

K-8144



2 belgas 50.

7 frs. 50.

RFV-183/10

1931

Round Table Annual



The Round Table
37, rue J.-B. Meunier
Uccle - Bruxelles

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THE GOLDEN CHAIN

(A Laegue of Kindness for little children based on the Principle of Love to all beings.)

Protector	- - - -	Dr. ANNIE BESSANT
Chief Link	- - - -	Miss CLARA CODD
Chief Representative		Mrs. MARGERET HEMSTED

(to whom all communications should be addressed).

« The true Happiness that is Englightenment abides within thee. »
J. Krishnamurti.

Motto : « Let the Light shine »

THE GOLDEN CHAIN has groups and links in differents parts of the world, and is a preparatory step leading up to the Order of the Round Table. Its one object is draw together children of all faiths and races in the practice of the Golden Rule.

The Obligation is contained in the GOLDEN CHAIN PROMISE, which is printed on the Card of Membership.

Chief Links in English speaking countries may obtain Membership Cards from the Chief Representative, 52, Sprinvale Terrace, Glasgow, N., Scotland.

THE ROUND TABLE

An Order of Service for Children from 7 years founded under The Order of Service.

International Headquarters :

Chief Secretary : SERGE BRISY,
37, Rue J.-B. Meunier, Uccle-Bruxelles, Belgium.

Chief Treasurer : Miss M. BOTTELBERGS
84, avenue de Floréal, Uccle-Bruxelles.

For complet list of Chief Knights see page 3 of Cover.

We are most sorry for the different faults running through the Bulletin and apologise for them. The difficulty lies in the fact that the Bulletin is printed in Belgium. But we hope that the interest of the articles will help you, dear Reader, to forget the faults. And we shall endeavour next year to have a far more beautiful Annual.

(Editor)

- Page 1, 4th line — instead of inwich, read in which.
Page 1, 5th line — instead of imprisoniement, read imprisonment.
Page 1, 7th line — instead of disponal, read disposal.
Page 1, 8th line — instead of graet, read great.
Page 2, 5th line — instead of He is the most marvellous of sleeping life,
read He is the most marvellous awakener of sleeping life.
Page 2, 16th line — instead of undestand, read understand.
Page 2, 19th line — instead of every, read everyone.
Page 3, 9th line — instead of not get an answer, read not to get.
Page 5, 1st line — instead of manifasts, read manifests.
Page 5, 4th line — instead of purse, read pursue.
Page 7, 24th line — instead of Fearleness, read fearlessness.
Page 8, 29th line — instaed of thatfearlessness, read that fearlessness.
Page 8, 30th line — instead of sufering, read suffering.
Page 8, 36th line — instaed of pratie, read practice.
Page 8, 46th line — instead of lie, read lies.
Page 9, 9th line — instead of te, read the.
Page 10, 5th line — instead of Trough, read Through.
Page 10, 37th line — instead of apparantly, read apparently.
Page 10, 50th line — instead of personlity, read personality.
Page 10, 51th line — instead of accompagnies, read accompanies.
Page 11, 34th line — instead of sings, read signs.
Page 15, 6th line — instead of slose, read close.
Page 21, 16th line — instead of baptis mclean, read baptism clean.
Page 22, 22th line — instead of roge, read robe.
Page 24, 30th line — instead of spendide, read splendide.
Page 27, 4th line — instead of cherised, read cherished.
Page 28, 37th line — instead of wereemptying, read were emptying.
Page 31, 26th line — instead of out the bed, read out of bed.
Page 31, 37th line — instead of Iknow, read I know.
Page 34, 30th line — instead of après, read auprès.
Page 35, 7th line — instead of Irdeal, read Ideal.
Page 37, 6th line — instead of to the members, read the members.
Page 37, 24th line — instead of Typewritten of, read typewritten.
Page 37, 33th line — instead of that interests, read that which.
Page 38, 9th line — instead of goreign, read foreing.

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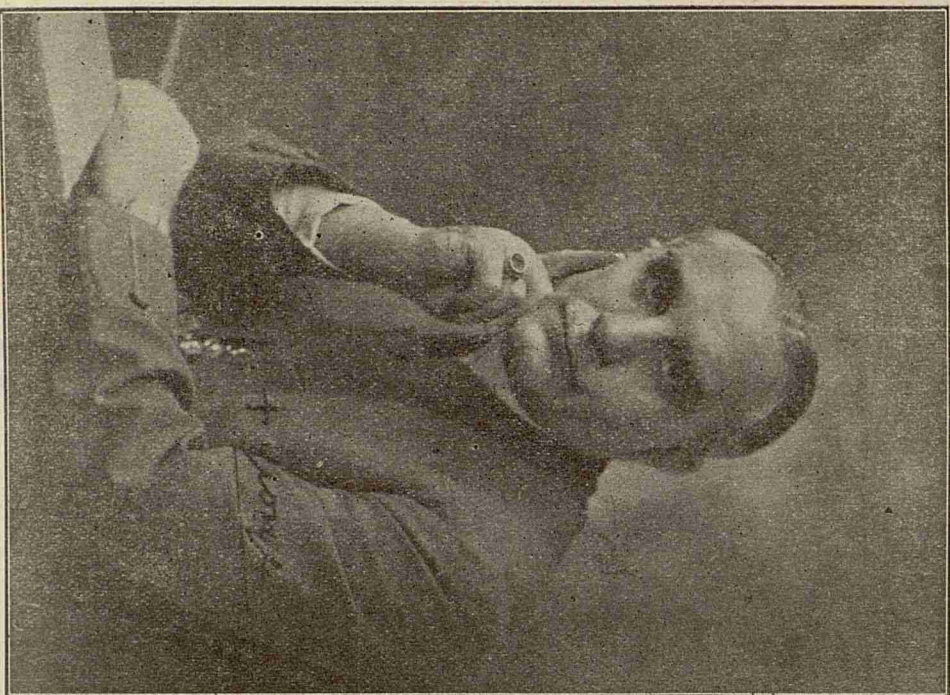
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Rev. G. S. Arundale.
(Knight of Honour Parsifal)



Our Senior Knight
C. W. Leadbeater

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ROUND TABLE ANNUAL

October 1st

1931

Message of Knight of Honour Parsífal,

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

I am happy to send my photograph to the Round Table. This great work, all praise to our beloved brother Lancelot who began it, is to bring great blessing to the world of Youth — if we eldest are wise enough to make it really theirs, really a movement in which youth can express young life, and not a form fashioned by age for the imprisonment of youth.

The young to day have a new Message to give to the world. The Round Table must be at their disposal to give it. The Round Table does not belong to yesterday but to today for the sake of to morrow. And the great traditions it honours are those which morrow shall be the common place of daily life.

Let those who are older in age in the Round Table listen to the voice of youth and seek through their expression to help to give it effective form.

Let those who are young live ardently from their hearts, remembering that there is no Freedom and no Life without Chivalry, without Reverence, without Goodwill, without Compassion.

With these Life triumphs and Freedom is happy. Without them Life is dead and Freedom a mockery.

(s) + George

Le Message du Chevalier d'Honneur Parsífal :

Je suis heureux d'envoyer mon portrait à la Table Ronde. Ce grand travail dont toute la gloire revient à notre frère bien-aimé Lancelot qui le commença, a pour but d'envelopper le monde de la Jeunesse d'une puissante bénédiction ; elle n'en profitera vraiment que si les aînés contribuent avec assez de sagesse à faire de ce mouvement un moyen d'expression de leur vie jeune et non une forme façonnée par les vieux pour l'emprisonnement de la jeunesse.

Les jeunes d'aujourd'hui ont à donner un nouveau Message au monde. La Table Ronde doit être à leur disposition pour qu'ils puissent le donner. La Table Ronde n'appartient pas au passé mais au présent pour le bonheur de l'avenir. Et les grandes traditions qu'elle honore sont de celles qui seront demain les lieux communs de la vie journalière.

Que les plus âgés de la Table Ronde écoutent la voix de la jeunesse et cherchent, à travers son expression, à donner à ce mouvement une forme utile et féconde.

Que les jeunes vivent avec l'ardeur de leur cœur mais qu'ils se souviennent qu'il n'y a ni liberté, ni vie sans chevalerie, sans courtoisie, sans bonne volonté, sans compassion.

Grâce à ces qualités, la vie triomphe et la liberté est heureuse. Sans elle, la vie est morte et la liberté est une raillerie.

(s) + George

Knight Parsifal

Many of you I am sure met our Knight of honour Parsifal, many of you will probably meet him in Europe in the coming two years.

awakened When one speaks of Knight Parsifal enthusiasm is immediately enkindled in one's heart. Knight Parsifal is the torch-bearer of enthusiasm. He is the most marvellous of sleeping life. His words, his gestures, his deep and brilliant look, the whole of his being manifests life, a life of joy, of beauty, of strength, that one cannot help feeling the rush of strength, beauty and life streaming through one's heart and soul. And in that living and glorious enthusiasm instantly emerges the desire to be of some use to someone or to somebody-to act.

Another feature of our Knight of Honour is his image of Chivalry. He is a Knight in the full sense of the word. Whether lecturing, celebrating the Holy Eucharist, walking, talking, he always reminds one of the sacred Warrior, righting wrong, protecting the feeble, helping the poor, ever intently at work for a glorious Quest in the service of the King. And this also gives the overwhelming desire to help, to be useful to all, to understand better what Service truly means, to be active in some way, even to feel ashamed of one's laziness and ready to cast it away as an hideous tunic of Nessus.

I wish every of you could meet Knight Parsifal and hear him. The world needs enthusiasm because the world needs a new rush of life. The world is slumbering and because of its slumber, it is the prey of wrong ideas, and therefore, wrong emotions. But « world » is a word most vague and it does not help much to pronounce it. Practically, we are the world, we are humanity, so, if the world needs awakening, we need it, every one of us. We have no right to slumber in darkness when the dawn is heralded by the scintillating rays of the new day. Awareness is the quality requested, and awareness is the twin sister of enthusiasm. We cannot do anything valuable without interest, keen interest and joy. And where is interest as long as enthusiasm is asleep?

Listen to the call of our Elders. The banner of Service is unfurled with its embroidered motto: *Service of the King*. The call is the call of the King himself. He gathers his Knights, Squires, Companions and Pages for the wonderful fight of Light against Shadow. And the Messengers of the King have started the never to be forgotten Quest upon earth, where any faithful server will be welcomed with glee and hearty joy, the splendid Quest of the awakening of humanity as a whole in any individual. A cry is heard amongst many: *Freedom*. And in Freedom, Service, Service of Mankind, Service of the King.

Listen... listen... Many voices are calling. All voices echo the voice of the King. Listen to those voices. Treasure the call in your own souls. Answer the call of Freedom and Service by ever renewed enthusiasm and happiness. The world means to live its life in glory instead of sorrow, in beauty instead of ugliness, in freedom instead of fear. The world is ready to awake, to reap in joy the harvest of past suffering.

Let us join the band of Servers, let us become servers ourselves. The dawn is coming with light and sun and life. Amongst all our glorious Knights of Honour, Knight Parsifal calls us to active service, useful deeds, chivalrous feelings.

He lifts up his torch of blazing light for us to receive the fire of living enthusiasm and bring it to our fellow-brethren as dancing sparks of joy.

Lift up your hearts, be of good cheer. Pages and Companions, Squires and Knights, Round Table as a whole, the Order of the King is wholly at the King's service.

Editor.

Chief Secretary's Questions

What is your Quest going to be this year? Something vital for you, upon which you are intensely keen, whatever it is. Do not take my questions as « goody goody » ones. Surely I need not ask of you if you are going to be good. You are as long as you feel eager to achieve your inner needs and aspirations, because you are good at something.

Friends, no more sleep or vegetative lives. We are not a band of comfortable cabbages in a field, but human beings keen to express themselves in brightness, happiness, activity, sense of freedom, beauty. If I put those questions it is not get an answer — though I should always be happy to correspond with any of you — but to awaken an answer in yourselves. Answer your hearts and souls, your longings and desires, question them consciously and live according to your own individual answer. This undoubtedly is Life.

What does Round Table mean to you? Is it living in yourselves? Is it shining as a magnificent brazier in a starlit night? Is it your star? Your sun? Do you feel yourselves rays of that sun? Are you ready to do something: Scoutism, Sport, Drama, Economics, Politics, Ceremonies, Excursions, Camps, Clubs, *anything*, but *something*? If the Life of the Order does not pulsate in ourselves, servers of the King, where does it pulse? In statutes and books? In sheets of paper? Do we ever read them, except when we find a special interest in them? The King, the Ideal Knight is not particularly keen to see us sitting for an hour or more, listening patiently to what another tells us. He decidedly wants us to be strong, helpful, chivalrous, open-hearted, active, generous in our deeds and thoughts, in our joys and sorrows, in our struggles and victories, in our daily life. A member of the Round Table ought to be recognised wherever he stands, not by a label or sign, not by a diploma but by his constant attitude of free and joyful service, of intense happiness. If he is a true and sincere member of the Knightly Staff, he will accomplish knightly deeds because he will always be the companion of the King.

I feel very intent upon all this just now because the Round Table, as all organisations, is pulsating with a new life and needs workers to achieve its aim. What is it? Happiness. I do not think there is a better definition or that the world needs anything more strongly at the present day. The Kingdom of Happiness is ours if we only decide to conquer it. How then shall we be happy in order to bring happiness to others? How shall we come to an understanding of life, so as to become radiant and brilliant units in a living collectivity, the messengers of joy, the torch-bearers of happiness?

According to me, ritual and ceremonies are means but they are in no way essential. We use them, they are at our disposal in the great treasure store of manifested life. If we are not fond of them, if we simply attend a meeting because others attend it (DON'T FOLLOW... except the King, the Ideal Self, Life, the KING...) if we go to a ceremony because we feel bound to go, where is freedom? Time is short, it is foolish to misuse it by false pretences. Ceremony is tremendously valuable to those who follow the ritual with understanding and eagerness, in a true spirit of cooperation, seeking in ceremonies and by them a betterment of their own selves, a greater contact with life, a means to serve more adequately their brothers and comrades. Ceremony and ritual appeal to me more than I can say, not because I love their beauty and rhythm only, but because I unfold naturally in them what I believe to be vital qualities: desire to help more and more any living creature, sense of unity, intense feeling of useful co-operation with a wonderfully harmonized whole. Of course I appreciate as much a beautiful landscape, a moment's silence in nature, the singing of a bird, the perfume of a flower, the sky, the clouds, the setting of the sun, a game out of doors, music, poetry, and so on and so on... Perhaps as a ceremonialist, I always sense a gorgeous ritual in all manifestations of life, of free life running into all imaginable forms, always free, never captured yet always voluntarily slaving herself into evolving forms so as to give birth to new activities and new lives. But this does not imply that we must all be fond of ceremonies. Are we not free human creatures, enslaved only by our ignorance and idiosyncrasy? Whatever the forms, they all represent means for our inner research, for our own liberation, for the unfolding, rapid or slow, of our own uniqueness. If we contact life, we contact the mystery of her ever harmonious growth in form, of her ever magnificent stability in eternity. So please, do not, any of you, bring only your submissive bodies to a ceremony, keeping spiritually apart from it even in those tortured bodies which soon get fidgety and restless, a hindrance to any true ceremonialist. Truth is the goal and we cannot get at it by artificiality. Sincerity is the first step. Let us be sincere in our undertakings, let us be bold and true in our choice.

In the last Annual (1930) I spoke of freedom of choice. This year I urgently stress the point upon the necessity of choice, utter necessity, whatever the choice may be. We must choose — choice is inevitably linked with life — we must choose earnestly, ardently, enthusiastically. Why? Because the world actually needs activity, both physical and mental, as acts and ideas. Therefore I ask of all members and readers to keep these questions in mind and answer them: What are you interested in? What are you going to do? Do not mind if your interests change, it matters not. *But mind you are always interested in something.* Because directly interest leaves you, life flies from you. What can we do without enthusiasm, except wait. Wait... what? What is coming next? But what is coming next? Life, life and always life, in new forms, in new possibilities, in renewed growth, in renewed interest. Life in manifestation is a rushing stream and we are part of life's manifestation. So we are the tremendous force of life, we are that overwhelming rush of happiness, activity and power.

So, Friends, if we are at games, let us bring life to our games and enjoy them fully. If we are at lessons, let us bring life to our lessons... perhaps also to our teachers who too often forget life and swell our brains with dry facts. Same for drama, sport, lecture, study, researches... same for everything. We cannot contact life if we lack interest in life's manifestation and life mani-

fasts in any possible forms. Our main job is to choose the form of life which suits best our deeper aspirations and longings. What are they for you, not for your brother or friend, for you. What do you want to do? What are you going to start or pursue? What are you to reject or to treasure as useless or useful to the achievement of your highest ideal? Most of all, what are you going TO BE in the magnificent rush of scintillating life?

Les questions du Secrétaire International

Quelle sera votre Queste, cette année? Quelque chose de vital pour vous, et qui vous intéresse vivement. Ne prenez pas mes questions comme des questions d'une bonté fade. Il est certain qu'il ne m'appartient pas de vous demander si vous allez être bons. Vous l'êtes, aussi longtemps que vous vous sentez prêts à réaliser vos aspirations profondes, parce qu'alors, vous êtes au moins bons à quelque chose.

Mes amis, assez de sommeil et de vie végétative. Nous ne sommes pas une bande de confortable choux dans un champ mais des êtres humains anxieux de s'exprimer par la joie, le bonheur, l'activité, le sentiment de la liberté et l'amour de la beauté. Si je vous pose ces questions, ce n'est pas pour recevoir une réponse — bien que je correspondrai toujours très volontiers avec chacun de vous — mais pour éveiller une réponse en vous-mêmes. Répondez à votre cœur, à votre âme, à vos désirs et à vos besoins, questionnez-vous consciemment et vivez suivant votre réponse individuelle. Ceci, indubitablement, est la vie.

Quelle est la signification de la Table Ronde à votre point de vue? Vit-elle en vous? Est-elle semblable à un magnifique brasier dans une nuit étoilée? Est-elle votre étoile, votre soleil? Vous sentez-vous les rayons de ce soleil? Etes-vous prêts à entreprendre quelque chose: du scoutisme, des sports, du théâtre, des cérémonies, des excursions, des camps, des clubs, l'étude de questions économiques ou politiques, n'importe quoi, *mais quelque chose*? Si la vie de l'Ordre ne bat pas dans nos cœurs, où se trouve-t-elle? Dans des statuts et dans des livres? Dans des feuilles de papier? Les lisons-nous jamais sinon lorsqu'ils nous intéressent spécialement? Le Roi, le Chevalier Idéal, ne tient pas à nous voir assis durant une heure, écoutant patiemment les paroles d'un autre. Il nous veut forts, serviables, chevaleresques, ouverts, actifs, généreux dans nos actes et dans nos pensées, dans nos joies et dans nos peines, dans nos luttes et dans nos victoires, dans notre vie quotidienne. Un membre de la Table Ronde devrait être reconnu partout où il agit, non par une étiquette ou par un insigne, non par un diplôme, mais par son attitude constante de service joyeux et libre, d'intense bonheur. S'il est un membre sincère de l'armée chevaleresque, il accomplira des actes chevaleresques parce qu'il sera toujours le compagnon du Roi.

Je sens intensément tout ceci actuellement parce que la Table Ronde, comme toutes les organisations, sent battre en elle une nouvelle vie et nécessite des travailleurs pour atteindre son but. Quel est ce but? Le bonheur. Je ne vois pas de définition meilleure et le monde ne réclame pas autre chose en ce mo-

ment. Le Royaume du Bonheur est nôtre si nous en décidons la conquête. Comment alors serons-nous heureux afin d'offrir le bonheur aux autres ? Comment comprendrons-nous mieux la vie, de façon à devenir des unités rayonnantes dans une collectivité vivante et utile, des messagers de joie, des porte-flambeaux du bonheur ?

D'après moi, le rituel et les cérémonies sont des moyens mais ils ne sont point essentiels. Nous les utilisons, ils sont à notre disposition dans le grand trésor de la vie manifestée. Si nous ne les aimons guère, si nous assistons à une réunion simplement parce que d'autres y assistent (*ne suivez personne ... sauf le Roi, le Soi Idéal, la Vie, le Roi*), si nous assistons à une cérémonie parce que nous en sentons l'obligation, où se trouve la liberté ? Le temps fuit. Il est vain de l'employer mal par de fausses apparences. Les cérémonies sont extrêmement utiles pour ceux qui comprennent la valeur du rituel et y vont avec un esprit réel de coopération, en y cherchant un perfectionnement de leur être, un contact plus grand avec la vie, un moyen de servir plus adéquatement leurs frères et camarades. Les cérémonies et le rituel m'attirent plus que je ne puis l'exprimer, non pas seulement parce que j'en aime la beauté et le rythme, mais parce que j'y développe naturellement ce que je considère comme des qualités vitales : le désir d'aider de plus en plus toute créature vivante, la fusion dans l'unité, le sentiment profond de coopération utile avec un tout merveilleusement harmonisé. Bien entendu, j'apprécie tout autant un beau paysage, un moment de silence dans la nature, le chant d'un oiseau, le parfum d'une fleur, le ciel, les nuages, le coucher du soleil, un jeu en plein air, de la musique, de la poésie... Peut-être en tant que cérémonialiste, je discerne toujours malgré moi un splendide rituel dans toutes les manifestations de la vie, de la vie libre qui s'épanche dans toutes les formes imaginables, qui demeure libre toujours, qui ne se laisse jamais capturer et qui pourtant toujours se fait esclave de la forme évoluant pour donner naissance à de nouvelles activités et à des vies nouvelles. Mais ceci n'implique pas que nous devons tous aimer les cérémonies. Ne sommes-nous pas des créatures libres, enchaînées uniquement par notre ignorance et nos idiosyncrasies ? Quelles que soient les formes, elles représentent toutes des moyens pour aider à notre recherche profonde, à notre libération, par le développement rapide ou lent de notre propre originalité. Si nous prenons contact avec la vie, nous prenons contact avec le mystère de sa croissance harmonieuse dans la forme, de sa prestigieuse stabilité dans l'éternité. Par conséquent, qu'aucun de vous n'assiste passivement à une cérémonie en n'y prenant point part spirituellement. La vérité est le but et nous ne l'atteignons guère par l'artificialité. Soyons sincères dans nos décisions — la sincérité représente le premier pas — soyons hardis et vrais dans notre choix.

Dans l'Annual 1930, j'ai parlé de la liberté du choix. Cette année, je souligne la *nécessité du choix*, la nécessité absolue, quel que soit le choix. Nous devons choisir — le choix est inévitablement lié à la vie — nous devons choisir sérieusement, ardemment, avec enthousiasme. Pourquoi ? Parce qu'actuellement le monde a besoin d'activité physique et mentale en tant qu'actes et idées. Conservez donc ces questions à l'esprit et répondez-y : Qu'est-ce qui vous intéresse ? Qu'allez-vous faire ? Peu importent si vos intérêts changent, mais prenez garde d'être toujours intéressés par quelque chose. Aussitôt que l'intérêt diminue, la vie fuit. Que pouvons-nous accomplir sans enthousiasme et que nous reste-t-il, sinon l'attente. L'attente de quoi ? De ce qui va venir ? Mais qu'est-ce qui vient ? La vie, la vie, toujours la vie, dans des formes nouvelles, dans de

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nouvelles possibilités, dans une croissance renouvelée, dans des intérêts neufs. La vie en manifestation est un fleuve tumultueux et nous faisons partie de cette manifestation de la vie. Nous sommes donc par conséquent cette force vivante, nous sommes cet extraordinaire courant de bonheur, d'activité et de puissance.

Donc, mes amis, si nous jouons, apportons de la vie dans nos jeux et amusons-nous sans arrière pensée. Si nous sommes à l'étude, mettons de la vie dans nos leçons... apportons peut-être aussi de la vie à nos professeurs qui trop souvent l'oublent et bourrent nos cerveaux de faits desséchants. De même pour les comédies, le sport, la lecture, les recherches... de même pour tout. Nous ne prenons pas contact avec la vie si nous n'avons pas d'intérêt pour ses manifestations et la vie se manifeste dans toutes les formes. Notre tâche est de choisir la forme de vie qui répond le mieux à nos aspirations et à nos désirs. Quels sont-ils, pour vous, non pas pour votre frère ou pour votre ami, mais pour vous ? Qu'allez-vous faire ? Qu'allez-vous commencer et poursuivre ? Qu'allez-vous rejeter ou conserver précieusement comme inutile ou indispensable à l'accomplissement de votre idéal le plus pur ? Avant tout et surtout, qu'allez-vous être dans ce courant magnifique de vie scintillante ?

C. W. Leadbeater

(notes from a lecture given at Geneva on Adyar Day by Rev. A. J. Hamerster, 1931).

Earth is the battlefield of good and evil, and it is here in the combat for good and the fight against evil, that man grows in fearlessness and thereby in power and self-confidence, thus becoming a pillar of strength and a support for the weaker. They who know Bishop Leadbeater know also how he has been such a help to many people, how they drew into their souls renewed strength from his strength and fearlessness from his fearlessness, as we draw into our bodies new life and vigour from the rays of the sun if we only take the trouble to go and walk in the sun.

Of course such a power of helpful strength has not been acquired while sitting still. The making of the man is in the youth and if we look at our hero's boyhood, we find already the intimation of the future. Bishop Leadbeater was born February 17th 1847, from an old Norman stock come to England in the time of William the Conqueror in the 11th Century or soon after that. The present family name was derived from one of his French forbears, who having built a cathedral to do penance for his sins, was called after that the Builder, *Le Bâtre*, afterwards degenerated into « Leadbeater ». The symbolical significance of that name strikes us in view of what in later years was done by him in the way of the building of the spiritual temple of mankind, how, in conjunction with Bishop Wedgwood, he has laid the foundation at least for a new and more spiritual worship in the Liberal Catholic Church, for a new and more effective work in Masonry, for a new and more broadminded science by his patient and conscientious occult researches.

But I am running too fast into the future ; we should occupy ourselves first with his boyhood for a while, When he was about twelve years of age, his

father went to South America and took his family with him, consisting of his wife, our little Charles and his younger brother, a child of seven. There followed an exciting time, a happy life at first among virgin nature, its unspoiled tropical woods and its varied wild creature life. We hear also of a daring ride on a locomotive from the inlands to the coast-town, driven at a reckless speed by the young Charles on his own account to capture a defaulting cashier on board a ship which was on the point of sailing. All too soon however this happy though somewhat adventurous life was succeeded by a terrible fight, a struggle of life and death against Red Indians and renegade insurgents, in which the younger brother was atrociously butchered in front of the captive and powerless but raging and struggling Charles; in which the father through the hardships and privations forced upon him by the savages contracted that consumption of which he died afterwards in London; and in which the young Charles went through physical and mental tortures enough to kill a strong man. Eventually, the tangle in which the family had been caught was straightened out again, except for the loss of the younger brother, over against which however stood the gain in experience, strength and fearlessness in the physical and mental tortures, and even of death.

Life in South America had made of the boy Charles a man. It had given him the opportunity for showing and developing those qualities of power and courage which in after life should come to him in such good stead, when he had to endure the moral pain of the slander and abuse of the world, in spite of the fact that one has done all in one's power to lift the burden of pain of that same world, by spreading love and wisdom throughout it, and showing it the way to the heart of life, which is charity and understanding of one's fellow-creatures.

It is truly said of the life of an Arhat, that it follows the life of the crucified Christ. This involves setting aside one's own personal self with its limited interests. To achieve this, one has to develop that fearlessness in the face of all personal suffering which makes for the hero. And it was there in Sth. America some 70 years ago, that our hero served his apprenticeship in this. It was there that was developed that fearlessness which drove him also on many occasions to engage in battle with, « to wrestle against the rulers of the darkness of this world. » In some of his books you may read of this struggles, though many of these stories remain necessarily unprinted. You may read of the fights with vampires and evil elementals, made in by-gone ages by the practice of black magic, and even with the makers and masters of those instruments of evil themselves.

But enough has been said of this side of Bishop Leadbeater's character. A new aspect of his life must now occupy our attention if we are to understand the complete man. I wish to draw your attention now to that known part of his life: his work as a careful and conscientious investigator of the occult side of life, which lies hidden from the physical senses, but is open to the soul with its clairvoyant powers, which when awakened give such an enlarged vision of life. We may glimpse something of this even from a cursory glance through that array of books, in which lie embodied the result of his occult investigations: « The Other Side of Death », « The Inner Life », « The Hidden Side of Things », « The Science of the Sacraments », « The Hidden Life in Freemasonry. ».

Indeed he is one of the greatest living occultists of this century, a truly scientific explorer of the invisible worlds as they are called. His painstaking accuracy of observation, classification and description of the overwhelming

mass of new facts and laws in these unseen worlds, is evident to any one who reads with care, for example his booklet on the astral plane, the description of the angelic kingdom, the treatment of the force-centres in man, and the analysis of the chemical elements. That Bishop Leadbeater has succeeded in disentangling that bewildering complicatedness of life on the other side of death and has been able to present us with such clear pictures of it, is owing to those special qualities of detailed observation and a well ordered mind with which the recognised man of science is endowed (and which is the characteristic of what we in Theosophical parlance are used to call the man of the fifth Ray).

But though one may be born with this natural disposition as the result of one's exertions in former lives, it is not without ever renewed effort in each succeeding life that the acquired natural aptitude will bear fruit. Life is becoming through ceaseless effort and exertion.

This is also illustrated in the life of Bishop Leadbeater, this never stopping at an acquired result but always striving after greater perfection. It has only been by exercising this constant attention to improvement that he has become that trustworthy guide in occult matters that he is to day. If we know how to read between the lines, we may learn something of the amount of steady exertion which that has cost him, by reading for example his latest autobiographical essay on « How Theosophy came to me ».

I shall now have to treat of another aspect of Bishop Leadbeater's life, which in contrast to the one just described is the least known because the most sacred. Before entering into this however, I will first trace in bare outline the principal events after the life in South America. Returned back to England, he was ordained a priest in the Anglican Church in 1878, having before that done a certain amount of work as layman in the slums of London. Having begun to doubt the literal truth of the dogmas as taught in orthodox Christianity, he looked elsewhere for a solution of the riddles of life, which would satisfy the wants of the intellect as well and not appeal to blind faith alone. It was spiritualism, especially its experimental side, which at first somewhat gratified that spirit of research and desire for exact knowledge which was the expression of his scientific mind. This was his first conscious contact with the occult side of nature, though in his youth there had been instances of vague gropings after it, apparently brought over from former lives. I will give you an instance which will show you that even in early youth he had already been in contact with those forces, which would afterwards shape his whole future. At the house of his parents, the young Charles, when still a small lad, met the great occultist Bulwer Lytton, the famous writer of « Zanon », and he still remembers how on one occasion he saw a letter which lay on the table, fall to the ground and moving along to the feet of the novelist, while nothing visible seemed to propel it. His father was sceptical as to such phenomena, and this experiment was intended to convince him.

There is another circumstance in his youth to which I wish to draw your attention. His mother was a Puseyite, that is to say a follower of an adherent of Dr. Edward Bouverie Pusey, an English divine, who in the second century, became the originator of a revival of the ceremonial and ritualistic life in the Church of England, through his exposition of the spiritual value of the sacraments. It may well be that by heredity and the maternal influence it is to be explained, in part at least, that the boy at first chose the vocation of a priest in the Church of England, and that he afterwards took the leading part in a similar revival of sacramentalism and ceremonialism in Co-Masonry and the Liberal Catholic Church, of which last institution he became a Bishop in 1916 and the Presiding Bishop in 1923.

After the experiments in spiritualism, Bishop Leadbeater finally came into contact with the Theosophical Movement through the intermediary of Mr. Sinnett, and on April 7th 1883, he joined the Society. Of his further career as a Theosophist I need not tell you much. Most of it will be known to you. There is one incident I will recall to your mind. Through the definite contact with the Theosophical Movement and the Ancient Wisdom, established by his joining the Society, his intuitional memory of what he had been and done in similar movements in former lives was apparently so strongly roused that in less than a year after his becoming a member, we see him throw up his whole position in England and sail out to India with the then much abused and socially disreputable Mme Blavatsky. This act of sacrifice and service to the good cause immediately bore its fruit. On the eve of his departure from London he received a letter from His Master Koot-Hoomi, in which he hailed him as His new pupil and by that act, reestablished the old link between them, which had been forged in former incarnations.

This leads me finally on to the third aspect of Bishop Leadbeater's life and work. You may probably remember the words of the Master Koot-Hoomi to one of his younger pupils in these later years: « I am pleased that you have chosen the shortest of all roads to progress, that of bringing others with you along the Path. Absolutely unselfish love is the strongest power in the world, but few are they who can keep it pure from exaction or jealousy, even if it be for one object alone. Your advancement is due to your success in keeping that flame burning ardently for several objects simultaneously. »

This quality of unselfish love then and the desire to guide one's fellow man to the Path that leads to the feet of the Masters, to the service of mankind and to ultimate bliss has been the most prominent characteristic of the later part of Bishop Leadbeater's life, to the extent even of putting his occult researches somewhat in the background. We should know how this came to pass.

I have told you that as scientific investigator of the occult side of nature Bishop Leadbeater showed the special characteristics of the man of the fifth Ray, as it is called according to the Theosophical classification of the different types or lines of evolution. Now, it is possible for a man, after he has reached a certain stage in his evolution and has acquired the power to take this further development consciously in his own hands, to transfer himself if he wishes so, from one ray to another.

And this was apparently what has been done by Bishop Leadbeater at a certain point of his spiritual career, that is to say the transference of himself from the fifth to the second Ray. From that time on he became the leader of souls to the feet of the Masters and many people have thus been led by him on to the Path which ultimately brings freedom and joy everlasting.

This task which belongs to the special department of that Great Being of the Occult Hierarchy, governing the world, whom we call by different names: the Bodhisattva, the Christ or the World Teacher, cannot be accomplished if one has not developed an intense capacity for love all-embracing, all-comprehending.

Even if we do not know Bishop Leadbeater intimately and have seen him only for a few moments, speaking to us from the platform, we cannot but acknowledge that it is that great love shining out from his clear blue eyes and benevolently smiling countenance, radiating out from his own personality which strikes us most. It is this love, with the unlimited patience which accompanies it which makes of him the ideal teacher of children and young people, even as

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his own Master Koot-Hoomi is called « The Master of Children ». Thus we can understand also how it was that he became one of the helpers of Krishnaji as a youth and the teacher of so many other children who all through his ministration came to see the light.

One of these I may mention. It was the little brother whom he lost in South America, and who by appearing to him shortly after his death, drove away from his heart the hatred against his murderer. Fifteen years later that little brother was born again in Ceylon, and after Bishop Leadbeater had sailed out to India with Mme Blavatsky, the two met again, recognised each other and the elder brother led the younger on to the path of liberation, as he had led so many others since. We know that younger brother now as Mr. Jinarajadasa.

I will close this short and inadequate survey of the life of one of the greatest exponents of modern Theosophy in word and in example by quoting a saying of the philosopher Spinoza : « Free men only are to each other the gratefullest. »

Then, let us be free in this sense.

Rev. A. J. Hamerster.

Krotona Rítual

(adapted by the New Zealand Table)

Brother of Wisdom : Brothers, we are assembled to render service to our Lord the Great World Teacher. Brother of Strength, is all in order in the North ?

Brother of Strength : It is, Brother of Wisdom, the Brothers of Duty, Light, Purity and Harmony are faithful to their tasks.

(Each Brother bows slowly as his name is mentioned)

Brother of Wisdom : Brother of Beauty, is all in order in the South ?

Brother of Beauty : It is, Brother of Wisdom ; the Brothers of Enlightenment, Devotion, Sacrifice and Compassion are faithful to their tasks.

(Each Brother bows slowly as his name is mentioned)

Brother of Wisdom : Brother of Will, what is the nature of the tasks we have come to perform ?

Brother of Will : To offer to the Blessed Lord of Love a pure and consecrated vessel for His sacred Spirit, to invoke His blessing upon the world that needs Him and to proclaim His return as Teacher of men.

Brother of Wisdom : Brother of Love, have we any word of the coming of that Mighty One ?

Brother of Love : We stand at the foundation of a new race, one destined to exemplify the true spirit of Brotherhood. All the sings which have marked the beginnings of a new race in the past are present with us now and in every field of human endeavour a cry has arisen for more light, for wise direction ; a cry which can only be answered by the Great Giver of Light and Love, Who has always come when the world so needed Him. And we have heard that this cry from peoples of all nations has again been answered by Him, who is Compassion Incarnate,

Brother of Wisdom : Brother of Strength, whence came this Great One to heal the wounds of a suffering people ?

Brother of Strength : Many times in the past. He has taken for His holy Ministry the body of a chosen disciple to be the instrument of His coming. And again coming this time in answer to the prayers of thousands, He has taken the body of one, born in the East to be the sacred instrument through which He is proclaiming His Divine teachings.

Brother of Wisdom : Brother of Beauty, how shall we know Him ?

Brother of Beauty : When we shall have beautified our lives with the true spiritual graces, we shall know Him. To His disciples He is already known as the World Teacher, the Christ incarnate from age to age. The tree is ever known by its fruit. Let them see who have eyes to see.

Brother of Wisdom : Brothers, the time is here ; prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make straight His path.

Brother of Will : May His will guide our footsteps in His Service.

Brother of Wisdom : May His wisdom illumine our minds.

Brother of Love : May His love irradiate our hearts.

Brother of Strength : May His strength sustain our efforts.

Brother of Beauty : May His beauty inspire all our actions.

Brother of Wisdom : May His peace abide in all.

Brothers, before I declare that all is in order for the tasks we have come to perform, let us invoke a blessing upon all we shall do. Grant us Thine aid, O Lord of Love in this service which we render for Thee and in Thy name ; and send down from Thy Holy Mount a Messenger of Thy hand to build the Temple wherein we shall do Thy work. May He assemble His hosts from the North, East, South and West and may He send them forth again into the four regions of the world to spread His Message we shall proclaim.

All : Grant us this prayer, O Lord of Love.

Brother of Wisdom : Brothers, all is well.

(*All sing « THE WORD OF THE MASTER »*)

Brother of Wisdom : Let us now in meditation turn our thoughts with devotion upon the Ideal of Universal Brotherhood and strive to feel our unity with all life and with the divine.

(*Meditation accompanied by appropriate music.*)

THE CEREMONY

Brother of Wisdom : From the time when the Sons of God descended from their high estate and took incarnation as embodied men, their path has been trodden in deepening darkness. They came all pure and undefiled, seeking the knowledge of life in form in the world below. Many incarnations have they since lived and laboured and many more shall they yet experience as they struggle upwards through the darkness of ignorance toward that human perfection which shall bring them again to the pure light of the Father whence they came. But the Father has never

allowed His children to remain wholly in darkness nor to forget their oneness with Him. So from time to time He has sent forth a Mighty Messenger to remind them of our spirituality with Him. During the life time of our Aryan race which had its birth in the East many thousands of years ago, two lofty Beings have in turn been His Messengers in the exalted office of World Teacher. The first we know as the Lord of Wisdom and the second as the Lord of Love. Five times did the Lord of Wisdom appear and twice the Lord of Love came in the past and each time a great religious ideal was given to shape the destiny of mankind. Let us now learn the story of the five incarnations of the Lord of Wisdom as a divine Teacher among men.

(Thurifer goes to Altar, lights torch, then hands it to Brother of Duty. In what follows each Brother goes round the Altar clockwise to the East, saying his part there)

Brother of Duty : The Lord of Wisdom came first to our race as the Lord Vyasa and through the symbol of the sun taught the people their unity with God. He taught them that the Self of the Sun in the heavens and the Self in the human heart were one and the same ; and that if man would find the God Universal he must first find Him in himself. *(Lights candle)* That Sun we worship ; may it for ever irradiate the hearts of mankind, may it brighten our thoughts.

All : Grant us this prayer O Lord of Love.

(Brother of Duty hands torch to Brother of Light.)

Brother of Light : The second time this Mighty Teacher came to our race He taught the Egyptian peoples as Thoth, or Hermes Thrice Greatest. He then showed the people that Light was the symbol of their unity with God, teaching that the Light Divine is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He taught that the people should follow that Light and even the King should look for God in His subjects' hearts for only so could he be worthily King. *(Light candle saying)* May we ever follow the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

All : Grant us this prayer O Lord of Love.

(Brother of Light hands torch to Brother of Purity)

Brother of Purity : The third time He came to the Iranians, and was known as Zarathustra. Then He gave the people the symbol of fire as their emblem of unity and taught that the fire of the Spirit universal and the fire of the Spirit in man were one and the same and that through fire were all things made pure. *(Lights candle)* May His divine Fire ever purify us.

All : Grant us this prayer O Lord of Love.

(Brothers of Purity hands torch to Brother of Harmony)

Brother of Harmony : The fourth time He came to the Grecian race as Orpheus and by the mysteries of sound and beauty He taught the unfolding of the Spirit in man. In the glory that was Greece an ennobling Harmony in music, poetry and art was expressed and so by the pathway of the beautiful was man made to see his unity with God. *(Light candle)* May His Harmony give joy and beauty to all that lives.

All : Grant us this prayer O Lord of Love.

(Brother of Harmony hands torch to Brother of Enlightenment.)

Brother of Enlightenment : Then this Migthy One came forth His final time as Teacher of men. As Gautama, the Buddha, He reached enlightenment and passed on to loftier labours in the service of God, never again to take mortal form. But ere He departed He gave to the world that sublime knowledge of the law of life which can never be lost. (*Lights candle saying :*) May His Wisdom enlighten the darkness of the world.

(*Brother of Enlightenment continues to hold the torch, standing at his station until after the Brother of Wisdom concludes the following :*)

Brother of Wisdom : When the Lord of Wisdom had thus completed His Mission, the office of World Teacher passed on to His Migthy Brother, the Lord of Love, Who had come up beside Him through the long journey of life. Since that lofty office passed into His sacred hands, twice has this One bestowed the blessing of a world faith upon humanity. Let us now learn the story of the divine incarnations of the Lord of Love among men.

(*Brother of Enlightenment hands torch to Brother of Devotion, just as the last words are spoken*)

Brother of Devotion : First the Lord of Love came to the Hindus as Shri-Krishna, the Child of God. He then taught personal devotion to the divine and awakened in the hearts of mankind the most passionate love for God. (*Lights candle saying :*) May His Love ever draw our hearts nearer to Him.

All : Grant us this prayer O Lord of Love.

(*Brother of Devotion hands torch to Brother of Sacrifice*)

Brother of Sacrifice : His next coming was as Jesus, the Christ, and He then founded the faith which inspires the whole of Christendom. He taught the love that suffereth long and is kind, and gave to men the sublime example of utter self-sacrifice. (*Lights candle saying :*) May His love break down all barriers between men.

All : Grant us this prayer O Lord of Love.

(*Brother of Sacrifice hands torch to Brother of Compassion who stands at his station holding it.*)

Brother of Wisdom : In most of these advents the Migthy One holding the office of World-Teacher appeared in order to shape the destiny of a new branch of the Aryan Race. To one after another the divine teacher came until five sub-races were launched forth in their world progress. And today we stand awaiting the birth of the sixth, where again His hand shall guide the destiny of the new race.

Brother of Will : We see again the coming of earth's greatest Messenger from the White Lodge; not one of the lesser Messengers, not one of the faithful and devoted disciples, not one of those who came because bidden by their superiors to go out in the world, but One to Whom none may say : « Go », but Who ever breathes : « I come », the Supreme Teacher, the Lord Maitreya, the blessed Buddha yet to be.

Brother of Love : Those who know something of the occult life, those who, of their own knowledge bear witness that He lives upon earth, proclaimed His coming and already the steep slopes of the Himalayas saw His descent into the world of men. He stands with His eyes of Love, gazing on the world that rejected Him aforetime and perchance will again reject Him. Shall we close our ears to His pleading and disregard His teachings ?

(At these last words, the Brother of Compassion walks round the altar to the East and says :)

Brother of Compassion : He Whose ears are never deaf, He Whose heart is never closed against the world He loves, has come again. This unlighted symbol of His incarnation, unlighted well nigh for close upon two thousand years, is flaming forth now in our midst and thus proclaims His holy presence upon earth. This time He tells us of the existence of the Kingdom of Happiness and Beauty open to all who eagerly seek to enter it. (*Lights candle saying :*) May His voice act as clarion call to all and may this spiritual happiness be soon the lot of all mankind.

All : Grant us this prayer O Lord of Love.

(*Brother of Compassion return to his station and Thurifer takes torch and extinguishes it*) .

Brother of Wisdom (after Brother of Compassion has spoken) : Once again the Lord of Love has deigned to come to our world in the vesture of a mortal body and though His Mighty Mission has only just begun, already have His words struck deep into the hearts and minds of thousands, bringing to them a new hope, a vivid glimpse of that radiant Kingdom of Happiness He has come to reveal to mankind. Hear then some of the words He has so far uttered concerning the truth He brings :

First Voice : I come to those who want sympathy, who want happiness, who are longing to be released, who are longing to find happiness in all things. I come to reform, not to tear down, not to destroy but to build.

Second Voice : I belong to all people, to all who really love, to all who are suffering ; and if you would walk, you must walk with me ; if you would understand you must look through my mind ; if you would feel, you must look through my heart.

Third Voice : And because I really love, I want you to love ; because I really feel, I want you to feel ; because I hold everything dear I want you to hold all things dear ; because I want to protect, you should protect, and this is the only life worth living and the only happiness worth possessing.

Fourth Voice : Because I have found liberation and intense happiness, because I am the path of peace, I want other people to enter on that path. Because I really love, because I have intense longing to redeem people, to save them from their sorrows, I shall go about teaching, I shall wander the face of the earth.

Fifth Voice : Open the gates of your hearts that you may enter into liberation, so that you will become in yourselves the true redeemers of mankind, so that you will go out and show to the people that are in sorrow and pain that their salvation, their happiness, their liberation lies within themselves.

Sixth Voice : I am he that openeth the heart of man, that giveth comfort. I am the Truth, I am the Law, I am the Refuge, I am the Guide, the Companion and the Beloved.

(Triangle of Will, Wisdom and Love round the Altar and all others form a circle round them.)

All : O Lord of Love and Life, we joyfully welcome Thy advent and pray that Thy Power and Beauty may shine forth over the earth. Open Thine eyes in us that we may see ; purify our hearts that we may love Thee ; be Thou born within us that we may behold Thee without us ; inspire us to spread Thy Gospel of Happiness so that the weary nations may enter Thy Kingdom, and Righteousness and Peace may flow forth over all Thy world.

ADVENT CHANT.

(A few moments of silent aspiration, each one endeavouring to realise that the Spirit of the Lord of Love is a living Presence in our midst.)

Brother of Wisdom : O most Holy One, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, we, Thy devoted servers, offer Thee this Grail of our assembled persons as a consecrated vessel for Thy Spirit. Mayest Thou find it to be a worthy vessel-for Thy divine Life and mayest Thou fill it to overflowing for them that need Thee. *(Pause)* And now as we proclaim the words of Thy Presence, may the hosts we have invoked bear forth these words with Thy blessing into the regions of North, East, South and West, and proclaim them to every living creature that hath ears to hear :

All : Grant us this prayer O Lord of Love.

(The circle should open again at the word : « Grail ».)

PROCLAMATION

All (twice, with uplifted hands) : O ye peoples of the earth, prepare yourselves for the Lord and Teacher. He comes to bring you the Light. Receive ye Him with Love and Rejoicing.

Brother of Wisdom : We do this. O Lord, for Thee and in Thy Name. All gratitude to Thee and to the heavenly helpers whom Thou has graciously sent.

(Thurifer hands extinguisher to the Brother of Wisdom who puts out each candle in the order that it was lighted, saying in turn :)

The peace of the Lord Vyasa ; the peace of the Lord Toth ; the peace of the Lord Zarathustra ; the peace of the Lord Orpheus ; the peace of the Lord Buddha ; the peace of the Lord Krishna ; the peace of the Lord Jesus ; and the peace of the Living Christ, Who has come again, be with you always. Brothers, let us carry away in our hearts the blessing of this occasion, and strive to share it with our brother man in daily life.

(The Brothers leave the hall in the same order as they entered, singing the RETROCESSIONAL HYMN.)

(N. B. : Those interested in the Krotona Ritual may apply to the Chief-Secretary to obtain the Hymns and Advent Chant.)

Le Rituel de la Table de Marseille

(Les Chevaliers se tiennent à l'intérieur, près de l'entrée ; les autres membres restent à l'extérieur et frappent à la porte).

L'Officiant : Quels sont les Frères qui désirent entrer ?

Le plus ancien Compagnon : Des écuyers, des compagnons et des pages qui veulent se perfectionner pour le service de la Table Ronde.

Officiant : Savent-ils ce que symbolise pour nous la Table Ronde ?

Le Compagnon : Elle est le symbole de l'Homme Parfait.

Officiant : Qu'ils entrent.

(Les membres entrent par ordre de degré, font le tour complet de la Table en saluant le trône du Chevalier Idéal. Au deuxième tour, chacun s'arrête devant son siège et reste debout.)

Officiant : Mes Frères, prenez place et purifions-nous. Que cette eau qui purifie vos mains soit le symbole de la purification de vos esprits.

(Tous les Chevaliers s'asseyent et l'Officiant interroge successivement chaque Chevalier qui se lève pour répondre et se rassoit ensuite.)

Officiant : Qui est l'Homme Parfait ?

Un Chevalier : Le Chevalier Parfait.

Officiant : Quelle est la première activité du Chevalier Parfait ?

Un Chevalier : La Volonté.

Officiant : Frère Chevalier, faites briller la lumière de la volonté.

(Le Chevalier se rend près de la Table et allume au flambeau sacré la lumière de la volonté).

Officiant : Frère Chevalier, quelle est la deuxième activité du Chevalier Parfait ?

Un Chevalier : L'Amour.

Officiant : Frère Chevalier, faites briller la lumière de l'Amour.

(Le Chevalier allume au flambeau sacré la lumière de l'amour).

Officiant : Frère Chevalier, quelle est la troisième activité du Chevalier Parfait ?

Un Chevalier : L'Action.

Officiant : Frère Chevalier, faites briller la lumière de l'action.

(Le Chevalier allume au flambeau sacré la lumière de l'action).

Officiant : Frère Chevalier, quelles sont les caractéristiques de ces activités dans le Chevalier Parfait ?

Un Chevalier : Pour devenir un vrai et parfait Chevalier, nous devons développer ces qualités en parfait équilibre, nous disciplinant complètement dans notre corps, dans nos émotions et dans nos pensées.

Officiant : De quelle façon chacun de vous veut-il manifester son activité ?

(Chaque Chevalier se lève à tour de rôle, ainsi que chaque écuyer, compagnon ou page, et indique la qualité qu'il veut développer ou le genre de travail auquel il désire se consacrer).

Officiant : Si vous êtes contents de la façon dont vous avez accompli votre travail, persévérez ; si vous êtes mécontents de vous-mêmes, ne désespérez pas. L'erreur n'est jamais méprisable. Seul le découragement est indigne d'un vrai Chevalier. Reprenez votre lutte. (*Un moment de silence*) Debout, mes frères, épée en main, et commençons notre travail en nous inclinant devant le Chevalier Idéal et en répétant notre devise :

Tous : Vis pur — Dis vrai — Rajuste l'injuste — Suis l'Idéal.

(*Suit une causerie, les cérémonies d'admission et la cérémonie du Pain et du Sel*).

FERMETURE

Officiant : Nous avons terminé le travail que nous avons prévu pour aujourd'hui. Avant de nous séparer, Frères Chevaliers, voulez-vous me dire quel est le devoir du membre de la Table Ronde dans le monde ?

Un Chevalier : Aider tous les hommes.

Officiant : Comment les aiderez-vous ?

Un Chevalier : Ma volonté sera sans cesse tendue vers la perfection mise au service du monde.

Officiant : Comment aiderez-vous les hommes ?

Un Chevalier : En répandant et en cultivant l'amour pour l'unification de tous.

Officiant : Comment aiderez-vous le monde ?

Un Chevalier : En secourant sans cesse tous les êtres au nom du Chevalier Idéal.

(*A ce moment, tous se lèvent et forment le cercle, l'épée horizontale et toutes les pointes en contact.*)

Tous : Nous promettons de respecter notre Idéal : Vis pur — Dis Vrai — Rajuste l'injuste — Suis l'idéal.

(*Tous se retirent en saluant le trône du Chevalier Idéal*).

La légende de la Cité radieuse "Kitej",

Sur les bords d'un beau lac, au fond des forêts, il y avait la « Cité radieuse de Kitej », célèbre par ses temples aux coupes dorées, ses trésors merveilleux et ses Sages. Le prince de Kitej, Youry Vsevolodovitch l'avait construite pour être le lieu de repos et d'inspiration pour tous ceux qui souffraient, qui avaient faim et soif. ¹ Dans la forêt voisine, demeurait la vierge Fevronia, d'une merveilleuse beauté et d'une pureté de vie si grande que les oiseaux et les bêtes féroces venaient la visiter dans sa cabane et se couchaient à ses pieds. Elle connaissait les herbes et guérissait leurs blessures.

Le fils du prince, chassant dans la forêt, s'égare et rencontre Févronia. Charmé par sa beauté et sa sagesse, il s'éprend d'elle et lui demande sa main. Févronia répond à son amour sans se douter que son prétendant est le fils du

¹ Dans le sens spirituel.

prince, mais elle l'apprend bientôt, car un messenger royal vient la chercher pour la conduire comme fiancée du prince à Kitej où les noces auront lieu. La voiture nuptiale ornée de clochettes et accompagnée d'une procession traverse le petit Kitej qui conduit au grand Kitej. Le peuple la rencontre avec joie et chansons. Seul, l'ivrogne Grishka Kouterna (*Kouterna veut dire « chaos »*) se moque d'elle et de son humble provenance. La foule indignée le chasse mais Févronia prie de ne pas lui faire de mal, car il ne se rend pas compte des choses qu'il dit. Elle a grande pitié de lui.

La procession se remet en marche lorsqu'arrivent les Tartares qui ont envahi le pays et qui veulent prendre le grand Kitej pour piller les sanctuaires et enlever les femmes. Cependant, ils n'en connaissent pas le chemin. Ils saisissent Griskha et lui promettent la vie s'il veut bien les conduire. Ils enlèvent Fevronia avec d'autres femmes et se mettent en marche à travers la forêt. Ils arrivent au bord du lac mais le brouillard est si épais qu'ils ne distinguent rien. Alors ils campent jusqu'à l'aube et après avoir bu, s'endorment ivres-morts. Seule, Fevronia ne dort pas et Grishka, attaché à un arbre la supplie de couper ses cordes et de lui rendre la liberté. Pour ce qui est d'elle, dit-il, elle sera tuée par les siens, car Grishka a fait courir le bruit que c'était elle qui conduisait les Tartares. Fevronia est épouvantée de tant de noirceur mais elle a pitié de lui sachant que la torture et la mort l'attendent à l'aurore. Elle coupe ses liens et fait un bond pour s'enfuir. A ce moment, l'aube paraît et Grishka voit le rivage vide et au fond du lac, la cité radieuse avec tous ses temples et ses coupes dorées. Epouvanté, il saisit Fevronia par la main et s'enfuit tandis que le camp se réveille. Les Tartares alors voient le miracle de la ville engloutie.² Dans leur terreur, ils s'enfuient en criant : « Grand est le Dieu des Russes. »

Cependant, Fevronia et Grishka errent dans la forêt sans se douter que le jeune prince est tombé dans le combat engagé entre les Tartares et l'armée russe. Grishka est à moitié fou, il a des visions terribles. Tantôt il veut prier et demander pardon pour ses crimes, tantôt il danse et se moque du ciel. Fevronia cherche à le calmer, lui donne son morceau de pain et lui apprend à prier. Un instant, Goishka s'agenouille mais il est repris par sa folie et s'enfuit dans la jungle.

Févronia reste seule. Elle meurt de faim et d'inanition et s'endort doucement au milieu des fleurs qui la saluent et des brises qui la caressent. Des cierges s'allument sur tous les arbres, la forêt lui fait fête et Alkhonost, l'oiseau de compassion qui chante à l'approche de la mort, fait entendre sa chanson.

Soudain dans un rayon de lune le prince fiancé apparaît et Fevronia se lève et va joyeusement à sa rencontre. Leurs mains s'unissent et ils se dirigent ensemble vers la Cité radieuse tandis que Syrinne, l'oiseau de joie, chante le bonheur des libérés.

Les nuages s'entr'ouvrent et le couple voit Kitej transformée et illuminée par le « soleil qui ne s'éteint pas ». Toutes les cloches sonnent, les oiseaux du paradis chantent et les sages et les saints vêtus de blanc et tous les héros morts dans la bataille avec les Tartares les attendent, cierges en main, pour entrer avec eux dans le temple dont les portes, gardées par des anges, s'ouvrent à deux battants. Le prince et sa fiancée vont entrer dans le temple, mais Févronia s'arrête soudain. Elle se rappelle Grishka et regrette qu'il ne soit pas avec eux. Mais les anges lui expliquent que le temps n'est pas venu pour lui car son cœur ne s'est pas encore ouvert à la lumière. Alors elle écrit une lettre et prie les anges de la porter au malheureux. Elle écrit pour le soutenir et le consoler,

² C'est le Dieu des Russes, pour sauver Kitej, qui l'a fait descendre dans le lac.

him, he neither can nor should fear the strong Adversary himself. Again Sire, the two sharp edges of the blade teach loyalty and justice, for the office of chivalry is this, to sustain the weak against the strong, the poor before the rich, uprightly and loyally.

Saladin : Hugh, is there aught else that goes to the making of a knight ?

Hugh : Sire, there is one thing else but that I dare not do.

Saladin : What thing is this ?

Hugh : It is the accolade.

Saladin : Grant me now this accolade and tell me the meaning thereof.

Hugh : Sire, the accolade is a blow upon the neck given with a sword and the significance thereof is that the newly-made knight may always bear in mind the lord who did him that great courtesy. But such a stroke will I not deal to you for it is not seemly, since I am here your prisoner.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III

(The same tent. The evening of the same day. Saladin is feasting with fifty of the greatest lords of his realm, emirs, governors and admirals. Sir Hugh of Tabarie is sitting on a cushion at his feet. At the close of the banquet, Sir Hugh rises up before the Sultan).

Hugh : Sire, grant me a grace. I may not forget that you bade me seek out all fair and honourable lords, since there is none who would not gladly come to my help in this matter of my ransom. But fair Sir King, in all the world shall I not find a lord so wise, so hardy and so courteous as yourselves. Since you have taught me this lesson, it is but just and right that I should pray you to be the first to grant me aid herein.

Saladin (laughing loudly out of a merry heart) : Pray God that the end be as sweet as the beginning. Truly, Sir Hugh, I will not have it on my conscience that you miss your ransom because of any meanness of mine, and therefore without guile, for my part I will give you fifty thousand good besants.

(Saladin now turns to all his guests and speaks to all)

Saladin : Behold a gallant enemy who must die for want of ransom. Which of you will give of your wealth to buy his life ?

(All the noble lords present immediately press forward pouring out their gold before the Sultan, crying : « For the ransom, for the ransom. »)

Saladin (turning to Hugh) : See, thou art free. Accept this gold which I give thee in return for the lesson thou hast taught me, and as a proof that there are noble minds in our host as well as among the Christian Knights. Go back to tell through Christendom that Saladin can be as courteous to the vanquished as he is well known to be fierce on the field.

Hugh (kneeling) : Sire, words of mine cannot thank thy lords and thee for the generous gifts and hearts. May I pray yet one more boon ? I beg that with this money, your gifts, I may be permitted to ransom at least of my companions in captivity.

Saladin : 'Tis well that I have a richer gift to offer thee, since gold is no meet guerdon for such a man. I set them all free. *(Rising)* They are thine. *(Raises Sir Hugh to his feet).*

CURTAIN

(England)

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La Source de la Vie

(d'après une très vieille légende égyptienne et des textes anciens).

Prologue :

Khaldis : Horus, Cœur Puissant, Horus, Dieu Grand, exauce ton humble serviteur. Il ose T'implorer mais son cœur malgré lui appelle la vengeance du ciel. Toi, le Guide des espaces mystérieux, mène-moi au but que poursuit ma colère. Seigneur des Diadèmes, Générateur d'en-Haut, arme ma main de la flèche acérée et aide-moi à vaincre mon mortel ennemi, Athribis à la noire chevelure et au regard de chacal.

Epervier Saint à l'aile fulgurante, Phénix aux multiples couleurs, Grand Lion qui est par soi-même et qui ouvre les voies de la barque Sokhit, (la barque du Soleil) par ton rugissement, abats mon adversaire tandis que tu fais avancer ta grande barque sur le fleuve du Temps. Coureur du Ciel qu'on ne peut atteindre au matin de ses naissances, élevé plus que les dieux et les hommes, lève-toi pour nous qui ne connaissons pas Ton image, apparais à notre face car nous ne connaissons pas Ton corps. Seigneur de la demeure mystérieuse où tu Te tiens caché, Etre caché dont on ne connaît point l'image, Seigneur des armées qui donne la vie à qui Lui a plu, ne Te repose pas à l'horizon occidental, ce jour, que je n'ai tué mon mortel ennemi à la noire chevelure, Athribis au regard de chacal...

II

Amri (voilée s'avance lentement) : Les dieux t'exaucent, *Khaldis*.

Khaldis (se redressant) : Béni soit leur messager.

Amri : Tu t'empareras de ton ennemi Athribis.

Khaldis : Et je lui enlèverai la vie.

Amri : Il sera remis entre tes mains et tu répondras seul de son destin et de son sort. Mais entends, *Khaldis*, ce qu'exigent Ceux que tu as invoqués : tu ne t'approcheras d'Athribis que le jour où tu auras découvert la source de ta vie. Ainsi le proclament par ma bouche Râ qui se lève en qualité de Soleil, Horus resplendissant et Osiris, le Seigneur des Formes.

Khaldis : Où trouverais-je, Inconnue, la source de ma vie ?

Amri : Cherche-la en dehors de toi. Cherche-la en dedans de toi. Cherche-la sans trêve et que Sokhit, la déesse à tête de lionne, étende sur toi sa protection.

Khaldis : Il me tarde de me désaltérer à cette source afin de me venger plus promptement.

Amri : Va... Tu as éveillé Ceux qui font parcourir les chemins du ciel. Approche-toi du Grand Chef pour faire les plans du temps durant le cours de l'éternité.

RIDEAU

II

Amri (dévoilée) : Enfant qui nais chaque jour, Vieillard enfermé dans les bornes du temps, Vieillard qui parcourt l'éternité, si immobile qu'il ouvre

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toutes ses faces, si élevé qu'on ne peut l'atteindre, Tu es venu, Tu as ouvert les chemins. Tu as parcouru les voies de l'éternité. Tu as créé le sol, l'argent, l'or, le lapis vrai à ton bon plaisir. Tu as fait les herbages pour les bestiaux, les plantes dont se nourrissent les humains...

Tu fais l'homme et libère en son temps son cœur tumultueux. Sois béni pour tout cela, Un Unique, multiple de bras. *(Elle se voile)*

(Entre Khaldis, un vieillard courbé)

Khaldis : Les ans ont passé, lourds de recherches. Et me voici, Inconnue au visage voilé, te rapportant un corps usé par la lutte mais un cœur rajeuni par la source de la vie.

Amri : Bienvenu, Khaldis, est le messager de la vie. As-tu trouvé ce que tu cherchais ?

Khaldis : J'ai trouvé en te quittant, écrit en bleu sur une dalle d'albâtre, des signes miraculeux.

Amri : Que disaient-ils ?

Khaldis : Ils me disaient de voyager dans un pays lointain, en deçà des sables du désert et de m'arrêter là où croît l'Arbre de la Connaissance et où verdit l'Arbre de la Vie. Les arbres sont jumeaux. Je les découvris sans peine tant les signes bleus parlaient un langage précis. Et je suivis scrupuleusement les indications gravées par le souvenir dans ma mémoire fidèle.

Amri : Que fis-tu ?

Khaldis : Je creusai le sol sous l'Arbre de la Vie et mis à jour un coffre immense. Puis, de l'Arbre de la Connaissance, je détachai la clef qui y était suspendue et qui ouvrait le coffre géant.

Amri : Alors, ô Khaldis ?

Khaldis : J'ouvris le coffre et y trouvai un coffre plus beau que le premier. La même clef l'ouvrit facilement. A l'intérieur s'encastrait un nouveau coffre plus merveilleux encore. Et ainsi, durant des années, il me fut donné de découvrir des coffres de plus en plus splendides sortant de coffres magnifiques. La clef de l'Arbre de la Connaissance les ouvrait tous. Anxieux d'arriver au dernier, je ne m'apercevais point de la fuite du temps. Pourtant mon corps s'affaiblissait et mes cheveux se teintaient du blanc nacré qu'on voit sur l'aile de l'ibis.

Amri : Persévéras-tu jusqu'au bout ?

Khaldis : Altéré de vie, eussé-je pu interrompre ma recherche alors que je savais par elle atteindre la récompense des dieux. Râ créateur des êtres et Toutoumen, vivificateur des êtres intelligents, soutinrent mon courage.

Amri : Que découvris-tu en dernier lieu ?

Khaldis : Au fond du coffre le plus étroit où l'or et les pierreries rivalisaient d'éclat avec les rayons étincelants du soleil, je trouvai une perle minuscule, mais dure, si dure que mes faibles mains n'eurent point la force de la briser.

Amri : Me l'apportes-tu ?

Khaldis : Non.

Amri : Quoi ? Ne l'as-tu point conservée ?

Khaldis : Impuissant à l'ouvrir, je la regardai longtemps, la priant de me livrer son secret. Elle semblait vivante entre mes doigts et reflétait les nuances infinies des aurores changeantes et des couchants prestigieux. Elle roulait sur ma paume brûlante et je la fixais si profondément et avec tant de ferveur, qu'à la fin, d'elle-même, sans bruit, dans le silence complet de la solitude, elle s'ouvrit.

Amri : Alors, Khaldis, fils sacré de l'Immortelle Vie ?

Khaldis : Il en sortit un papillon qui battit des ailes dans l'azur et s'éleva vers le ciel, ivre de liberté reconquise. Je le suivis des yeux... et mystérieusement... (*il chancelle*)

Amri (*se penchant vers lui et le soutenant*) : Mystérieusement ?

Khaldis : Oh, Inconnue dont j'ignore le visage, Révélatrice du message de Râ, Grand Chef de l'Eternité... mystérieusement, je me détachai de Ka, mon double, pour m'envoler sur les ailes de Baï, mon âme, à la poursuite de l'humble papillon.

Amri : L'atteignis-tu ?

Khaldis : Khou la lumineuse, mon esprit éternel, accomplit la poursuite ardente tandis que mon corps maîtrisé l'attendait à genoux. Et Khou la lumineuse, parcelle indestructible de mon être, se fondit soudain à l'âme du papillon dans le Cœur Unique du Grand Un.

Amri (*à genoux près de lui*) : Et tu compris ?

Khaldis : Je compris, oui, et voulus aussitôt me traîner à tes pieds, malgré mes forces déclinantes afin de t'apporter la timide offrande de ma gratitude, dont l'infini se perd dans chaque pas qu'effacèrent les sables du désert.

Amri (*tendrement*) : Achève...

Khaldis : O ! divine Inconnue, bienfaisante messagère de Nouit, la voûte céleste où trône Ammon Râ, étincelant de splendeur, puisque Khou la lumineuse, l'esprit de l'homme, s'unissait totalement et dans la joie au vol d'un papillon, mon âme et celle d'Athribis, mon ancien ennemi, mon frère, n'étaient-elles pas Une dans le grand Cœur de l'Un ?

Amri : Revis-tu Athribis ?

Khaldis : Je suis lui, il est moi-même. Pourquoi le revoir sur Gabou la terre alors que Nouit l'étoilée nous couvre de son dôme de lumière ? Puisse sa vieillisse être heureuse, comme sa vie...

Amri : Hommage à Toi, Dieu Grand, Seigneur de Vérité et de Justice. Khaldis t'appartient et se délivre de sa geôle de chair. Baï, l'oiseau léger prêt à emporter Khou la lumineuse sur ses ailes de clarté, prépare son envol vers le séjour de l'Amenti où siège Osiris ; Seigneur de la Mort. Mais avant que tu ne fermes les yeux, Khaldis, sois récompensé de ta constance. Contemple mon visage. (*elle se dévoile*)

Khaldis (*se soulevant*) : Salut à Toi, Mère éternelle des univers et des mondes. Louange à Toi, ô Bienfaisante. Je te connais. Je te connais, je connais Ton visage. Tu es l'Immortalité que reflète dans chacun de ses rayons, Râ, l'éternel dispensateur de la Vie. Louange à Toi, Salut à Toi. Les pouvoirs malfaisants ont été vaincus. L'œuvre d'Ammon Râ est complète. (*Il retombe*)

Amri (*se levant et étendant les mains sur lui*) : Vie, tu es bénie de toute créature, Tu as des adorateurs en toute région. Au plus haut des cieux, dans toute la largeur de la terre, au profond des mers, les dieux s'inclinent devant Ta Sainteté, les âmes exaltent qui les a créées, elles se réjouissent de se présenter devant leur générateur.

O ! Ammon Râ, riche en lumière. Père des pères de tous les dieux, qui a suspendu le ciel, étendu la terre, créateur des êtres, formateur des choses, Toi Souverain Chef des dieux, les hommes adorent ton esprit parce que tu leur as donné naissance. Ils te bénissent parce que, éternellement, Tu demeures parmi eux.

(Représenté à Bruxelles, par la Table Ronde, en mai 1930)

About Prison Work

These two stories : « The Two Rivers » and « Lady Mary in Prison » were written for the Bulletin « Light » which is printed in Prison for the Women prisoners of Forest, the biggest prison in Brussels.

Let me first tell you something about that small Bulletin. When it was started, the Ministry decided to distribute it only in the Prison of Forest. But soon after its edition, the prisons of Mons and Liège (both for women) claimed it. And now, the Ministry has decided that it should be distributed in all the prisons of the Kingdom, for men as well as for women. The Bulletin is issued once a month and contains : articles of morals, stories, anecdotes, news from outside (the great facts), cheap receipts for cooking, addresses where the prisoners may go when leaving prison, games to find out in the cells, the programme of the concert given every Sunday by the prisoners to their fellow-comrades, even sometimes articles written by the prisoners themselves.

When I published « The two Rivers », I told first the story to all the convicted women during one of my lectures in the prison. And this is what happened :

One woman came to me a few days after and said to me:

— Do you know, the night which followed your lecture, I had a dream or a vision, I do not know how to call it. But I saw the road between the two rivers—such a brilliant road made of shining light. I was walking up that road with a comrade and I shrieked to her : « Look, look... It is the road which we were told of this afternoon... »

She looked at me and said suddenly :

— Well, I understood. The pilgrim climbing up the road, it is you... it is I ; it is everyone of us... »

I asked :

— And what is the river you choose ?

She answered promptly with such strength and faith :

— The *blue* of course. You did not see it, you spoke simply of it. But *I* saw it... and you cannot realise how radiant it is...

This woman is convicted for twenty years. She tried to murder her husband, happily without succeeding. And this happened too after her vision of the Two Rivers.

Her husband came to see her. When a visitor comes to visit a prisoner, the prisoner is not told who the visitor is but is simply conducted to the grim little parlour where he can speak and see the member of his family through the bars. Well, that woman was suddenly brought face to face with her disfigured husband, disfigured by the wounds she had inflicted upon him.

She told me :

— When I saw him and when I realised how good he always was to me, I cannot tell you what I felt. I thought : « My whole life shall be at his service. May be I can still wipe away my fault.. »

The man came back several times. He said to her : « I do not understand, but when I come to you, I feel better. You give me peace and hope though you are in prison and I am free. » And both have decided to start together a new life, directly the woman is released. I wish you could see the brilliancy of her

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blue eyes, eyes of the colour of the blue river. We try to obtain a diminution of her pain and we hope to succeed.

The other story is a favourite one in the prison. The Virgin Mary is well known and cherished in Belgium. And the idea that the Lady of Love and Compassion came once to visit the prison was deeply appreciated by all my unhappy and very loved friends.

Serge Brisy.

The two Rivers

Once upon a time, two parallel rivers flowed towards the Ocean. The waters of the one were so blue that they seemed to reflect the blueness of the heavens. The waters of the other were black and slimy and the constant eddies carried debris unceasingly with them. These two large rivers fed the small brooks and streamlets. But whilst marvellous sweet scented flowers grew on the emerald banks of the azure river, on those of the black river were to be found only thistles and nettles.

Now, one day a traveller who was following up the courses of the rivers reached their twin sources and he was surprised to find that the gushing sources were alike clear. He was astonished at this and asked himself why the first river during its course decked itself with the delicate hues of the firmament, whilst the second wrapped itself in the obscurity of the night.

Whilst thus reflecting he heard himself called :

— What are you doing here, solitary traveller ?

Raising his head, he noticed a dwarf bent with age and who appeared to be more ancient than the world :

— You are pondering as others before you have done, said the dwarf, whose eyes shone like two stars. And I am going to answer you as I have done those brothers who preceded you. Bend over each source in turn and in silent contemplation. They will respond, and you will quickly understand why the waters become black or blue as they spread themselves out towards the Ocean.

The perplexed traveller did as he was advised. He hung over the source of the black river and watched attentively the bubbling waters. The old dwarf had disappeared. An impressive silence emanated from the plateau where the sand intermingled its gold with the green of the scant vegetation. The traveller felt oppressed and a dull heaviness seized him.

Suddenly the waters calmed down and the traveller saw what looked like shadowy forms drawn on the surface of a mirror. These forms resembled hooked and claw monsters, seemingly weighed down by the heavy baskets on their backs and who unwearyingly poured out the contents into the waters of the river. The fool dregs as they escaped were blacker than the night.

The traveller turned away in fright and went to bend over the source of the blue river. He had not long to wait. The waters calmed down and on the smooth surface of the mirror appeared this time as if by magic, white, turquoise, lilac and rose light. The traveller saw young men and maidens of incomparable beauty, laughingly throwing their scarves of the colour of the sky to the mercy

of the current. The enchanted traveller stood watching, when all at once, he heard at his side the voice of the dwarf :

— Traveller, do you understand ?

The traveller shook his head and murmured :

— There is no doubt that it is the horrible load of the monsters which gives to the river its shades and its mournful look and the scarves of the youths of light give the sapphire tint of the blue river. But why on the one side repulsive monsters and on the other spirits of lights ?

— Look once again, advised the dwarf sinking into the ground.

The traveller returned to the foul source. The waters surged forth, becoming rapidly coloured black. He waited for an instant during which time a cold sweat broke out all over his body. For he recognised his own form in the silhouette who rapidly flung impurities in the gloomy river. He ran to the other source. There to his surprise he saw himself throwing a delicate rose coloured scarf into the stream.

— Traveller, do you understand ? said once more the dwarf.

— Alas, replied the traveller, what I do not understand is my share in this work.

— Live your ordinarily life here for some days, replied the dwarf, and learn the lesson which the two rivers teach man.

The traveller pitched his tent near the twin sources. And at the end of a few days, he understood... Each time an unhealthy thought arose, each time he gave way to a low or coarse emotion, irresistibly he felt himself drawn towards the black river so as to discharge there the heavy load of his mistake ; and each time that an enlightened thought flowed his being, each time that a harmonious and pure sentiment passed through him, he went to the turquoise river there laughingly to unfold the diaphanous scarves of his dreams.

— Traveller, do you understand ? asked the dwarf again one day.

— Oh . cried the traveller, humanity creates these two rivers of darkness and light by the very nature of its thoughts. It rests with us which of the two sources to turn to, so as either enrich or ruin the world.

The dwarf smiled, his eyes shining like two stars. He rested his wrinkled hand on the traveller's shoulder and murmured softly :

— Go forth and carry this message to man...

The traveller rose, folded up his tent and sallied forth. He followed the road which ran between the black and blue rivers, pondering over the thought of the clawed and hooked monsters who were emptying the nauseous contents of their baskets into the gloomy waters, and of joyous youth trailing their scarves the colour of the sky in the turquoise waters. And every time he met a pilgrim who was curious and anxious to solve the problem of the blue and black rivers, he said to them :

— Follow the rivers up to the twin sources, observe them attentively. You will understand.

And such a light emanated from his purified gaze that he threw azure reflections right onto the black river.

Marie, Reine du Ciel

... Et Marie, Reine du Ciel et des Anges voulut revoir la terre en cette journée neigeuse de Noël. Elle s'enveloppa de son manteau bleu, déposa sa couronne dont les bijoux innombrables représentent toutes les larmes des mères qu'elle a consolées et partit seule, pieds nus, n'emportant avec elle que son grand amour pour les affligés.

Elle marcha longtemps, ignorant la fatigue et le froid, tendre et douce aux malheureux qu'elle croisait sur son passage, accueillante aux petits enfants, pitoyable pour les vieux et pour les infirmes, semant sa compassion infinie ainsi que des fleurs rares dans tous les cœurs. Nul ne la reconnaissait mais elle n'oubliait personne et là où elle avait passé, un air plus limpide parlait de printemps et d'espoir.

Au crépuscule, elle arriva devant une grande maison dont les hauts murs cachaient des cours et des jardins. Elle sonna. Une lourde porte de fer roula sur ses gonds, un homme en casquette galonnée vint ouvrir. Il dit en secouant son trousseau de clefs :

— « L'heure des visites est passée... » mais parce que Marie souriait, il s'inclina et lui livra passage.

Marie attendit patiemment. Il lui ouvrit une seconde porte et Marie se trouva dans une large cour.

Elle écouta. On pleurait dans cette maison et chaque sanglot avait son histoire, tragique ou funèbre, douloureuse ou pénible, sombre ou ténébreuse. Marie leva les yeux. Toutes les fenêtres étaient grillagées et la lumière n'y pouvait entrer qu'à travers des vitres dépolies. Et ces fenêtres se suivaient à distances égales sur le mur de briques noircies.

Marie sonna à la troisième porte et sourit au gardien mais des larmes mouillaient le coin de ses paupières. Et le gardien, sans comprendre, se mit à pleurer aussi.

Alors Marie vit des portes... des portes sans nombre que des clefs gardaient closes. Les portes se suivaient comme les fenêtres. Il y en avait à l'étage, en bas, dans d'immenses couloirs nus. Chaque porte était percée d'un guichet et par ce guichet on pouvait apercevoir un homme ou une femme dont le regard fixe semblait perdu dans un rêve sans espoir.

Au premier abord, Marie crut la maison silencieuse. Mais en écoutant mieux elle perçut des bruits de pas glissant lentement le long des couloirs — et c'étaient les religieuses et les gardiens qui faisaient leurs rondes ; des portes qui s'ouvraient pour se refermer aussitôt — et c'étaient les détenus et les détenues qui regagnaient leur triste cellule ; des bruits de clef surtout, sans arrêt, comme si toute la maison n'eût été qu'une vaste serrure toujours en mouvement. Et ce bruit était si cruel qu'il paraissait impossible de s'y habituer parce qu'à lui seul, il épelait continuellement le mot : *prison*.

Marie avait laissé tomber son manteau bleu à terre. Et toute blanche, elle priait.

Elle priait, les mains jointes. Des larmes de compassion s'échappaient de ses yeux, un rayonnement d'or l'enveloppait comme d'un mouvant soleil. Elle priait en songeant aux pays en fête qu'elle venait de traverser, aux âtres où flambait la grosse buche de Noël, aux arbres illuminés de bougies multicolores et dont les branches pliaient sous le poids des cadeaux enrubannés de rose, de bleu et

de vert. Elle priait en évoquant l'étable modeste où Son Fils divin avait vu le jour pour apporter la rédemption aux hommes. Et Marie en priant, pleurait...

Lors, un miracle se produisit...

Dans chaque cellule, hommes et femmes, les mains jointes et les yeux remplis de pleurs, la tête levée vers le ciel que leur cachait la fenêtre grillagée, virent soudain surgir devant eux l'apparition lumineuse de la Divine Consolatrice. D'un geste unanime, ils lui tendirent leur cœur blessé. Et sur chaque cœur, Marie en souriant laissa tomber une larme, et chaque cœur, renaissant à l'espoir, se prit à chanter, tandis que de toutes les lèvres montait une prière qui couvrit le bruit intolérable des serrures :

— O Marie... Marie... Dame de Lumière... Vierge Sainte... Douce Marie... O Marie... Mère du Monde...

Three Stories for the pages and Golden Links

The very small Dwarf and the very small Boy

Once upon a time there lived somewhere in the forest a very small Dwarf. He lived quite alone amongst trees, birds and flowers. But as he never talked to anybody, he grew grumpy and cross.

One day, in front of his very small hut of dead branches and leaves, he found a very small Boy crying. And he looked in wonder because he had never seen a boy before.

The boy had never seen a Dwarf, so he stopped crying and smiled.

The Dwarf immediatly felt very cross and asked :

— What are you laughing at ?

— I am not laughing at anything, answered the Boy. But as I was looking at the dancing little bell on your bonnet, I smiled.

The Dwarf took his bonnet off and looked at the dancing little bell and actually smiled too. Then he asked more gently :

— And what were you crying for ?

The Boy's lips quivered :

— I got lost in the woods, and I do not know my way back. And night is coming and I feel afraid.

— Fancy being afraid of night, muttered the Dwarf shrugging his shoulders.

The boy was ashamed. He said bravely enough :

— Now that you are with me, I am no more afraid.

— That's right, said the Dwarf. Then he asked :

— Where are you going to sleep ?

— I don't know, answered the Boy.

— My hut is too small for you to come in, said the Dwarf. And my rugs are not bigger than two leaves put together.

— It would not cover my two feet, remarked the Boy.

— Wait a minute, wait a minute, peeped a bird. And coming down from the highest branch of an oak, he brought a thread of wool and dropped it in the astonished Boy's hand.

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— Wait another minute, wait another minute, shrieked a dancing little squirrel, coming in a funny scamping way down a pine. And he threw an empty nutshell at the feet of the laughing Boy.

— Wait still a minute, wait still a minute, said a flower bending her slender stem towards the small Boy. And she offered one of her rosy petals which fell on the Boy's heart.

The Boy looked at the Dwarf :

— What am I to do with all these presents ?, he asked. I love them because they were so freely and sweetly given. But of what use are they to me ?

— More use than you can think of, answered the Dwarf. And he went on :

— Put the nutshell under your head.

The Boy obeyed. And his tired and sleepy head rested on a very soft and white pillow.

— Put the wool thread on your legs.

The small Boy did it. And a warm and silky rug was spread over his shuddering and cold body.

— Put the rosy petals on your lips.

And as he did so, the sleeping Boy smiled at his own Mummie bending sweetly over him to kiss him good night.

— Thank you, said the Boy.

And from the trees came the answer of the forest.

— Good night, little Boy. Sleep well.

... He slept till past dawn. When he awoke, the sun was pouring its light on earth and the Dwarf was looking at the small Boy, comfortably tucked in the rug.

— Where am I ? inquired the Boy. And he jumped out the bed... or better, out of the smooth and silky rug.

— You are my guest, said the Dwarf. You slept near my hut. You came last night because you were lost.

He was still looking at the Boy with something very queer in the depth of his dark eyes.

— What is the matter ? asked the Boy.

— You gave me your smile, said the Dwarf. You gave me your smile though you were crying with fear. I cannot forget it. And your smile is all the time dancing in front of my eyes, dancing as the little bell dances on my own bonnet. When I will feel grumpy and cross, I will think of the dancing little bell, I will look at it and I know I will immediately laugh.

The Boy laughed at the idea. And the Dwarf laughed too. Then suddenly he asked. :

— What can I do for you ?

— Bring me back to my Mummie, answered the Boy promptly. Perhaps she cries because I am lost.

— Come along, said the Dwarf.

But the Boy lingered. He asked doubtfully :

— What shall I give to the squirrel, to the bird and to the flower ? They gave me wonderful presents. And because of them, I was not cold during the night and I even received my Mummie's kiss though I was so very far away from her.

The Dwarf stood silent, thinking with the small Boy. But the squirrel shrieked from his pine :

— When you meet my little brothers in the woods, do not frighten them.

The bird chirped :

— Feed my little winged companions in winter. They are always so hungry.

And the flower sang :

— Bring me back to your Mummie so that I can shine in your home.

The Boy stooped and kissed the flower :

— Are you not happier here, he queried.

— My happiness lies in giving happiness and beauty to others, answered the flower.

So the Boy plucked the flower carefully.

And home they went, the very small Dwarf and the very small Boy, hand in hand, smiling.

Naphtys.

N. B. — Which is the Page or Golden Link who wants to illustrate this story and send his or her drawings to Naphtys? Naphtys is ready to publish all the nicest in the loose leaflets of the International Bulletin.

Le Page du Roi

Thierry n'avait pas sept ans et son unique désir était d'être admis page et de pouvoir pénétrer dans la salle d'armes où son magnifique papa, le Chevalier Renaud, réunissait une fois par semaine ses chevaliers, ses soldats et ses serfs pour rendre justice aux habitants de son fief.

Sa nourrice Martine lui disait :

— En automne, tu les auras, tes sept ans. Sache donc être patient...

Et sa jolie maman, la châtelaine Geneviève aux longues tresses blondes, murmurait en l'embrassant tendrement :

— Ne grandis pas trop vite, mon doux fils, car je ne te verrai plus autant lorsque tu revêtiras la cote de mailles.

Un jour que Thierry jouait sur une des terrasses du château, il vit venir à lui un enfant de son âge, très pauvrement vêtu. L'enfant le regardait de loin mais n'osait s'avancer. Thierry alla droit à lui :

— Que fais-tu ici, questionna-t-il. Puis, voyant que l'enfant tremblait :

— Ne crains rien, ajouta-t-il, je te protégerai s'il vient du monde.

— Je n'ai pas peur, dit l'enfant, mais j'ai faim.

Thierry lui tendit sa galette de seigle et le regarda manger avec curiosité. Il ne pouvait pas comprendre comment il se faisait qu'un petit garçon de son âge eut faim. Il s'écria soudain en contemplant ses haillons :

— Peut-être as-tu froid aussi ? Et il entraîna l'enfant dans la chambre qui donnait sur la terrasse. Puis, ouvrant le grand coffre où étaient serrés ses plus beaux vêtements, il tendit le meilleur au petit mendiant ébloui.

Quand l'enfant fut habillé, il le regarda longuement :

— Tu n'étais qu'un petit pauvre, remarqua-t-il. Et te voilà plus beau que moi, simplement parce que je t'ai donné mon pourpoint de velours cramoisi et mon justaucorps blanc.

AE

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L'enfant sourit avec reconnaissance. Mais Thierry songeait :
— Pourquoi y a-t-il des pauvres et des riches ?

Le jour de ses sept ans, Thierry fut reçu page devant les Chevaliers et les Ecuyers assemblés. Le Chevalier Renaud, très grave, prononça la phrase sacramentelle :

— Au nom du Roi, je touche ton bras afin que tu puisses toujours être fort pour Son Service. En Son Nom, je touche ton cœur afin que tu puisses manifester Son amour. En Son Nom, je touche ta tête afin que tu puisses toujours songer à lui.

Thierry, agenouillé, semblait de pierre tant il demeurait immobile. Un Ecuyer le releva et lui donna l'accolade au nom des Chevaliers. Puis le Chevalier Renaud, troublé par le regard sérieux de son fils, le questionna devant les preux :

— Page Thierry, quelle sera votre première Queste dans le monde ?

Thierry, intimidé par la foule qui se pressait dans la vaste salle, resta un moment silencieux. Mais soudain il articula d'une voix nette et claire en redressant son petit corps nerveux :

— Chevalier Renaud, mon père, ma première Queste dans le monde sera de supprimer les pauvres.

Les Chevaliers se détournèrent pour dissimuler un sourire. Comment un enfant supprimerait-il tous les pauvres du monde alors que les hommes n'y sont pas encore parvenus ? Mais le Chevalier Renaud interrogea son fils, sans sourire :

— Comment vous y prendrez-vous, beau page ?

Thierry réfléchit un instant. Il revit le petit abandonné, grelottant de froid et de faim sur la terrasse du château, si beau brusquement dans le riche vêtement de velours. Et surprenant les sourires de l'assemblée, il murmura avec des larmes dans la voix :

— Chevalier Renaud, mon père, ne puis-je partager avec eux tout ce que je possède ?

Alors, quelque chose se produisit qui rendit les Chevaliers muets. Sur le siège vide réservé au Roi des Rois, un enfant venait de s'asseoir. Son pourpoint de velours cramoisi lui serrait la taille, son justaucorps de satin blanc faisait paraître plus brunes ses mains et son visage. Il souriait et ses bras tendus appelaient à lui le page nouvellement consacré.

Le Chevalier Renaud se recula, laissant la place libre à Thierry. Et l'Enfant de Lumière, l'Enfant radieux, l'Enfant-Roi murmura doucement, en baisant Thierry au front :

— Je vous le dis en vérité, toutes les fois que vous avez fait ces choses à l'un de ces plus petits de mes frères, c'est à moi que vous les avez faites.

Et c'est ainsi, par un geste d'amour fraternel, que Thierry, le fils du fier Renaud et de la douce Geneviève, fut consacré Page du Roi.

Naphtys.

L'Enfant avec le Cœur pur

Il faisait froid. Il avait beaucoup neigé. Tout était blanc. On voyait à peine les chemins et les sapins étaient courbés sous le poids de la neige. Partout, on sentait un calme et un silence qui ne se rencontrent que lorsque la neige est tombée abondamment.

C'était vers Noël. On cherchait un petit enfant qui s'appelait Rose-Marie. Tout le monde l'aimait, même les animaux et les plantes. Elle était partie se promener seule parce qu'elle aimait la nature, les petites étoiles de neige qui tombent doucement, la beauté de l'hiver. On disait qu la petite avait une étoile sur la tête et qu'elle était une enfant très pure.

De nombreux enfant ayant appris la disparition de Rose-Marie se sont mis en route pour la retrouver. Ils vont dans toutes les directions. Ce n'est point facile de marcher dans cette neige, mais il faut trouver cette enfant qui a l'étoile sur la tête et qui est plus pure que les autres enfants.

Et voilà qu'un enfant dormait dans la neige. La neige le recouvrait déjà en partie mais on voyait encore un peu de son petit corps et de son doux visage. L'enfant était fatigué parce qu'il avait marché longtemps. Il s'était couché pour se reposer afin de pouvoir rentrer ensuite chez sa maman.

Le premier enfant parti à la recherche de Rose-Marie rencontra ce petit enfant qui dormait dans la neige. Mais on ne lui voyait pas d'étoile sur la tête et c'était l'étoile qui l'intéressait le plus. Il voulait trouver l'enfant qui avait une étoile sur la tête et non pas un simple enfant. C'est pourquoi il passa outre car il cherchait uniquement l'enfant à l'étoile.

Le second enfant arriva et dépassa, lui aussi, le petit enfant couché qui dormait dans la neige, car il cherchait l'enfant perdu, plus pur que les autres enfants et qui avait une étoile sur la tête.

Beaucoup d'enfants passèrent ainsi à l'endroit où le petit enfant dormait dans la neige et la neige tombait doucement sur le petit corps, sans arrêt, le protégeant contre le froid de l'hiver. Et tous les enfants cherchaient l'enfant avec l'étoile sur la tête, la petite Rose-Marie dont ils avaient entendu parler.

Finalement, un petit, fatigué par le chemin parcouru, arriva après de l'endroit où se reposait l'enfant. Il venait de loin. Il cherchait ardemment. Il ne pouvait se séparer de la pensée que l'enfant était plus pur que lui et qu'il avait une étoile sur la tête, que cela devait être un enfant qu'il devait aimer puisque c'était un enfant perdu.

Il vit l'enfant dans la neige, dormant. Il se baissa vers lui :

— Comme il est joli... Mais il doit avoir froid. Et si la nuit descend, il n'aura pas son petit lit et sera peut-être très triste... ?

Rassemblant toutes ses forces, le cœur rempli d'amour, il souleva l'enfant et l'emporta dans ses petits bras. L'enfant était lourd mais il le portait joyeusement et il se sentait très fort parce qu'il l'aimait tant. Il décida de le porter dans sa maison, de le mettre dans son petit lit. Lui dormirait sur le sol dans la même chambre ; ainsi il le soignerait s'il avait pris froid. Trop occupé de tout cela, il ne voyait même pas que l'enfant avait une étoile sur sa petite tête. Il l'aimait tant, cet enfant endormi qui, sans sa venue, peut-être aurait eu froid et aurait été très triste.

Un Chevalier Suisse.

N. B. — Quel est le Page ou le Chaïnon d'Or qui aimerait illustrer ces contes et envoyer ses dessins à Naphtys ? Naphtys serait heureux de publier les meilleurs dans le Bulletin International.

Goodwill Day

The Order of the Round Table as a whole has sent a Goodwill Message running thus :

« The Children of the Round Table all over the world send a message of Goodwill to their friends and chums and hope, in the service of their Ideal King, to help in spreading thoughts of peace, concord and internationalism in many hearts and minds.

THE IDEAL KNIGHT IS STRONG, BRAVE, TRUTHFUL, TENDER, COURTEOUS, SELFCONTROLLED. HE NEVER RAISES HIS HAND AGAINST ANYONE WEAKER THAN HIMSELF NOR TAKES AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF ANOTHER, NOR SPEAKS ILL OF THE ABSENT, NOR IS UNFAITHFUL TO A FRIEND .

HONOUR IS HIS WATCHWORD AND GENTLENESS HIS ORNAMENT. HE IS HELPFUL AND CONSIDERATE, ESPECIALLY TO THE WEAK. HE IS FEARLESS IN DANGER, COMPASSIONATE IN TRIUMPH, FORGIVING WHEN WRONGED, KIND TO THE CHILD AND TO THE ANIMAL.

With such an aim set before us, we must win and so shall we endeavour to become true Knights in the Service of the World.

With love and greetings.

THE ROUND TABLE.

This is the answer we received from the Goodwill Day Committee :

« Thank you so much for your letter and for the message from the children of the Round Table which we were delighted to receive and which was read in about 150 of our schools on May 18th. »

Remember now that what is expected are individual letters from any member to any children of whatever country. You may send your messages to the Chief Secretary who will forward them. But mind you write them and send them on *before 18th May.*)

Le Bulletin International de la Table Ronde

Lisez ceci attentivement et réfléchissez-y parce que notre désir intense est de voir l'idée se propager partout où existe la Table Ronde. Mais nous avons besoin de votre aide et de votre collaboration.

N'ayant ni littérature ni moyens de publication, nous songeons à reproduire par le duplicateur des histoires, des anecdotes, des contes, le folklore de vos pays respectifs, des légendes, des contes de fées, des biographies, des articles intéressant les membres et traitant des sujets les plus variés : politiques, économiques, sportifs, scientifiques, philosophiques, artistiques, etc. etc. Nous en serons les écrivains ou nous les rassemblerons pour les envoyer au Secrétaire International. (voir adresse sur la couverture de l'Annual)

Les articles peuvent être écrits en n'importe quelle langue à condition d'être *dactylographiés sans faute*. Lorsque la langue n'est pas usitée dans d'autres pays, l'article ne sera reproduit qu'au prorata d'une commande de cinquante exemplaires au moins.

L'idée est la suivante :

FORMER UN LIEN ETROIT DE TOUS A TOUS DANS LE MONDE ENTIER. Le Bulletin Annuel ne suffit pas. C'est pourquoi nous songeons à créer un nouveau Bulletin — notre Bulletin International — **UN BULLETIN VOLANT** qui, durant toute l'année, déversera sa vie dans de nombreux courants d'idées. Nous éditons nous-mêmes, nous choisissons nous-mêmes ce que nous voulons éditer et nous pouvons publier ce que nous voulons au moyen du duplicateur. Nous serons la vie de notre Bulletin International. Si un article spécial intéresse vos membres, vous le traduisez dans votre langue, vous nous envoyez la traduction dactylographiée et vous nous commandez autant de copies que vous le désirez. Les articles écrits en anglais, en hollandais ou en italien peuvent être traduits directement au Bureau du Secrétaire International *en français*. De temps à autre, une liste des ouvrages parus sera envoyée aux Chevaliers Chefs et aux Chevaliers, mentionnant les prix. Les prix seront très modiques de façon que chacun puisse commander ce qui l'intéresse le plus. Et chaque livret pourra toujours être obtenu puisqu'il suffira de le reproduire. **NOUS NE PUBLIERONS PAS DE NUMEROS SPECIAUX A DATES FIXES**, sauf l'Annual qui sera imprimé et publié en Octobre comme d'habitude. **TOUS LES ARTICLES ET CONTES SERONT REPRODUITS EN FEUILLETS VOLANTS**, de telle sorte que chacun dans la liste d'ouvrages parus, pourra choisir ce qu'il préfère.

Il nous sera loisible d'échanger des comédies et de les traduire, d'envoyer des légendes, des descriptions de nos méthodes de travail, des idées. Nous pouvons aussi commencer une « Question de la Table Ronde », c'est-à-dire poser une question aux membres du monde entier et publier les différentes réponses dans un seul article.

Nous demandons des articles à *tous les membres*, même des dessins aux compagnons et aux pages. Envoyez donc des idées et des articles au Secrétaire International, récoltez les légendes et contes et articles partiront au bout du monde pour nous unir tous dans le service du Roi.

Our International Round Table Bulletin

READ THIS CAREFULLY and think it over, because we have the intense desire to see the idea carried on all over the Round Table in the world. But we need your help and co-operation.

As we have no literature and no means to publish, *we want to duplicate any number of exemplaires* stories, anecdotes, tales, folklore of your own countries, legends, fairy-tales, biographies, articles interesting to the members on whatever subject: Politics, Economics, Sport, Science, Philosophy, Arts, etc. We will be the writers and providers of literature, writing the articles ourselves or collecting them and sending them to the Chief Secretary. (See address on cover of the Annual).

Articles may be written in any language as long as they are typewritten *with no faults*. When the language is not much spoken in other countries, a *command of fifty at least* must be made to the Chief Secretary's Office before the story or article is duplicated.

The idea is the following :

GET INTO TOUCH CLOSELY WITH ONE ANOTHER ALL OVER THE WORLD. A Round Table Annual is not enough. So we are thinking of starting a new sort of Bulletin which has never been started yet with my knowledge — our International Bulletin — a FLYING BULLETIN which through the whole year will pour its life in many different streams of ideas. Anything can be published by means of the duplicator. We will choose, we will edit ourselves, we will be the life of our International Bulletin. If any article interests your members, you may translate it in your own language, send the translation typewritten of the Chief Secretary's Office and command as many copies as you wish to have. Articles written in English, Dutch or Italian may be translated directly at the Chief Secretary's Office in French. From time to time, a list of literature will be sent over to Chief Knights and Knights with prizes. The prize will be very low so that anyone can purchase what he is interested in. And any leaflet will always be available at any time as we can always duplicate them anew. WE SHALL HAVE NO SPECIAL NUMEROS ISSUED AT FIXED DATES, except the Annual issued in October and printed as usual. ALL STORIES OR ARTICLES WILL BE DUPLICATED AS FREE LEAFLETS, so that anyone can choose in the list that interests him most.

We can exchange dramas and have them translated, we can send legends of our countries, description of our work, ideas, we can start a « Round Table Questioning », which means have a question put to all members in the world and publish the different answers in a single leaflet.

We ask articles of *any* members, even drawings of companions and pages. So do send ideas and articles to the Chief Secretary, do collect legends, and tales, articles, and stories will go to the end of the world, linking us all in the Service of the King.

League of Correspondance

(For Round Table Members)

Any member anxious to correspond with a brother of any country should write to the International Secretary of the Correspondance League :

Mrs. IRMA STARRETT.
5304 Cornell Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
U. S. A.

She says : « If you will send a letter giving your name, address, age, name of Round Table, choice of country in which you wish to have a friend and state language in which you are able to write, we will find a foreign friend for you and welcome you most heartily in our circle. »

Ligue de Correspondance

(Pour les membres de la Table Ronde)

Tout membre désireux de correspondre avec un frère de n'importe quel pays peut écrire au Secrétaire International de la Ligue de Correspondance :

Mme IRMA B. STARRETT.
5304 Cornell Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
U. S. A.

Elle dit : « Si vous voulez m'envoyer une lettre me donnant votre nom, votre âge, votre nom de Table Ronde, le choix du pays où vous souhaitez trouver un ami et me dire dans quelle langue vous écrivez, je vous trouverai cet ami étranger et vous accueillerai joyeusement dans notre cercle. »

THE ROUND TABLE

DIRECTORY : 1931.

Protector : Dr. Annie Besant.

Senior Knight : The Rev. C. W. Leadbeater, Adyar, India.

Knights of Honour :

Kt. J. I. Wedgood. — Kt. C. Jinarajadasa. — Kt. G. S. Arundale (Sir Parsifal)

Kt. Rukmini Arundale (Sir Galahad) — Kt. Oscar Kollerstrom.

Chief Secretary : Serge Brisy. *Chief Treasurer* : Miss M. Bottelberghs.

Office of the Senior Council of the Round Table :

37, rue J.-B. Meunier, Uccle-Bruxelles.

Information respecting the Order may be obtained from the Chief Knight at the following addresses :

AUSTRALIA, Harold Morton, The Manor, Mosman City, Sydney.

AUSTRIA, Miss Elly Kastinger, c/o Theosophical Sty, 12, Theresianumgasse Vienne.

AMERICA (U. S. A.), Ray Harden Esq. 985, Prevost Street, San José, California.

ARGENTINE, Senor D. Merlo Gutierrez, Buenos Aires, Sarmiento 2478.

BELGIUM, Miss G. Bottelberghs, 84, avenue Floréal, Uccle-Brussels.

BRAZIL, c/o Acting Knight : Mrs. S. de Barçena, Slavallol 3458 Dpo 4, Buenos Aires.

CUBA, Senor Ignacio Aloma, Calle Y, 21, Suelle Santiago de Cuba.

CANADA, James Rogers Esq. 706, 7th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.

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DENMARK, Deputy : Miss Früs Petersen, Kronprisen-gade 15 Copenhagen. K.

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HOLLAND, Miss Sophie Schuerman, Myalba, Naarderstraat, 311, Naarden.

ITALY, Prof. del Sere, Firenze Via Toselli 36.

INDIA, Mrs Rukmini Arundale Adyar, Madras, India.

Kt. Secretary : K. Dayaram, Sevakunj, Karachi.

NEW ZEALAND, H. Banks Esq. 351, Queen Street, Auckland.

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SWEDEN, Gunnar Knos, Stora Baltgaten 21, Stockholm.

SWIZERLAND, M. Adrien Gogler, La Chaux de Fonds, (Crêtets 65).

URUGAY, Senta Munaz-Montero, 25 de Mayo, 538, Montevideo.

YUGOSLAVIA, Jelisava Vavra, Hica 37/II Zagreb.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN

Directory, 1931

Protector : Dr Annie Besant

Link of Honour : Mrs Rukmini Arundale

International Link : Miss Clara Codd

Chief Representative : Mrs Margaret Hemsted, 52 Springvale Terrace,
Glasgow, Scotland.

Information regarding the Order may be obtained from the Chief Representative, Chief Knights of the Round Table, or from the following National Links and Representatives :

ENGLAND, Miss Kathleen Polson, Queen Anne House, Montpellier Row
Twickenham, Surrey.

SCOTLAND, Miss Maud Hemsted, 52, Springvale Terrace, Glasgow, N.

IRELAND, Mrs Lowson, 4, Wilmont Terrace, Lisburn Road, Belfast.

WALES, Miss M. B. Daniel, 35, Romilly Road, Barry.

SWITZERLAND, B. Wilmot Allistone Esq. Beau-Cèdre, Jouxkens, Lausanne.

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