

and rank and wealth that she might the better perform this service, she was subjected to all manner of unjust accusations. But one who is truly broad-minded and tolerant, will look first into the writings of Madame Blavatsky, as well as the statements of those who knew her, before rashly forming opinions as to her sincerity and ability. Such investigation, if unbiassed, will convince him that this woman was one of great intellectual strength, that her motives were pure and unselfish, that her self-sacrifice was great, and that all her teaching was an inspiration to higher living and higher thinking than our modern philosophy can offer.

Perhaps the most commonplace misconception is that Theosophy is a bequest to us from the present priest-bound, ignorant classes of India; that their religion is Theosophy. It is indeed true that the ancient Indians possessed a philosophy, which Max Muller says is the greatest, the most spiritual known in history,—a philosophy which embodied more of Theosophic teachings than any modern system has yet done. But the people of modern India have fallen far below the standards of their ancestors. The spirit of the instructions which they still hold has either been greatly materialized or diverted to selfish ends and purposes. And thus their condition to-day is indeed a deplorable one.

Theosophy is not Buddhism, as so many would believe, any more than it is Christianity, or Judaism, or Mohammedanism, or any other religion. It is, however, the truth at the root of every religious belief the world has known. Careful study of comparative religion will reveal the fact that one system of ethics pervades all and is the foundation upon which each one has been built up. People vary in their modes of thinking, their forms of thought, according to their nationality, their stage of evolution, their surroundings—but the moral principles involved are the same in all times and places.

Theosophy would show to us the unity in apparent diversity, and presents a perfect philosophy of life in complete accord with moral law. It thus encourages individual research and tolerance of the opinions of others. Look for the truth, it says, whether it be found in the teaching of Buddha, of Zoroaster, or of Jesus. Each of these great teachers, as well as many others,

came among men, as the times and conditions befitted their appearance, to show them where their limited perceptions had led them into error and misunderstanding of the spiritual instruction which is in existence among men throughout the ages, so long as it is needed as a guide to purity and wisdom.

Theosophy is not for the intellectual alone. It is for all men a guide to right living as well as right dying. To be sure, the more trained one is in mental and spiritual perception the better he can grasp the idea of universal law, the better conception he can have of man and his wonderful organization, the working of the universe, and the far-reaching scope of that mysterious word — "Brotherhood." Theosophy, however, can give something to the dullest mind to inspire it to better living, better thinking, better doing.

It tells us whence man came, whither he is going, why he should work daily, yea, hourly, toward self-conquest. It robs death of its terrors. It explains thought transference and hypnotic suggestion. It teaches the possibilities of ever greater and greater stages of development, deeper joys to be gained than the fitting ones of the personal self, greater wisdom, wider understanding, once we choose the path of peace through a determination on our part to conquer—the world? No! Ourselves!

—New England Notes.

#### THOUGH ALL GREAT DEEDS

Though all great deeds were proved but fables fine,

Though earth's old story could be told anew,

Though the sweet fashions loved of them that sue

Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine—  
Though God did never man, in words benign,  
With sense of His great Fatherhood endue—

Though life immortal were a dream untrac,

And He that promised it were not divine—  
Though soul, though spirit were not, and all hope

Reaching beyond the bourn, melted away:

Though virtue had no goal, and good no scope,

But both were doomed to end with this our clay—

Though all these were not—to the ungraced heir

Would this remain—to live, as though they were.

—JEAN INGELow.