

in vegetarianism. There is no special need for advertising these meetings all over the place, but let members bring their friends, and these friends their friends. Let the syllabus be printed and keep to the dates. Let the Objects of the Theosophical Society be clearly printed in the syllabus. These are the objects of your meetings and nothing else. If any one can find any kind of monkey-up-a-stick in them—let them. Any one objecting to these Objects is not wanted. In addition to this the members should meet for private study of some work—the *Gita*, or *The Voice of the Silence*. But confine these meetings to members only.”

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THE mortality among aged and prominent people this year seems higher than at any time since 1882. The death of John Ruskin has to some extent been discounted by the failure of his powers for the past few years, but his students—and who of us are not that?—have often thought of the old Master in these later days wandering about the English roads and gardens and gazing on the hills and lakes where he made his home. And now the worn body has been laid aside and the great soul has entered into that realm of the eternal beauty which it did so much to reveal to us. Twenty years ago Ruskin's books were hard to get. They were expensive and in the Libraries heavy deposits were required from those who borrowed them. To-day it is different, especially in America. There is no excuse but the excuse of unreadiness, the last one we are willing to offer, for those who have not consecrated themselves to the spirit of *Sesame and Lilies*, *The Crown of Wild Olives*, or *Unto This Last*. Ruskin made his reputation as an art critic, just as Mark Twain has made his as a humourist. Ruskin's real office was that of poet and teacher. He created and revealed to us in everything he considered glories which would not exist for us without him. He used the power of *kriyasakti*, glamour, imagination as no contemporary English writer has attempted. He inspires the works of his favourite writers and painters with a more potent fire, and the inspiration

passes into the reader. As one writer has said, his criticism was “apocalyptic rather than scientific,” and herein lay the secret of his popularity and of his failure. We who believe that Theosophy is the Truth of God found large glimpses of it in the visions that rose out of Ruskin's real mysticism. To quote Dr. Nicolls: “Ruskin was always one of Plato's men, rather than one of Plutarch's. Bred upon the Bible, from early youth he had gazed in clear radiance on visions innocent and fair. And he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. In spite of paradox, and petulance, and wild and whirling anathemas, he kept an authentic note of the true seer. He had been baptised both in the cloud and in the sea. His profound and passionate sympathy with all things pitiful as well as all things beautiful controlled him as a mission, and haunted him like a remorse to the very end. He was continually torn in twain between delight in the loveliness of nature and grief over the misery of man.” A grave in Westminster Abbey was declined by his friends for his remains, which are to rest at Coniston. Ruskin was born on the 8th February, 1819, and died on the 20th January, 1880. James Martineau died in his 95th year on the 11th January, having been born 21st April, 1805. Perhaps nothing shows the width of range of Mysticism so well as the diversity of character and temperament of those who travel on this Way. “Martineau,” says a writer in *Literature*, “based religion not on authority, but on the inner heart of human life and faith. Philosophically, of course, the weak point of this foundation lies in the fact that so many different and even eccentric religions have been built upon it. There are the Pietists, for example, and the Catholic Mystics,—both theopathic and theurgic—to say nothing of the Shakers and the Mormons. All these arrived at their several conclusions by treating mere textual arguments as subsidiary, and resting upon the revelation of the ‘inner heart.’ Only in Dr. Martineau's case the ‘inner heart’ was that of a man who was eloquent and cultivated as well as devout. Martineau's