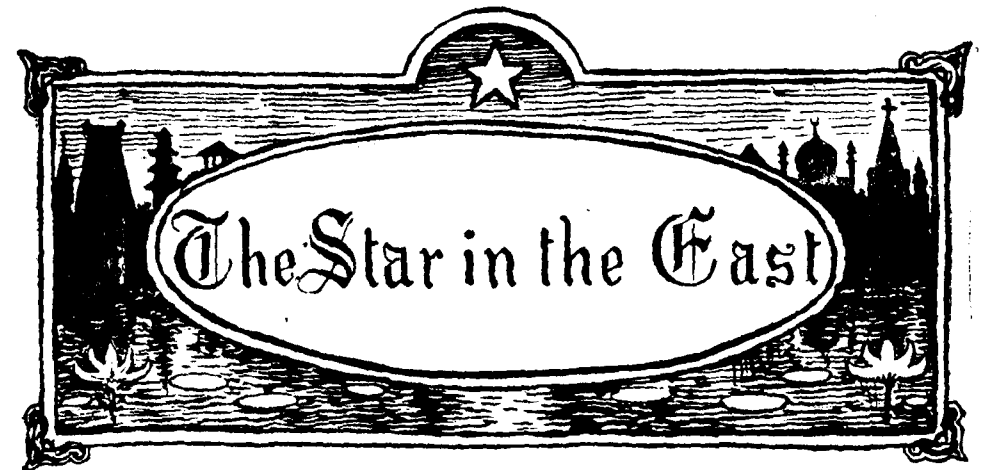
SOME of our helpers do not quite understand that this general name of 'Servants of the Empire' includes all the different regiments in the great Army of Service, and that these regiments have their own local names as sub-titles, 'Sons and Daughters of' England, India, Australia, etc. The movement began with the Sons and Daughters of India, and the all-inclusive name was only added as other countries began to enroll Sons and Daughters. In the spring and summer of 1914, steps will be taken for more active service. Meanwhile, it is enough to draw together for future work the men and women of goodwill.

If our social system were arranged on principles of justice, it would be realised that all forms of work which are in their nature hard and coarsening should be arranged in short shifts in any case, and should be highly paid if done by men who are not of the convict type.

The scavenger is badly paid for rough hard work, and the results of that work on the body and mind of the undeveloped man are such as to make him a very unpleasant being for those more refined and more educated, for those whose cleanliness is paid for by his dirt, and whose refinement is earned by his brutalisation. That is, however, forgotten. Our health and cleanliness depend upon him. He is a co-worker with nature, always turning filth into utility, and changing that which is dangerous and dreaded into a wealth of flowers and fruit which make human life richer. There is only one way of making these occupations noble and not degrading, and that is by realising that all work in the world is a form of Divine activity,

and its nature is high or low according to the spirit in which it is done. If we work only to gain a livelihood there is no harm in it. That ought not to be the only aim. If work is a burden, and we are glad to throw it aside when it is over, and if we work as a bond-slave under the whip of famine and the heavy yoke of necessity, then the work, whether it be in the drain or the office, is a slavery, and not a free man's work. We have had a Pensions Bill, and, according to the Old Age Pensions Act, when a man is worn out and can do nothing more, his rate of living, after the long life of toil, is supposed to be fully represented by 5s. per week. Well, 5s. per week is better than nothing, but is it anything like the equivalent of the labour that long life had put into the treasure-house of the nation? Is it a fair interest on the labour invested in the nation's wealth? And the very fact that it has been received with gratitude by many shows the marvellous patience with which the poor endure their poverty. It is not fair, and we shall only have these things righted when we begin with the child, and when we realise that every child that is born into the nation has a claim to full education.

But it must never be forgotten that beyond all outer changes lies individual character, and that according to the development of this in the Citizens of the Empire, according to their unselfishness and nobility of life, will be the happiness of the nations. Even under bad laws well administered a nation might be happy; even under unsatisfactory economic conditions brotherly feeling might bring many a remedy to the ills of life; but no perfection of law, no theoretical perfection of social arrangement, will make a people really happy and free, unless love combines the various classes into a brotherhood, unless a social conscience is awakened, and wisdom and nobility of character are the guiding forces in the National Government.



WE take some extracts from a lecture given in Southsea by Mrs. Lauder, on 'The Days of Expectancy'.

FRIENDS: There is an old prophecy in the Christian Bible with which some of you may be familiar. It speaks of the Millennium, the Second Coming of the Christ who is said to come on earth and reign for a thousand years. It further says how those that are His own shall come with Him and be with Him during that period. I can remember first hearing of this as a child at school—and, to me it came as a revelation: I could not have said why at the time. I had often longed for this Ideal Teacher to come again; had often sorrowed to think He had only been on earth once, and that I, with so many more, had missed living in those days.

And this announcement of His return gave me a glad thrill, as I now know caused by recognition of a truth; revival of an old knowledge in a new life. Some present may be members of our Order of the Star in the East; others combine with that membership in the Theosophical Society; others, again, are enquirers and belong to neither body.

For some reason best known to those great Ones who guide the destinies of the world, the knowledge common to the Gnostics—of other great Teachers, of other Divine Men, other Messengers of other faiths—was permitted to slowly die out or only survive in tradition and legend, till it became a heresy for anyone to think of another Saviour as being possible. Jesus Christ became the only one of His kind for His later followers.

Theosophy brought back the lost knowledge of the previous Divine Manifestations: Shri Kṛṣṇa, the great Hindū Teacher; Zoroaster, the Founder of his own wondrous ceremonial; the Lord

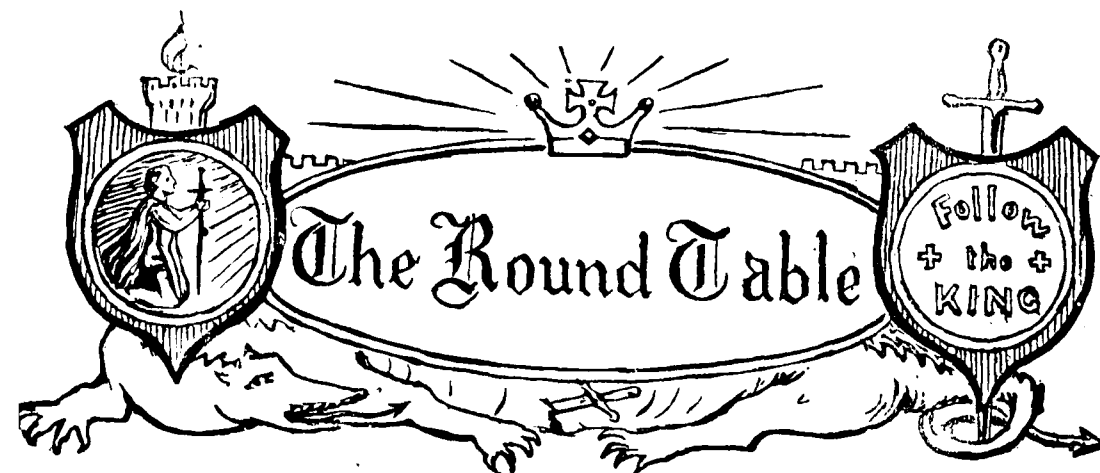
Gautama Buddha. But its teachings were unfavourably received: to mention these beside the Teacher of Judea was regarded as in some measure detracting from His greatness—nay, was even looked on as blasphemy. It was not, and is not, in many instances yet realised that One on that height of Divinity could not be belittled; but that, when regarded as an Elder Brother with others around Him, He becomes a reconciler of those religions that have been looked on as alien from Christianity.

To us, then, the Christ appears as a great Figure standing behind all the religions, inspiring each, working through those who, becoming the agents as leaders and teachers, High Priests on earth, as the ages came and went, moulded and shaped the doctrines, adapted the forms of religious thought. These Messengers are of many grades, but, always at the Head stands the True Founder, who comes to initiate the New Religion of His Day, and strikes its key-note at certain epochs in human history. Those who belong to this Order of the Star make the statement that the time is at hand when the One who spoke through the Galilean two millennia ago, will again speak and lay the foundation of the Coming Faith of nations and races yet to be.

In many parts of the world the same idea is upspringing; the same hope is being breathed and voiced—here as a prophecy, there as a beautiful dream, and, sometimes, as a definite Truth and conviction—that, once more, a Teacher of Teachers is making ready to come among the children of men.

I have heard it said that the leaders in other religious fields are to-day announcing this great Event as imminent. To many who look below the surface and study the depths, it cannot but be apparent that striking changes are coming over the world. Social upheavals are taking place: Anarchy is manifesting. But Guilds and Brotherhoods are being formed also, and for long have all these things been gradually multiplying and taking root in our midst. You may refuse to see them as vital; you are free to choose; and those who understand will not blame you if you turn aside or hesitate. You may ignore them so long as they do not interfere with your own peace and prosperity; but these changes are none the less in operation; and they are meant to be factors in the awakening of those who are called to work for and given the glorious chance of welcoming that Coming King; of labouring in His name because of past service in other lines worthily rendered.

(To be concluded)



Month—November

Emblem—Carnation

Quality—Strength

"If you will be governed by reason, and manage what lies before you with industry, vigour and temper; if you will not run out after new distraction, but keep your divinity pure, even as though you must at once render it up again, your mind staunch and well-disciplined . . . true to the best of yourself . . . then you will be a happy man. But the whole world cannot hinder you from so doing."

The Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

An Address to the Brighton Round Table (*continued*.)

I have learnt from those who know far more than I do, that these great Masters, who are the Master-Builders of our world, live in bodies like ours (only finer and purer) in different countries. Two of Them live in England; One lives in Hungary; several live in India. High among them stands that Master of Masters whom many call the Christ, to whom we lift our hearts when we speak of the King. He is so great that the hearts of all men and women and girls and boys lie open before Him; all the Religions of the world come from Him, for He is the Good Shepherd spoken of in the Christian Bible and known in the other world-scriptures also. And yet, those who are privileged to stand in His Presence do not feel abashed or ashamed, because His greatness is allied with so perfect a gentleness.

Now there are in this world of ours two great classes of people. Probably you will think of many others besides those I mention, but of that no matter. There are first of all those, both young and grown-up, who look round and see that there are many things they can get, toys and games, if they are young, money and fame and power and pleasure, if they are grown-up. And they make up their minds that they will do all they can to get these things,

and will not mind so very much how they get them, or who may have to go without them, provided they get them. Mind I am not saying that these people are wrong in what they do; it is not our business to decide what other men should do. I only say that there are such people, and I think you will agree that my description is not inaccurate.

Now the other class of people whom I have in mind is different in some ways. A boy who was of this class would be eager and keen in a game (he is in no class at all unless he is keen), but he would not play if some duty were waiting to be done, nor would he be happy in any game where others were shut out and he alone could enjoy it. He would go to work and would work with all his heart and brain, but he would prefer, if he had the choice, to do some work that would be for human good and progress, that would make the world grow better. He would be the very opposite of a prig; he would not stand aside from others, but by his very nature he would see when those about him were happy or unhappy; he would know when help was needed; he might sometimes be selfish and fail to give it, but something within him would rise up and make him feel ashamed of his selfishness and inspire him to do better next time.

From such boys and girls, I think, this second great class of people is recruited. They are the helpers in the world and, whether they know it or not, they are the humble assistants of the great Helpers. A poor Hospital nurse, unknown and unrecognised, who does her work in the spirit of loving helpfulness, is one of their helpers; a lad working in some shop or office who does what he can to help lads younger than himself, raising the tone of his surroundings by his steady work and his clean example in word and act, is a true Companion. To serve the King we need none of us go away from where we are, for where we are the King has placed us, and there shall we find the work He wishes us to do. I knew a lad who was dreaming one day over ways in which he wanted to help—ways that would have taken him far away. He was in the crowd at a railway station seeing our Protector off on a long journey. As she was passing round saying good-bye and shaking hands, she turned to this lad and said in her gentle yet wonderfully direct way: "Help your sister." It was the one piece of work just at hand which this lad had not noticed in his far-away dreams!

From our Round Table some must go out who will be helpers in the world, who will bear ever in their hearts our motto: "Follow the King." Think of the King this morning and every morning, my young Companions, for He thinks of you and of all the world. I sometimes think that even to Him, in His greatness, it must be a joy when youths and maidens enroll themselves in His army. It is a vast army from many nations. Yet He knows His people, and I believe that from His Heart a blessing flows forth to you who, this bright morning, have shaped with your lips the promise to follow Him. May you fulfil it in your lives!

LANCELOT



CONDUCTED BY HERBERT AND ETHEL WHYTE

THE BELLS OF LEYDEN

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

II

TECLA

PIETER, the old bell-ringer, stood in a turret of the Belfry and scanned the distant landscape. It was the hour of the dawn and at his feet the beautiful city of Leyden lay asleep. Below it glinted the bayonets of the ever-wakeful sentries, as they passed to and fro before the Spanish Camp. Beyond their white tents lay league upon league of fertile field and fruitful forest. Fifteen miles away in the purple distance a gold sun rose out of the silver sea.

His eyes travelled slowly back again to the beleagured city and suddenly he caught sight of something that startled him. With a smothered oath he left the battlements and, hurriedly descending the Belfry steps, he rushed out into the market-place. There he followed swiftly in the wake of four men who bore a ghastly burden. It was the body of a dead man, horribly mutilated. At the house of the Burgomaster they halted, and made as though to lay it down but their leader interfered:

"Nay confound ye! Lay it not upon the ground," he stormed. "Prop it up against the door-post—thus! Tie up the chin—so! Now—look ye there!"

"Aye, aye, Clipper, 'tis a proper scarecrow," said one of the men grinning.

At this moment the old bell-ringer arrived upon the scene, wrathful but slightly out of breath.

"How now, thou Clipper! What new devilry is this?" he demanded fiercely, shaking his fist in the man's face.

"'Tis none of *thy* business!" said the Clipper sullenly.

"Ye think to scare Van der Werf with this mummerly, ye blithering fools!" pursued Pieter.

"Nay," interrupted the Clipper, "'tis but to show him his cursed obstinacy! For look you if *he persists*—" he hinted darkly.

"Well, what then?" asked Pieter impatiently.

"If he persists, we be *all* dead men."

"A dead man is better than a traitor," said Pieter significantly. He drew a long knife from his belt and ran his finger along the edge to see if it were sharp, keeping his eye steadily on the Clipper who had turned rather pale at this last remark.

"Hist! Hist! He comes! Van der Werf comes!" cried several voices, for by this time a crowd had collected.

With martial footsteps the Burgomaster was approaching down the stone corridor. His hair blown backwards showed a noble brow. Beneath it were fiery eyes. As he passed out, he caught sight of the corpse.

"Ha! What have we here?"

"An it please your Honour," said Pieter glibly, before the Clipper could put in a word, "'tis a bogy to frighten a babe!"

"Evidently," laughed Adrian, as he strode on into the centre of the market-place. The crowd followed him crestfallen. As to the Clipper, he very nearly choked with rage. In the centre of the market-place was an old fountain. Adrian mounted the steps and turned to meet them full face:

"Now, my friends, what would ye?"

The Clipper pressed forward eagerly, but again Pieter was too quick for him.

"Your Honour had best beware," said the old bell-ringer in a low voice. "These men be malcontents, and as to yonder Clipper he is a traitor; moreover if I may warn your Honour, the villain hath a serpent's tongue."

Van der Werf only nodded grimly and called for silence.

"Your Honour knows," began the Clipper, "that to please the Prince of Orange we have held out three months. Is it not so, my masters?" he inquired, appealing to the crowd.

"Aye, aye, comrade," they responded.

"Two months' fasting and one month's starvation," pursued the Clipper. "And for what?" he snarled fiercely, showing all his teeth. "For what, may I ask?"

"Why for fair Freedom and for the honour of Leyden, thou booby!" cried Pieter.

"Aye, aye, that is it! Freedom! Honour! Glory! They be fine words! But answer me, men of Leyden," he cried passionately, "ye that prate of honour! What is honour to a man that hath breakfasted off the leaves of a tree? Or glory to him that hath dined off the skin of a rat? Can ye eat and drink honour and glory, or will freedom fill an empty stomach? Nay! then down with freedom, honour and glory, and up with common-sense! I say, 'Surrender!'"

"Thou villain!" thundered Adrian. "*Honour* said'st thou? what dost thou know of *honour*?"

He stepped forward and drew his sword. The movement was so sudden and his aspect was so formidable that the crowd fell back hurriedly, but it was the hilt and not the point that he presented to them.

"Friends," he cried, "here is a sword; slay me and divide up my flesh among you! But while I live I say: '*No surrender!*'"

The crowd were taken aback, and Adrian adroitly followed up the victory.

"The Prince will relieve Leyden," he proclaimed.

"But he hath no army and no allies," objected a voice in the crowd.

"What of that, booby? What of that?" sneered the Clipper. "Doubtless the Almighty will lend him a legion of angels!"

He paused suddenly, for at this point the crowd parted and there appeared at his elbow, carefully piloted by Pieter Post, a gold-haired maid. Her face was pale as the moon at midnight, but as luminously bright. Her eyes were the colour of deepening twilight. As she advanced towards the fountain, the crowd nudged each other.

"Let pass, let pass, 'tis she. 'Tis the Lily of Leyden."

The men made ample room. The look on Pieter's face promised short shrift to him who durst touch so much as one small hair of that little shining head. She climbed the steps and stood before the fountain. A light breeze blew her green kirtle about her. She stood there with her little head erect, delicately poised like a lovely blossom upon a slender stalk. For a few moments she appeared to be looking dreamily upwards into space. The crowd watched her, fascinated, then in a voice of silver sweetness.

"Friends," said she, "as I passed I heard ye speak of angels. Look yonder! Lo one comes!"

She pointed into the blue ether overhead, and even as she spoke the words, a little dove fluttered out of it, and lighted softly upon her shoulder. She took it in her hands, and held it aloft.

"Behold, a messenger from our noble Prince!"

The crowd watched her in breathless silence as she lifted the bird's wing and drew out a little note. Then it broke into a buzz of astonishment.

"Hist!" said Tecla, holding up her finger at it as if it were a rebellious baby. Instantly there fell a dead

silence, in which Van der Werf opened the Prince's dispatch. He read it aloud:

To Tecla:

Fayre Mayde,

I send the Fleet to Leyden.

ORANGE

There was a silence of unutterable astonishment, followed by a buzz of consternation. Every man asked his neighbour: "What can it mean?"

"Mean?" cried the Clipper, "'tis plain enough. The Prince is mad."

But many in the crowd knew the Prince, and they were not of his mind.

"An it please your Honour, may I speak?" asked Pieter.

"Willingly," said Adrian.

"Netherlanders!" cried the old bellringer, "ye know the sleepless energy of the Silent One!"

"Aye, aye, Pieter, we know," responded the crowd. "But he hath no army and no allies," persisted the voice in the crowd, "wherefore to what doth he trust?"

"To God and the dykes!" cried old Pieter.

"The dykes?"

"Aye, he will pierce the dykes and flood the Netherlands!"

"What! and drown the Spaniards?" exclaimed Adrian. "They be cruel vermin," he added thoughtfully, "it were a fitting death but proceed."

"No allies, did ye say?" pursued old Pieter. "Hark ye, Men of Leyden," said the old man so solemnly that a thrill of awe passed through the crowd as they beheld him standing prophet-wise with one hand uplifted: "Hark ye, I say, ye Men of Leyden; *when the wind blows from the west ye shall see the ocean rise out of the sea-bed to fight for the Prince of Orange!*"

"'Twill bring the Fleet to Leyden?" asked Adrian. "Even so, your Honour; wherefore, 'Down with traitors!' 'Hurrah for the Burgomaster!'"

"And, 'God bless the Prince of Orange!'" that is what I say, said old Pieter.

But alas! the wind blew steadily from the east, and day after day went by and nothing happened. The citizens slowly abandoned hope, but they were magnificent in their despair. They would fire the city, but they would not surrender. As for Adrian Van der Werf, he died daily in the deaths of his fellow-citizens, and when he thought of possibilities and saw the blue shadows that suspense was painting upon Tecla's wan little face, he almost prayed that his angel-watered lily might be transplanted to the fields of Paradise. She had ceased to walk now, but Pieter carried her everyday to the summit of the Belfry, to watch the weathercock for a west wind. One day they encountered the Clipper.

"Well, little maid," said he, "dost see the ocean coming over the land to relieve Leyden?"

Habit rather than forlorn hope drew Tecla's eyes to the vane.

"Holy Mother!" she exclaimed, "Pieter! look at the weathercock! The wind blows from the west—"

"Then we be delivered!" cried Pieter, and to draw the attention of the townsfolk he fell to ringing the bells. The citizens rushed into the market-place, when seeing the vane, they responded with music and salvos of cannon.

"What means this uproar?" asked the Spanish General. But when they told him he laughed prodigiously.

"The ocean to the rescue! Marry, but it is a good tale! They were ever simpletons, these Hollanders, but now they be clean demented! Ho! now, Herald! Go and tell the silly loons they shall indeed be delivered but, by the Holy Sepulchre, it shall be Death that delivers them into *my* hand!"

That same night the water rose ten inches in the Spanish Camp.

(To be concluded)

TO BE A MAN

By PAUL ERWIN DERRICK

To do the work that day by day falls to you,
Nor flinch nor falter whatsoe'er the load;
To take the blows and lashings without murmur,
But scorn to kneel before the cruel goad;
To keep your heart aye fresh in spite of failure,
With dauntless courage vanquishing the years;
To keep your honour bright, and keep your virtue;
To keep a smile within this sea of tears;

To know that life is not a weary journey
That leads but only to a ceaseless rest;
To see a little of the prophet's vision;
To feel a little of the hero's quest;
To catch a cadence of the poet's music;
To glean a little wisdom from the seer;
To know that life is only just a schooling
For all who day by day are living here;

To make the most of every present moment;
To feel the thrill of joy for work well done;
To trust yourself, nor fear the scorn of others,
If your own soul approves the task begun;
To conquer Fear, and so destroy those phantoms
Which fill with discord Hope's entrancing song;
To make the Will the master of your fancies;
To know your strength and so be giant strong;

To know that Truth will still remain triumphant,
Whate'er of lies and error may abound;
To feel compassion for the hurts of others
Whose weary feet are pressed on rougher ground;
To cherish Love and leave to fools the hating;
To reverence greatness and the crowd ignore;
To do your best, although your best be little,
Will make a master-man of you—and more.

THE SECRET OF THE KING

By CARNATION

MANY, many years ago in the West country, beyond the blue hills over which the sun sinks in the evening, there was a land where the weather seemed always bright and cheerful, and the flowers smelled sweetly, and the children laughed with happiness, and even the older people would often join in the fun, for they themselves were never sad or troubled but always had a pleasant smile and friendly word to give.

A wise old King ruled over this country, which some people called the Land of Giving, and he had when quite a young man found out a certain law, and he had whispered this discovery to his Chief Adviser. His Chief Adviser, who was really quite a solemn man till then, had actually laughed outright, and he had whispered it to the Second Adviser, who had a crooked line across his forehead through worrying, and the Second Adviser was so much amused that he forgot to worry, and in a short time the crooked line was rubbed out and no one knew what became of it.

Very soon everyone in the palace had had this Secret of the King's whispered into his ear, and everyone thought it so funny, and wondered so much why they had not thought of it before, that several strange things happened. The cook forgot to scold the kitchen-maid; the head-butler, who was nearly as important as, and much more stately than the King, was found smiling in a corner by himself, and the smile did not wear off, so that he really began to look quite pleasant and you felt as if you would like to speak to him. And by degrees the Secret spread in whispers through the kingdom, and that was why everyone was smiling, and why the sunshine and the flowers looked so bright, for they of course knew the Secret too.

Well, after many years, the King grew very old and felt that it was nearly time for him to lay aside his white old body. So he called for his head gardener,

whose cheeks were like two red apples and his nose like a pear between them, and he made the gardener carry him out into a deep, cool part of the gardens, where there was a pond with white lilies and an overhanging willow-tree. And the old King bent his white head over one great lily, a Queen of lilies, and whispered to it softly, and the lily seemed to bow its head, as if it knew and understood. And then the old King closed his eyes, and laid aside the worn-out body which he had used so long and wisely.

Many years passed away and the people began to forget the Secret of the old King and so they did not always smile, and they forgot to whisper the Secret to their children, and the Land of Giving became quite an ordinary country, with smoky chimneys and even with dirty streets, and some people were poor and some were rich, and many were unhappy, and although they had all heard of the old times when the sun shone more brightly and everyone seemed to be happy, no one could find out how it was. And the pond where the Queen lily grew was quite forgotten, and no one thought of going there to find out the Secret which the good old King had whispered so low.

At last one day a young Prince was born who seemed always to have a smile in his eyes when he looked at you, and as he grew up he used to wander out into the woods and make friends with every living thing he could find, and nothing was afraid of him because of the smile in his eyes. He was very fond of that quiet pond in the royal gardens where the white lilies grew, and often he stooped over the Queen lily and listened to something he could hear, but of which no one else seemed able to catch a whisper.

Now it came to be time for the young Prince to ascend the throne and to become King of the country. Great preparations were made and everyone thought they would put on their very best clothes and look superb. And the chief butler was more stately than ever, and the cook was hot and cross with so much cooking, for there was to be a royal banquet.

But the young Prince went out quietly into the peaceful place in the gardens where the white lilies grew beside the willow-tree, and he stooped over the Queen lily and listened to the voice he heard, and it seemed to please him very, very much, for he looked so happy. Then he returned to the splendid hall of state where the great lords and councillors were waiting to place the crown upon his head.

The palace presented a magnificent appearance and everybody's clothes looked superb, but no one had so much as a shadow of a smile upon their faces, from the Chief Adviser, who was rather fat and found his robes too warm, to the Lieutenant of the Guard, who had starched his collar so much that it hurt, and so he could not smile.

But the young King whose eyes always smiled, bent down to the Chief Adviser and whispered in his ear what the Queen lily had told him, and the Chief Adviser threw open his robes and burst out laughing (greatly to the astonishment of everyone for it was not known that he *could* laugh); and he whispered to the Second Adviser, and soon the Secret went round the whole court, and even reached the young Lieutenant, who laughed so much that his collar grew quite soft. And it was not long before the whole country heard about it, so that in a very short time you could hardly find anybody who was not smiling.

So the Land of Giving became again quite bright and cheery. And an old priest said that the soul of the young King was the same Thinker who dwelt in the body of the wise old King who knew the Secret long ago.

Many people thought it was so; and so do I. But what the Secret was I hardly know, and where the Land of Giving is, I am really not quite sure. But sometimes at the close of the day, when the sun is dipping over the western hills, I think you may see it shining, and, in the soft light of the evening, catch a glimpse of the turrets of the King's palace; and then it appears that the Land of Giving is not far away but near us and round about us, and the fragrant air seems full of whispers of the "Secret of the King"—

Give Love, and Love to your heart will flow
A strength in your utmost need.



LETTER TO THE LINKS

VIII

DEAR LINKS IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN,

I promised to tell you of my recent experiences.

I am now staying in a cottage in the country, on one side of which a little brook runs sparkling by, giving its name to the house, and on the other side is another cottage with a garden similar to ours. Looking out of a window on to the garden the other morning, I noticed that our neighbour had placed some crumbs on the window-ledge, and one large crumb had dropped on to the garden path.

It was all very quiet, save for a few robins and thrushes who came and picked the crumbs off the window-ledge, when suddenly a little brown creature with very bright eyes, (which glanced all about him but did not look up as high as the window where I was watching) darted across our garden and into that of our neighbour—seizing the piece of bread which had fallen on the ground, it dashed back again to the stream on the other side of our garden.

It was a water rat! Perhaps the little creature had a family to feed, for since then I have several times caught sight of her scuttling away back to the stream with some cherished morsel.

I marvelled at the courage of the creature who had to cross a wide bit of garden where our dog roams about, and if he sees an intruder dashes after him at once; and I wondered if I should have been as brave if I wanted to get something, and had to cross a wide territory and run the risk of being caught and wounded!

Another sight that interested me and taught me a lesson was something we came across one day lately in walking through a wood. Looking down, we saw a number of ants on the narrow pathway, and we found that there were two streams of them, one stream going one way, and another stream crossing them. We watched for some time, but could not see what they were doing, yet there was evidently a

purpose in it. On reaching the edge of the pathway, each stream climbed up a tree which stood there, higher and higher, until they were beyond our sight.

We wondered very much what could be the meaning of this, but what was our surprise when coming along that same path several days later to find this stream of ants still continuing.

During three weeks, whenever we went that way, these tiny insects were to be seen still busily engaged in some work which we, with our superior intelligence, could not understand. All we could do was to marvel at the patience and the persistence which made them go on day after day, with hundreds of them getting killed no doubt by passers-by, steadily carrying out some plan which the rulers of their world had set before them.

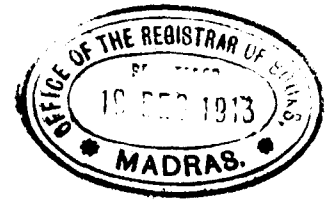
So we may indeed learn much if we will only watch for the signs of God's life all about us, and not imagine that we humans are the only beings of any importance on this globe!

And just one word more about the cruelty that we sometimes take part in, thoughtlessly or not knowing. There are many people in the world who think that animals were only created for man's use and that man may kill or injure or use the creatures as he pleases. But when our eyes are opened and we see that God dwells in these younger brothers even as He dwells in us, we cease to want to use them in any way that injures them. We do not want to kill them for food, still less do we want to chase and wound them for any kind of amusement; and if we want to live our lives as far as possible without injuring any living creature, we shall have to be on the lookout. For there are many things that are used for wear—such as furs and feathers—or for ornament—such as tortoise-shell—which are only obtained by great suffering on the part of the animals.

I do not want to make you sad, little Links, by telling you of too many of these things, but I want you to know that you will have to be watchful, if you wish to understand the animals and to become—what every Link in our chain surely wants to be—the friend of every living creature.

Yours affectionately,

ETHEL M. WHYTE



THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I ADYAR, 7TH DECEMBER, 1913 No. 12

FROM THE FRONT

By ANNIE BESANT

SOME of the ideas put forward for several years past in Theosophical lectures in London seem to be floating about in the thought atmosphere there, and have embodied themselves in the Cavendish Association. It appeals to Public School and University Men, and has among its objects:

(1) To bring National, Municipal, and Social Service into the perspective of men of all Public Schools and Universities.

(2) To bind together such men when engaged in any of those forms of Service.

(3) To offer the services of representative speakers, lecturers, etc., to the Public Schools and Universities, and to supply a link between men leaving their Schools or Universities and those towns or districts in which they propose to work or reside.

It is proposed that such young men shall serve on county and municipal councils and on educational bodies; also, that they shall work on the committees of men's and boys' clubs. The Duke of Devonshire is the leader of the movement, and at a public meeting he stated that "the object they had in view was to afford men of education an opportunity of placing themselves somewhere and

somehow at the service of their country". Social and civic service is the aim of the Association. The Archbishop of Canterbury well said :

Never before had there been such chances of active, useful, and, at the same time, perfectly natural service for young men. They must remember that they possessed the perilous inheritance of a great name. It was frequently said that divisions and schisms were never more marked than they were to-day. There was the organisation of conflicting interests in our industrial life. If things were as grave as certain people believed, then an appalling state of affairs was presented which it was the duty of all to try to remedy.

The Archbishop took a less gloomy view of the near future, but, in any case, it is a splendid sign that such an appeal as that made by the Duke of Devonshire should meet with ready response from aristocratic Young England. Disraeli's idea of what might be done on similar lines may be part of the inspiration of the movement. For fine ideas do not die, though they may be buried for awhile in the ground as seeds, to germinate in due time.

* *

A good many years ago the Madura Lodge of the Theosophical Society incorporated itself under the convenient Indian Act which renders such incorporation easy, and founded a Girls' School, which has grown into one of the best in Southern India. It has now handed the school over to the Theosophical Educational Trust, so as to ensure its perpetuity; a Home for elder girl-boarders is to be opened in connection with it—a most desirable adjunct to Girls' Schools in India. A Girls' School at Kumbhakonam has also been vested in the Trust, and a building for it is to be erected immediately. The Trust has already seven Schools and a College in its hands, and another seven Schools will soon be acquired, while a second College is soon to be started, and a third in the summer of 1914. It is clear that the Trust has a great future before it.

* *

I have had the good fortune of addressing many students' meetings in Madras during the past month, and a large body is forming itself round the ideals of Service, which for so many years we held up in the Central Hindū College, Benares. In the South, as in the North, Young India is answering to the call. But we have in the South a difficulty which is little felt in the North—a fanatical group of missionary Societies, led by the Bishop of Madras, which hates the name of Theosophy, and is utterly unscrupulous in the methods it adopts in order to defame and injure it. It is sad that the name of Christ should be thus dishonoured, and that His spirit of love should be thus misrepresented before millions of non-Christians. How often Christianity has been soiled in this way by professing Christians let history bear witness; it has been the most persecuting of all creeds, and the spirit of the Inquisition, which tortured the heretic, is far more visible in Madras than is the divine spirit of the Christ. How sadly, as He gazes at these who thus dishonour Him, must He breathe the sorrowful words: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

* *

There is a splendid lesson for all of us in the *Mahābhārata*, in the story that precedes the wonderful *Lord's Song*, and that pervades the Song itself. "Fight as the fiercest warrior fights, but from Duty not from hatred." In the great battle of the Pāṇdavas and the Kurus, many of the noblest heroes were ranged on the side of those who were fighting against righteousness. These men belonged to the Kurus, and were bound to the Kuru Monarch by the ties of fealty and of service. Bhishma, the noblest of them all, was the guardian and

the beloved teacher of the warriors against whom his King was fighting, and on the eve of the battle his old pupils sought him, to crave his forgiveness for fighting against him, and his blessing on their arms. Lovingly both were granted, and the younger men went sorrowfully away, because Duty had ranged them against the greatest Āryan of their time. They fought none the less gallantly because they loved the leaders against whom they sent their keenest arrows, and struck their hardest blows. In modern India this noble Kshatriya ideal has practically disappeared, and hearts full of hatred range themselves against each other. Lost is the old honourable confidence in the adversaries' honour; lost the old chivalry, which once made India great. And so the battles of public life cease to be fields for the evolving and training of virile virtues, and become odious combats of savages, without ruth and without dignity. Our Young Citizens must try to recall and practise the noble feeling of the past, else will the entry of unworthy combatants soil the public life of India and of Europe. Democracy in Europe is making public life as vulgar as a village quarrel, in which clumsy blows are exchanged "below the belt," and the flinging of missiles at each other is seen in the House of Commons where once the keen rapiers of honourable debate were wielded by the combatants. In India, low suspicions foul the arena, the evil fruitage of hearts that fight with slanders born of hatred, instead of with honest blows struck in the open at the call of Duty. The public life of India will be poisoned ere it is fully born, unless these unworthy children of the darkness are sent back to their own place, and leave the field free for honourable men.



THE NEW YEAR

By ERNA MEYER

ONE more year is now behind us and looking back, are we satisfied with the work we have done? Let us ask ourselves how many brothers and sisters have we carried along with us, and up how many rungs of the great ladder to perfection have we stepped?

With the dying out of the Old Year then, let us clean out our little houses, our hearts, and begin to strive to prepare ourselves for the service of the King.

By service alone will we find that our New Year will be a happy one. Each person has his or her special work to do in the world and in that work, which we know, because it is laid before us day by day, lie all his or her opportunities to serve mankind and the King. One may think to oneself:

"Oh, such a little helpless creature as I am can do no good in the world—the vast world. I am but a speck of dust, so unimportant and useless."

No indeed, you are *not* useless. Think of the world as an enormous wheel, consisting of innumerable little parts, which go to make up the complete wheel. You, brother and sister, are a most important part of this great wheel; if you go wrong in the very smallest degree, the wheel cannot move in its perfect rotation. Then again, you may think that there are so many of your brothers and sisters who are imperfect parts of the great wheel, and what difference can your little part make? An enormous difference. Every part of the great wheel must learn to become perfect and you must show the way. Is it not beautiful to think that every good thought, word or deed of yours uplifts the whole of humanity and makes the great wheel work more perfectly? On the other hand, is it not heart-rending to know that each time you give in to evil, or fall under temptation, you make it harder for your younger brothers and sisters to rise?

Therefore, it is our first and foremost duty to stand on the great Ladder of Life, one hand held high, which those above us will clasp and aid us up; but in climbing we must not forget those on the lower rung, and must therefore stretch out the other hand to help them in turn to rise.

Nothing in the Universe is lost. Think only of physical matter, how what we call 'waste matter' is converted into something useful. Nothing at all is 'waste'. So also, no thought, word or deed is waste, as they add either to the good or bad in the world. Particularly let it be impressed on your minds, how important 'thoughts' are. They do not wait your bidding to go hither or thither, but no sooner are they formed, then off they fly. Good we can do every moment of the day. We are always enveloped in our astral bodies,

which are the mediums of our thoughts of, or to, others. And when you see how quickly and unmistakably thoughts are transferred from one to another, it makes you realise the importance and responsibility of thinking. Often have I heard it said:

"I never give way to sadness when in the presence of others, but always wait until I am alone."

O brothers and sisters, do you not understand that giving way to sadness when alone, as you say, is by far more grievous than giving way in the presence of another? For when alone, your melancholy thoughts will disperse further into the world unopposed than when a friend is near to break up the sad thought by a bright one. What is particularly harmful is that you fill the room or place in which you are with those vibrations, so that anybody coming into that room will be affected by them; hence the necessity of being joyful, even while alone.

A way in which we can help greatly in the New Year is to help the lower kingdoms by sending, once or twice a day, a strong uplifting thought to them. Especially the animal kingdom, for that is the next to become human.

The year 1914 has three hundred and sixty-five days. Let us, then, for the service of the King, who will ere long again tread the earth, do one little act of service to a brother or sister each day, so that this time next year, we can bear three hundred and sixty-five little gifts of service done for the King. Think of the beauty and the happiness of each one of us who has accomplished these three hundred and sixty-five little deeds of help, when in the far future we find them entered into the book of the Recording Angel.

THE TEACHING OF THE VERNACULARS IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN INDIA

By P. RAMANATHAN

[This paper is prepared especially with reference to the experience gained in the Madras Presidency.]

PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

You are all natives of India and your mother tongue is one or other of the Dravidian languages, Tamil, Telugu, Malayālam, or Canarese or any language spoken in one or other provinces of this vast country. It is the language of your country, your town or village. It is the language of your caste, your sect and your family. It is the language you first uttered with your ruddy lips when, lying in your mother's lap, you gazed into her delighted eyes and attempted to call "Mother". It is the language you spoke to your comrades when, as little manikins full of mischief, you jumped and ran, you laughed and shouted. It is the language you speak now when with vigorous and steady steps you enter the threshold of manhood. It is the language you speak when as grown up men and heads of families you sit in the midst of a large family of children and grandchildren and enjoy the pleasures of a sweet home. It will be the language you speak when with your withered lips you call for the last cup of water from your death-bed. It was, is, and will be your language; disclaim it if you like and it is at your mercy.

You have all studied one or other of your vernaculars to a greater or less extent. Some of you have learned it only so far as to be able to read and write it with tolerable accuracy. Some of you have chosen it as one of the subjects for the B. A. degree examination and have been granted by an authorised body a certificate to the effect that you have passed in it in the first, the second, or the third division. Keep aside that certificate for a while, pray examine your knowledge yourself and see whether it is in any way satisfactory. I am sure that you are not going to support a fault with a falsehood. Your conscience says—and says it boldly—that your knowledge is scanty, shallow and shameful, shameful to those who studied and to those who taught.

Many are the causes that have led to this deplorable state of affairs. But it is no business of mine at present to enumerate and explain them. It is enough for all intents and purposes, if we take the result into consideration. We know the results. We know that out of the hundreds of young men who pass out of the Senate Hall year after year, with a diploma in their hands and a gown on their shoulders, the number of those who may be said to possess a decent knowledge of their mother tongue is small—lamentably small. To a majority of them, their vernacular was a nauseous pill which they had to swallow for the sake of a much coveted *degree*.

Our predecessors neglected their vernaculars and we, their successors, have done the same. But it does not follow from this that we should allow our successors also to do so. We feel now, educated as we are, that we have neglected our duty. We feel that we ought to have paid a greater attention to our language and to our literature than we have actually done. We see that

if we had learned our literature better, we could have understood more of our customs, our traditions and our history; that we could have secured a better means of raising the social status of our women; that we could have procured the proper instrument with which we could disseminate among the vulgar masses the sacred truth that we have learned from our University education and raise them from the low intellectual state to which they have fallen; that we have totally neglected an agent that would have enabled us to do our duty towards ourselves, towards our country and towards the whole kingdom of humanity. We feel this surely, and we feel further that it is our bounden duty to facilitate and to encourage the study of our vernaculars so far as it lies in our power.

Of the various means that may be adopted to encourage the study of the vernaculars, the one that is of vital importance is in my opinion, to aim at greater efficiency of the teachers and to afford ampler opportunities for the students to make a special study of the languages. It is this that I have chosen as the subject of this paper. I shall place before you now a few suggestions, which I think, if carried out, will place the teaching of the vernaculars on a much better footing than it is in at present. But before I do so, it is my duty to state in what respects the teaching as it is at present is defective.

The only teachers of the vernaculars that we have in our Colleges and Schools are those who are called *Pāṇḍits*. The very name *Pāṇḍit* does not command much respect, and a graduate, if he happens to be a teacher of the vernaculars would prefer to be called by any other name than a *Pāṇḍit*. I need not tell you what sort of persons the *Pāṇḍits* are. The most antiquated persons that we have met with in our days are the *Pāṇḍits*. In

their dress, their manners and habits they are unlike any other. Both in mental and bodily equipments they form a class by themselves. In thought, word and deed I am bold enough to say they are anything but refined.

They care more for book knowledge than for observation and experience and are often guided by a rule of thumb method even in matters of descriptions and narration. If scenery were to be described, it must be described in a particular manner. If a person were to be represented weeping and laughing he must weep and laugh only in a fixed manner. If a description coincide with the description in an old book, the description is right no matter whether it is according to nature or not, and if it differs from an old description it is wrong, in their opinion. A student trained under a modern professor and accustomed to view things from a different standpoint, fails to take any interest in the teaching of a *Pāṇḍit* and feels irritated by his blind canons of criticism.

Moreover the general culture of a *Pāṇḍit* is very narrow. Very often he knows nothing beyond the books he studies. He is not acquainted with the wonderful truths about nature and men which science has revealed to us; and it is a pity he is not able to understand and appreciate them even when told. A student of the F. A. or B. A. class knows far more about external nature than the *Pāṇḍits*. The students know very well that the knowledge of the *Pāṇḍit* is confined to language and literature. To me it appears that in many other respects the students are far superior to their *Pāṇḍits* and hence find it very difficult to obey and respect them. It is always better that the teacher is superior to his students if possible in every respect.

There are again certain habits peculiar to the Paṇḍits which reduce their managing power to the minimum. They are very often fond of telling stories at times quite unconnected with the lesson just for the sake of pleasing themselves and their students. Very often the Paṇḍit's class room is a recreation hall. The students listen to interesting stories, laugh to their hearts' content and feel obliged to the teacher for freeing them from the solemnity of a class room. The Paṇḍits are again very fond of puns and of wit which very often deprive their sayings of their importance. At times they make fun of the students and play with them in the class like friends in a play-ground and by so doing, themselves destroy the little power they have over them. From all these it can easily be seen that Paṇḍits have very little power of management.

Turning our attention to the methods they employ in teaching, we find them far less satisfactory than their power of management. The only method they know is to preach. Rarely do they appeal to the intelligence of their pupils. They know nothing of such processes as eliciting or appealing to the observation and experience of their pupils. They teach their pupils as one teaches a parrot and very often they repeat like parrots what they learn from their teachers. Thus we see that in appearance, in general culture, in intellectual power, in management and in teaching, the Paṇḍits fall below the mark, and hence I make bold to say that the Paṇḍits as they are at present are quite unfit to do the work that is assigned to them. We have seen what the Paṇḍits are in themselves; we shall see how they are treated by their superiors, the School authorities. A College and a High School may be located in a splendid building. It may be most

richly furnished with punkas, almiras, handsome tables and cushioned chairs, but these are all forbidden things to the vernacular teacher. It is to him as to the Ancient Mariner, "water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink". In the midst of wealth and happiness, he is ever in poverty and misery. To him is assigned a dingy room in some out-of-the-way corner, at times below the staircase, at times by the side of the water-shed and never in a prominent part of the building. A broken chair and a keyless table form at times the maximum furniture allowed to him. In his class reversible seats and comfortable galleries make way for broken benches and small footstools. The students going from the class of their English Professor to the class of their Paṇḍit feel as if they were going from heaven to hell. A Paṇḍit is generally paid almost one-twentieth of the salary of an English Master. Even the last assistant in a College draws twice as much as the Head Paṇḍit. The Paṇḍits are not even vested with the powers of the head peon. We find often the peons neglecting with impunity the orders of the Paṇḍit.

It is not possible for me to understand why the Paṇḍits are treated like this. They have studied a language thoroughly and they prepare the same class for a public examination as the Professor of English does. But what difference is there between the Professor of Tamil and the Professor of English. I should say such a name for the Paṇḍits will never be dreamt of being used. It is considered to be too high a title for him. Look at the paraphernalia of a Professor. A punka, a peon, a punka-puller, a shelf, a small library, etc., etc., are the necessary adjuncts. But the Paṇḍit has none of these things. Why are the Paṇḍits treated like this?

Is it because the language they teach does not possess the dignity of the royal tongue? Is it because as men they cannot be placed on the same level as the Professors? I cannot say yes to any of these questions. I cannot but attribute the difference in treatment to a freak of humanity, to a want of the sense of justice, fairness and honesty.

(To be continued)

SCIENTIFIC KINDNESS

For all his dignity and learning, the college professor is often, consciously or unconsciously, amusing. The following story is told by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, in his *How to be Happy Though Civil*: The wife of Professor Agassiz was one morning putting on her stockings and shoes. A little scream attracted the professor's attention. Not having risen, he leaned forward on his elbow, and anxiously enquired what was the matter. "Why, a little snake has just crawled out of my shoe!" she cried. "Only one, my dear?" enquired the professor calmly, lying down again. "There should have been three." He had put them there to keep them warm.

The Register, Adelaide, Australia

IF IT WERE TRUE?

By Dr. L. HADEN GUEST

WHAT would it mean to us if the Christ came to walk our earth again? Came, not as a "superior," but as a brother man, a greater, mightier Brother.

Such a coming many of us who are members of the Order of the Star in the East think is at hand. You ask the reasons for our faith? Here are some of them.

Most of us think of the world as very, very old; of the story of evolution as very, very long. The few thousand years of the old conception of Christianity has given way to an avenue of centuries into a long past. Down the road of those long centuries we see the many forms of living things, struggling, evolving up to our present. But to some of us even the long avenue of the centuries shown by the sciences, even that is short. To the Theosophist the story of evolution is so much longer than our earth's story that now we have only hints of it.

You can look at evolution in two ways. The first is that of the ordinary scientist who studies the rocks, the plants, the animals, the body of man. Or you can look at evolution *from the inside*, from the standpoint of your own life, and think not of the form—the rock, the plant, the man—but of the capacities of the "life" within it. Side by side evolve form and life; constantly forms are destroyed, swept away; constantly the life

enters into new forms, evolves. Man is man now because the life within him has willed to be man while yet it was but half-awake in the animal, dozed in the plant and slept in the mineral. The Theosophist thinks of the One Life evolving through experiences of countless forms of life, moulding the forms to gain this or that outlook on the world. And the Theosophist sees the panorama of evolution spreading not only over this planet, but on other worlds also, and sees a great plan unfolding, the Plan of God, which is evolution.

Part of this plan is the unfolding of man's powers in a succession of civilisations. The ancient civilisation of India gave the opportunity for one set of characteristics; Egypt, Greece, Chaldea, these gave others. The vast civilisation of Atlantis, on that land where now the Atlantic surges, this was one stage; the whole of Western European civilisation from the earliest dawn of its 'history,' as known to us, forward to a splendour as yet unachieved, that is another. And the unrolling of the great drama follows a plan. Civilisation after civilisation, race after race, people after people, is born, flourishes and melts away. But the great process of evolution goes on.

But in this process man does not go unhelped. The great Mind which plans the evolution plans also teachers and rulers for its humanity. Every early people looks back to heroes and gods—because greater men than they themselves have helped to set the beginnings of their life on its way. And every great people looks to some one chief religious teacher. The Egyptians to Thoth, the Greeks to Orpheus, the Persians to Zoroaster, the Indians to Kṛṣṇa and to Buddha, the Western world to Christ.

In an age of turmoil, of distress, of uncertainty, of loss of faith—comes the World-Teacher.

Look out on the age and see how it needs such a teacher. Unrest, injustice, materiality predominate. Men have lost their grip on spiritual realities. They deny their existence. The great plan of evolution, of the unfolding of spirit, is sunk out of sight; only a little corner of the evolution of physical forms is perceived. And yet how futile is our politics, our science, our art; how we strive, how we rebel and are baffled,

Into the dust of this conflict will come One who Himself ages ago climbed up through the dusty struggle of life after life as we are climbing now. One who knows, One who is of us, a greater Brother.

When He came as Christ He took the body of a pure and holy disciple, Jesus; for the Spirit which has achieved such height of evolution puts on and takes off a body as you and I take on and put off a coat. When He comes again He will take another pure and holy body and walk about amidst us, greater than us, not by taking but by giving of the splendid and exquisite life that is His.

Train yourself to recognise beauty, spirituality, tenderness—then you can see those qualities in Him. Train yourself in wisdom, so shall you recognise Him when He speaks. Train yourself in unselfish service of the whole of mankind—so shall you recognise the splendour of His service when you see it. But do not expect Him to be one of the great of the earth; do not expect Him to be recognised at once by Church and State. But will you be one of those who do recognise Him however He shall come?

Remember when He came before, the Christ in Palestine—despised, derided, said to be illegitimate,

stigmatised as a disturber of the peace and a rebel. Think of the Christ story as it was then, not as it is seen now through the glamour of history.

How can a judgment be formed now? Only by piercing beyond the surface to the essence.

My own view is very simple. I know something of the troubles and sorrows of the world as a Socialist of many years; I know something of the thought and speculation of the world as a man with some scientific training. And I see grave trouble and grave difficulty in the way of our human life as it now is. And first through my teacher, Mrs. Annie Besant, who brought me to Theosophy; and then through the Order of the Star in the East to which Mrs. Besant also brought me, I see a way out, I see a vista unfolding, I understand where before all was obscure and dark. And therefore, with what strength and powers I have, I devote myself to this service of the Order of the Star in the East. Its motto is: "Devotion, Gentleness, Steadfastness." Its work is in the bringing of sweetness and light into civilisation, the healing of social sores, the foundation of the New Jerusalem here upon earth, the opening up to man of the Kingdom of Heaven. My faculties are limited, and I do not *know* that the Christ, the World-Teacher, the Messiah will come. I hope. And because man must choose if he would act, I choose to enroll myself under the banner of Krishnamurti; if the Christ speak through that body I will try and recognise His words; but if I cannot, I will try and help with His work, making the world cleaner, brighter, happier, more honest, gentler, as best I may. Shall the Christ, the World-Teacher, come again in our life-time? Think. If it were true?

A GOLDEN CHAIN CLASS

By MARY C. PYE

IN the following thoughts, as to what can with advantage be taught in a Golden Chain Class, I am assuming that the age of the children would average from seven to ten years; but I think that most of the ideas suitably expressed could be put before children both younger and older. It seems to me, however, a mistake to try to teach children of too wide a difference in age at the same time, and far better to have small groups of children for the actual lesson for the day.

In my opinion children under fourteen require for their spiritual growth to be surrounded by a spiritual atmosphere, rather than to be given definite teaching. Many hold that between the ages of seven and fourteen the etheric body is being organised and developed. During this period the teacher should not, I think, seek to stamp the little plastic body with some pattern traced for his own use by his own ego, but should strive that during the class only true, harmonious chords shall be sounded, chords that shall set the little bodies vibrating rhythmically and truly, though the rates of those vibrations be not of their teacher's choice.

With regard, therefore, to the ideas which it appears to me we should seek to make real to the children, I do not advocate the direct teaching of most of them

in words. Rather should these ideas underlie the teacher's words and actions during the class, so that the children may absorb them, as it were, from their teacher's mind and from the atmosphere she may have been able to create in the room. It may well be that one definite idea may have been specially dwelt upon and lived during the teacher's week of preparation, so that she is able to make that idea *live* to the Sunday class, even without words, if it cannot be introduced into the lesson or song.

Those who teach in a room which can be prepared, not only as regards the thought atmosphere but as regards pictures, flowers, and other etceteras have of course an immense advantage.

Now as to the teaching to be given in the class I think we should endeavour:

1. To develop a sense of the Beauty of Holiness, and the habit of seeking and finding Beauty and Holiness everywhere.

2. To foster the attitude of wonder and worship common to quite young children, but too often stifled.

3. To foster a sense of the child's own divine origin and of the constant presence of superphysical beings.

4. To develop a sense of the unity of all created beings, and of the child's own position in the ladder of lives, and his intimate relation to those above and beneath him in evolution.

5. To develop and foster an attitude of respect for the personal dignity and freedom of every living thing, and of ready protection towards all weaker than himself.

6. To give to the child some glimmer of "God's plan for men," and without discussion to allow the knowledge of his having lived before and having to live again to become a sub-conscious certainty.

7. To develop a consciousness that Truth, Justice and Love rule the world.

8. To accustom the child to distinguish between himself and his bodies, and so to eliminate the fear of death and personal danger.

9. To uphold constantly the ideal of a life consecrated to Service, such as may best suit the age of the child taught.

10. To foster a disposition readily to recognise and appreciate all heroic deeds.

11. To give the child some idea that thoughts have power to help or harm.

12. To train the child instinctively to seek to find excuse for other people's faults, while being absolutely honest about his own.

I have purposely omitted all definite suggestion as to what should be taught regarding God or Christ, for I think this must depend on the teacher's own views. Whatever is his own working faith must necessarily underlie all his teaching. Personally I think that little children need to be helped to feel *safe*, as they often suffer from more or less vague terrors of which they rarely dream of speaking, and I should strive to make real to them the presence of a mighty Father, all-powerful yet utterly tender and understanding. As regards the Christ, I should refer often to "Christ our King," and so prepare the way for Round Table teaching. I should refer often to the stories in the Gospels, and to the wonderful life of self-sacrifice, and would make a great deal of the Christmas festival, speaking often of the hope that He will soon come again.

We do not want the Golden Chain Class to be modelled on the daily school classes attended by the

children. Many little children are far more tired 'inside' than their guardians realise. We do not sufficiently consider the intensity with which the child is living through ever-fresh experiences, or his sensitiveness to the influences pouring down on him; and the greatest thing that we can do to help the spiritual growth of some sensitive children is to give them time to find themselves in a spiritual atmosphere. Therefore it seems to me unwise to insist on too much outer attention and concentration in a Golden Chain Class, for the child will often imbibe what he needs, though appearing inattentive. At the same time, little physical bodies, when healthy, are not tired, and some sort of rhythmical activity for these is often wise. We must remember, of course, that besides the sensitive children there are the less evolved ones, who need not rest but stimulus, so that the management of the class must depend entirely on the teacher's intuitive power to understand his children.

For my own class I have devised a very simple form of ritual, which seems to please and rest the children and to help to make the desired atmosphere, while keeping them sufficiently employed physically; but I feel that it might be very greatly improved, and should be most grateful for suggestions from those more experienced in such work than I.

The plan I have adopted is as follows:

The children take off their coats and hats outside the room, and each is given a little wand surmounted by the flower of the month in which their birthdays fall.

They then march into the room and round it, singing the hymn, "All things bright and beautiful," or some suitable song, holding their flower-wands high.

They form a circle round a small table which stands in the middle of the room, on which has already been placed a tall lighted candle, surrounded by tiny unlit Christmas-tree candles, of different colours, one for each child.

The teacher says: "God's Light lights everyone who comes into the world."

The children then sing the following verse very softly, their hands folded round their wands, reminded that the words are a prayer:

Father of love and light and joy,
To Thee Thy children do humbly pray
That Thy Light so pure and bright
Shine through us alway by night and by day.

The melody is that of an old carol. Each child in turn then comes forward to the table, kneels and lights his own little candle, saying: "May my light burn brightly and shine out—" (some quality, as love, joy, etc., chosen by the child for himself). The two children on either side of the kneeling child cross their wands over his head, the rest raise their wands high, and say, or chant: "May his light shine brightly." When all the little candles are lit the children sing the following hymn: (adapted from Messrs. Moody and Sankey's collection, sung to the tune of No. 306 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*).

Jesus bids us shine
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
And try to be like Him,
For He sees and sorrows
If our lights grow dim.

All the world is fairer
If we brightly shine,
You in your small corner
And I in mine.

We then join hands, still standing round the candles, and repeat together the Golden Chain Promise, and then often talk for a minute or two about how we have been able to keep the promise during the week, whether we have been able to help some particular animal or plant, or perhaps a child who has been hurt. Then we sing the Golden Chain Song (Lotus Song Book); after that the children choose other Lotus songs and sometimes we learn part of a new one.

If the class shows no sign of weariness, the teacher now suggests that all join in sending a thought to some one who might be helped by it. Some one child is always ready to suggest an object (often I have found, a pet animal, ill or in trouble) or the teacher may wish to make a suggestion; and the children all stand quite still for a second or two, while they send the thought decided on. The circle is then broken up, chairs are arranged, and the special lesson for the day talked over. Sometimes this is very short indeed, and there is time for a story. Or it may be thought wiser to let the children talk to the teacher—the teacher leading the conversation. Sometimes it is better to let the children make something with their fingers, or something may be read aloud to them.

When it is time to close, the circle is once more formed round the candles, the children holding their wands again. They then sing the following verses, to the tune of No. 371 in *The Children's Hymn Book*.

God's Light it lighteth every soul
Who into the world does come;
It lighteth him onward, hour by hour,
Until his work is done.

And then it lighteth him as he soars,
Growing ever more pure and bright,
Until he reaches his heavenly home
In gladness and pure delight.

Each child then comes forward in turn, kneels and puts out his own little candle, the other children hold their wands as in the opening, and, while the child at the table still kneels, sing or chant: "God's light shines always." This is repeated until all the tiny candles have been extinguished. The large one is left burning.

The circle now is broken, and all gather before a picture of Christ, standing on an easel, which is always specially decorated with flowers. They then sing very softly, with hands clasped round their wands, the following hymn. (Sung to tune 2 of hymn No. 569 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.)

Christ our King most holy,
Pure and kind and true,
Help Thy little children
To be holy too.

We are God's own children,
And to us are given
Angel guides to help us
Find the path to heaven.

Christ's Love is around us
In the day and night,
Nothing can divide us
From His Love and Light.

SOME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

II

BY ELISABETH SEVERS, F. T. S.

NELL and Vic were dogs of some character, of whom we were fond in a mitigated fashion. Nell, a black Manchester terrier, was a stolid, comfortable creature, very fond of her food and also liking a good deal of attention. She once had a litter of rather nondescript black puppies, for whose future I felt some concern, for nobody seemed to want them much; and I was even then very perplexed as to why either men or animals were born into what, I thought, was a very unpleasant world. I remember sitting with the whole batch of puppies in my lap in the garden, thinking they had better, at least for once in their lives, receive some attention.

Vic was a very small fox terrier my father appeared with one day to our horror, because we knew Tip would dislike an intruder so much. But he learnt in time to tolerate it, and its being of the gentler sex helped the process. Vic had a tiresome habit of killing chickens, and of then running along proudly with the incriminating bird hanging out of her mouth, a habit we could not break her of. Another dog we had to get rid of, because he would worry sheep, and also he and Tip never met without fighting, which made my sister's life—he was her dog—a burden to her. Vic II, or rather Victor, was picked up in a half-starved, ownerless condition by my father and presented by him to the family when we were living in a dogless state in London. We received

Vic II rather coldly, because we had no garden, and we did not see how we were going to look after him properly and exercise him in London. However he had engaging ways and we got very fond of him. Very oddly, he was much less trouble in London than in Bath. He was a tolerably good dog in town, but removal to the country seemed to go to his head. He became a great fighter, and would fall on a neighbour's very valuable toy Pomeranian dogs—at least so she declared—until to avoid unpleasantness we had to get rid of him, a process of some difficulty, as he once returned from his new home where he had moped all the time.

He was a dog of an extraordinarily nervous temperament. In London one day, while writing in the back-drawing-room, I heard an ominous sound in the front room, where I had left Vic the only occupant—we had been having tea together—lying in front of the fire. I discovered, as I had thought from the sound, Vic had helped himself to a biscuit from the cake-stand. He dropped it when he saw me, and I took it and threw it into the fire. He knew so well when he had done wrong that he was conscience-stricken, and ran, as far as he could get, away from me. I opened the door of the room and he tore down the stairs with his tail between his legs, a very shame-faced dog. He avoided me for days after, to my surprise. Dogs know quite well when there are things they ought not to do, and are vexed when you find them doing them, though they know you will not be unkind to them. Dear Tip—it was one of his little failings—would sit, if left alone, in a chair upholstered in velveteen he was not allowed to sit in, and directly any one opened the door he would get down in a great hurry.

Worcester was an ordinary Tabby cat, one of my earliest recollections in cats. She belonged to me, and why I gave her such an odd name I cannot now remember. It is curious that one remembers some trifles so clearly. To-day I can recall the thrill of pride I felt when this cat, who had been ailing, condescended to take some milk I heated for her one day before going to school. I was sure I and my hot milk saved her precious life. Two beautiful and valuable Persian cats I possessed at different times I did not keep long. They were stolen, I expect, and at least I hoped they found happy homes. We made such a fuss with our animals, that we always feared that they would feel themselves very neglected when they left us. One of these Persians I showed at a local Show and it was highly commended. But I do not think it is very kind to show animals. This cat was ill after the Show. But Jack and Jill, two fascinating Persian kittens and Jack II, are the most vivid cat memories I possess to-day.

We had a good deal of trouble and had to spend a good deal of time harmonising, or attempting to harmonise, our different animals. The dogs and cats, besides their racial and temperamental feelings towards each other, were so dreadfully jealous of one another. The cat of the time could not bear Tip's appearance. She used to hide behind a door, and jump out and hit him over the head, to his consternation, poor dear, then a small and rather bewildered puppy. But sometimes the cats and dogs grew attached to one another and would sleep in one basket and play together.

Jack II is a very handsome long-haired cat, Jill's son. He now boasts the distinction of being the only animal in the house and is a very much spoiled and petted

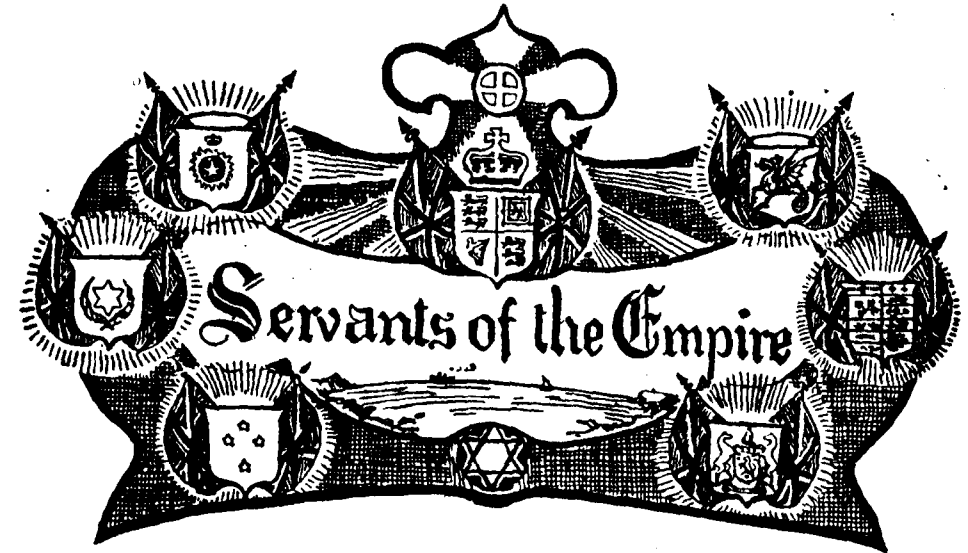
cat. I used to tell him that we took so much trouble with his evolution and that he did not profit by it at all, as he did not seem to have much affection and had no scruples about scratching you viciously. But I am told that, since I have been in India, Jack has improved very much both in intelligence and affection, for I hear constantly of his welfare. They generally say: "Jack would send you his love if he could."

I missed very much, amongst other and more important things, having no pet animals about when I first came to Adyar. There are plenty of pariah dogs in the compound, but they are dirty and hardly seem desirable pets, and their presence is not at all encouraged by the authorities. But at Ootacamund, where I spent three months this hot weather, it was quite a pleasure to me to have again the company of a dog used to being noticed and liking attention. He was also especially recommended to our good offices by his absent family. He took to us quite soon, because we took him for walks and gave him dog-biscuit he appreciated. I often wonder how dogs know the time, but they do, for Togo always turned up punctually on the different verandahs for his varying walks and numerous meals.

Togo provided some interest on my walks by routing about—he had evidently a sporting instinct, though his breed was rather an unknown quantity, and resembled a spaniel—and putting up various wild creatures, hares, wild mountain sheep with their kangaroo way of jumping, and so on. He could not run fast enough to catch them, though of course he always tried. At one part of the road Togo would mount the ridge of earth and stand erect looking over the valley below, from which would come up a chorus of barks as the pariah dogs

belonging to the cultivators caught sight of him. Togo considered himself, I am sure, King of the dogs of the countryside, and he would stand there swelling himself out, making his hair stand erect, while small black dogs would come slowly up and, snarling, slink at his heels. I always dreaded a fight but it never came off. Togo took no notice of these pariah dogs and they kept out of his reach.

Togo was missing for some days, and we felt anxious lest he should have fallen a victim to a cheetah that had already killed two horses and was known to be in the neighbourhood of the house. A good many dogs at and near Ootacamund are eaten by panthers and cheetahs. But one day a most deplorable looking object was dragged up to me on a chain by a servant. It was Togo, covered with dirt, his coat all staring, and with the marks of many bites. He had evidently done, whatever else he had done while playing truant, some fighting. He was very thin, and he could hardly see out of his eyes, as they were sore and bleeding. He was fed, and I sponged his eyes. It hurt him to have it done, but though he winced, he recognised that my intentions were friendly and licked my hand. All day long Togo lay on my verandah, too tired and sore to move or to want any attention. Next day he was a little better, his meals interested him more, and he objected more to having his eyes washed. The day after was the day I left Ootacamund, and Togo was much better, well enough to pity himself greatly, and to know that he still felt very ill and so required a good deal of petting. He rubbed himself against my knee to attract my attention whenever I sat in the verandah. Togo was a dear dog, and seems likely at present, so far as I can tell, to be my only Indian canine friend.



THE New Year will witness a new departure in the Service. A weekly paper is to be issued from January 2nd, 1914. The following prospectus is being sent out. The first edition will be 5,000.

PROSPECTUS

The futile efforts made by a small knot of people, using *The Hindu* as their organ, to drive me out of the public work in India to which I have devoted my life, money and work since 1893, have led to the intensification of that work in Madras, and to my greatly increased popularity in Southern India, where I have hitherto been less known than in the North.

This gives rise to the necessity for a readier means of communication with the public than is afforded by the monthly Theosophical magazines; I have been urged to start a daily paper, but that is impossible; I have neither the necessary money nor the time. But I have, in consequence of this demand resolved to issue a weekly paper, which shall deal with current events and questions of public interest, advocate the measures of social reform—sketched in the programme of the Stalwarts and in my recent lectures—in conjunction with other reforming activities, partially outlined in my article 'United India,' that appeared in the October issue of the *Indian Review*.

There will be a weekly letter reviewing books, articles on religion, morals, science, art, etc., noting any important new departures in any country and the general trend of opinion here and abroad. News of

any progressive movement will be welcomed, as will be correspondence on topics of interest. A healthier tone in any personal criticism of public workers will be enforced by requiring that such criticism shall be signed. Other letters and articles, depending for their value on the thoughts expressed in them, may be anonymous or signed at their writers' pleasure.

It is hoped that the paper will be largely read by the student population, on whom the hopes of the future depend; and to this end a free copy will be sent to any Indian College society—union, club, debating society, and the like. To reach the heads and the hearts of Indian students is to build the Indian nation of to-morrow.

Any contributions sent in should be short and crisp in style, and should deal with live topics. The free expression of views contrary to the editorial policy will be welcomed, provided the articles or letters are well-written and courteous. The editor is, of course, legally responsible for all that appears, but may be in entire disagreement with many of the views expressed. Discussion of important questions from all points of view is necessary to progress, for how else can opinions be soundly formed and truly held? And "who knew Truth ever put to the worse, in a fair encounter?" In the long run "Truth conquers, not falsehood."

The name of the new weekly will be *The Commonweal*, for it is the Common Good that it will seek to serve. Its motto is "For God, Crown, and Country".

ANNIE BESANT,

Editor

The first number of *The Commonweal* will be published by our Adyar House on Friday, January 2nd, 1914. Friday will thereafter be the regular date of publication. Advertisements may be sent in each week up to 5 P.M. on Wednesday. Rates may be had on application. Subscriptions may be paid quarterly (13 issues), half-yearly, or yearly—Rs. 2; Rs. 3-8; Rs. 6, post free in India. Foreign subscriptions will be 10s. 6d. a year, post free. We request all Servants of the Empire to interest themselves in this new weekly and procure for it subscribers, advertisers and contributors. We draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement on the back of the cover of this issue.



THESE are the remaining passages selected from Mrs. Lauder's 'The Days of Expectancy'.

Those who "having not seen, yet believe," who are willing to go through difficulty, indifference, derision, ostracism, for sake of the Promise; who, as the Wise Men of old, are following the Star of Annunciation; these hope that, ere the Divine Advent, some of the torrent of opposition may have exhausted itself; that the Lord of Compassion may remain longer in the world than before, when He was murdered by those to whom He came as Teacher and Friend. In these days people do not slay the Messengers from the spiritual realms—they only outlaw these Heralds of a newer Day.

But you, in whom idealism is not dead, who perhaps, only need to break through a thin crust of conventionality and orthodoxy in order to appreciate and apprehend the things that are more than life, just imagine the poetry and beauty of it all! Think of the exquisite story of the Christ as told in the Gospels, a story that loses nothing by time.

"Too good to be true?" Ah no! because it is good, is it true. It is the other thing that is too sad to be possible; the thought of our Christ as coming no more; as far away from us on some impossible height of glory—not as the Christ who is nearest because He is greatest.

But, in making these proclamations, we speak to many natures; we would fain speak to each in the language he will best understand. We would say to the poet, the idealist, the mystic: "Come to us by your recognition of the Parting of the Veil as imminent; by your knowledge of the flood of new life pouring into your poems, your

visions, your ideals; your music as musician, your conception as artist." We would call to the soldier through his loyalty to his earthly King—his readiness to fling away the glorious gift of life for his country: "Come and stand side by side with One Who 'laid down His life for His Friends' long ago!" To the statesman: "Make you ready as you gaze with keen vision across the destiny of your Nation for the labours of a great Lawgiver, who steps forth even now to the cleansing of the lands!" To the sailor speeding over the great ocean: "Lo! the Supreme Navigator, the Master Mariner, even now watches you in that earth-built vessel, perhaps choosing you for His Own."

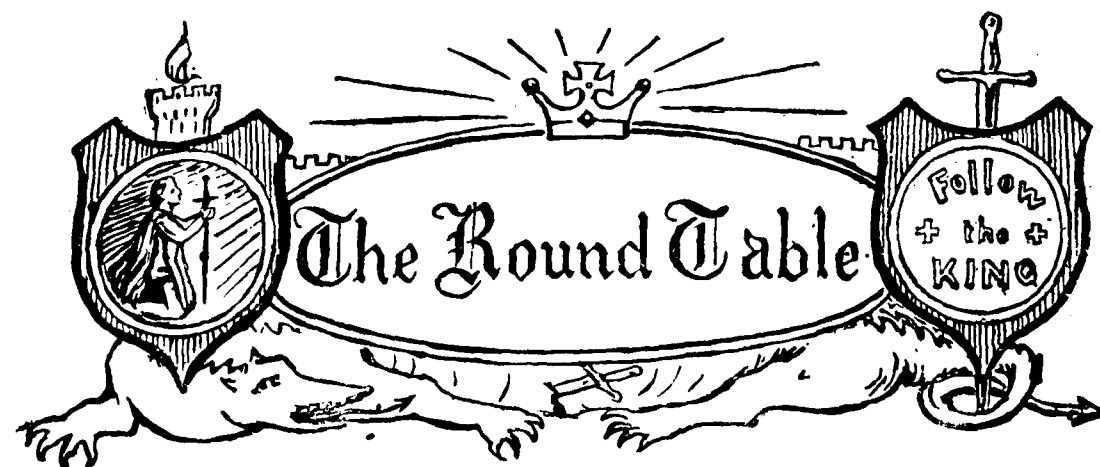
For the Christ were not Christ if He could not reach one and all, let them listen ever so little to His persuasion. The Christ comes to the people of the world, and refuses audience to none.

The new issue of the *Herald of the Star* as a monthly appears on January 11th, 1914. We hope that all members will try to help in its circulation. The prospectus says:

It is of great importance that the magazine should become worthy of the great ideals which it represents, and no expense must be spared to enable it to act as a dignified and efficient messenger throughout the world, not only of the Lord Himself, but of the new conceptions of life which the Great Teacher may be expected to proclaim. To this end special articles will be written on all the great social and political topics of the day from the point of view of the preparation of the world for the spiritual impulse it is shortly to receive, and the magazine will also contain special contributions on the lives of great Teachers and on the various places in the world which have any peculiar spiritual significance.

Among the contributors are mentioned Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Jinarajadasa and others.

An important Conference of the National Representatives of the Order of the Star in the East was held in London on October 24th to 26th, and was very largely attended. Lady Emily Lutyeus gave a reception on the 24th, and the Business Conference opened at 19 Tavistock Square on the 25th. A public meeting was held at the Arts Centre in the evening. On the 26th there were three meetings: one for members only; one to inaugurate the 'Servants of the Star,' consisting of youths and maidens under twenty-one years of age, and the third a public one.



Month—December Emblem—Snowdrop

Quality—Wisdom

How much better to get Wisdom than gold.—*Proverbs xvi, 16.*

A Dream of Service

Not long ago I had a dream, and in this dream I found myself at a window, looking out at a crowded London street. So many people were passing; it was wonderful to see them, all so busily going about their work or their pleasure.

"Would you like to see those who follow the King?" said a voice. I turned, and saw a stranger standing at my side.

"Indeed, I should," I answered eagerly.

"Then look again."

Once more I looked into the street, but now there was a difference. Many of the crowd looked the same as before, but here and there among them walked men and women robed in white, with some badge bound round their brows. On looking more closely, I saw that on each badge was the royal motto, which our own Prince of Wales is proud to own: "I serve."

"Who are these people?" I asked.

"These," replied the Stranger, "are they who follow Christ the King: that Mighty One, who, when last He walked among men, said of Himself: 'I am among you as he that serveth.' These live not for themselves, but for others, and by serving their brothers, in however humble a way, they serve the King Himself."

I watched with great interest the white-robed forms passing in and out of the crowds, yet evidently quite unnoticed by them. They were of all classes, and apparently of all sorts of occupations; I remember one old road-sweeper was wearing the robe and badge of the King's service. At last I saw a man approaching, whose robe was not only white, but shining with a wonderful lustre; his badge flashed and sparkled like jewels in sunlight, but with a radiance which came from within.

"Why does this man look so much more wonderful and shining than the others?" I asked.

The Stranger replied: "This is one who for many many lives has striven to serve his fellows with unselfish devotion and whose nature has become so helpful and loving that he is gradually growing into the likeness of the King, his Master. Wherever he goes, a blessing goes with him; wherever his white robe gleams as he passes among men, hearts are cheered and strengthened without knowing why; and his badge of service has become a crown of glory, which he wears not for himself, but that with it he may illuminate the dark places of the earth."

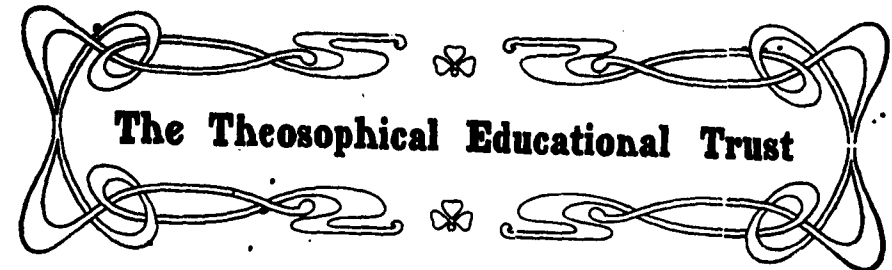
And I thought: "Oh! that I, too, might be numbered among the noble band of Servers! From this day I will try to help those around me, so that I, too, may become worthy to wear the white robe and the badge of those who follow the King."

And with this thought, I awoke.

C. V. MADDOCKS

The Letter to New Companions of the Round Table has been issued in a very pretty form as a folder. It bears the motto: "A clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, a brotherliness for all, a constant eye to the Service of the King."

The Round Table is spreading in the United States, and is also making way in the Colonies. The Knightly ideal is very attractive to the western mind, and in these days of sordid competition it stands out with special beauty.



A Girls' School at Kumbakonam has been vested in the Trust, and the President of the T. S. is to go down as soon as possible, to lay the foundation-stone of a new building.

The plans for the new School building at Proddatur have been drawn up, and building will soon begin.

The College at Gorakhpur applied for affiliation to the Allahabad University, but was too late for this year. It is as well, as more time is really wanted for a substantial foundation.

At Benares it is proposed to open the two higher school classes in 1914, as the demand grows constantly more pressing. When that is done, we shall have to seek recognition, as otherwise the boys will not be able to go up for matriculation. Building is going on at Madanapalle, and the President visited the School on November 20th, 21st and 22nd. A Primary School is to be taken over, and a Pañchama School is to be founded also.

The fine Madura Girls' School, founded and owned by the Madura T. S. Lodge, has been handed over by the Lodge to the Trust. A Ladies' Home is to be attached to it.

Per Mrs. Besant: *Donations*; Devi Prasad, Rs. 1,000; Mrs. S. Y. Sanzgiri, Rs. 50; A Sympathiser (per P. O.), Rs. 25; Some birthday and other gifts to Annie Besant, passed on, Rs. 6,525. Total Rs. 7,600.

Per Mr. B. P. Wadia: *Donations*; C. T. Naidu, Rs. 10; Mahalinga Nadar, Rs. 20; N. H. Cama, Rs. 15; J. Seshagiri Rao, Rs. 100. Total Rs. 145.

Per Mr. E. Wood: *Donations*; B. P. Narasimiah, Rs. 20; M. Parthasarathy Aiyengar, Rs. 5; G. G. Chengalavaroya Naidu, Rs. 100. (For Madanapalle): B. Ranga Reddy, Rs. 50; K. S. Kuppu Rau, Rs. 50; U. N. Rachiah, Rs. 25; Ranganatha Mudaliar, Rs. 10. Total: Rs. 265.

We extract the following from a very interesting article by P. G. Konody in the *New Harmsworth Self-Educator*:

There is one great blunder against which the student should sternly set his face from the start—the widespread and mischievous idea 'that Art is a luxury and only for the rich, that the rich and the elaborately educated have some peculiar understanding of Art that is denied to the ordinary person. Art is not a luxury; it is a need of the human being, and only in proportion as Art is simple and large and widespread in its appeal can it be great and far-reaching. Let us take the art of words, and the best known example of it in the world. The parables of Jesus are among the noblest works of art—their appeal comes to the prince and the peasant—nay, to the very child. We are swayed, indeed, a dozen times in the day by our emotions and instincts, as against a single act springing from our reason.

Schools and cliques have tried to narrow the province of Art; but the student must beware that the province of Art is as vast as life, whose servant she is. The Greeks set up beauty as the ultimate goal of Art; they really meant that the sole object of Art was to create beauty. In sculpture Greece carried this idea as far as human power could take it, yet, whilst she created supreme beauty in the human form, splendid as was her achievement, she never reached the majesty and the grandeur of the Sphinx, the wondrous masterpiece of sculpture which stands on the sands of Egypt, head and shoulders above the art of Greece. For the genius of Egypt did not concern itself with beauty; it spent itself upon the majesty and mystery of life, and it reached thereby a greater and more majestic art.

There is no limit to human emotions; there is no limit, therefore, to Art. The higher and nobler and more sublime the emotions created by the artist, the higher and nobler and more sublime will be his art. Shakespeare sounded the wide gamut of the emotions, from the heroic ambitions of man to his most contemptible jealousies; he reached to the topmost heights of Art. What Shakespeare did in the art of words, a painter may some day do in the art of colour. It is well for the student to search the schools and styles of painting for the beauty of craftsmanship whereby he may give utterance to his art and bring cunning to his craft; but he must always remember that mere beauty of painting will not raise him to high achievement in art; it is only as he succeeds in setting on canvas the sensations Nature arouses in him in all her varying moods that he may hope for name and fame in the years to come.



CONDUCTED BY HERBERT AND ETHEL WHYTE

THE BELLS OF LEYDEN

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

III

THE ALLY

It was a wild night. The unfettered wind had fallen into a frenzy at the insults offered to fair Freedom by a puny mortal. He stood upon the backs of the North Sea horses, and plied his long lash driving them furiously, until at last the foaming steeds stormed the ramparts of the Netherlands and carried them with relentless fury, until the pitiless ocean fell upon the helpless land and overwhelmed it. Thus the invaders were themselves invaded, the besieged were in their turn beleagured, and that by a towering wall of water that overthrew their fortifications as though they had been babies' sand-puddings.

The 'Ark of Delft,' the flagship of the Dutch armada, reeled to and fro in the troughs of the waves. Clouds of spray blew over the deck, blinding the men on the lookout. Those aboard her could scarce hear themselves speak for the howling of the tempest. At the tiller stood

a blood-stained half-naked seaman, with a cutlass at his belt and a greasy fur cap on his head which bore, not inappropriately, the silver crescent of the martial Turk. He peered anxiously into the darkness and presently he curved his hands together and shouted:

"Jan Steen! Where art thou? Come hither, thou young devil!"

Jan sprang forward instantly. He had not been three weeks with the Sea-beggars for nothing.

"Tell me, thou limb of Satan, canst thou see aught?" growled the man.

"Nay," returned Jan, "the night is pitchblack."

"Maybe 'tis well," muttered the man in his beard.

"'Tis well?" asked Jan.

"Seeing there be sixty-two forts," said the man significantly.

"Sixty-two forts!" exclaimed Jan. "Mother of Heaven, they be many more than we!"

"They be four to one, thou Numbskull!" said the Sea-beggar grimly. "Listen, canst hear aught?"

"Nay," said Jan.

"The sound of guns belike?" persisted the old salt.

"Man, I hear naught but the tempest," returned Jan.

"'Tis strange," quoth the Sea-beggar. "'Tis passing strange—maybe 'tis well—yet all the same I like it not. I confess I like it not!" he added uneasily. "I fear—"

"Then thou art a foul craven," cried Jan.

"Craven!" cried the old Sea-beggar. "Craven, saidst thou? To hell with thee, imp of Satan." He lunged furiously at Jan with one fist, holding fast the tiller in the other. Jan retired to a safe distance.

"But of what then art thou afeard?" he asked.

"Hark ye! young ninny (but mark you no word of this to the Prince, else would I swing for it), 'I fear—' he lowered his voice.

"Well, *what?*" cried Jan impatiently.

"*We be too late,*" said the old man impressively.

"Too late?" repeated Jan blankly. "Too late!" he cried, as the man's meaning dawned upon him. His voice rose in agony above the raging of the tempest.

"Now may the Devil take thee, thou young fool!" roared the Sea-beggar, and letting go of the tiller for an instant he clapped a great hairy hand over Jan's mouth. "Silence!" he hissed. "Dost want to swing me at the yard arm?"

"Jan Steen!" said a voice at which they both started.

"Your Highness!" exclaimed Jan.

"Thou hast a short memory!" pursued the Prince.

"Sire?" faltered Jan.

"Seeing thou hast already forgotten—"

"Forgotten, Sire?" exclaimed Jan.

"The Bells," concluded the Prince. Jan crimsoned at the royal rebuke. He remained silent, having nothing to say.

"Look out there on the starboard side! Nay, confound ye. Port your helm!" roared a voice from the rigging. It was too late. The 'Ark' swayed to and fro a moment in helpless indecision; then with the full fury of the gale behind her she headed for a submerged village; riding over an orchard, she charged heavily into the roof of a farm-house; and finally cannoned up against a substantial stack of chimneys which brought her to a temporary standstill, her deck covered with soot and broken potsherds. "How now! Ye cursed blunderbusses!" cried the voice of the old Admiral. "Never did I see the like o' such fools before. Thou, at the wheel there! Dost call thyself a sailor, thou son of a sea-cook? Marry! No land lubber would trust thee with a windmill!"

"Sailor I be, my lord," said the man sullenly, "and born to sail a ship across the ocean and not to diddle a damned amphibious monster over the land!"

"Infernal fool! Answer me not!" roared the Admiral. He blew a shrill whistle and instantly the vessel swarmed with her uncanny crew. The Sea-beggars rushed to and fro, lopping off the boughs of trees that were entangled in the rigging and clearing the decks; finally they leaped overboard and by sheer brute force they shouldered the vessel afloat once more.

"Look yonder," said the Sea-beggar presently in a subdued voice at Jan's elbow, for another seaman had taken his place at the wheel. "There be the lights of Leyden!"

"Art sure? Where?" cried Jan.

"There, not half a mile away!"

A look of determination came into Jan's face. He began to strip off his clothes.

"I go thither," he explained briefly.

"Alone! 'Sdeath! thou art a young dare-devil!" said the man admiringly. "Nay, but I will also come!"

"An' it please you," said Jan.

They s'ipped overboard and swam silently for a hundred yards. Then the Sea-beggar discovered the water to be only breast high, they waded therefore in the direction of the lights which, however, to their astonishment and discomfiture only receded as fast as they approached.

"Marry! are we both bewitched?" cried the Sea-beggar at last.

"Yonder light is steady," said Jan, "let us make for it." But suddenly as they drew near the solitary light he clutched hold of the Sea-beggar's arm.

"Man alive!" he cried hoarsely, "look! Dost see yonder flag? Scarlet and gold with the lions of Castille! This be not Leyden, by Heaven! it is the Spanish Camp!"

"Then we be not far from the mouth of Hell," cried the Sea-beggar, "and beshrew me if I do not send thither before me a few of these Spanish devils." With a wild

war-whoop he dashed forward recklessly into the midst of the Camp and behold—it was empty. The Spaniards had vanished; there was not a man left; nor was this the strangest happening of that eventful night, for at morning's dawn Jan and the Sea-beggar standing upon an embankment beheld a weird sight. The walls of the city of Leyden first shook, and crumbled a little, then slowly tottered and fell about her in a heap of ruins. Thus had the Spaniards fled in their very hour of victory.

And next day the wind changed. He swept the invading waters back into their ocean-bed, while the citizens of Leyden stood upon the ruins of their battlements to receive the Prince of Orange. All the people wept with joy when Adrian Van der Werf, bareheaded, bent the knee to kiss the Prince's hand.

"Did'st miss me, Tecla?" asked Jan.

"Jan! Every day was like a hundred years!" said Tecla solemnly.

"Come, let me present thee to the Prince," said Jan.

"Sire, 'tis Tecla, my betrothed," he said proudly.

"Ha! Tecla, thou little mayde of mercy, tell me, have ye yet any hungry babes in Leyden?"

"Nay, Sire, thanks to your Highness," replied Tecla curtsying. "Thanks rather to my royal ally," said the Prince. . . "Can'st read me a riddle, little mayde? Tell me what royal sovran fights for the Prince of Orange?"

But Tecla was dumb.

"Speak! Speak! your Royal Shyness!" whispered Jan, laughing then, as she still hesitated, he prompted her in a stage whisper:

"The Sea, little stupid, the Sea!"

"Is it the Sea-King, Sire?" asked Tecla timidly

"Nay," said the Prince.

"The west wind?" suggested Jan.

"Nay," repeated the Prince. "Peace, Jan, thou art too ready with promptings," he added laughing. "Tecla knows."

"Nay, Sire," protested Tecla, "indeed I know not of any royal sovran that is not leagued against your Highness except it be—perchance"

"Well, child?"

"The King of Kings—" said Tecla reverently.

"Now hark ye, Citizens!" cried the Prince of Orange. "Mark you this little mayde! Her thoughts, even like her doves, come to her out of Heaven, for in my darkest hour she sent me her lover here—this noble youth—and he hath given me hope and cheered my solitude. Therefore her *Prince* is evermore the most loyal of her *subjects*," and with that he stooped and kissed her hand and put it into Jan's.

"Hark at the bells!" exclaimed Adrian. "Merciful Heavens! Pieter! Will they not bring the belfry about our ears?"

"Sire," cried old Pieter, "does your Highness know the song of the bells?"

"Nay," said the Prince. "What do they ring I wonder, the bells of Leyden?"

"Sire, 'tis ever the same song," said old Pieter:

"Glory to God and the Prince of Orange!"

* * * * *

L'envoi:

The University of Leyden is the commemoration of the constancy of its citizens through fire and sword, famine and pestilence, storm and tempest; but to the Netherlander, though it speak of the fame of his forefathers, it is even more eloquent of the glory of its Founder, the Prince of Orange, with whose epitaph this story comes to an end:

While he lived he was the guiding star of a great nation; and when he died the little children cried in the streets.



LETTER TO THE LINKS

IX

DEAR LINKS IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN,

Many of you will be looking forward very much to the joyous time which comes towards the end of this month, when Christmas Day arrives. For many of you have been born into lands where Christianity is the Religion, and you know that Christians have now fixed upon December 25th as the day on which they celebrate the birth of the great Teacher who gave them their Religion.

I wonder if you have ever thought what day children born into other Religions keep as holy festivals, celebrating the birth of the great Teachers who gave them their Religions. You know that there are many Religions in the world, and that each of these has been brought by a very Perfect Man, to whom a special name has been given by those who worshipped Him.

The name of Christ means "the Anointed One," the name of Buddha means "the All Wise One". It does not matter by what name the Great Teacher is called—whenever He comes into the world He brings a message and founds a Religion that will help men to live better and more happily than they could without it.

And so we must reverence the Divine Teacher who comes from time to time, in a different body each time, and brings His message to the world, which would be a sad place without it. And when we are thinking about Christmas and rejoicing to remember how Christ came two thousand years ago to bless the world, let us also try to remember that in other lands people who worship the Lord Buddha, and the Lord Shri Kṛṣṇa, or Zoroaster, or who call the World-Teacher by any other name, although 25th December may not mean very much to them, will yet have some day in each year which they keep as a joyous Festival to celebrate the birth into this world of their Lord.

Now there is a very beautiful little story called *Eager Heart*, which some of you may not know, and which I will tell you now as it may help you to think still more of Christmas, and it may help to remind you that not only two thousand years ago was Christ born, but that He is born again very truly in the heart of each one—whether they call themselves Christians or not—who makes a place fit for Him to dwell in.

There was once a city in an eastern land, where dwelt three sisters Eager Sense, Eager Fame, and Eager Heart, the youngest. Eager Heart lived by herself in a tiny cottage with the vine growing over the walls, and she did all the work of the cottage herself and always tried to keep it clean and neat and beautiful.

Her sisters thought she lived a dull life and would not live with her, but lived in a gayer part of the town where there was more going on and where they had plenty of amusements and dressed in rich clothing and led a life devoted to pleasure. Sometimes they would come to see their young sister and they would laugh at her for living her quiet simple life and pity her for being so dull. She was not dull however, for she found plenty to occupy her with helping those about her and keeping her own home nice, and in worship of the blessed Mary and her Infant Child. She had a little shrine where hung a picture of the Holy Family, and all the love of her heart was poured out upon the Christ she worshipped.

When the story opens, it is the eve of Christmas and a rumour has gone through the city that a great King will pass through. Eager Heart's mind is full of the thought of Christ and she longs that it may be He who is the expected guest. With this in mind she prepares her cottage with most scrupulous care, makes bread, and plucks the vine from her walls to make wine, and all these she places in readiness in case by any chance Christ the King, whose Festival is at hand, should deign to come again, and perhaps in passing by might even enter her doors. When all is ready Eager Heart starts out to go to the country road outside the city, so that she may be amongst the first to welcome the royal guest when He arrives. And as she opens her door a poor man and a woman with a baby in her arms come up and ask for shelter. They look very tired and worn and travel-stained, and Eager Heart feels unhappy that she cannot take them in; but she explains to them that she has only one room and that this is already prepared for another guest whom she is going to meet. She suggests that they should go up to the Castle and ask for lodging there, but the man replies that they have already done so, but that no one there was able to pay any attention to them as all were occupied in feasting and making merry.

Eager Heart is distressed, but she feels she cannot give up the chance of housing a royal guest, and so the man and woman turn sadly away and prepare to go further. But now her conscience pricks her and she feels how wrong it is to refuse to help these people who have come to her for help, because of some cherished hope of her own. So she turns to them and tells them to enter, and with

her own hands she leads them in and establishes the mother on her couch, and she feeds them with the bread and grape-juice, and not until she has seen them comfortably settled does she start out again to join those who are going to meet the King.

Out in the fields she meets some shepherds who are also expecting the arrival of some great King, and a little later she comes across these eastern Kings, or Magi, who have journeyed from far away, following a star which has guided them to this place, and they also have come in search of the great King of Kings who, they believe, is to be found here this night. At their request Eager Heart undertakes to show them the way to the city, and they go with her back in the direction of her home. When they reach her home the Magi suddenly stop, for their guiding star is shining right above her door.

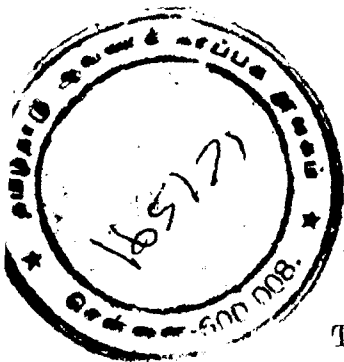
They wish to enter here, believing that they have found the place where the King is dwelling, but Eager Heart answers them that they are mistaken for this is only the home of a poor maiden, and at last she tells them that it is her own home and that she cannot ask them in because just now some poor travellers are resting there.

The Magi however refuse to go away, and at last Eager Heart has to open her door, when what is her surprise to find her little room ablaze with light, and instead of the poor tired travellers she had left there, she sees Joseph and Mary with the Christ Child on her lap. And as Eager Heart falls in worship at His feet, she comes to understand that it was by loving and serving those who came to her in need that she had gained the supreme joy of serving her Lord, the King of Kings.

Shall you and I, little Links, try this Christmas season to bring joy and gladness to some one in His name?

Yours affectionately,

ETHEL M. WHYTE



THE APPLE-TREE

Let them sing of bright red gold,
Let them sing of silver fair ;
Sing of all things on the earth,
All things in the air ;
All things in the sunny air,
All things in the sea ;
And I'll sing a song as rare,
Of the apple-tree.

Learned men have learned books,
Which they ponder day and night ;
Easier leaves than theirs I read—
Blossoms pink and white,
Blossom leaves all pink and white,
Wherein I can see
Charactered, as clear as light,
Every apple-tree.

Autumn comes, and our good man,
Soon as harvest toil is o'er,
Speculates on apple crops—
Be they less or more.
I could tell him : less or more
Is well known to me ;
I have eyes that see the core
Of the apple-tree.

Winter comes, as winter will,
Bringing dark days, frost, and rime ;
But the apple is in vogue
At the Christmas-time.
At the merry Christmas-time
Folks are full of glee ;
Then they bring out apples prime,
Of the primest tree ;
Then you roast the apple, see,
While they toast the apple-tree,
Singing rhyme in jolly chime
To the brave old apple-tree.

—Taken from *Children's Magazine*.

refrain from commenting in terms which would adequately characterise them. In the meantime I earnestly beg of you not to accept the allegation, even coming from a magistrate, that I approve of any advice that would in the slightest degree lead a boy into evil ways and so prove his ruin.

* * *

Dear lads, for whom *The Young Citizen* is largely written, never believe for one moment the statement that I approve of your yielding to sex-passion. Until you enter into Holy Matrimony, you should be as chaste and as pure as the girl whom you make your wife. To yield to the promptings of passion, whether by solitary or associated vice is degrading to your manhood. Perfect Purity must be your aim, and at every cost you must resist and conquer the animal body in which you dwell. If you cannot do it, you have not even "ceased from evil ways". Until you have accomplished it, you cannot enter on the Path. The only Knight of King Arthurs' Round Table who was able to see the Grail was Sir Galahad; he saw because he was pure. And the great Quest of the Service of the World cannot be followed successfully by any who are not clothed in the silver armour of shining Purity.

* * *

I have had to do with many hundreds of boys personally, with tens of thousands of them publicly, and not one can say that he has ever heard from me one word that counselled the yielding to impurity in thought or deed. Strenuous resistance of evil thought and act has been my unvarying advice. So do not, my readers, believe this foul accusation against me; do not believe that Mr. Leadbeater ever selected boys to lead

them into evil ways, and that I helped in so abominable a proceeding. Every boy selected by Mr. Leadbeater for spiritual work was a boy of pure and noble character, and they have, one and all, grown into honourable manhood and are useful and respected members of society. For my own part, I have never selected any boy for any purpose, good or bad, not even the two dear and noble boys who were placed in my charge without my seeking, but whom I joyfully accepted when offered. My work has been entirely on other lines all through my life. And even though I may now go down to my grave with my good name besmirched, I shall continue to teach what I have taught all my life, that Purity is a Virtue without which none may tread the Path.

* * *

The noble Zoroastrian religion is very insistent on this virtue of Purity, and Purity is its key-note, its distinguishing characteristic. "Pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds" is its daily aspiration. Hindūism, like all other very ancient religions, has sanctioned polygamy, and even now some among the Hindūs are apt to have more than one wife, while the "temple dancing girls" are a public scandal, against which the best Hindū feeling is setting itself, although ignorance supports their employment. Islām sanctions polygamy still, and this is historically intelligible, though there also, there is a movement in the right direction. Christianity, nominally monogamous, has entirely failed to make one standard of morality for men and women, a *sine quā non* of sexual morality, and the streets of Christendom are more openly and flagrantly immoral than those of any 'pagan' city. So our young Knights have a hard battle to fight, for they have to struggle against the bad

example of their elders, and too often against the bad precepts of doctors. Yet let them raise the white flag of Purity and believe that they *can* conquer if they *will*. No boy need fall from virtue if he is resolute to keep himself unstained. Let the Young Citizen keep his garments unspotted from the world, and with pure thought and pure heart let him fix his will determinedly on the leading of a life absolutely chaste. Then, and then only, can he go fearlessly into the life of marriage, and say to his bride in his heart :

I, virgin, to thee, virgin, pledge my troth.

ITALY YESTERDAY, THEOSOPHY TO-DAY

When thy name was but a name,
 When to desire thee was a vain desire,
 When to achieve thee was impossible,
 When to love thee was madness,
 When to live for thee was the extravagance of fools,
 When to die for thee was to fling away
 Life for a shadow ; in those darkest days
 Were some who lived and strove and never swerved,
 Who suffered for thee, and obtained their End.

E. H. KING in *The Disciples*



THE MASTERS

By A DISCIPLE

LET us this month take for our contemplation that august group of superhuman Men, who are vowed to the Service of the World, to the helping of humanity. Clothed in bodies of flesh but with the Spirit free, bound in those bodies by physical limitations but using them as houses to dwell in not as prisons to be fettered in, this wonderful group, each in closest touch with all the rest, though living thousands of miles apart, scattered over the world, this group of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion exists for the helping of man.

Guardians of the World, They are sometimes called, because the world is divided into areas, each of which is under the care of a Master. They set up and pull down the so-called leaders of the people ; They select and reject the candidates for great offices : Kings and statesmen, generals and politicians, are the pawns in Their

mighty game. The game is evolution, and its end is the Redemption of Humanity from ignorance into knowledge, from slavery into freedom, from darkness into light, from death into immortality. To Them goes up perpetually the ancient prayer :

From the unreal lead me to the Real.
From darkness lead me to Light.
From death lead me to Immortality.

Wherever that prayer is breathed, Their ear is open to it. Wherever man's heart aspires, Their hearts respond.

Elder Brothers are They—it is the title they gave Themselves, when Their disciple and messenger, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, came out into a mocking world to declare once more that They lived and loved. They are 'Brothers' because They have realised the One Self, and know that the Self who lives in Them lives equally in the lowest and the vilest, though wrapped in a thicker and more opaque veil. They are 'Elder' because They have hastened on along the road of evolution more rapidly than we with our feebler steps, and, being thus ahead of us, They, our Elders, can aid our faltering feet.

Masters They are, because some of Them take pupils, whom They train to be Their helpers in the Service of the World. They lead these pupils along the road which They Themselves have trodden, and just because They have trodden it, They are able to guide Their pupils. They know its pitfalls and its difficulties ; They have faced and overcome its dangers ; They have suffered, so can help the suffering ; They have triumphed, so can lead to victory.

What are Masters ? They are men who have evolved during past ages through hundreds of lives like our own ; They, in the past, lived and loved and wrought

and toiled as we are living, loving, working, toiling, now. They are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh ; They belong to our own humanity, and differ from us in nothing save that They are older and more advanced than we are. They are not placid Gods in a far-off heaven. They are men on our earth, who have conquered death, who have won Immortality. By treading the Path of Holiness, They have reached perfection. They have achieved freedom. They live in the Eternal. But being perfect, They remain to help us who are imperfect ; being free, They have put on the chains of Love which bind Them to suffering humanity ; having realised Eternity, They stay amid the shadows of time until we also realise. They have opened the gateway of Bliss, and They hold it open, standing beside it, that we may all enter in before Them, for They, who were the first to achieve have made Themselves the last to enjoy. O perfect Love !

You might think that men would love Them for Their great love to men. But that is not so. The world loves its own, and hates those who are of Their world. The world scoffs at the idea of Those who are so utterly unlike itself. The world mocks and derides Those who would help it, and calls Them ill names, nay, disbelieves in Their very existence. When one of Them comes out He is persecuted, since the greatest Teacher came as "the Christ," and was murdered by those whom He sought to help. The world gave the hemlock-cup to Socrates. It struck off the head of Paul. It chased Muhammad from home as fugitive. It burned Bruno at the stake. It has slain its prophets, tortured its benefactors, trampled underfoot its teachers. It has ever a crown of thorns for its Christs, and saves its thieves while it crucifies its Saviours. So if any of you,

Youths and Maidens, would tread the Path of Holiness to its ending, you must make strong your hearts, you must be ready to

Endure, endure, be faithful to the end.

There is a Path. Despite all the materialistic folly of modern sceptics, there is a Path, and it can be trodden by the Brave and the Pure. The Masters stand at its Gateway, and none but They can throw it open to the aspiring candidate. It is the Path of Initiation, the Path that leads to the perfect Service of the World. Happy, despite the stones and the thorns which await them, are they to whom the gateway is thrown open. "They shall see the KING in His Beauty, in the land that is very far off."

Whoever was begotten by pure love,
And came desired and welcome into life,
Is of immaculate conception. He
Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,
May be another Christ. We all may be
The Saviours of the world, if we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us,
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,
Our tempers, greeds, and our unworthy aims,
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He too is a Redeemer, Son of God.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

A MONTHLY LETTER

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F. T. S.

VI

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

The second great truth of which I wrote in my third letter to you—I could write indefinitely on the first did I not fear the editorial censure—is my reverence for the Great Ones living in the world or out of it, and here we have a point which I believe to be of very considerable importance.

I have already written about that special form of devotion which goes to the one who is regarded as the ideal, as the embodiment of all that one hopes some day to become. But there are two other classes of Great Ones, exercising a most powerful influence over the lives of those who dedicate themselves to the world's service, and who seek, through the smaller citizenship of the motherland, to reach the brotherhood of man. Apart, therefore, from the special object of devotion, there may be one or two others who are objects of deepest reverence, and who, living in the world, teach priceless lessons and are inspiring examples. They belong, as it were, to the company of true elders whose younger brethren we feel ourselves to be. To me, for example, there is, first and foremost, my beloved mother—as I may be permitted to

call her—Mrs. Besant, the one who made all else possible for me. Alcyone and Mrs. Besant: yes, these two names thrill me as I write them, and I feel from the bottom of my heart that there is nothing I would not do for them, since all I am I owe to them. Then there is Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, for whom I have the deepest reverence and affection; and then Mr. C. Jinarajadasa. All these form my company of elders living in the world. They are my officers, my superiors, and they have the right to command because they are greater than myself and I recognise the fact. I should like each one of my readers to try to think out as to who are members of *his* company of true elders, those whom he reverences and for whom he tries to live a clean life. Perhaps there is a teacher, or some specially loved relative, or a friend, or some great man whom he only knows by reputation but whom he reveres and would imitate. Even the engine-driver hero or the tram-car collector hero or the soldier hero of the young child is a temporary elder, for each one gives him a little more enthusiasm than he would otherwise have; and who knows how many little self-denials may not be associated with the local tram-car conductor or sailor or soldier—they all unconscious of their heroism? This phase of life soon dies, and little would its dying matter were some other phase, also with a hero in it, to take its place. Now and then a boy at school may have as his ideal some youth in a class above his own, but soon the stern realities of life cast their grim cold shadows over him, and he will repulse the idea of a hero as unproductive, as far from utilitarian—the modern cry which tends so much to coarsen the lives of those who have but little opportunity to see the deeper beauties of God's great plan for man.

As our editor wrote in the pages of this Magazine for March, we need the hero, and for the young citizen we need hero-worship, and I hope that most of you have some great living ideal, however little the ideal may for the moment influence your lives, so that you strive to be better in health, in mind, in soul, because the ideal is there to inspire you—itself no doubt unconscious on the physical plane of all it is to you.

But I have said that there is a second class of Great Ones, those mighty Beings whom we call the Masters of Compassion, the Great R̥shis or Teachers of mankind. And I want to try to bring them a little nearer to you, so that you may know Them to be watching over you and yours, to be guiding the destinies of your beloved country. Is it not a terrible thought that hardly in any school or college throughout the world is the Christ or the Buddha or Shri Kṛṣṇa or Muhammad or any other Master of the Wisdom regarded as a living Being, watching over His people more nearly than the most careful father guards his children? Where is it taught that the Christ or Shri Kṛṣṇa or any of the other Great Ones may be reached even now, though they have ceased to live in the outer world? To speak of the Christ as a man still living in an eastern land would be a blasphemy to the ignorant, though it is one of the greatest joys to those who know. And so our little children grow into manhood with the feeling that the ancient days were much more beautiful than modern times, for then great R̥shis walked among mankind, though perhaps men knew them not, whereas now they are told that there are no great Beings to reverence save Those who came to teach a generation other than their own. We try so hard to walk alone now-a-days that our Fathers of the race

stand aside and smile as They watch us in our eagerness to prove that we can get along alone. Then comes a terrible illness or some supreme happiness, and we are eager to share either the pain or the joy. We want the elder brother to comfort us in the one case, in the other we want to make some younger brother happy. But normally we want to make our own way in our own way, and we flatter ourselves that our way is the only way whereby to acquire reliance on the smaller self.

But the little child who is told that Shri Kṛṣṇa is watching over His world to-day, that some who know more than he does at present have had His blessing, that he will some day learn to know Him better if he tries to live as Shri Kṛṣṇa would have him live: such a fortunate child will feel that he has a great protection round him always, and he will turn to Shri Kṛṣṇa's words whenever trouble comes—sure to find comfort *through* the words his Lord has spoken. So should the Christ and the Lord Gautama become living realities to those who are born in their religions, and if the master will strive to draw near to his own Great Teacher, as indeed he easily may if he will really love his pupils, then will the Great One answer his appeal to know how to guide the young lives placed in his charge, and pupil and master will together bend in humble gratitude for the knowledge of His gracious benediction.

One of the great difficulties to be encountered by any teacher who believes in the existence of Masters is that he must not teach religion as living but as dead so far as its great Inspirers are concerned. He may say: "Great Rṣhis have existed in the past," but while he might possibly be permitted to say that Great Rṣhis exist now, he would certainly not be allowed to suggest

that some whose names are mentioned in the Scriptures may possibly be alive now and in physical bodies. But that is exactly the real inspiring force of all religions—to give the young child fresh from his heaven-world where he has known these Great Ones the knowledge that They are with him still, even in the grim cold world which offers so many temptations. Let children read of the lives of these Holy Ones, lived long ago; that they may begin to know something of the way in which the world is now being served, and let them be told that the more they learn of the Christ of two thousand years ago, the nearer are they to the Christ as now He is, and then let them have the joyful hope that they may be to Him now precisely as were the little children of days gone by, if they too will be little children in purity, trustfulness, and devotion. What a difference to life to know that the world has still its Saviours who serve us more than we can ever know!

How great might not that nation become whose sons consciously recognised and looked for the guidance of the Elder Brethren of the race, who looked to the great Guardian of their nation—for such a Guardian there is for every nation in the world—for the words of wisdom which shall guide the nation to its appointed end. But even if many cannot yet know of these mighty truths, at least some of you who read these lines may feel them to be true, and perhaps you are already learning that he is the greatest patriot who most consciously carries out God's plan for the nation to which he belongs. The whole of the plan none knows but God Himself, and much of the plan is but for Those much greater than ourselves, but if we are willing to co-operate we may know a tiny fragment of the whole great scheme,

and so work towards an end which we are beginning to discern.

I hope that each one of you will try to prepare yourselves for that true citizenship which consists in an ever-increasing knowledge of the ways of God, and I cannot conclude this letter more usefully than to exhort you earnestly to live the advice given to Alcione by our blessed Master K. H.—once Pythagoras—in *At the Feet of the Master*. If that book helps you as it has helped me, you will have begun to learn in what consists true happiness.

Your friend and servant,
GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

A PRAYER FOR THE MOTHERLAND

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high ;
Where knowledge is free ;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by
narrow domestic walls ;
Where words come out from the depth of truth ;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the
dreary desert sand of dead habit ;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening
thought and action—
Into that heaven of Freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

—RABINDRA NATH TAGORE'S *Gitanjali*

FATHER MORNIER

By PRINCESS B. POUCHKIN

I

1583 In Paris. The big hall of the Sorbonne is filled to overflowing. Statesmen, society, the Court, theologians, scientists, have assembled to listen to a young, comely Italian, Giordano Bruno by name, a dreamer and a fanatic regarding Truth, as he calls his teaching, telling them in fiery words new, startling, weird things: that God, the God that lives aloof in heaven and gravely looks down from His throne on the restless misery of His creatures on earth, is only the creation of the limited human mind; that the real God lives in man himself and in the world—nay, in the numberless worlds of the Universe; that man flies with fantastic speed through space on a whirling globe, forming only an infinitesimal part of a countless number of planets in divine unbroken harmony, winding and unwinding their ways in the ocean of æther.

Thrilling and powerful were his words, and like drops of fire did they fall on the hearts of the hearers, arousing them to ecstatic emotion. The horizon of life seemed to recede growing ever wider and wider, and the dark and sultry night that enshrouded the teaching of Christ was suddenly flooded with the glow of divine light and

wisdom, with the radiance of the free life of the Spirit, casting off the fetters that bound it.

A wondrous vision seemed to swing before the audience: Where is hell and its tortures? Where the stern, chastising God? Where this miserable, filthy worm—man in tears and in blood expiating his original sin? "We are all of us the dearly loved children of God, we are all created for unutterable bliss and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," in triumphant cadence rang the words of Giordano Bruno. "Life is beauty, Life is bliss, and God pervades it. Do not believe those that see in it a whip in God's hand, covering the human soul with bloody streaks and lashing it into terror-stricken penitence. Life is one, eternal; for happiness and not for agony it is given to us."

Amid the crowd, fascinated by those tidings sat Father Mornier, a young priest, with a thoughtful face. It was not the first time that he had heard the public lectures of Giordano Bruno. He sat motionless, his burning eyes fastened on the preacher, his slender fingers firmly clasped, and every nerve in his body strained to the utmost. It was as if he peered into the splendid horizons that were slowly unfurling before his eyes; the closed circle broke apart and all the greatness of the Universe and of God illuminated him like a flash of lightning: a new world revealed itself to him and the old one was vanishing away, falling to pieces, stone by stone. He wondered how he could have lived till now within its narrow walls.

Bruno's voice died into silence. The hearers rose from their seats. Father Mornier also rose, and looking straight before him, mute and grave, he wound his way to the door. Once in the street he stepped aside from

the stream of people and stood still. The warm summer night took him softly into her embrace; big stars shone majestically in the dome of heaven. He lifted his face to them and while he was gazing at their steady glow the consciousness of the immensity of the worlds, of God's presence in the largest planets, as well as in the tiniest bubble of water in the ocean, flooded him with renewed strength. It was to him, as if his soul had left the body, and was soaring in ecstatic prayer in æther, joining in the harmony of the stars and the glorious hymn of nature.

At length the noisy rush of life around him brought him back to earth. He went home, but never did he sleep that night. His room seemed small and oppressive; he longed to be out in the fields, in the woods, somewhere on a hill, there to come into touch with the life pulsing through the Universe, and flowing freely only in nature's realm, unfettered as it is there by the artificial existence invented by men. His heart went out to Giordano Bruno, who had opened his blind eyes; he decided to see him on the morrow.

II

Father Mornier realised his wish only towards the evening. The following day was as agitated as the preceding night. His feelings were growing ever stronger; as the hours went by he worked himself up into a state of intense exaltation, and longed to pour it out at the feet of Giordano Bruno, to express it in a definite act of devotion and love. The chords of his soul, strung to the utmost, were well-nigh breaking, and he would fain have brought the overflowing cup of his enthusiasm more quickly to the teacher that had enthralled his soul.

He was shown into a room, where Giordano Bruno was sitting in an arm-chair at his writing-table. At the entrance of his visitor he turned round and getting up, he made a few steps towards him, stretching out his hand in welcome. The priest silently pressed it. The hurried beatings of his heart did not allow him to utter a word.

"Take a seat," said Bruno presently, "what is it I can do for you?"

Father Mornier stroked his neck, as if trying to smooth down his convulsively contracted muscles.

"I have heard you speak several times," he said at length. "Your teachings seem so wonderful to me . . . I wanted to thank you . . . to say . . ."

"But my theories disagree with the dogmas of the Church. Father Mornier, does this not repel you? What is it that has specially attracted you in my philosophy?"

"What attracts me?" thoughtfully repeated the priest. "Giordano Bruno, can you imagine a prisoner, shut up in a dungeon, one who has never in his life seen anything but this dungeon? It is dark and close, but the man within it does not realise its darkness, does not feel its closeness, having never been outside it. He does not even know that it is a prison. And all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, the walls of the dungeon slide apart, revealing to him the boundless, dazzling horizon, that surrounds the prison, the radiant sun, the fragrant air; and he steps out into this glory entranced, intoxicated by the freedom and beauty of it."

The priest was beginning to lose his self-control. His eyes sparkled.

"And the prisoner understood that God is not cruel in His greatness, that all the Universe is a hymn of love;

man shall join his voice to its divine harmony, and the whole Universe shall be one mighty whole, throbbing with thankful love for its Creator."

Bruno, sitting back in his chair and leaning his head on one hand, was listening attentively to the priest. A grave expression stole over his finely chiselled features.

Meanwhile, Father Mornier was fast forgetting the world around him, all taken up by the wave of devotion that welled up in him.

"Giordano Bruno,"—after a moment's silence he went on, his voice soft and solemn. "Let me tell you, why I have come to-day. All my life belongs to you beyond recall. I see a new world, a new life before me. Lead me into it. I will follow you blindly."

Bruno listened without taking his eyes off the enthusiastic young priest, who bowed in deep reverence his tonsured head before him. He did not answer at once.

"Have you fully taken in the significance of your words?" he said at last. "You are a priest, bound to the religion you profess. What am I?"—he paused and bitterness rang in his lowered tones, as he leaned towards Father Mornier. "A runaway monk. The Inquisition has pointed its finger at me. My future is uncertain and may be a very dreary one. Perhaps it keeps torture and death in store for me."

An intense silence fell over the room. The last rays of the waning day were struggling through the window-panes; twilight was fast overtaking it and its dusky mist enshrouded the two figures that were probing with tragical earnestness the innermost depths of each other's heart. It was solemnly, profoundly still. A man's fate was being decided.

The priest slipped slowly from his seat down on his knees, and looking up with ardent eyes right into Bruno's face, he whispered distinctly:

"With you in torture, in death?"

Bruno sat up in his arm chair and turned his head to the window. Anguish swept over his face.

"Ah! don't say that," he said in a quick, impressive whisper. "Have pity on yourself. You are so young. The Inquisition is terrible. Are you strong enough for it?"

Father Mornier rose from his knees to his full height.

"Strength shall come," he answered with quiet defiance in his voice, "and torture is better than a broken oath."

"I am leaving for London to-morrow," said Bruno, rising after him. "We had better not correspond just now. It would be dangerous."

They shook hands. Father Mornier went out of the house straight to his home, flung himself down on his bed and fell into a long and heavy slumber.

(To be concluded)

To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night
To defy powers that seem omnipotent;
To love, to bear—to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent
This, like thy glory Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free,
This alone life, joy, Empire and victory.

SHELLEY

A HILL TRIBE

By ANNIE BESANT

H. P. BLAVATSKY wrote in very interesting fashion of the Todas, a remarkable tribe living in the Nilgiri Hills. They differ much in appearance from the other hill-tribes, who all bow down to them and regard them with the greatest reverence, offering them tribute of grain to win their protection. The men are of fine stalwart build, vigorous and strong, as may be seen from the two in



front of the Toda Mund, or village, in our first picture