

not how to hate, because intolerance, hypocrisy, superstition, slavery are evil!"

(To be continued.)

BEN MADIGHAN.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

In this city where the fog is incomparable, the grim shadow of war looms visibly behind everything. Bereft of ennobling and spiritual ideas the primitive instincts act with unlesened force. The most trivial incidents yield a new significance against such a lurid background, and the comedy and tragedy of life are kindled to keener issues.

But one can see "above the flaming lamp of life, the boding shadow of infinity." There are many nameless heroes. One such finds himself in a hospital with an arm gone, and in the bed alongside a Boer in the same sad case. They look at each other, and the Britisher says to the nurse: "Give this poor chap two of my cigarettes, sister."

There are wars of another sort, waged with different weapons. One or two comrades of mine, who belong to a small sect of which I likewise was a member for a short time, have written me letters full of many unpleasant words. It would seem that they have many grievances against me, and that I am altogether a desperate character. I cannot, of course, please all my friends, even to oblige them. I know that I deserve some punishment for destroying my illusions, but would remind my friends who have not the "inner calm" to state their case pleasantly, that "nature punishes us more severely still for keeping up our illusions too long—after they are skeletons, and the brains are out." After all, organizations are of to-day—human nature is of Eternity.

Sectarianism evolves a distinct type. Its characteristics are well known, regardless of its outer name. But I have failed to meet any parallel to the gentleman who holds a "U. B." Diploma. One can imagine the following recommendations being endorsed

on applications for membership. "Applicant has not read the *S. D.*, and indeed knows nothing about Theosophy." "Applicant was walking down Street and saw a copy of *Isis* in a shop window. He did not buy it on the ground that he knew nothing about it, and had already burned most of the books he possessed."

The supremacy of intellect must be an indignity to the clumsy mind, and dialectical mastery act as an irritant to many a would-be master of men. The art of balderdash has its great masters too; they become superlative in four years—not seven. (Seven is for chelas.)

How trifling some of the most elaborate undertakings "for the benefit of humanity" sound to a heretic." For him space usually begins where the little imagination sets a limit, and he knows that by the time the light of some of the remote stars reach this tiny planet, the grass will continue to grow and dwindle, the seasons come and pass away, and the world still be very sweet and very simple. Those who are troubled by their own importance may like to be reminded of this.

The "heretics" over here are having quite a good time. They laugh a lot when they think of the things they were not wise enough to see. I believe there are a large number in Holland, but the number here is small, so far. (England lately has gone in for Ritualism.) The other evening a few of the "heretics" were gathered together in a famous club listening to Mr. Yeats' lecture on "The Ideal Theatre." The address was most instructive and delivered in Mr. Yeats' most fascinating style. "Even if poetry were spoken as poetry," said Mr. Yeats, "it would still seem out of place in many of its highest moments upon a stage, where the superficial appearances of nature are so closely copied; for poetry is founded upon convention, and becomes incredible the moment painting or gesture remind us that people do not speak verse when they meet upon the highway. The theatre of Art, when it comes to exist, must therefore discover grave and decorative gestures, such as delighted Rossetti and Madox Brown,