

flowers. So the human intellect for some thousands of years, has been and is, but a field of rough clods, which, though it has been "broken up" and "harrowed down" persistently by Karmic forces, has produced mainly thistles, a plant with a blossom it is true, and some fragrance, but noted chiefly for its disagreeable qualities. Occasionally in this field of human nature, a lily or a rose rears its lovely head, but they are, alas! few and far between.

The inference is, therefore, that little man has developed up to this time, just so far and no further than his capacity for the assimilation of spiritual truth would permit.

Our central proposition is, then, that the Biblical watch-cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" compassed in one brief sentence the mean dimensions of man's spiritual calibre for a long time afterwards. But here and there in the course of the ages some old Soul, like the flower in the field of thistles, has reared its head a little farther than the rest toward the eternal sunshine, and discovered that there are planes of development to which men may rise, where the ethics of the past and present do not represent the higher capabilities of the developed Soul.

All along the spiritual battle front of advanced thought the skirmish line of the irrepressible intellect is coming in contact with conditions with which the old worn-out ideas (sufficient to their day) can no longer cope.

The theosophist, therefore, among those who compose this skirmish line, is convinced that the self-absorbed sentiment "What shall we do to be saved?" must no longer be borne aloft in the battle front of the present and coming struggle, but give place to the sublime altruism embodied in the question which the Higher Self now puts to each one of us: "What shall we do to save others?"

This sentiment is emblazoned on the standard of the true theosophist, and "The Voice of the Silence" breathes this encouragement:

"Remember, thou that fightest for man's liberation, each failure is success, and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time."

XAVIER STENTOR.

FOR THE LAMP.

LETTER TO A HOME CRUSADER.

MY DEAR COMRADE,

I agree with you entirely in thinking that we may in some sort all consider ourselves "Crusaders," the stay-at-homes,—as well as those who travel abroad. Each of us, wherever placed, can "crusade" right where he is, and help spread the same message of "Truth, Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity." And I believe this home crusade is going to be as great and important in the history of the coming year as that undertaken abroad. The two are, in truth, supplementary to each other—the same Force being back of and in both. And this being so, if we combine the two movements in this way in our thoughts, we will as a result get hold of the element of solidarity upon which both rest, and as a consequent, everything we think, do, or say for the cause, will, in some measure at least, have back of it the impetus and strength of the movement as a whole. This is a good way to view it, and being also a true view, it ought to encourage us greatly, for even the smallest efforts are thus made to "count."

The message itself differs in no wise from that which we have been trying to give out all these years: Theosophy, Universal Brotherhood, Karma and Reincarnation—it is all the same. And yet there is a difference somewhere which we all feel, but perhaps find it hard to define. Not in the message, but in the times. Narrowed down to dates it may be said to be the difference between the 25th and 26th of April last. In a word, it is the difference between the old and the new cycle, and which has for cause, the "new rate of vibration" then set.

The initial impulse of this "new rate" can be likened to nothing so much as the sudden liberation of a mighty pent up stream of spiritual-electric energy, which has at last found a channel—and that channel was and is the hearts and minds of men. It is that divine energy which has quickened to white heat, hope, trust, confidence, and the germs of true spiritual valour, within our breasts, and