

MRS. BESANT IN TORONTO.

Through mine and the hearts of all who heard,
Her clear voice thrilled like the notes of a
bird.

The stress of her words, made strong with
truth,

Softened our hearts with the dew of ruth,
And many who had not wept for years
Came up to and over the verge of tears.
Her tongue was touched with an eastern fire,
Her sexless soul soared high and higher
Till, reaching its native sphere, it stood
Proclaiming humanity's Brotherhood.

Let others declare that relentless strife
Is the law of progress the way of life:
She showed, and we surely knew who heard
That sacrifice is the onward word,

Self-sacrifice on the altar of love,
Consumed by flame sent down from above,
Shall raise us up, divine as we are,
Beyond the range of the highest star.

We are sunken deep in illusion's sway,
Dimmed is the soul's celestial ray,
Yet these there are who know our race
Conserves in itself the saving grace

Which sooner or later, as cycles run,
Shall dawn on the world like a rising sun,
And even now, in this darksome age,
Interming the souls of saint and sage.

The spark shines forth of this light divine
Which openly one day yet shall shine.
We are sprung, we men, from a common source;
Spirit through matter pursues its course,

Develops beneath the chastening rod,
Turns individualized to God.

And so, high born of a heavenly birth
Each and all, we are brothers on earth.
Thus shall the soul of man progress
Evolving its innate loveliness.

And what nobler words vibrate on earth
Than these that compass life's infinite girth?
Or lips more eloquent o'er proclaim
Man's highest destiny, purest aim?

Toronto.

—JOSEPH ARTHUR.

Physical and Metaphysical Science.

For us, poor unknown philanthropists, no fact of either of these sciences is interesting except in the degree of its potentiality of moral results, and in the ratio of its usefulness to mankind. And what, in its proud isolation, can be more utterly indifferent to everyone and everything, or more bound to nothing but the selfish requisites for its advancement than this materialistic science of fact? May I ask then . . . what have the laws of Faraday, Tyndall, or others to do with philanthropy in their abstract relations with humanity, viewed as an intelligent whole? What care they for Man as an isolated atom of this great and harmonious whole, even though they may be sometimes of practical use to him? Cosmic energy is something eternal and incessant; matter is indestructible and there stand the scientific facts. Doubt them, and you are an ignoramus; deny them, a dangerous lunatic, a bigot, pretend to improve upon the theories, an impertinent charlatan. And yet even these scientific

facts never suggested any proof to the world of experimenters that Nature consciously prefers that matter should be indestructible under organic rather than inorganic forms, and that she works slowly but incessantly towards the realization of this object—the evolution of conscious life out of inert material. Hence their ignorance about the scattering and concretion of cosmic energy in its metaphysical aspects, their division about Darwin's theories, their uncertainty about a degree of conscious life in separate elements, and, as a necessity the scornful rejection of every phenomenon outside their own stated conditions, and the very idea of worlds of semi-intelligent, if not intellectual, forces at work in hidden corners of Nature.—From a letter of Master K. H., in Occult World.

"The Worker" on Theosophy.

Mr. C. F. Wright has been lecturing lately in Toronto on Theosophy and the occult sciences. We had no time to waste in hearing this gentleman, feeling sure that he could not demonstrate his ideas to the satisfaction of reasonable people. The fact that Professor Crooks, the English spiritualist, is a theosophist will not count with the public, who know that all the tricks of Mr. Crooks's friends can be performed by any third-rate conjurer. We hope none of the wage-earning people of this city will invest in Theosophy, which is peculiarly a fad adapted to the idle and foolish. Mrs. Besant, the quondam atheist, is a shining light of the Theosophists. The progress from offensive atheism to Theosophy was so easy to her that instead of appreciating it she is now dallying with another church, and no one knows where she will end. If the pineal gland in the brain can be developed so much as Mr. Wright claims, it would be a good idea for his disciples to develop it at once, and let us see the results.

The above is from The Worker of August 18. We do not think it represents the intelligence of the laboring classes. A large proportion of those who attend the society's meetings in Toronto are laboring men, and their questions and remarks prove them capable of independent thought and investigation. The working man resents dictation in mental matters as well as in physical, and the Worker cannot improve its reputation by the promulgation of unfounded surmises.