

publish the following lines which she has written and entitled "Trusting Jesus."

"Come unto me, ye weary ones,
And I will give you rest ; "
How many souls the Saviour's words
Have comforted and blessed.
Then let us ever trust in Him,
And comfort He will give,
And teach our ever seeking souls
The truest way to live,

There are some who call themselves Theosophists who sneer at the sentiment embodied in these words, and the great mass of so-called Theosophists fail to perceive that the substitution of a new name for that of Jesus does not at all alter the evil of substituting an external for an interior and spiritual Saviour. If we are seeking within in the attitude of the foregoing verses we may find consolation and life, but if we seek without, either for an historical Christ or for a contemporaneous Avatar to redeem us from ourselves we shall seek in vain. At the Teachers' Convention in Toronto in 1895 there was picked up the following letter which I have treasured ever since. There was no clue to the writer. "To the Teachers: I have been to almost all the meetings held this week to try and find that peace which you all speak of, and which so many of you certainly have, for you show it in your faces,—but all seems as dark as before I came. Ah! do tell me what is the matter, for I feel the need of this something which you all have and rejoice in having, and which I have not. Why is it that I cannot pray? I fall down on my knees before God, but cannot utter a word. I can do nothing but weep. Oh, for the rest you talk about! The desire becomes more sincere — a burning desire, growing more intense day by day, year by year. This has been going on for some years and I feel that at these meetings I may learn something if you will help me and pray for me and tell me something about it — An Earnest Seeker." The bitter agonies which this represents can only be appreciated by those who have come to spiritual birth with pangs and throes. Men have to travail till the Christ be

formed within them, and if Theosophists would set themselves to aid the Masters in sowing the seed of regeneration the Christmas of the World Cycle would be the sooner celebrated. The Gospel for the world is the Gospel of a Power and a Love in the heart of man by which he can raise himself to the Cross of Sacrifice for the love of his fellows, and no other Light can satisfy than the sa red candle of the Lord which burns in the heart, and shines even when the eye glazes and the brain dulls, and the shadows and darkness close around the desolated Temple.

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A FEW years ago Anglo Saxon-dom had Napoleonic fever. The malady has subsided, and the sinister influences of one who has been recognised by occultists as a "descending Pratyeka Buddha" have either spent themselves, or been diverted to good. Another military hero of a different stamp is now about to exert a tremendous influence over our international life. Oliver Cromwell, the Great Protector, begins to be a figure in the minds of men once more. Our books and magazines, our newspapers and conversation, feel the spirit of the mighty English farmer, who will be paralleled by some later Plutarch with George Washington. At the meeting on the evening of the unveiling of the new statue of the Lord Protector at Westminster on the 14th November, Lord Rosebery elicited the enthusiasm of the assembly by his speech. To Theosophists the chief interest will centre in his allusions to Cromwell as a "practical mystic." "What is the secret of this extraordinary power? My answer is that he was a mystic—the most formidable and terrible of all combinations. The man who combines inspiration derived—and, in my judgment, really derived from close communion with the supernatural and celestial—the man who has that inspiration and adds to it the energy of a mighty man of action—such a man as that lives in communion with a Sinai of his own, and he appears to come down to the world below armed with no less than the terrors and the decrees of the Almighty himself. Let me take