

lignant journalist adds his comment that "the tendency of these suppressed chapters is to send a thrill of horror over one." He who thrills thus may not follow him of the seven-syllabled name. Until fear has been passed no progression is possible. As fear is overcome the student advances. Again and again the hero of "Etidorhpa" hesitates, and again and again he goes forward. There can be no end to the journey, once it is undertaken, until "the Three Great Lights are closed." Let none enter upon this Way who is not prepared to live in absolute solitude—the solitude of the All-being. At every crisis the exercise of the greatest will force is necessary in order to further progress. When the "jumping-off place" is reached, the supreme effort of self-abnegation necessary to reach the heart of things proves to be the "great sifter."

Historically, people who remember the great Masonic mystery of the first quarter of the century will find a renewal of the mystery in "Etidorhpa." Disciples of Capt. Symmes will find confirmation in this weird tale of the great polar hole theory. Prof. Lloyd's diagram shows the hole to be in much the same latitude as Symmes placed it, but far below the surface of the earth, in a cavern whose entrance is situated thousands of miles away in Kentucky. Capt. Symmes came to Kentucky and died there. And Bulwer Lytton descended into the earth in "The Coming Race" in the same region. Just suppose it were true—?

Prof. Lloyd desires readers—not mere purchasers if we could persuade people to study the book we believe we should have done more to please him than in evolving the most perfect critique upon it. And the critical faculty is inappropriate in connection with it. Its singular strength is apparent in the absence of superlatives from its diction; they exist only in its substance. If Prof. Lloyd is not its author, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is the only man living who could be.

More than a word of praise is due to the artist, Mr. Knapp, who supplied

the exquisite illustrations. Some of the pictures of flowers and insects, the magnifications of microscopic objects are wonderfully beautiful. Taste and talent mark every drawing.

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FOR THE LAMP.

### REVELATION.

The flame that lives supreme in mortal clay  
Recks not the passing of a moment's breath,  
Nor fears those forms, who, at a loom called  
Death,

Weave sombre clouds to shroud an earthly day

It is a flame that burns where men obey  
The altar-mandate from that Mystic East  
Whence man was banished from the wedding-  
feast

Where none may sit that lack the Soul's array.

My soul receives it! From the star-lit West  
There comes a tremor—an ecstatic thrill!  
The Golden Gates swing backwards and the  
Dove

Broods in the branches of the Tree of Rest.  
The First and Last descends again to till  
A new world-garden, the abode of Love.

GEORGE LASHER TAYLOR.

### JUSTICE.

(Concluded from page 4.)

The correct solution of this riddle is certainly of the utmost importance. The phenomena of form is but the passing show and has been interrogated in vain. The answer must be looked for elsewhere. We must turn to the noumenal side of things, to the inner soul, the subjective force which is the cause of objective form. Here, too, as in the evolution of the suns and planets we find a struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest going on. But here we find something more than the mere aggregation and consolidation and the balancing of forces and of masses. Here the struggle is for a permanent centre of consciousness that can recollect and profit by experience, and thus advance in knowledge and intelligence, and grow in wisdom. We find that the centres of consciousness in human beings have profited by experience, and grown in intelligence and wisdom to a degree far beyond that