

his secret soul that this shameless travesty of Theosophy is a *wicked lie*. Then drop it at once and forever, and come out into the sunlight of truth, and take a long full breath of the free air of heaven. The true "Leader," the "Witness," the "Warrior," is within your own soul. We have entered the New Age. Let us be worthy its priceless opportunities, and let us not forget the message of that Great Soul who made even this vulgar travesty possible by waking the sleeping giant in us all. Let us stand erect and face the rising sun as Brothers indeed, with clasped hands and onward march. Then indeed H. P. B.'s latest incarnation *will not prove a failure* through our slothfulness, childish intimidation, or vulgar pretentiousness. I know of Six Hundred who have not bent the knee to Baal, and early in this grandest of all centuries we shall meet in convention with *open doors* and a warm clasp of the hand, and a heart-welcome for any and all who *mean* Brotherhood and try to live it, whatever may have been their affiliations or sorrowful discipline in the past. Let our watch-word be Freedom, Light, and Duty. Fraternally,

J. D. BUCK, M.D.

P.S.—My solicitor's name and address on application.

116 W. Seventh Street, Cincinnati, O.

To the Editor of THE LAMP:—

I am in receipt of a very interesting circular from the Headquarters of Brotherhood in N.Y., sent out by Brother-General Frank M. Pierce.

I write to say that I hope no one will take this circular seriously.

A long experience and intimate acquaintance with the Brother-General in all his varied capacities—as Special Representative S.R.L.M.A., as Secretary-General of Universal Brotherhood, as brother Mason, as brother Engineer, as brother Spiritualist, as Star (and Garter) of all the personally conducted crusade tours, as—in short—as PIERCE, the bright particular Pooh-bah, has led me to the conviction that things are not what they seem, and he is never serious.

Does he seem harsh and cruel—vindictive and cutting? Not so. This is the simplicity and directness of a

"little one." He is the tenderest creature alive! Do his utterances savour of obscenity? No—a thousand times no! He is the quintessence of purity and refinement! All that would be expected of an occultist! Is there apparent an element of fear in this circular? Perish the thought. He has repeatedly assured us of his courage, and do we not see him bravely go forth to battle armed only with the simple weapon of asseveration, and with no shield but the secrecy of the E.S.T.? Does this circular seem profoundly serious? It is one of our Lotus brother's jokes! Another of these is occasionally to take himself seriously. No sooner does he do this than it is the greatest joke of all.

No, this Christmas greeting of his is purely a sweet, loving, brotherly bit of humour, admirably calculated to draw us all more closely together—in our search for damaging evidence.

A UNIVERSAL BROTHER.

ROAD SONG OF THE BANDAR-LOG.

Here we go in a flung festoon,
Half-way up to the jealous moon!
Don't you envy our pranceful bands?
Don't you wish you had extra hands?
Wouldn't you like if your tails were—so—
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?
Now you're angry, but—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know;
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
All complete, in a minute or two—
Something noble and grand and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.
Now we're going to—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind.

All the talk we have ever heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird—
Hid or fin or scale or feather—
Jabber it quickly and all together!
Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!
Now we are talking just like men.

Let's pretend we are . . . never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!
This is the way of the Monkey-kind.

Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through the pines,
That recket by where, light and high, the wild-grape swings.

By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise we make,
Be sure, be sure, we're going to do some splendid things!

—Rudyard Kipling in the *Jungle Book*.