

it. She also endeavored to bring science to the true ground where life and intelligence are admitted to be within, and acting on and through every atom in the universe. To make religion scientific and science religious, and thus dispel the dogmatism of each, her energies were devoted.

What manner of woman was this, who, in the short space of sixteen years laid the foundation and reared the superstructure of a religio-scientific movement which during the past 1900 years has had no parallel in its far-reaching and important effects?

In person, she was of medium height, but very fleshy, her unwieldiness in later years making it very difficult for her to move, even from one house to another; yet she traveled over three continents. One writer said she had the largest and brightest blue eyes he had ever seen, eyes which could at will read the inmost thoughts of the questioner and search out hypocrisy even were it but half known to the person himself, and she was fair haired as a Saxon goddess, of surpassing kindness of manner, she never refused assistance, either from her slender purse or her exhaustless fund of information, to one who honestly and of good purpose sought her. Endurance and patience were her crowning qualities during the last years of her life. The most salient of her characteristics was that of strength. Steady, unyielding as a rock, Mrs. Besant says, "I have seen weaklings dash themselves up against her and then whimper that she was hard; but I have also seen her face to face with a woman who had been her cruel enemy, but who was in distress, and as I uncharitably thought, therefore repentant—and every feature was radiant with a divine compassion."

In spite of the bodily infirmity of her later years, there was a reserve of power which gave the impression that we were seeing not the real woman, but only the surface character of some one who had endured much and who knew much. Yet she disclaimed being either wise or great, but always said "I am but the servant of Masters who are indeed great."

The brilliant agnostic writer, "Saladin," Mr. Stewart Ross, said "the glamour with which she evoked towards herself human respect and affection was a greater miracle than any of her trallucers have drawn our attention to. It was equalled only by the envenomed

hate towards her with which she could apparently inspire her enemies; and how she could have enemies at all is a 'miracle' to me; for in spite of her tremendous attainments and unrivalled talent, she had not a vestige of pedantic assumption, and had the simple heart of a child. 'Impostor' indeed; she was almost the only mortal I have ever met who was not an impostor."

The greatest leaders of men have very often arisen in the most unexpected positions. Had an English speaking man endeavored to forecast the nation and the sex of the person who should exercise the most influence on the thought of the later parts of the nineteenth and the earlier portion of the twentieth century, he would probably have looked elsewhere than to a Russian woman. We have such a poor opinion of the capacity of other races, and have for so long looked upon the Russian as little better than a heathen, that it seems to shock our sense of the proprieties when we find there a woman who in seven years was able to acquire such mental development and such vast stores of information as have made her learning the wonder of this age.

With all her learning she was never confident of her own literary work, and cheerfully listened to all criticisms. She could hardly be persuaded that she had done well. Her revision and re-revision of her articles made it very difficult to get her magazines and books out in time.

The highest ideal of devotion to humanity and an entire disregard of her own comfort marked her career. "We are not working merely that people may call themselves Theosophists, but that the doctrines we cherish may leaven and affect the whole mind of this century." This was the unselfish enunciation of the leader of this great movement. Already we can see promises that its fulfillment is at hand and nearly accomplished.

Her memory we cherish as that of one whose life was an illustration of the doctrine she taught, whose love of humanity was like a mighty river, deepening and strengthening in its onward rush to the ocean of universal life. Her labors ended, she passed from the material laden life of this personality to the fullness and the grandeur of the life of the soul, to the light and the love which lie beyond the veil.

To her we gladly pay the homage of our love. F. E. TRUSS