

NOTICE.

*To the Theosophical Society in America
and its Fraters Throughout the
World.*

BROTHERS:—Our leader has disappeared from the field of conflict. With courage undaunted, with will unconquered, with zeal unabated, with devotion undiminished—the vehicle failed. The chariot went to pieces on the field of battle, and the charioteer is lost from the sight of men. William Quan Judge has finished the work given him to do for this generation, and reserving scarcely time from his great work in which to die, has left us only memories, and the record and power of his example. The influence of these has extended around the globe and will help to mould the thought of the coming century. Energy, steadfastness and devotion were the characteristics of his life, while beneath the sometimes stern exterior, impatient at folly and triviality that wasted time and deflected energy from work and duty, there beat a “warm Irish heart” as gentle as a woman’s and as tender as a child’s. Those who saw him most appreciated him most; those who knew him best loved and trusted him unreservedly. And why all this confidence and love? Simply because he was the soul of devotion; because he utterly sank self, and sacrificed everything to the work he had undertaken; the spread of Truth and the permanency of the T.S. There was an undercurrent in his life like that of the deep sea, and this never ceased its flow or lost its source for an instant. His resources seemed inexhaustible, and his judgment of men and measures wonderfully exact. In ten years of very intimate association I have never once discovered a purpose outside his beloved T.S. Night and day, in sickness and health, racked with pain or in the pleasant hours of social intercourse, you could detect but one only motive and aim; and when the veil of silence fell over his spoken words, his busy pen ignored the pain, and sent scores of messages and words of advice and encouragement all over the world. I never before witnessed such determination to live, such unconsciousness of

possible defeat, such unwillingness to stop work. I tried last December to get him to stop work and use his waning strength to regain health—but in vain. And so he worked on to the last, and only desisted when he could neither walk nor stand; and when from choking cough and weariness he could scarcely lie down or sleep. He was indeed the *Lion-hearted* and worthy successor of his great teacher, H. P. B.

I feel sure that I am but voicing the thought of thousands in this estimate of the character and life-work of our Champion and Leader. The application is plain. His life-work and sacrifice must not be in vain, his example must not be lost. “Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the living nor for the dead.” Steadfastness, Devotion and Work! should be our motto, no less than the text and the sermon, on this occasion. “*Deeds not words, are what we want,*” once wrote a Master. Mourning and sorrow may be in all our hearts, and the gentleness and tenderness thus engendered should only enrich and make more fruitful the soil of our own lives, and the blossom and the fruit be for the healing of the nations. The century draws near its close; our Annual Convention is near at hand. Let us show by greater devotion, more courage and a deeper sense of Brotherhood that the sacrifice of our Brother, William Q. Judge, has not been in vain, but that he still lives and works in us; and so there can be no death, but transition only; no destruction, but rejuvenescence, and no defeat to him “who realizes that he is one with the Supreme Spirit.”—J. D. Buck, *Vice-Pres. T.S.A.*

THE DEATH OF MR. JUDGE.

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellished, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was
ours,
While its mighty circumference circled man-
kind.

Moore's Irish Melodies.

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE died at nine a.m., 21st March, 1896.

There were present at the last moments, Mrs. Judge, Mr. E. T. Hargrove and a nurse. Mr. Judge's two sisters