

which I repudiate, that I am the only channel for communication with the Masters; and it is my opinion that such communication is open to any human being who by endeavoring to serve mankind affords the necessary conditions. \* \* \* Lastly, and only because of absurd statements made and circulated, I willingly say that which I have never denied, that I am a human being full of error, liable to mistake, not infallible, but just the same as any other human being like myself, or of the class of human beings to which I belong.

And President Olcott nobly affirmed the principle. "Nobody," he declared, "knows better than myself the fact of the existence of the Masters; yet I would resign my office unhesitatingly if the Constitution were amended so as to erect such a belief into a dogma: everyone in our membership is as free to disbelieve and deny their existence as I am to believe and affirm it."

And the Masters Themselves, careless of any recognition but that inspired by the Love of Humanity, are as grateful to the son who refused, and yet labored, as to those who fed the hungry, and clothed the naked and knew not Whom they served.

"The humblest worker is seen and helped."

The Toronto Evening News has said all there was to say about the war. All war is wrong from the stand-point of reason. The man who slogs above the belt is only less brutal than the slogger who ignores the belt altogether. At present the Japanese appear to display the greater dexterity in murder, and may therefore expect to receive the sympathies of our glorious western civilisation.

THE recent commendable action of the Roman Catholic Church with regard to the liquor traffic is characteristic of a body claiming special authority. The appeal is either to fear or faith. Those who obey in faith exercise one of man's brightest privileges. Those who obey in fear fall below ordinary standards. The latter class might benefit by a little learning. No reasonable man possessing even a slight acquaintance with the occult facts related to it would remain in the saloon business for a day.

THE late railway strike reminds the thoughtful what a slow process the education of humanity is. For countless generations men have been revolting and striking and learning the lesson Mr. Debs now acknowledges. Still there are millions who never will be satisfied until they have gained exactly Mr. Debs' experience. The great law must wait till men "Resist not evil" but "overcome evil with good." As long as every working man is a millionaire at heart and willing to assume the position of a Pullman if given the opportunity, so long will there be capitalists and laborers. In a competitive system there must always be someone ahead, and those who chase behind are just as culpable as those who run in front. The mere brute play of physical forces will not advance men on the mental plane. Mr. Debs has learned the lesson. There are many yet to learn it, so school keeps, and they return term after term.

It is not yet too late in the season for anyone desiring it to make some progress in the study of botany. There is no more valuable adjunct to the understanding of occult teachings than a familiarity with the processes of the vegetable Kingdom. The nature of cell structure, the development of the organism, the whole intricate subject of sex, and a host of other questions have a flood of light thrown upon them by the correspondences and analogies to be found among the silent Solomons of our plains and forests. Get a little piece of rhubarb and pick it to pieces with a pin. The cells are large and easily observable. If you do not find enough there to interest you in botany you have none of the qualities of the scientist.

THE ants and bees, who are survivors of a previous stage of evolution, might provide society with many lessons on the labor problem. If nature knows anything, co-operation is the only method of social success. This means the suppression of individual greed. The bee has the innate greed but he ordinarily directs it to the welfare of the colony. In times of alarm and panic he loses his reason and leaving his work attacks the stores of the hive and gluts himself until he is helpless or the honey all consumed. Are we really better than bees?