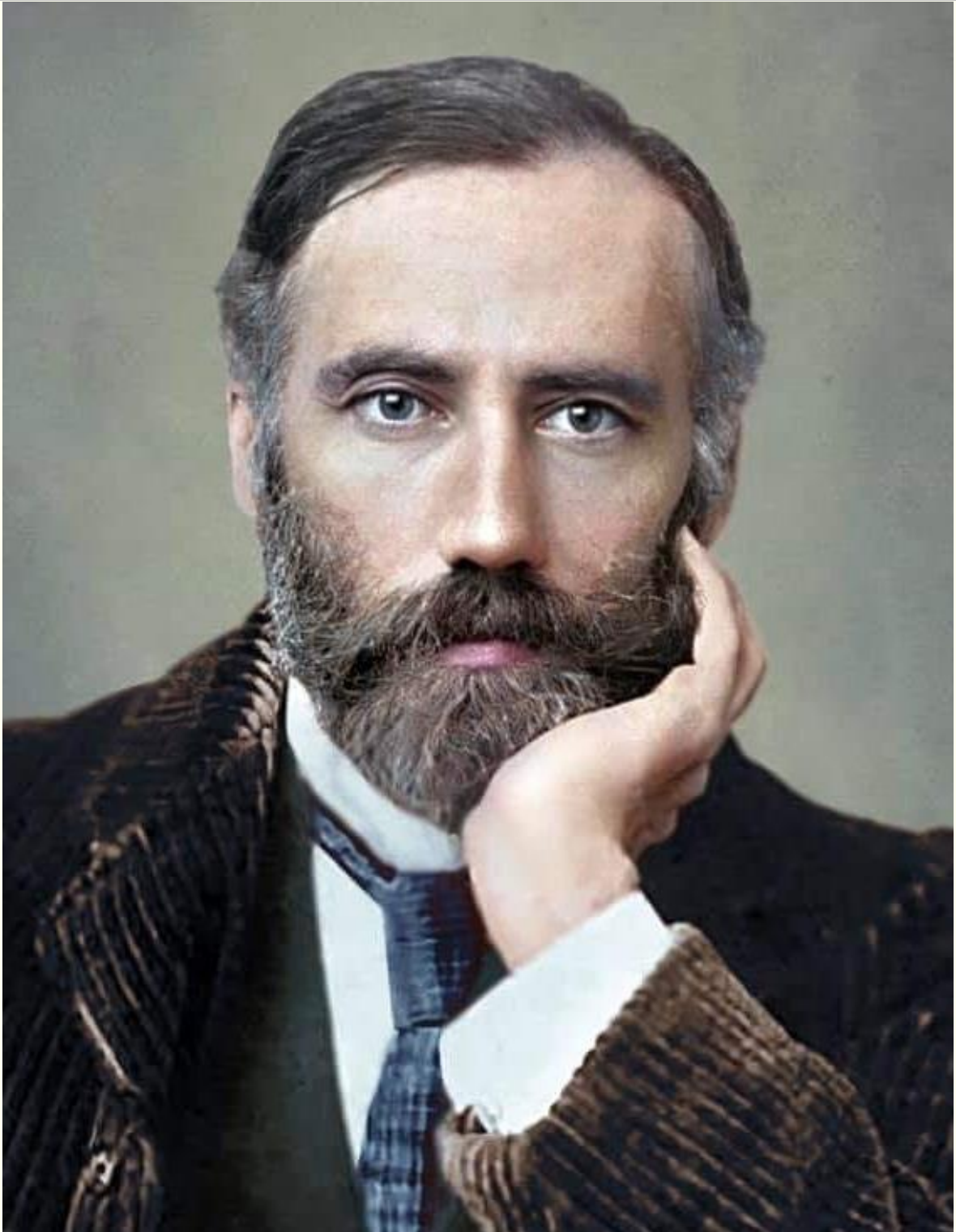


*Tributes to
William Quan Judge*



Abstract and train of thoughts¹

Introductory Notes by the Philaletheians' Series Editor.	5
Introductory Notes by the Theosophy Company Editor.	7

William Judge cast no one out of the sanctuary of his heart.

Biographical Notes by Jasper Niemand.

Theosophy is a cry of the Soul.	11
Work! Work! Work for Theosophy!	13
Cast no one out of your heart.	14

Madame Blavatsky on her only friend.

She was the Knight errant, who fought amid the beating of drums, and the clash and clamour, the excitement and glory of a princely tournament.

My heart beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully.	15
Prophetic insights.	17
Judge does the Master's work to the best of his ability.	18
Nothing that you will do will ever be discountenanced by me, my beloved.	19
<i>Lucifer</i> is Theosophy militant; <i>Path</i> , the Star of Peace; the one is combative Manas; the other, shinning Buddhi.	19
I trust Judge more than anyone in the whole world.	19
I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew, never stopping one moment to rest.	19

Tributes to William Quan Judge by his students and friends.

Tribute from Jerome A. Anderson

While we reverence the Adept, let us not lose sight of the Man, for even in his simplest life he was great. To the children and the humble and lowly in the society, he was a revelation.	21
---	----

Tribute from J.D. Buck

His devotion never wavered; his anchorage was sure and steadfast, and herein lay his strength. His skill in the performance of actions was marvellous, his executive ability of the highest order.	22
--	----

¹ Title page illustration: William Quan Judge (1851–1896), coloured by Steve Levey.

He was never narrow, never selfish, never conceited. He would drop his own plan in a moment if a better were suggested, and was delighted if someone would carry on the work he had devised, and immediately inaugurate other lines of work. 22

Tribute from J.H. Connelly

His demeanour was uniformly the same: kindly, considerate and self-restrained, not merely in such measure of polite self-control as might be expected of a gentleman, but as if inspired by much higher regards than mere respect for the covenants of good society. 23

Careful deliberation upon things was one of his strongest characteristics. His mind was very active, quick and resourceful in suggestion, but I do not recall having ever known of his trusting its impulses until he had thoroughly weighed and considered them. 23

Tribute from Robert Crosbie

I trusted him then, as all those whom he trusted; to me it seems that trust is the bond that binds, that makes the strength of the Movement, for it is of the heart. 24

Judge was humble, unassuming, modest, strong, patient, meek, courageous, an organizer beyond comparison, with powers similar to those possessed by Madame Blavatsky, and never using them in any way but to smooth the path for those who desired to follow the road to knowledge. 25

Tribute from G.L.G.

There was no difficulty he would not take infinite pains to unravel, no sore spot in the heart he did not sense and strive to heal. We mourn the tenderest of friends, the wisest of counsellors, the bravest and noblest of leaders. 25

Tribute from Thomas Green

William Q. Judge was the nearest approach to my ideal of a man that I have known. 26

Tribute from G. Hijo

His most lovable trait was his exquisite sympathy and gentleness. No one ever touched a sore spot with such infinite tenderness, and I know many that would rather have been scolded and corrected by Mr. Judge than praised by anyone else. 26

I thank the gods that I was privileged to know him. It was a benediction to call him friend. 27

Tribute from Katherine Hillard

He was the best of friends, for he held you firmly, yet apart. He realized the beautiful description Emerson gives of the ideal friend, in whom meet the two most essential elements of friendship — tenderness and truth. 27

Tribute from Charles Johnston

It is necessary that just those souls in whom we have felt most of reality should disappear from us into the darkness, in order that we may learn that not seeing, but inwardly touching, is the true proof that our friend is there. 28

Tribute from Archibald Keightley

As I think of what those missed who persecuted him, of the loss in their lives, of the great jewel so near to them which they passed by, I turn sick with a sense of their loss. In him his foes lost their truest friend. 28

Tribute from Julia W.L. Keightley

His heart was set upon the promise of the future and the song of his soul echoed the music of cycles yet to come. We think of him not as of a man departed from our midst, but as a soul set free to work its mighty mission, rejoicing in that freedom and resplendent with compassion and power. 29

Close up the ranks, and let Fidelity be the agent of heavenly powers. 29

Tribute from August Lindström

Judge's head evidenced a high and uniform development of all the faculties, a tremendous will-power combined with gentleness; a thorough practicability and adaptability conjoined to a highly idealistic nature, and a gigantic intellect hand-in-hand with selflessness and modesty. 30

Tribute from W. Main

Those who have heard him speak, know the singular directness with which his mind went to the marrow of a subject, the simplicity of his words, the unaffected selflessness that radiated from the man. 31

His sentences were short and plain; his manner cool and quiet: but what he said was remembered, for his words appealed to the sense of truth; they seemed to "soak in," like the showers which the farmers prize, while a "torrent of eloquence" would have run off, leaving dry ground. 31

Tribute from E. August Neresheimer

Judge was an Occultist. He had the power of self-control, and could subdue the turbulent wanderings of the mind, sit still in the midst of his own nature, supported by his ideal, and view any and every situation dispassionately. 32

Tribute from Elliott B. Page

He was the soul of unselfishness, honour, generosity, and all the other virtues that men hold so dear in other men. He seemed never to rest, for work was his rest. 33

Tribute from E.B. Rambo

He swore no one to allegiance, he asked for no one's love or loyalty: but his disciples came to him of their own free will and accord, and then he never deserted them. but gave more freely than they asked, and often in greater measure than they could or would use. 34

Tribute from A.H. Spencer

A good homely face and unpretentious manner, a loving disposition, full of kindliness and honest friendship, went with such strong common sense and knowledge of affairs that his coming was always a pleasure and his stay a delight. 35

Tribute from Claude Falls Wright

In other bodies, and known under other names, Judge has played an important part in the world's history, sometimes as a conspicuous visible figure. At other times, he worked quietly behind the scenes, or, as in his last life, as a leader in a philanthropical and philosophical movement. 35

A Conspiracy that ruined the Theosophical Cause.

Suggested reading for students.

From our Theosophy and Theosophists Series. 42

Full list of Philaletheians' editions of W.Q. Judge's works. 46



Introductory Notes by the Philaletheians' Series Editor.

We have here gathered an anthology of tributes for William Quan Judge by his students and friends, excerpted from the *Letters That Have Helped Me*, Vol. II, pp. 261-71, 284-300.¹ The *Letters* is a holding title for two series published fourteen years apart.

The first series, being the correspondence between Quan Judge and Julia Wharton Lewis Campbell Ver Planck, later Mrs. Archibald Keightley,² first appeared in *The Path*, 4th ed., New York & London, 1891; 90pp., under the title *Letters That Have Helped Me*.³

A further collection of letters, compiled by "Jasper Niemand" and Thomas Green, was added to the first series (subsequently known as Vol. I, or Book I) and published by the latter in Radlett, Hertfordshire, England, in 1905. Vol. II contains W.Q. Judge's notes for "An Occult Novel," biographical notes, and tributes by those who knew him. The *Letters* have been reprinted many times, often with both series together.

Other selections from the *Letters That Have Helped Me*, Vol. I, can be found in our Higher Ethics and Devotion Series, under the titles:

"A worthy life is a virtuous life of noble and heroic acts."

"Real life thrills in the seven brains of the heart, not in the whims and wobbles of the mind."

And selections from Vol. II, in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series, under the titles:

"Archaic Theosophy is pre-Buddhist Wisdom-Religion."

"The Theosophical Movement heralds a new era in the affairs of the world."

Students should stand ready to abandon all they've learned with the head.⁴ Though the life-giving spirit thrills in every heart, the uphill path is not engineered for comfort. But as long as the holy lamp of spiritual light is burning, however dimly, there is always hope for us all.⁵

¹ Headings, subheadings, annotations, and cross-references to our study notes, have been provided by the Series Editor. Our reference edition of the two-volume *Letters That Have Helped Me* is the semi-centennial edition of 21st March 1946, published by the Theosophy Company, Los Angeles & New York.

² For the biographies of Dr. Archibald Keightley (1859–1930), Mrs Julia Wharton Keightley (1851–1915), and Mr. Bertram Keightley (1860–1944) look up "De Zirkoff on three Eminent Theosophists," in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series.

³ Students should bear in mind that W.Q. Judge is signing his letters as "Z." Julia Ver Planck is responding under the nom de plume of "Jasper Niemand."

⁴ Consult "Stand ready to abandon all you have learned with the head," in our Higher Ethics and Devotion Series. — ED. PHIL.

⁵ Cf. *Mahatma Letter* 6 (12) p. 24; 3rd Combined ed.

Since there is hope for man *only in man* I would not let *one* cry whom I could save!¹

The light of the eye fades, the hearing leaves the ear, but the power to see and to hear never leaves the immortal being, which lives forever untouched and undiminished.²

AGLAYA ANNENKOVA



¹ *Mahatma Letter* 8 (15), pp. 32-33; 3rd Combined ed. [quoting Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, three lines from the end of Bk. 4; ten, from end of Bk. 3.]

² *Book of Items*

Introductory Notes by the Theosophy Company Editor.

From the *Letters That Have Helped Me*, Vol. II, p. 261.

Jasper Niemand's sketch of Mr. Judge's life has been considerably enlarged in this edition of the *Letters*, by the addition of material taken from her four-part story of W.Q.J., published in *Æ*'s (George Russell's) *Irish Theosophist*, beginning in February 1896. This account she herself evidently summarized when preparing the second book of letters.

Almost all the quotations have been lengthened, also, by reference to the complete texts in the *Path Magazine* (then beginning its first year under the name *Theosophy*), where articles on Mr. Judge by his students and friends continued to appear for three months. A few of these have been added here, as well as letters and articles of especial relevance.

Nor would this section be complete without some of W.Q.J.'s own words — the description of his first meeting with Mme. Blavatsky. The relationship thus renewed between H.P.B. and her "friend, brother, and son — W.Q.J." speaks for itself.

It was her eye that attracted me, the eye of one whom I must have known in lives long passed away. She looked at me in recognition at that first hour, and never since has that look changed. Not as a questioner of philosophies did I come before her, not as one groping in the dark for lights that schools and fanciful theories had obscured, but as one who, wandering many periods through the corridors of life, was seeking the friends who could show where the designs for the work had been hidden. And true to the call she responded, revealing the plans once again, and speaking no words to explain, simply pointed them out and went on with the task. It was as if the evening before we had parted, leaving yet to be done some detail of a task taken up with one common end; it was teacher and pupil, elder brother and younger, both bent on the one single end, but she with the power and the knowledge that belong but to lions and sages. So, friends from the first, I felt safe.



William Judge cast no one out of the sanctuary of his heart.

Biographical Notes by Jasper Niemand.¹

From the *Letters That Have Helped Me*, Vol. II, pp. 262-70.

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE, son of Alice Mary Quan and Frederick H. Judge, was born at Dublin, Ireland, on April 13th, 1851. His father was a Mason and a student of mysticism. His mother died in early life at the birth of her seventh child. The lad was brought up in Dublin until his thirteenth year, when the father removed to the United States with his motherless children, taking passage on the Inman Liner, "City of Limerick," which arrived in New York harbour on July 14th, 1864. Of the years of William's childhood there is little to be said, though we hear of a memorable illness of his seventh year — an illness supposed to be mortal. The physician declared the small sufferer to be dying, then dead; but, in the outburst of grief which followed the announcement, it was discovered that the child had revived, and that all was well with him. During convalescence, the boy showed aptitudes and knowledge never before displayed, exciting wonderment and questioning among his elders as to when and how he had learned all these new things. He seemed the same, and yet not the same; he had to be studied anew by his family, and while no one knew that he had ever learned to read,² from his recovery in his eighth year, we find him devouring the contents of all the books he could obtain, relating to Mesmerism, Phrenology, Character-Reading, Religion, Magic, Rosicrucianism, and deeply absorbed in the Book of Revelation, trying to discover its real meaning.

Perhaps the magnetic link so abruptly renewed in his illness was never fully vitalized in the physical sense, for the lad never acquired a strong physique. Without being sickly, he was frail, but indomitable and persevering beyond his years. An anecdote of his boyhood illustrates these traits. He was with other boys upon the bank of a stream. His companions swam to an island a little way off from the bank, from which vantage-ground they jeered and mocked their younger comrade, who could not swim. The small William's heart rose hot within him; he plunged into the water, resolved to get to that island or perish. When out of his depth he let himself sink, touched bottom, ran a few steps on the river's bed, rose, of course, kicked, sank, took a step and another, repeated the process, and thus struggling, rising, sinking, scrambling, and, above all, holding his breath, he actually reached the margin of the island, to be

¹ [Nom de plume of Julia Wharton Lewis Campbell Ver Planck, later Mrs. Archibald Keightley. Also refer to Mrs. Julia Keightley's tribute for W.Q. Judge, on page 29. — ED. PHIL.]

² [Cf. the account in the "Tea Table Talk," p. 152 — EDS. ULT.]

drawn out, half unconscious, by his astonished play-fellows. Nothing could be more characteristic of Mr. Judge.

The elder Judge, with his children, lived for a brief period at the old Merchants' Hotel, in Cortland Street, New York; next in Tenth Street, and then settled in Brooklyn. William began work in New York as a clerk, and afterwards entered the Law Office of George P. Andrews, who later became Judge of the Supreme Court of New York. There the lad studied law, while living with his father, who, however, died soon after. On coming of age, William Q. Judge was naturalized a citizen of the United States, in April 1872. In May of that year he was admitted to the Bar of New York. His conspicuous traits as a lawyer, in the practice of Commercial Law, which became his specialty, were his thoroughness, his inflexible persistence, and his industry, which won the respect of employers and clients alike. As was said of him, then and later:

Judge would walk over red-hot ploughshares from here to India to do his duty.

In 1874 he married Ella M. Smith, of Brooklyn, by whom he had one child, a little girl of great charm and promise, whose death in early childhood was long a source of deep, though quiet, sorrow to both. Mr. Judge in especial¹ was a great lover of children, and had the gift of attracting them around him. If he sketched on the deck of a steamer, the children would sidle up,² coming nearer and nearer, until they were leaning against him or perching where-ever a resting-place could be had — often before he had seemed to notice their presence. The children of his friends always gave him joyous welcome, and not infrequently he was dragged to the floor, the common playground, amid their toys. A child, in the company where he was, was sure to find the haven of his arms at last, and nestle there while the metaphysical discussion went on above its curls. But, however animated the argument, you would not find that small form, so gently cradled, to be ever so little disturbed.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Judge heard of Madame Blavatsky, in this wise. He came across a book which greatly interested him: *People from the Other World*, by H.S. Olcott. Mr. Judge wrote to Colonel Olcott, asking for the address of a good medium, for at this time the tide of occult inquiry and speculation had just set in, and the experiences of numbers of people, including those of Madame Blavatsky, at the "Eddy Homestead,"³ were the talk of all the world. While no medium was forthcoming, Mr. Judge was invited to call upon H.P.B.

The call was paid at 40, Irving Place, New York, and H.P. Blavatsky then for the first time in this life met her most devoted pupil and friend face to face,⁴ in a relationship which continued unbroken, and justified that which H.P. Blavatsky herself wrote of it — "*till death and after.*" Storms there were, no doubt, as well as fullest sunshine, for the pupil was a powerful mind and the teacher was the sphinx of her era, so that in-

¹ [in particular]

² [move unobtrusively or furtively]

³ [Look up *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (About Spiritualism) I pp. 36-44, (Science) I pp. 384-85, and (STONE-SHOWERS) IV pp. 174-75. — ED. PHIL.]

⁴ [For Mr. Judge's account of that first meeting, see p. 261, the quotation from his article, "Yours Till Death and After" (reprinted in *Theosophy* V, 289). — EDS. ULT. This article can be found under the title "Blavatsky's Obituary by WQ Judge," in our Blavatsky Tributes Series. Also consult "Tributes to Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, great noetic radiance of our epoch," in the same Series. — ED. PHIL.]

Intellectual tussles followed as a natural sequence; but whatever the pupil thought of the teacher was said to her, boldly — not a doubt nor a fear concealed when these arose, as arise they must when the hour of occult teaching and trial dawns. That H.P.B. honoured this openness is evidenced by her long letters — there are some of forty-eight pages — in which many a puzzle is explained with profound affection.

There has been a recent attempt to make capital out of some passing episode, turning it into a prolonged enmity on the part of Mr. Judge toward H.P.B. New, perhaps, to their odious trade, the slanderers were more silly than expert; they were unaware of the existence of these letters of H.P.B., which not only show how complete was the final understanding, but which also show through what arts, and of what individual, the temporary want of comprehension arose. Never was karmic line more plainly marked out, nor karmic tool more mercifully — yet plainly — exposed by H.P.B. This effort was as vain as will be every other attempt to separate that teacher and that pupil. The final verdict of H.P.B. upon the relationship is an ample one. It extends over the ten years previous to her departure from our midst and is replete with a noble gratitude constantly poured forth. The splendid friendship went on its rejoicing way, a thing of life immortal, destined to pass beyond the confines of the tomb, as beyond many a mortal life.

Mr. Judge spent much of his time with H.P.B. at Irving Place, New York, in study, under her direction and instruction, and helped her with *Isis Unveiled*.¹ He was one of the number present at her rooms on September 7th, 1875, when the first proposal for the Theosophical Society was made, and its organization begun. *Isis* was published in 1877, and a little over a year later, Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott went to India, while Mr. Judge was left to carry on the T.S.² in New York as best he could — these three being, as H.P.B. subsequently wrote, the only founders who remained true to the Cause and to the Society. It was a position in which the young lawyer seemed quite over-weighted, but he did all that he could. Much or little it might have been on the external plane, and at that time. We cannot say. He was a disciple under trial, soon to be accepted and recognized, but already, so far as this life goes, a neophyte, one of a band who have taken the vow of interior poverty,³ and whose unseen and unrecorded work is regarded as being of far more importance than exterior, visible work. The main current of such lives runs underground. Already H.P. Blavatsky had written and said that he had been a part of herself and of the Great Lodge “for aeons past” (her exact words), and that he was one of those tried Egos who have reincarnated several times immediately after death; assisted to do so, and without Devachanic rest, in order to continue his Lodge work. It is a matter of record that, when the seven years’ probation of this life were over, the Master best known in connection with the T.S. sent to Mr. Judge, through H.P.B., his photograph, inscribed upon the back “to my colleague,” with a cryptogram and signature; and, a little later, a letter of thanks and advice was delivered to Mr. Judge in Paris by H.P.B. A message sent to him through H.P.B. in writing from the Lodge at about this time ends by saying:

¹ [As indicated in his Paris letter, p. 199]

² [Theosophical Society]

³ [Look up “Humility is no virtue,” in our Buddhas and Initiates Series. — ED. PHIL.]

Those who do all that they can, and the best they know how, do enough for us.

Mr. Judge's was a difficult task, indeed, when she, who was then the one great exponent, had left the field, and the curiosity and interest excited by her original and striking mission had died down. The T.S. was henceforth to subsist on its philosophical basis, and this, after long years of toil and unyielding persistence, was the point attained by Mr. Judge. From his twenty-third year until his death, his best efforts and all the fiery energies of his undaunted soul were given to this Work. We have a word picture of him, opening meetings, reading a chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, entering the Minutes, and carrying on all the details of the same, as if he were not the only person present; and this he did, time after time, determined to have a Society. Will, such as this, makes its way through every obstacle. Through his unremitting labour, he built up the T.S. in America, aiding the Movement as well in all parts of the world, and winning from The Master the name of "Resuscitator of Theosophy in America." His motto in those days was, "Promulgation, not Speculation." Said he:

Theosophy is a cry of the Soul.

The work went slowly at first. There was no very great activity, but the link was kept unbroken, and correspondence with H.P. Blavatsky was brisk. Amid such external work as he could find to do, the young disciple still kept up the inner search. It was a period of darkness and silence, the period of probation. Through such a period had passed H.P. Blavatsky, and of it she said and wrote: "For long years I thought Master had quite deserted me." She had seen the Master in London, in the physical body, following, as if an official, in the suite of some Indian prince, and, in an interview which was given to her in Hyde Park, the Master told her she might come to Thibet, but left her to find her way thither unaided, and also to discover where she should go when she reached that country, all of which she accomplished after several failures and some years of search and apparent desertion. Of such a period the author of *Light on the Path* wrote in some explanatory notes in *Lucifer*, that though the Master might really be near the neophyte and might extend to him the utmost comfort, which one soul could give to another, yet the neophyte would feel himself utterly alone, and that not one has passed through this period of suffering without bitter complaint. Complaint was wrung from this strong soul, whose portrait is feebly attempted here, in letters of sacred privacy to his teacher, H.P. Blavatsky, and to Dāmodar, his fellow-disciple.¹

The shadow portrayed in those letters lifted, the disciple came to know even as he was known, and in 1888 we find H.P.B. writing in certain official documents of him as being then "a, chela of thirteen years' standing, with trust reposed in him," and as "the chief and sole agent of the Dzyan (Lodge) in America." (This, it will be remembered, is the name by which what is called "The Lodge" is known in Thibet.)

Mr. Judge had been in South America, where H.P.B. said there was a branch of the Great Lodge, and where he saw many strange things.² In that country he contracted

¹ [See also Mr Judge's letter from London and Paris, 1884. — EDS. ULT.]

² [See "A Weird Tale," p. 207. — EDS. ULT.]

the dreaded Chagres fever,¹ which racks the system of its victims as by fire, often carrying them off in the twentieth year. Mr. Judge was always a great sufferer from this torturing disease — though he never stayed² his work for it — and 1896 was the twentieth year.

To Europe he went, too, in 1884, meeting H.P.B. in Paris and spending some little time with her there, and thence to India, where he arrived just after the outbreak of the Coulomb scandal.³ After a brief stay there, Mr. Judge returned to America and the duties of his professional and theosophical life. The moment was critical, a turning-point. As so often happens, the scandal attracted public attention to the Theosophical Society, and letters of inquiry began to pour in. Mr. Judge seized the tide at the flood and carried the bark of the Society on to wider fortunes. The press took the matter up, reporters called, inquirers became members, the community became aware of the quiet, forceful worker in its midst. His method and his manner won the respect of those who heard him; the press began to accept his articles on Theosophy, and later on those of others; from scoffing and jeering and being unable to admit a theosophical item without insulting comment, it passed to giving these like other items of news. Later still, the personal influence of Mr. Judge induced the editors of the New York Sun to retract a libel which they had published against the T.S. and Madame Blavatsky, and a libel suit instituted against that journal by Mr. Judge was withdrawn.⁴

Mr. Judge instituted *The Path* magazine in 1886, meeting all its deficits and carrying on its various activities, as well as those of the T.S. He wrote unceasingly, books, articles, letters. He lectured all over the States, and did the work of several men. Every spare moment was given to Theosophy, and taken from his meals and his rest. Finally, when the New York Headquarters were bought, and when the work had increased to large proportions, Mr. Judge relinquished his profession and gave his entire life and time to the Society. His health, always frail, continued to give way. A day free from pain was rare with him. Often he was in very real danger. But always he was scornful of every suffering, working when another man would have been prone, when his friends and doctors were shocked at his being about at all. As the T.S. grew, his working staff grew also, but he out-worked and out-tired them all. Dauntless, indomitable, he was ever inaugurating fresh plans of work.

He had his sorrows, too, but the cheerfulness of his aspect, his undaunted energy, never failed him. To those who would ask his advice in the crises which were wont to shake the tree of the T.S., he would make answer: →

¹ [Malarial or intermittent fever characterized by paroxysms (stages of chills, fever, and sweating at regularly recurring times) and followed by an interval or intermission of varying duration. Popularly, the disease was known as “fever and ague,” “chill fever,” “the shakes,” and by names expressive of the locality in which it was prevalent, such as, “swamp fever” (in Louisiana), “Panama fever,” and “Chagres fever.”]

² [stopped]

³ [For a full account of this incident, see *The Theosophical Movement* (E.P. Dutton & Co., New York: 1925), Chapters V and VI. — EDS. ULT.]

⁴ [The retraction was accompanied by a long article of Mr. Judge’s on H.P.B. “The Esoteric She,” published on September 26th, 1892 (reprinted in *Theosophy* IX, 142). — EDS. ULT.]

This article can be found under the title “Tributes to Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, great noetic radiance of our epoch,” in our Blavatsky Tributes Series. — ED. PHIL.]

Work! Work! Work for Theosophy!

And when at last the Great Betrayal came to him,¹ and some of those whom he had lifted and served and taught how to work, strove to cast him down and out of the Society, in their ignorance of their own limitations, he kept the due silence of the Initiate. He bowed his defenceless head to The Will and The Law, and, passing with sweet and serene heart through the waters of bitterness — consoled by the respect and trust of the community in which his life had been spent, and by the thousands of students who knew and loved him — he exhorted all to forgiveness and renewed effort. He reminded them that there were many [mistakes] committed by the unbrotherliness of his opponents, but they themselves would in time come to see and comprehend the wrong done to the Work by action taken, which at the time they did not understand in all its bearings.² He begged the students to be ready to meet that day, and to take the hands which would then be extended by those who had ignorantly shared the wrong done to him, and through him, to all. In this trust he passed behind the veil. On the 21st of March 1896, he encountered “Eloquent, Just, and Mighty Death.”

So much for the open and material facts of his life. There is much more that must be left unsaid. His claim upon us was that of The Work. The Work was his Ideal. He valued men and women only by their theosophical Work, and the spirit in which that work was done. He held Right Thought to be of the best Work. He worked with anyone who was willing to do Work in the real sense, careless whether such were personal friends, strangers, or active or secret foes. Many a time he was known to be energetically working with those who were attacking him, or planning attack in supposed concealment, and his smile, as this was commented upon, was a thing to be always remembered — that whimsical and quaint smile, followed by some Irish drollery.



[The following section is part of the last installment of Jasper Niemand’s memoir of Mr. Judge, which, though not published until June 1896, was written before his death, and we have retained the present tense throughout. At the end was appended a note about Mr. Judge’s passing, dated on what would have been his 45th birthday, and giving the message which concludes the biographical sketch. — EDS. ULT.]

The mind of Mr. Judge has a very pronounced duality. It is immensely practical and also profoundly mystical. As a man of business he is successful; it was once said of him by a wealthy merchant that he was a man who could have sold anything he undertook to sell. His practical gift has its most brilliant exposition in his power of organization. He is indeed a master-builder, and to this faculty the T.S. in America owes its strength and its growth. He is far-seeing, prompt, and resourceful in emergency, never deterred by expediency, mere public opinion, nor by any consideration of a personal nature, from carrying out that which he has resolved to do. He fears nothing, except his own conscience. When plans of work are under consideration, he

¹ [See “A Conspiracy which ruined the Theosophical Cause,” on page 36 *et seq.*]

² [The history of the period to which this passage refers may be found in *The Theosophical Movement*, beginning at Chapter XIX. — EDS. ULT.]

consults all the principal workers and members living in the districts for which the plan is proposed. He collates the opinions of all and is guided by those which are of worth, and thus, like an able general, he never moves far from his base of supplies, but carries his support with him.

As a mystic, Mr. Judge has another office, simple yet profound, rarely visible on the surface, yet luminous: in the years 1887–88, he wrote, by the order of the Master and to two friends who are now husband and wife,¹ a series of letters since published under the title, *Letters that have Helped Me*. It would be difficult to trace the lives in which these letters have been as a light to the soul. In them is found that gift which the occultist who has in any degree *become* must possess in rare perfection — the art of evolving souls.

For thus act the Bearers of the Flame, the Brethren of the burning Heart, from one generation to another. Such are the servants of Krishna. Such are the evolvers of soul. And those who have come into closer contact with the man of whom the Master wrote in 1887 through H.P.B., that “he of all chelas suffers most and ask or even expects the least” — those who have worked with true devotion and in the true spirit with William Q. Judge, whether near or far in the body — know well the uplifting, widening force which flows through him, ripening the character, developing the higher nature and letting patience have her perfect work.

Working thus on varied planes, the life of William Q. Judge goes on its quiet way. Its depths lie hidden, but from them wells an irresistible force that stimulates to devotion, to self-denial, to unsparing, unceasing activity for the world. A friend to all men and women, he is yet impersonal always; personal flattery or personal following he meets with impatience, and soon sets the offender upon his own feet. To him, the ideal friend is one who teaches us to stand on our own base, to rely upon the inner self, and this is the part of friendship as he himself plays it.

A lady, being recently asked if she had not received psychic teachings from Mr. Judge, replied:

I will tell you the kind of psychic teaching he gave me. It was this:

Cast no one out of your heart.

So we find him ever accepting all, as in the One Self, closing no door to anyone; leaving the way always open to all who may wish to return to him or to the work; excluding none who are in that work, whether friend or foe; offering a hand to his adversaries, and ready to offer it again when it is rejected; conquering personal animosity by the sheer force of his character, as he goes steadily on with that work from which it sought to remove him. Seeing in him our most constructive and most indefatigable worker, we can well understand that he is the towering mark against which every force subversive to evolution is being hurled. To obliterate our trust in the “Resuscitator,” to dim his reputation and impede his building hand, is to enfeeble the work.

¹ [Archibald Keightley and Julia Wharton Keightley. Look up “De Zirkoff on three Eminent Theosophists,” in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series. The third Theosophist in this study is Bertram Keightley, Archibald’s brother. — ED. PHIL.]

Madame Blavatsky on her only friend.

She was the Knight errant, who fought amid the beating of drums, and the clash and clamour, the excitement and glory of a princely tournament.¹

[There is no one — not even H.P.B. herself — concerning whom so great a range of contradictory opinion exists among Theosophists as in regard to William Q. Judge. She was the great Personage who was the target for all the *outside* enemies of Theosophy, the Theosophical Movement, and the Parent Theosophical Society. “I ask no one to help or defend me. But Judge’s case is different, and more difficult of proof or disproof,” as she herself said, on a momentous occasion — that of the Coues-Collins conspiracy — “and I now call upon all those who will remain true to their pledges to do their duty when the time comes, and especially by their American brother.” How was Judge’s case “different” from her own? His enemies were all *within* the Movement, within the Society.

It will, therefore, be of interest and value to all students to place together here some of the statements, public and private, formal and informal, which H.P. Blavatsky made in reference to Mr. Judge. They are all *unique* — all such as she made in regard to no others — and the circumstances under which and in which they were made but adds to their importance. Readers of *The Theosophical Movement* may refer to it for the setting of events in which her various utterances were made. — EDS. ULT.]



To: William Q. Judge,
General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society.

My heart beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully.

My dearest brother and co-founder of the Theosophical Society,

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the assembled Delegates and good Fellows of our Society, and to your self — the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then *you have remained alone* to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly, if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me then thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that, on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives, as I know, pre-eminently in yours.²

¹ Tribute from Jerome A. Anderson, page 36 *et. seq.*

² From H.P.B.’s first message to the American Theosophists, April 1888. [Consult “Open Letter to the American Section of the Theosophical Society” and “Open Letters to the American Convention,” in our Blavatsky Speaks Series. — ED. PHIL.]

In answer to your letter I can only say as follows: If W.Q. Judge, the man who has done most for Theosophy in America, who has worked most unselfishly in your country, and has ever done the biddings of Master, the best he knew how, is left alone . . . then I say — let them go! They are *no* Theosophists: and if such a thing should happen, and Judge be left to fight his battles alone, then I shall bid all of them an eternal good-bye. I swear on MASTER's holy name to shake off the dust of my feet from every one of them. . . . I am unable to realize that at the hour of trouble and supreme fight. . . . any *true* Theosophist should hesitate for one moment to back W.Q.J. *publicly* and lodge in his or her protest. Let them read Masters' letter in the preliminary. . . . All that I said about W.Q.J. was from HIS words in HIS letter to me. . . . Do with this letter what you like. Show it to anyone you please as my firm determination.

H.P.B.

He or she, who believes that under any circumstances what ever, provocations, gossips, slander, or anything devised by the enemy, H.P.B. will ever dream even of going against W.Q.J. — does not know H.P.B. — even if he or she does know H.P. Blavatsky, or *thinks* he knows her.

The idea is absurd & preposterous.

If W.Q.J. gets *riled* under any provocation — for more than five minutes by the city clock, then he is flapdoodle.¹ H.P.B. would give 7 dozens of Bridges,² 77 dozens of

¹ ["An arbitrary formation," solemnly state those dictionaries that are not content with the bland and unhelpful "origin unknown," though they all do give its meaning of nonsense or twaddle. That's not quite the whole story: the older and rarer *fadoodle* had much the same sense. And *flapdoodle*, though perhaps with a different origin, is recorded as current in the eighteenth century for the male and female naughty bits.

Whatever its source, it's usually and reasonably taken to be an American word. Which makes it slightly odd that the first known example is from a book by the English writer Captain Frederick Marryat, best known for *Mr Midshipman Easy* and *The Children of the New Forest*. His *Peter Simple* was serialised in the *Metropolitan Magazine* in 1832–33:

"The gentleman has eaten no small quantity of flapdoodle in his lifetime."

"What's that, O'Brien?" replied I.

"Why, Peter," rejoined he, "it's the stuff they feed fools on."

It may be relevant that Captain Marryat's mother was American, from Boston, and that this sense of the word is rare. Nearly all its appearances in the next few decades are certainly from U.S. sources, as in this Wisconsin newspaper piece dated 1859, "They say that no such flapdoodle can be forced down the throats of the intelligent people of Wisconsin." By the 1880s, it was widely known, the verb *to flapdoodle* had appeared, and an editor of a newspaper in Kansas objected to the *flapdoodlish* editorials of a rival journal.

Variations abounded, such as *doodleflap* and *flamdoodle*. The *Fort Wayne Sentinel* printed a story in 1900 about an old man who could not be persuaded of the value of these new-fangled banks.

"The building looks all right from the outside, but when a critter gits inside it's flipdoodle checks and flamdoodle receipts and writin' names, and no hollerin'n or drinkin'n or shootin'. I'm too old fur flipdoodle and flamdoodle, and I'll bury my money in a hole in the ground and keep on in the ole way!"

Cf. <https://www.worldwidewords.org/weirdwords/>

² [Alluding to John Ransom Bridge, F.T.S, President of the Boston Theosophical Society (1899) and Secretary of the First Nationalist Club of Boston, half of the members of which were members of the Theosophical Society, including key leaders Willard and Baxter. The tone of the initial Nationalist movement was philanthropic, intellectual, and elitist, with the Nationalist Clubs structured not as units of a political party — political action was actually prohibited during the group's earliest days — but rather as chapters of an ethical movement. The Boston Nationalist Club held public lectures and from May 1889 published a monthly magazine called *The Nationalist*, which was simultaneously the bulletin of the Theosophist-dominated Boston Nationalist Club, and the official organ of the entire movement. The first editor was Henry Willard Austin, a graduate of Harvard University and attorney who was also a sometimes poet and Theosophist. The magazine never garnered a huge readership, peaking with a paid circulation of 9,000 subscribers, but it was influential in casting the first phase of the Nationalist movement as an ethical propaganda society dominated by the Boston club.]

Noyses,¹ the whole esoteric brood in the U.S.A. for one W.Q.J. *who is part of herself for several aeons.* Those having ears will hear, those who are deaf & blind, let them provide themselves with *false ears & glass eyes*, or — vanish away.

The Esoteric Section and its life in the U.S.A. depends on W.Q.J. remaining its agent what he is now. The day W.Q.J. resigns, H.P.B. will be virtually dead for the Americans. W.Q.J. is the *Antahkarana* between the two *Manas(es)*, the American thought & the Indian — or rather the trans-Himalayan Esoteric Knowledge. DIXI.²

H.P.B.

P.S. W.Q.J. had better show & impress *this on the minds of all those whom it may concern.* — H.P.B.³

KEEP THE LINK (the *Antahkarana*) UNBROKEN! DO NOT LET MY LAST INCARNATION BE A FAILURE.⁴



Prophetic insights.

[The following extracts from the letters of H.P. Blavatsky are in several instances prophetic. Addressed to more than one person, the originals are all in the possession of the sender. Some are written as late as 1890, as will be seen by the allusion to Mrs. Besant's trip to America. Two are evidently to Mr. Judge (so stated), who was prevailed upon to give them to friends on account of their prophetic nature. — ED., *Irish Theosophist*.]⁵

If knowing that W.Q.J. is the only man in the E.S. in whom I have confidence enough not to have extracted from him a pledge, he misunderstands me or doubts my affection for him or gratitude, then in addition to other things he must be a flap-doodle. . . . There is nothing I would not do for him and I will stick to him till death through thick and thin. . . . He says and writes and prints, he is my agent (of the Master rather, not mine). Therefore it is easy for him to say that any alterations are as by myself. . . . And look here, if he does protest . . . against what I say about him in my forthcoming Instructions, then I will curse him on my death-bed. He does not know *what I do*. He has to be defended whether he will or not. He has much to endure and he is over worked. But so have I, and if he threatens me with such a thing [resignation] then I had better shut up shop. . . . May our Saviour, the mild Jesus, have him in his keeping.

¹ [Alluding to E.I.K. Noyes, Secretary to the Boston Theosophical Society (1899), author of "Theosophy: The Aim of the Movement and the Main Features of the Belief," in: the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, XLV, No. 11, November 1888, pp. 2-3, and other articles on Theosophy, some published anonymously. Students look up "The Religio-Philosophical Journal is neither religious nor philosophical," in our Down to Earth Series. — ED. PHIL.]

² [I have spoken]

³ From a letter of H.P.B.'s in 1889.

⁴ The last words of H.P.B.

⁵ [Published in *The Irish Theosophist*, June 1895. — EDS. ULT.]

Judge does the Master's work to the best of his ability.

He *who does all and the best that he can* and knows how does ENOUGH for Them. This is a *message* for Judge. His *Path* begins to beat *The Theosophist* out of sight. It is most excellent. . . . The *Path alone is his certificate* for him in Theosophy.

Oh, my poor crushed chum, what would I give to help him. I try to be with him as much as I can. I am often watching him. . . . He should gather strength from one who is oftener with him than he knows of.

Judge . . . whom I trusted more perhaps than I did Olcott — or myself.

Master *wants* Judge to be elected for life, for reasons of His own — that's God's truth. . . . Less than you would I want to see X * * * * or anyone (save Judge) elected for life. . . . But if I do not like the idea it is because I trust *no one* any longer, save Judge, and Olcott perhaps. I have lost my last faith in mankind and see and smell (rightly, if you please) Judases everywhere, But with Judge it is different. . . .

My dear W.Q.J. . . . my *only* friend. . . Judge has done for me so much lately, I owe him such gratitude, there is nothing I would not do for him. . . . 'Pon my word,¹ I never knew I cared so much for him personally. . . . I will never forget Judge's loyalty and devotion, his unswerving friendship. . . .

Thanks for all, my dear old chum [W.Q.J.]; may the Masters protect him. His ever and till and AFTER death.

[To W.Q.J.] Well, sir and my *only* friend, the crisis is nearing. I am ending my *S.D.* and you *are* going to replace me, or take my place in America. I know you will have success if you do not lose heart, but do, *do* remain true to the Masters and *their* Theosophy and THE NAMES. . . . May They help you and allow us to give you our best blessings. I am offered any amount of money, an income, board, lodging, all free to come to America and work without you, *i.e.*, *against*. . . . I rather lose the whole American lot to the last man, * * * * included, than YOU. Perhaps soon now, you will know why. . . . Now be so kind as to write to me plainly (so that I could read) what you expect me to do and what I must *not* do. And I *give you my word* that I shall follow your instructions. Let us understand each other, mutually. But till now no one ever said to me a word about you asking to do this or that. Write to me direct and I will do it. Goodbye, my Irish crocodile, and may Masters protect you.

¹ [Upon my word, *i.e.*, on my honour.]

Nothing that you will do will ever be discountenanced by me, my beloved.

. . . Affairs and events may be turned off by unseen hands into such a groove that you will be unanimously elected for life — just as Olcott and I were — to go on with the work after our deaths. Do you understand what it means? It means that, unless you consent, you force me to a miserable life and a MISERABLE DEATH, with the idea preying upon my mind that there is an end of Theosophy. That for several years I will not be able to help it on, and steer its course, because I will have to act in a body which will have to be assimilated to the *Nirmānakāya*, because even in occultism there are such things as a failure and a retardment and a misfit. . . . Nothing that you will do will ever be discountenanced by me, my beloved W.Q.J.

Lucifer is Theosophy militant; Path, the Star of Peace; the one is combative Manas; the other, shining Buddhi.

If I thought *for one moment* that *Lucifer* will “rub out” *Path* I would never consent to be the editor. But listen, then, my good old friend. Once that the Masters have proclaimed your *Path* the best, the most *theosophical* of all theosophical publications, surely it is not to allow it to be rubbed out. . . . One is the fighting, combative Manas; the other (*Path*) is pure Buddhi. . . . *Lucifer* will be Theosophy militant and *Path* the shining light, the Star of Peace. If your intuition does not whisper to you “IT IS SO,” then that intuition must be wool-gathering. No, sir, the *Path* is too well, too *theosophically* edited for me to interfere.

I trust Judge more than anyone in the whole world.

I trust Judge more than anyone in the world. . . . He has numerous enemies who work against him underhand and openly too, as **** does. Now I have to hold in check and counterwork their machinations when they write or say to Olcott that Judge is a liar, etc. Now this is a **** lie. . . . I am thinking of going to U.S. with Annie Besant when the spirit moveth me.

I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew, never stopping one moment to rest.

[To W.Q.J., in 1888] Well, my *only* friend, you ought to know better. Look into my life and try to realize it — in its outer course at least, as the rest is hidden. I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew was under that of being ever on the move, never stopping one moment to rest. Three ordinary healthy persons could hardly do what *I have* to do. I live an artificial life; I am an automaton running full steam until the power of generating steam stops, and then — good-bye!

The night before last, however, I was shown a bird’s eye view of the present state of Theosophy and its Societies. I saw a few earnest, reliable Theosophists in a death-struggle with the world in general and with other — nominal but ambitious — Theosophists. The former are greater in number than you may think, and *they prevailed, as you in America will prevail* if you only remain staunch to the Master’s programme and true to yourselves.

And last night I saw . . . and now I feel strong — such as I am in my body — and ready to fight for Theosophy and the few true ones to my last breath. The defending forces have to be judiciously — so scanty they are — distributed over the globe, wherever Theosophy is struggling against the powers of darkness.

Is Judge ready to help me to carry on the sacrifice — that of accepting and carrying on the burden of life, which is heavy? My choice is made and I will not go back on it. I *remain* in England in the midst of the howling wolves. Here I am needed and nearer to America; there in Adyar, there are dark plots going on against me, and poor Olcott.

[To W.Q.J.] Take my place in America now and, after I am gone, at Adyar. If you have no more personal ambition than I have — and I know *you have not*, only combativeness — then this will be no more sacrifice for you than it was for me to have Olcott as my President. . . . I am yours truly in the work for ever. Dispose of me. I will . . . help you with all my powers. . . .

Well, I have raised a “Frankenstein” [the T.S.], and he seeks to devour me. You alone can save the fiend and make of him a man. Breathe into him a soul if not the spirit. Be his Saviour in the U.S. and may the blessings of my SUPERIORS and yours descend on you. Yours — the “old woman,” but one ready to offer you her *inner* life if you begin and proceed with the work. . . . But as the ranks thin around us, and one by one our best intellectual forces depart, to turn *bitter* enemies, I say — Blessed are the pure-hearted who have only intuition, for intuition is better than intellect. . . .

Yours ever, H.P.B.

Tributes to William Quan Judge by his students and friends.

Tribute from Jerome A. Anderson

While we reverence the Adept, let us not lose sight of the Man, for even in his simplest life he was great. To the children and the humble and lowly in the society, he was a revelation.

From the Letters That Have Helped Me, Vol. II, pp. 284-300; herein arranged in alphabetic order.

Wm. Q. Judge was an Adept — a great one, however much the true man was hidden behind the one of clay. Is it reasonable to suppose that at a time when the Great Lodge had for foes the intellectual giants — the Spencers, Mills, Huxleys, and Darwins — of an era the very apotheosis of materialistic agnosticism, they sent tyros or babes to do battle for the world? Nay; they sent their best and bravest; were there no other proof of this, the work accomplished would be sufficient. Right royally did H.P.B. march down to Armageddon; confounding the learned by her wisdom, mocking materialism by her wonderful exhibition of abnormal and at first sight supernatural powers. But she was the Knight errant, who fought amid the beating of drums, and the clash and clamour, the excitement and glory, of a princely tournament. None the less royally did Wm. Q. Judge do his knightly duty on his silent, unnoticed field of battle. His place, his task, it was to teach ethics; to turn aside the craze for phenomena and wonder-working into the more healthy, lasting channels of love for our fellow men. H.P.B. laid the foundations well; but it was left for Wm. Q. Judge to build strongly and safely thereon.

Yet while we reverence the Adept, let us not therefore lose sight of the man, for even in his simplest life he was great. Those who have seen him lay aside every care, and for the moment become the mirth-loving gleeful companion, will not need to be reminded of this beautiful side of his character. To the children and the humble and lowly in the Society, he was a revelation. They heard of him with awe, they approached him with fear and trembling, they instantly recognized their own, and became his sworn friends forever. This was wonderful — how wholly the very humblest in our ranks, who came into his presence personally, loved and trusted him.

Tribute from J.D. Buck

His devotion never wavered; his anchorage was sure and steadfast, and herein lay his strength. His skill in the performance of actions was marvellous, his executive ability of the highest order.

He was never narrow, never selfish, never conceited. He would drop his own plan in a moment if a better were suggested, and was delighted if someone would carry on the work he had devised, and immediately inaugurate other lines of work.

I first met William Q. Judge in the winter of 1885. He was at that time a devoted student of the *Bhagavad Gita*. It was his constant companion, and his favourite book ever after. His life and work were shaped by its precepts. That “equal-mindedness” and “skill in the performance of actions” inculcated in this “Book of Devotion,” and declared to constitute “Yoga,” or union with the Supreme Spirit, Mr. Judge possessed in greater measure than anyone I have ever known. His devotion never wavered; his anchorage seemed ever sure and steadfast, and herein lay his strength. His skill in the performance of actions was marvellous, his executive ability of the highest order. He was never disturbed by passion or blinded by resentment, and when openly and strongly assailed, he held steadily on his course, working for the one object of his life, the success of the T.S.

And so he worked on to the end, friends rallying around him and aiding him in his work. People on the other side of the ocean never understood Mr. Judge’s position in America, where he was well known in connection with his work, nor how impossible it would be to shake confidence in him. It is true the issues raised were seemingly altogether personal, and it took some time to make clear to the whole Society their real nature. When, however, these issues became clear and people had time to consider them, the verdict was overwhelming, and those who were present at Boston last April [1895] will never forget the scene there enacted [when the T.S. in A. was formed]. It has been my lot to preside over many conventions, both medical and Theosophical, but I never witnessed such a scene before and never expect to again. There was no noisy demonstration, but the very air throbbed with sympathy and appreciation.

He was never narrow, never selfish, never conceited. He would drop his own plan in a moment if a better were suggested, and was delighted if some one would carry on the work he had devised, and immediately inaugurate other lines of work. To get on with the work and forward the movement seemed to be his only aim in life. . . . For myself, knowing Mr. Judge as I did, and associating with him day after day — at home, in the rush of work, in long days of travel over desert-wastes or over the trackless ocean, having travelled with him a distance equal to twice around the globe — there is not the slightest doubt of his connection with and service of the Great Lodge. He did the Master’s work to the best of his ability, and thus carried out the injunction of H.P.B. to “keep the link unbroken.”

Tribute from J.H. Connelly

His demeanour was uniformly the same: kindly, considerate and self-restrained, not merely in such measure of polite self-control as might be expected of a gentleman, but as if inspired by much higher regards than mere respect for the covenants of good society.

Careful deliberation upon things was one of his strongest characteristics. His mind was very active, quick and resourceful in suggestion, but I do not recall having ever known of his trusting its impulses until he had thoroughly weighed and considered them.

My acquaintance with William Q. Judge antedated considerably my interest in Theosophy. We were introduced by a newspaper man who spoke of him to me as a thoroughly honest good fellow but a crank about some incomprehensible oriental philosophy, a knowledge of which would not be, to any practical mind, compensative for the difficulty of understanding it. If my memory serves me rightly, we met first upon an occasion when H.P. Blavatsky was induced to try, in presence of some reporters, if she could open up communication with the diaphanous remainder of a night watchman who had been drowned in an East River dock. Olcott was present, in command, prominent and authoritative; and Judge, in attendance, reserved and quiet. The spook was shy and the reporters were sarcastic. The only one apparently annoyed by their humour was the Colonel. Mr. Judge's placidity and good nature commended him to the liking of the reporters and made a particularly favourable impression upon me, which was deepened by the experiences of an acquaintance that continued while he lived.

In all that time, though I have seen him upon a good many occasions when he would have had excellent excuse for wrath, his demeanour was uniformly the same — kindly, considerate and self-restrained, not merely in such measure of polite self-control as might be expected of a gentleman, but as if inspired by much higher regards than mere respect for the covenances of good society. He always seemed to look for mitigating circumstances in even the pure cussedness of others, seeking to credit them with, at least, honesty of purpose and good intentions, however treacherous and malicious their acts toward him might have been. He did not appear willing to believe that people did evil through preference for it, but only because they were ignorant of the good, and its superior advantages: consequently he was very tolerant.

But that meekness of spirit — a strange thing, by the way, in a brainy and rather nervous Irishman — by no means made of him a weak, or yielding character who could be bluffed into doing what his judgment did not approve, or turned aside by influence from any course of action upon which he had deliberately resolved. And careful deliberation upon things was one of his strongest characteristics. His mind was very active, quick and resourceful in suggestion, but I do not recall having ever known of his trusting its impulses until he had thoroughly weighed and considered them. Not infrequently, matters that seemed to me of trivial importance things that might as well be settled right off, and about which there did not appear to be room for two opinions, he would take under advisement over night, or even longer. And candour compels me to admit that such things, as a rule, turned out to be much

more important, and with chains of effects more serious, than had at first seemed possible, fully justifying his caution.

Now, and for a good while past, I have had no doubt of his receiving aid in his deliberations, and guidance toward correct conclusions, from intelligences with prescience beyond that of ordinary men, but when I first noted his habit of deliberation I regarded it simply as a proneness to “chew over” things — prudent but rather un-Irish.

Many journalists work very hard, but I have never known anyone, even in that toil-some field of labour, so indefatigable and persistent as William Q. Judge. No matter how much those about him might endeavour, by their assistance, to lighten his burden, the effort was hopeless, for a moment’s leisure, when he should have been resting, only gave him opportunity to think of something else to do.

Tribute from Robert Crosbie

I trusted him then, as all those whom he trusted; to me it seems that trust is the bond that binds, that makes the strength of the Movement, for it is of the heart.

A friend of old time and of the future — as such does William Q. Judge appear to me, as doubtless he does to many others in this and other lands.

The first Theosophical treatise that I read was his *Epitome of Theosophy*,¹ my first meeting with him changed the whole current of my life. I trusted him then, as I trust him now, and all those whom he trusted; to me it seems that “trust” is the bond that binds, that makes the strength of the Movement, for it is of the heart. And this trust he called forth was not allowed to remain a blind trust, for as time went on, as the energy, steadfastness and devotion of the student became more marked, the “real W.Q.J.” was more and more revealed, until the power that radiated through him became in each an ever-present help in the work. As such it remains to-day, a living centre in each heart that trusted him, a focus for the Rays of the coming “great messenger.”

Having been engaged in active T.S. work in Boston for over seven years, it has been my Karma to be brought in touch with him under many different circumstances, the various crises, local and general, through which the Society has safely passed. In all these, his was the voice that encouraged or admonished, his the hand that guided matters to a harmonious issue. Of his extraordinary power of organization, his marvellous insight into the character and capacity of individuals, his ability of turning seeming evils into powers for good, I have had many proofs.

That he was a “great occultist” many know by individual experience, but none have fathomed the depths of his power and knowledge. The future will reveal much in regard to him that is now hidden, will show the real scope of his life-work. We know that to us that life-work has been an inestimable boon, and that through us it must be bestowed on others. The lines have been laid down for us by H.P.B., W.Q.J., and

¹ [The full text of this article can be found under the title “Archaic Theosophy is pre-Buddhist Wisdom-Religion,” in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series. — ED. PHIL.]

Masters, and we can take again our watchword, that which he gave us at the passing of H.P.B., “Work, watch and wait.” We will not have long to wait.

Judge was humble, unassuming, modest, strong, patient, meek, courageous, an organizer beyond comparison, with powers similar to those possessed by Madame Blavatsky, and never using them in any way but to smooth the path for those who desired to follow the road to knowledge.

Speaking of Mr. Judge as anybody might have known him — as a human being like ourselves — he was humble, unassuming, modest, strong, patient, meek, courageous, an organizer beyond comparison, with powers similar to those possessed by H.P.B., and never using them in any way but to smooth the path for those who desired to follow the road to knowledge. He was kind and patient, as we do not often find with tremendous forcefulness; he had extraordinary powers of organization, with a perception that could look into the very motives and minds of others, could see traitors around him, could read the hearts of those desirous of injuring him, and yet in all his intercourse with them, paving the way for them, remaining ever kind. For the one who most injured him, he had only this to say when friends about him spoke their denunciations:

Never mind what others do. Put no one out of your heart. Go on with the work you see. Work will tell in time, and all these follies of others — follies of ignorance — will fall to nothing. Then, when the time comes, we will all have gained strength; when those who have fallen away for a while come back, there we will be with open arms, as strong brothers, to help them find the path and smooth out the effects of errors that they have created through ignorance.

Tribute from G.L.G.

There was no difficulty he would not take infinite pains to unravel, no sore spot in the heart he did not sense and strive to heal. We mourn the tenderest of friends, the wisest of counsellors, the bravest and noblest of leaders.

What he was to one of his pupils, I believe he was to all — so wide-reaching was his sympathy, so deep his understanding of each heart — and I but voice the feeling of hundreds all over the world when I say that we mourn the tenderest of friends, the wisest of counsellors, the bravest and noblest of leaders. What a man was this, to have been such to people of so widely varying nationalities, opinions and beliefs — to have drawn them all to him by the power of his love — and, in so doing, to have brought them closer to each other. There was no difficulty he would not take infinite pains to unravel, no sore spot in the heart he did not sense and strive to heal.

Tribute from Thomas Green

William Q. Judge was the nearest approach to my ideal of a man that I have known.

William Q. Judge was the nearest approach to my ideal of a MAN that I have known. He was what I want to be. H.P.B. was something more than human. She was a cosmic power. W.Q.J. was splendidly human: and he manifested in a way delightfully refreshing, and all his own, that most rare of human characteristics — genuineness. His influence is continually present and powerful, an influence tending steadily, as ever, in one direction — work for the Masters' Cause.

Tribute from G. Hijo

His most lovable trait was his exquisite sympathy and gentleness. No one ever touched a sore spot with such infinite tenderness, and I know many that would rather have been scolded and corrected by Mr. Judge than praised by anyone else.

In the summer of 1894 we were privileged to have him stay at our house for several weeks, and since then he spent at least one evening a week with us until his illness forced him to leave New York. . . . Day after day he would come back from the office utterly exhausted in mind and body, and night after night he would lie awake fighting the arrows of suspicion and doubt that would come at him from all over the world. He said they were like shafts of fire piercing him; and in the morning he would come downstairs wan and pale and unrested, and one step nearer the limit of his strength; but still with the same gentle and forgiving spirit. Truly they knew not what they did.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of his greatness was the wisdom with which he treated different people and the infinite knowledge of character shown by him in his guidance of his pupils. I do not believe he was the same to any two people. . . . His most lovable trait was his exquisite sympathy and gentleness. It has been said of him that no one ever touched a sore spot with such infinite tenderness, and I know many that would rather have been scolded and corrected by Mr. Judge than praised by anyone else.

It was the good fortune of a few of us to know something of the real Ego who used the body known as Wm. Q. Judge. He once spent some hours describing to my wife and me the experience the Ego had in assuming control of the instrument it was to use for so many years. The process was not a quick nor an easy one and, indeed, was never absolutely perfected, for to Mr. Judge's dying day, the physical tendencies and heredity of the body he used would crop up and interfere with the full expression of the inner man's thoughts and feelings. An occasional abruptness and coldness of manner was attributable to this lack of co-ordination. Of course Mr. Judge was perfectly aware of this and it would trouble him for fear his friends would be deceived as to his real feelings. He was always in absolute control of his thoughts and actions, but his body would sometimes slightly modify their expression.

I thank the gods that I was privileged to know him. It was a benediction to call him friend.

Mr. Judge told me in December 1894, that the Judge body was due by its Karma to die in the next year and that it would have to be tided over this period by extraordinary means. He then expected this process to be entirely successful, and that he would be able to use that body for many years, but he did not count upon the assaults from without, nor the strain and exhaustion due to the "Row." This, and the body's heredity, proved too much for even his will and power. Two months before his death he knew he was to die, but even then the indomitable will was hard to conquer and the poor exhausted, pain-racked body was dragged through a miserable two months in one final and supreme effort to stay with his friends. And when he did decide to go, those who loved him most were the most willing for the parting. I thank the Gods that I was privileged to know him. It was a benediction to call him friend.

Tribute from Katherine Hillard

He was the best of friends, for he held you firmly, yet apart. He realized the beautiful description Emerson gives of the ideal friend, in whom meet the two most essential elements of friendship – tenderness and truth.

To the mystical element in the personality of Mr. Judge, was united the shrewdness of the practised lawyer, the organizing faculty of a great leader, and that admirable common sense, which is so uncommon a thing with enthusiasts. . . . In his teaching was embodied most emphatically that received by the prophet Ezekiel when the Voice said to him: "Stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee."

It was the upright and self-dependent attitude that the Chief insisted upon, and he emphatically discouraged anything that savoured of weakness, of want of self-reliance, or of what H.P.B. was so fond of calling "flapdoodle and gush," and he turned a face of stern resistance to those who expected to reach the heights he had climbed by clinging to his garments. But when one came to him who really needed aid, no one could be more ready to stretch out a helping hand, to respond with a bright smile of encouragement, to say just the word that was necessary, and no more.

He was the best of friends, for he held you firmly, yet apart. He realized the beautiful description Emerson gives of the ideal friend, in whom meet the two most essential elements of friendship, tenderness and truth. Says Emerson:

I am arrived at last, in the presence of a man so real and equal . . . that I may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another . . . To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground.

Upon that "holiest ground" of devotion to the highest aim, of desire alone for the welfare of others, the Chief was always to be approached. And blended with the undaunted courage, the keen insight, the swift judgment, the endless patience, that made his personality so powerful, were the warm affections, the ready wit, the almost boyish gaiety that made it so lovable . . .

One of the Chief's last messages to us said:

They must aim to develop themselves in daily life in small duties.

There was a beautiful story of Rhœcus, who could not recognize in the bee that buzzed about his head the messenger of the Dryad, and so lost her love.¹

Tribute from Charles Johnston

It is necessary that just those souls in whom we have felt most of reality should disappear from us into the darkness, in order that we may learn that not seeing, but inwardly touching, is the true proof that our friend is there.

It is necessary that just those souls in whom we have felt most of reality should disappear from us into the darkness, in order that we may learn that not seeing, but inwardly touching, is the true proof that our friend is there; in order that we may learn that the vanishing and dissipation of the outward, visible part, is no impairing or detriment to the real part which is invisible. This knowledge, and the realizing of it in our wills, are gained with the utmost difficulty, at a cost not less than the loss of the best of our friends; yet if the cost be great, the gain is great and beyond estimating, for it is nothing less than a first victory over the whole universe, wherein we come to know that there is that in us which can face and conquer and outlast anything in the universe, and come forth radiant and triumphant from the contest. Yet neither the universe nor death are real antagonists, for they are but only Life everywhere, and we are Life.

Tribute from Archibald Keightley

As I think of what those missed who persecuted him, of the loss in their lives, of the great jewel so near to them which they passed by, I turn sick with a sense of their loss. In him his foes lost their truest friend.

Judge was the best and truest friend a man ever had. H.P.B. told me I should find this to be so, and so it was of him whom she, too, trusted and loved as she did no other. And as I think of what those missed who persecuted him, of the loss in their lives, of the great jewel so near to them which they passed by, I turn sick with a sense of their loss: the immense mystery that Life is, presses home to me. In him his foes lost their truest friend out of this life of ours in the body, and though it was their limitations which hid him from them, as our limitations do hide from us so much Spiritual Good, yet we must remember, too, that these limitations have afforded to us and to the world this wonderful example of unselfishness and forgiveness. Judge made the life portrayed by Jesus realizable to me.

¹ [Cf. "Rhœcus," a poem by James Russel Lowell, 1819-1891. — ED. PHIL.]

Tribute from Julia W.L. Keightley¹

His heart was set upon the promise of the future and the song of his soul echoed the music of cycles yet to come. We think of him not as of a man departed from our midst, but as a soul set free to work its mighty mission, rejoicing in that freedom and resplendent with compassion and power.

Mr. Judge joined another office to that of evolver. He was a conserver. When one came to work under him, one was at first surprised, perhaps annoyed even, at his insistence in small things. It was, keep your desk thus; or, dip your pen thus; or, make your entries and copy your letters in this fashion, and not in your own way. Presently one found that the sum total of attention in these details was greater celerity with less waste of energy, or greater mental freedom often obtained by greater ease of bodily action. All he did had a meaning when you came to put it together.

In thinking of this helper and teacher of ours, I find myself thinking almost wholly of the future. He was one who never looked back; he looked forward always. While the activities of the body and the mind were engaged each moment in the duty of that moment, yet his heart was set upon the promise of the future and the song of his soul echoed the music of cycles yet to come. We think of him not as of a man departed from our midst, but as a soul set free to work its mighty mission, rejoicing in that freedom and resplendent with compassion and power. His was a nature that knew no trammels, but acknowledged the divine laws in all things. He was, as he himself said, “rich in hope.” He wrote recently that we should now turn our attention to work in the United States in order to have there “a world compelling and sky defying place for Theosophy.”

Close up the ranks, and let Fidelity be the agent of heavenly powers.

That future as he saw and sees it is majestic in its harmonious proportions. It presaged the liberation of the race. It struck the shackles from the self-imprisoned and bade the souls of men be free. It evokes now, today, the powers of the inner man . . . Death, the magician, opened a door to show us these things. If we are faithful, that door will never close. If we are faithful — only that proviso. Close up the ranks, and let Fidelity be the agent of heavenly powers. To see America, the cradle of the new race, fit herself to help and uplift that race and to prepare here a haven and a home for Egos yet to appear . . . for this he worked; for this will work those who come after him. And he works with them.

¹ [Also refer to Julia Keightley’s biographical notes on W.Q.. Judge, on page 8 *et seq.*, signed under the nom de plume of Jasper Niemand. — ED. PHIL.]

Tribute from August Lindström¹

[The following appeared in the *New York Journal*, May 7th, 1896, and is an appraisal of our late Chief's character from a standpoint whose merits are recognized by few in the T.S. on this the sceptical side of the Atlantic. In America, phrenology as a scientific method of estimating disposition and ability, is a generally accepted fact, and Mr. Lindström, whose remarks, as recorded, appear to be chiefly founded upon phrenological observation, has evidently strong enough belief in this science, to induce him to join the T.S. on its evidence as to a noble character.

Some little acquaintance with phrenology on the part of the writer,² and a careful study of such photographs of Mr. Judge as he has been able to obtain, enables him to say that Mr. Lindström's deductions, as reported, appear perfectly accurate, and that if any journalistic embellishments have been introduced, they are so well within the truth as to be indistinguishable from it. — T.³]

Judge's head evidenced a high and uniform development of all the faculties, a tremendous will-power combined with gentleness; a thorough practicability and adaptability conjoined to a highly idealistic nature, and a gigantic intellect hand-in-hand with selflessness and modesty.

William Quan Judge, the head of both esoteric and exoteric branches of the Theosophical Society in America, died on March 21st [1896]. August Lindström, a sculptor, who had never seen Mr. Judge in life, made a cast of the dead man's head, from which he modelled the bust unveiled at Madison Square Garden during the recent convention of Theosophists.⁴ Yesterday Mr. Lindström said:

While making the death mask I was struck by the shape of Mr. Judge's head, which was utterly unlike anything I had ever seen. Most of the heads of remarkable men show the development of one faculty in particular, or, perhaps, of several, and to the neglect of other faculties. I saw at once that Mr. Judge's head evidenced a high and uniform development of all the faculties, well-balanced throughout. This is the remarkable combination I found: — A tremendous will power, with an equal development of gentleness; thorough practicability and adaptability conjoined to a highly idealistic nature, and a gigantic intellect hand in hand with selflessness and modesty.

There are only two heads that I know of in history that compare with his — Michael Angelo's and [Girolamo] Savonarola's. The back of Angelo's head is almost identical with the back of Mr. Judge's. There is a difference however, in the forehead.

In addition to the death mask, I had six photographs to assist me in modelling the bust. A comparison of these photographs is a study. One taken at the age of

¹ [Notice: Bust of William Quan Judge, in *The Theosophical Forum*, New Series, Vol. 2 (2), June 1896, p. 32:

August Lindström, the noted Swedish sculptor who made the bust of William Q. Judge which was unveiled at the Convention, has now completed a number of casts of the bust. It was made from a mask of his face taken after death and has received favourable criticism of everyone who knew Mr. Judge. Each one is made by hand and satisfactory in every way. They may be ordered from August Lindström, 1267 Broadway, New York City, or from Theosophical Publishing Co., 144 Madison Avenue, New York City. The price is \$10.00 each in the United States. Those sending orders should state whether they wish them sent by freight or express. — ED. PHIL.]

² [From *The Theosophic Isis*, June 1896. — EDS. ULT.]

³ ["T" or "P.T." (Philip Tovey?), whose articles appeared regularly in *The Theosophic Isis*. His "Mind and Brain" appeared in the May 1896, issue. — EDS. ULT.]

⁴ [Bust unveiled at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in America, New York, 26-27th April 1896.]

twenty placed by the side of one taken a year ago, when he was about forty-four years old, makes such a contrast that no one would believe they pictured the same person. It shows that by his great will power this man overcame all his youthful tendencies, with the result of completely changing the form of his skull. I make bold to say that another such highly developed head is not to be found between Maine and California. He had only time to plan his work when carried off in his prime by death. Had he lived to the age of seventy his influence would have been felt by the whole nation.

I consider the nose as giving the best index to character of any feature. His nose was his most distinguishing feature, and shows great power and at the same time complete control over every thought and act, and although strong, it is of the delicate and sensitive type. His mouth showed tenderness and firmness present in equal proportion. His cheek bones also gave evidence of will strength. His hair was soft and showed refinement and gentleness. Taken altogether there was harmonious development, with no defects present, and careful examination of his head from every aspect proves that he was a great and noble man. If such a man as he would devote his life to the Theosophical Society, I think it must have a great mission and I shall ask to be admitted as a member.

Tribute from W. Main

Those who have heard him speak, know the singular directness with which his mind went to the marrow of a subject, the simplicity of his words, the unaffected selflessness that radiated from the man.

His sentences were short and plain; his manner cool and quiet: but what he said was remembered, for his words appealed to the sense of truth; they seemed to “soak in,” like the showers which the farmers prize, while a “torrent of eloquence” would have run off, leaving dry ground.

His life was an example of the possibility of presenting new ideas with emphasis, persistence, and effect; without becoming eccentric or one-sided, without losing touch with our fellows; in short, without becoming a “crank.”

Those who have heard him speak, know the singular directness with which his mind went to the marrow of a subject, the simplicity of his words, the unaffected selflessness that radiated from the man. The quality of “common sense” was Mr. Judge’s preeminent characteristic. He had the gift of words, but also the far greater gift of a sense of proportion, of a co-ordinating faculty which reduced those words to their proper place, as mere tools or agents, attracting no attention to themselves. His sentences were short and plain; his manner cool and quiet: but what he said was remembered, for his words appealed to the sense of truth; they seemed to “soak in,” like the showers which the farmers prize, while a “torrent of eloquence” would have run off, leaving dry ground.

Whether true or not, it might well be that Wm. Q. Judge was, as has been said, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His qualities were those which

characterized the leaders of that period. There was energy on the one hand, and intellect on the other; but there was also a dominating and tenacious common sense, which was not a dull conservatism, but a balancing quality which converted intellect into clear judgment, and blind expansive energy into cool steady work.

For the lack of this, we find that the intellectual element of the French Revolution furnished only a chaos of visionary schemes, while its emotional and animal energies were expended in destructive heat, fury, and froth.

Tribute from E. August Neresheimer

Judge was an Occultist. He had the power of self-control, and could subdue the turbulent wanderings of the mind, sit still in the midst of his own nature, supported by his ideal, and view any and every situation dispassionately.

My acquaintance with him dates from 1888; he was the only man I ever met with whom I felt safe in all directions. The depth of his nature as it appeared to me was fathomless. His character was balanced, for he had an all-absorbing ideal; his thoughts and doings emanated from the soul and not from superficial motives. He was careless of the impressions that he might produce by anything he said or did, the personal element being mostly absent, and he was sincere always, unless it was at times when he would permit the surface man to prevail, and submitted to the frolics and idiosyncrasies of his more human nature; but even then there was mastery supreme.

He had the faculty of observing and synthesizing circumstances, persons and events; in fact here I often detected what people sometimes call occult knowledge. He was an occultist; he had the power of self-control, and could subdue the turbulent wanderings of the mind, sit still in the midst of his own nature, supported by his ideal, and view any and every situation dispassionately. What wonder that he saw clearly! In matters Theosophical all his mind and soul was aglow and alive with deepest interest; whatever question or problem arose he would view it starting with his basic ideal of the spiritual unity of all things, *the Self*; sublime harmony was contained in its comprehension, and a mode of adjustment for everything found in its source.

This philosophy he claimed is brought to view in the book of books, the *Bhagavad Gita*, and he used to say that the *Gita* and *Secret Doctrine* were quite enough for him to attempt to understand and to follow in this life.

He never tired of making things plain and simple . . . He was called by some "*The Rajah*." I wrote him once at the end of a period of prolonged anxiety, worry and trouble in my affairs, asking what was the lesson to be learned from it, as I could not make the application myself. His reply was:

The lesson is not different from anything in life. It is just Karma, and being applied to large circumstances seems larger, but is in reality no more than the small ones of others. Calmness is the best lesson to learn, with an indifference to results. If all comes right it is well, and if you have been calm and detached then it is better, for you shall have made no new Karma of attachment by it.

Calmness also preserves health in all affairs more than anything else, and leaves the mind free to act well.

From him I learned to disentangle principle from condition. He viewed all questions from the standpoint of the principle or essence that each contained in itself, without reference to personality, and his quick perception of every situation, together with the application of his ideal principles, enabled him to judge correctly at all times.

Whenever his advice was followed on the lines of his own example in any matter in or outside of the Society's work, it would invariably simplify the most complicated situation; in other words, the standpoint of truth and the establishment of harmony was ever the attitude which he held towards everything he touched. He was non-argumentative, because he thought by argument no one could be finally convinced — "each has to hew out his own conviction" — nevertheless he was easily approachable, gentle, sympathetic, but above all strong and powerful, whenever and wherever it was necessary to put in a word at the right time, or to act on the spot.

Tribute from Elliott B. Page

He was the soul of unselfishness, honour, generosity, and all the other virtues that men hold so dear in other men. He seemed never to rest, for work was his rest.

For the last four years, nearly, most of our communication has been personal, much of this period having been spent under the same roof. I have had good opportunity to study the character of the man and I do not hesitate to place my estimate of him on record.

There is not one act in the life of William Q. Judge that has come under my observation, that savours of selfishness or of a desire to further any personal end.

Perhaps I am not qualified to pass on the merits as an occultist of the man whose memory I hold in such grateful esteem; but I can, at least, speak of what has passed before my eyes in the ordinary affairs of life, and in these affairs I have invariably found him to be the soul of unselfishness, honour, generosity, and all the other virtues that men hold so dear in other men. The severity which some saw in him was on the outside, only. He was not always patient with folly and faintheartedness, yet even these drew from him pity rather than condemnation, and nothing except deliberate cowardice persisted in, and treachery to the Cause itself seemed to place the offender outside the pale of his present sympathy and attention.

He was singularly free from the vice of constantly seeking to explain and justify his actions. He believed in doing the present good act, in carrying out the present good intention, leaving the result where it belonged. Even when something occurred which, apparently, called for particular explanation and justification, he usually neither explained nor justified. The most striking example of this, of which I have any knowledge, grew out of a letter that I received from him in 1887, in which letter was folded another on different paper and written, in blue, in the hand made so familiar by reason of the frequent "exposures of so-called Mahātmic messages." The enclosure was directly in explanation of a matter that was no more than hinted at in Judge's

own letter, and when I wrote, making a jocular allusion to his effort at precipitating a letter for my benefit, he answered, in a direct, straightforward way, that he had done nothing of the kind and would not; but, contrary to his usual custom, he gave a theory of how such things might be accomplished. Some years afterwards we met in St. Louis and I showed him the letter and the enclosure. After turning the papers over for a moment, he looked me straight in the face and said, in the simplest manner, "I can't explain it. It's a dead give-away." And there the matter rested. But for my certain belief in his integrity I might have doubted him then, might have given some heed to the cry of "fraud" later. Years after the occurrence I found out, independently of Judge, the truth about the matter, and my faith in his sincerity was abundantly justified.

Among all my friends and acquaintances, William Q. Judge was least wasteful of time. He seemed never to rest, for work was his rest. And yet he was not, in any sense, an unsociable man. . . . During the last few years, he seemed to become more and more absorbed in his work, and yet, much as he was struggling through, and it was enough to appal the ordinary hardworking man, he never hesitated to take on some other burden if it appeared to promise well for the movement in which he was so thoroughly wrapped up. Notwithstanding the busy life that he led, he was one of the most accessible men that I ever knew, and one of the few who was always ready to accept a suggestion. He did not know everything, and was aware of the fact, but he did know how to utilize the material that he found ready to his hand.

Though he was always the same kindly friend to me, never in all these years writing or speaking a harsh word to me, I am aware that in his intercourse with the many people whom he met "the Irish boy" sometimes came between himself and others. To those who were aware of the real inner life of the man this is enough explanation for the apparent contradictions and failings on the everyday plane of life that he shared in common with the rest of mankind. That he ever deliberately wounded or deceived anyone is unthinkable to me.

Tribute from E.B. Rambo

He swore no one to allegiance, he asked for no one's love or loyalty: but his disciples came to him of their own free will and accord, and then he never deserted them. but gave more freely than they asked, and often in greater measure than they could or would use.

To a greater extent than I have ever realized I know he entered into my life and I am equally sure into the lives of thousands, and this fact I see we are to acknowledge as time passes more and more. . . . He swore no one to allegiance, he asked for no one's love or loyalty: but his disciples came to him of their own free will and accord, and then he never deserted them. but gave more freely than they asked, and often in greater measure than they could or would use. He was always a little ahead of the occasion, and so was truly a leader.

Tribute from A.H. Spencer

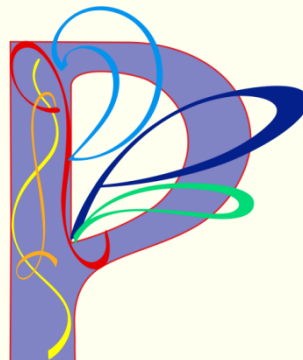
A good homely face and unpretentious manner, a loving disposition, full of kindness and honest friendship, went with such strong common sense and knowledge of affairs that his coming was always a pleasure and his stay a delight.

I knew him with some degree of intimacy for the past eight years, meeting him often and under varied conditions, and never for one moment on any occasion did he fail to command my respect and affection, and that I should have had the privilege of his acquaintance I hold a debt to Karma. A good homely face and unpretentious manner, a loving disposition, full of kindness and honest friendship, went with such strong common sense and knowledge of affairs that his coming was always a pleasure and his stay a delight. The children hung about him fondly as he would sit after dinner and draw them pictures.

Tribute from Claude Falls Wright

In other bodies, and known under other names, Judge has played an important part in the world's history, sometimes as a conspicuous visible figure. At other times, he worked quietly behind the scenes, or, as in his last life, as a leader in a philanthropical and philosophical movement.

Mr. Judge has lived hundreds of lives. So have all men, but very few have any recollection of them. Mr. Judge's existence has been a conscious one for ages, whether alive or "dead," sleeping or waking, embodied or disembodied. In the early part of his last life I do not think he was completely conscious twenty-four hours a day, but several years ago he arrived at the stage where he never afterwards lost his consciousness for a moment. Sleep with him merely meant to float out of his body in full possession of all his faculties, and that was also the manner in which he "died" — left his body for good. In other bodies, and known under other names, he has played an important part in the world's history, sometimes as a conspicuous visible figure. At other times, he worked quietly behind the scenes, or, as in his last life, as a leader in a philanthropical and philosophical movement.



A Conspiracy that ruined the Theosophical Cause.

As I think of what those missed who persecuted him, of the loss in their lives, of the great jewel so near to them which they passed by, I turn sick with a sense of their loss. In him his foes lost their truest friend.

— ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY

Ernest E. Pelletier (*Comp. & Annot.*). *The Judge Case: A Conspiracy Which Ruined the Theosophical CAUSE*. 511pp. A special publication in two Parts by the Edmonton Theosophical Society, 2004. Introduction, pp. xi-xiv.

This is an awesome forensic meta-analysis of documented evidence, arranged in strict chronological order, so that independent thinkers can draw their own conclusions about the shameful conspiracy to defame William Q. Judge. Darkness cannot possibly extinguish Light by turning itself even more gloomy, for it allows the Light to shine much brighter, like the noonday sun. Light is Truth, and Truth will always dispel falsehood and repel evil. — ED. PHIL.

Man's destiny hangs by a thread at the best of times, and the actions of a few can affect the destiny of not only one man, but the rest of humanity as well. Insidious interpretations of certain events colour and shape the thoughts and lives of those who follow. Throughout recorded history it is proven time and time again that the historical interpretation of events by those who dominate a conflict is generally accepted as the "right" one. Unfortunately, truth is the first casualty of conflict. The history within the Theosophical Society is not exempt from this fate.

Since its inception in 1875 the Theosophical Society has experienced numerous conflicts, some of which have polarized the membership and created splinter groups that held to their own version of the historical interpretation. Errors found in the accounts of theosophical history have skewed philosophical arguments and led to partisanship. Although there are numerous examples, the most troubling remains "The Judge Case."

Colonel Henry Steel Olcott was the first to use the phrase "The Judge Case" when describing this conflict in his President's Address at the Nineteenth Anniversary of The Theosophical Society on December 25th, 1894. At that time he stated:

"We are at a crisis that is the most serious within our history since that of 1884. The unavoidable failure to dispose of the charges against Mr. Judge last July, has set in motion most powerful opposing currents of feeling. By some he is enthusiastically supported, by others as unreservedly condemned."

These sentiments have survived to this day.

The Judge Case: A Conspiracy Which Ruined the Theosophical CAUSE chronicles the events and tragedy that besieged and diverted the Theosophical Movement from the

Original Program created from the inspiration and guidance offered by the true Founders of the Theosophical Society — the Masters of Wisdom.

Since 1875 Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (H.P.B.), William Quan Judge and Colonel H.S. Olcott have been linked as co-Founders of The Theosophical Society. Yet Judge's contributions to the Society are not sincerely embraced by most theosophists because of the cloud of suspicion cast over his character by his detractors.

An attempt was made in 1884 to discredit Blavatsky by conspiring and fabricating charges of deception against her, the purpose of which was to destroy both her reputation and the Society she helped create. The accusations in that case were advanced by Emma and Alexis Coulomb, whom Blavatsky saved from destitution in 1879. The Coulombs, chided by Blavatsky for unethical behaviour, chose to take revenge. They forged letters and constructed apparatus in Blavatsky's apartment at Adyar, the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, to incriminate her. Eventually, after many years and several investigative reports, Blavatsky was cleared of any wrongdoing. Still, she periodically receives bad publicity by those whose vaunted knowledge is based on ignorance.

Judge, Blavatsky's staunchest ally, was painted with a similar brush a few years later — this time by prominent members of the Society. The Theosophical Society was founded on the premise that all members are seekers of Truth on perfectly equal terms. As a body of students, each has the entire right and freedom to hold any belief (or "un-belief") that commends itself to them, and to express that unconditionally. The book you are about to read will reveal that in spite of admonition from the President-Founder, Colonel H.S. Olcott, he along with his associates violated the most vital spirit of the Society: of neutrality in matters of belief, of brotherly love, of charity, and of seeking deficiencies in oneself rather than in others.

Light will also be shed on how Judge was unjustifiably denounced with malicious bitterness by those who should have been the first to uphold the principles of Theosophy. Accusations of fraud were directed against him, privately and publicly. While documents were being used in an insidious manner to bring accusations of dishonesty against Judge, impugning his character, his accusers were professing that in the spirit of tolerance and good will, their actions were taken to protect the membership against psychic delusions.

Dr. Archibald Keightley, a prominent London Member of the Theosophical Society and one of twelve in H.P. Blavatsky's Esoteric Section and later her Inner Group (of select individuals for special esoteric instruction), saw the whole attack on Judge as a way to discredit him, H.P.B. and the Society. Dr. Keightley observed that these attacks on Judge were initiated by the more orthodox Brahmans who bitterly resented their esoteric doctrines being presented to non-Brahmans — to Westerners. Dr. Keightley understood, as did Judge, Blavatsky and the Mahatmas especially, that the true Vedic spiritual values had degenerated into a Brahmanic spiritual pride which had stagnated into a purely intellectual activity.

Unfortunately, Judge died before his name could be completely cleared. Following his death, dissension occurred among his supporters, and any pursuit to vindicate him was lost. Evidence which Judge said could be used against him in a conspiracy, and

could also be used to clear his name, was in the hands of his accusers and kept away from public scrutiny. Since then these same documents have allegedly been utilized covertly to sully this man's honour. In writing history, especially a human tragedy, the story can never be complete or accurate if organizations and historians supporting a particular bias have determined that their cause is served better if certain documents remain hidden. It is indeed a sad state of affairs when whisper becomes fact, especially in an organization whose motto is "There is no Religion Higher than Truth" and whose goal is Universal Brotherhood.

When my wife and I joined the Society in 1977, through The Theosophical Society in Canada, Edmonton Lodge (now Edmonton Theosophical Society), two elderly gentlemen were the firm anchors of the group. The elder of the two, Emory P. Wood, was a serious student interested in theosophical history and completely dedicated to H.P.B., the Masters, and to the Original Program. The other gentleman, Bertram J. Whitbread, a few years younger and just as dedicated, was involved with the Esoteric Section (E.S.) and also associated with a Lodge that had priests in the Liberal Catholic Church (L.C.C.). He studied Alice Bailey's writings as well. Group study was always centred on the original teachings as presented by Blavatsky and the Masters, and these two gentlemen, both sincere and serious students for over sixty years, maintained a balance within Edmonton Lodge. I am grateful for the wisdom and guidance they provided and the technique of study they taught us. Students were encouraged to investigate everything and to determine the truth for themselves. It was recommended that they start with an understanding of the original program, its source literature, and its history before exploring other concepts. Examining Judge's writings was part of the process. No contradictions were noted in Judge's writings when compared with Blavatsky's or the Masters'.

In 1985, Edmonton T.S. established a republishing program in an attempt to complete collections of its library's periodicals and to share its reproductions of these original documents with other libraries and individuals. In 1986, my wife and I attended the European School of Theosophy at Tekels Park, England. Then in 1988 arrangements were made to visit major theosophical centres in California. While the principal objective of our American travels was to seek assistance to fill the gaps in Edmonton T.S. Library's collections, we were equally interested in getting personally acquainted with fellow theosophists and exploring how the various organizations cooperated with each other, as well as how they viewed the Theosophical Movement as a whole. Our findings were that most of them appeared dynamic and that some reconciliation between groups had occurred. In 1989 we toured the mid-Western United States. It became clear that strong divisions remained and that the main source of the separateness in the Movement was the conflict that arose shortly after the death of Blavatsky — more precisely, "The Judge Case."

Since there did not appear to be any one title in print dealing specifically with "The Judge Case," I decided to collect as much information as possible and compile it into a format detailing the facts. The intention at the time was to render assistance to someone who could further investigate this critical issue and then write a book delineating the whole situation.

Two specific items provided the starting point. Item one was a copy of Hettie Manske's accumulation of documents pertaining to "The Judge Case" which was borrowed from Emmett and Carmen Small of Point Loma Publications in San Diego, and also offered by Dara Eklund of Studio City, during our California visit in 1988. Item two was received in 1991. Dallas TenBroeck, associate of United Lodge of Theosophists, Los Angeles, mailed me a copy of a synopsis of "The Judge Case" he had recently compiled. Although these documents supplied some valuable insight, innumerable gaps remained. By the mid 1990s, Edmonton T.S. had acquired a complete collection of *The Theosophist* as well as several other early periodicals crucial to researching "The Judge Case." As the accumulation of documents became quite sizeable, we started to record the information chronologically on computer. A sense of duty has since taken me further than ever anticipated. What started as a query developed into a very complex investigation that has led to the volume of documentation and analysis before you.

In 1894, six charges were brought against W.Q. Judge. He was accused of:

- 1 Being untruthful about his claims that he had been receiving teaching from and communication with the Masters since 1875;
- 2 Being untruthful when denying that he had sent letters or messages purporting to be from the Masters;
- 3 Being deceptive towards Olcott with regards to the Rosicrucian Jewel, which belonged to Blavatsky until her death in 1891;
- 4 Lacking straightforwardness with a message regarding Olcott's tenure of the Presidency;
- 5 Allegedly using a brass seal to substantiate certain messages, telegrams, orders and letters;
- 6 The sixth charge brought against Judge was the most disparaging one. He was charged with sending letters for personal advantage that purportedly contained imitation script "as if sent and written by Masters." Although this charge was vague at best and no substantial evidence was ever presented, the accusations themselves were damaging and condemning. The result was that Judge's reputation became not only tarnished, but ruined in the eyes of many.

It is very easy to accuse or cast suspicion upon a person's character, but it is a nearly insurmountable task to vindicate that individual's reputation. The burden of proving one's innocence can be extremely difficult at the best of times, but never more so than when the accusers withhold material evidence, thereby denying the accused the opportunity to mount a proper defence against the charges. Judge and his supporters maintained, and research sustains, that material evidence has been withheld.

The charges against Judge, virtually impossible to disprove at the time, are even more difficult to defeat one hundred years later, especially after a century in obscurity. When a defence is brought before any jury, in this case in the court of public opinion, the plaintiff's case needs to be examined in order to mount a proper defence on behalf of the accused. Since there are many accusers in this case, some well

known and some hiding in the shadows, a liberal spectrum of *factum probans*¹ valuable to the case has been presented. Every extant document made available was utilized to expose the truth behind this conspiracy and great tragedy.

Many errors were found in accounts of theosophical history that could easily skew one's perception of events. Whether accidental or otherwise, they may appear slight at first, but when looked at more closely, they are shown to have steered public opinion in a completely different direction. One such example is in *A Short History of The Theosophical Society*, published in 1938 by Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar. On page 280, Josephine Ransom states that "On 6th May Mrs. Besant, Mr. Judge and Dr. and Mrs. J.D. Buck left New York for England."

In fact, Judge did not sail with Besant on that date; he sailed one week later, on May 13th. This small imprecision in Ransom's book leads one to the erroneous conclusion that Judge and Besant reached London at the same time. They did not. Blavatsky died on May 8th, 1891 and Judge was not present to deal with matters related to the immediate impact of H.P.B.'s sudden demise, whereas Besant was.

Many inconsistencies and inaccuracies were also found in Colonel Olcott's memoirs, *Old Diary Leaves*, written much later from notes he kept. It is amazing how Olcott's sometimes foggy memory is widely accepted and relied upon as fact.

Having reviewed all the evidence, the conclusion eventually drawn was that, while the charges themselves could not be proved or disproved, W.Q. Judge was conspired against. I hope that you, the reader, upon a similar process of analysis, facilitated by the information compiled and based upon the merits of the facts presented, will be led to a similar conclusion.

This work is an attempt to bare the facts, to present a detailed factual defence to vindicate W.Q. Judge's reputation, and to repudiate the accusations of fraud. The process used to gather the information is as earlier described, and the information is organized as detailed in the Explanatory Notes that follow this introduction. Other than the Supplement, which summarizes and substantiates the findings of my investigation, all the documentation in this volume, Part 1 and Part 2, is presented in a manner to allow historical records to speak for themselves.² Some familiar documents, and others which may be new for many, are presented. In the Supplement, a fresh look at the evidence demonstrates that Judge was not only a chela of Mahatma Morya, but possibly the only westerner aside from Blavatsky to have been initiated by Him into the occult mysteries. The evidence collected also supports the probability that the ego within Judge was a chela (occult pupil) of these Masters of Wisdom for a considerable time.

Through this detailed study it is hoped that Judge will be vindicated of the charges, that justice will finally prevail, that he is awarded his rightful place in the annals of theosophical history as a True Theosophist and a True Founder of The Theosophical Society, and most importantly as one of the individuals chosen by the Masters of Wisdom to initiate a paradigm shift in human consciousness in the Western World. It

¹ Probative or evidentiary facts; circumstantial evidence.

² [Look up [The Judge Case, Part 1 of 2, PDF](#) | [The Judge Case, Part 2 of 2, PDF](#) and reflect. — ED. PHIL.]

TRIBUTES TO WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE
A CONSPIRACY WHICH RUINED THE THEOSOPHICAL CAUSE

is also hoped that Judge's writings will be read and studied more widely by students around the world.

All organizations are invited to add to this compilation by looking into their archives for additional information not included in this work, and which should now be in the public domain. The time has come.

ERNEST E. PELLETIER

Edmonton Theosophical Society



Suggested reading for students.



From our Theosophy and Theosophists Series.

- A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO LORD LYTTON
- A LAY CHELA ON OCCULT STUDY
- A LAY CHELA ON THE SECRET DOCTRINE
- A THEOSOPHICAL LOVE FEAST IN FRANCE
- ALETHEIA IS OUR GOD AND DOGMA
- ANCIENT ETHICAL WORSHIPS
- ARCHAIC THEOSOPHY IS PRE-BUDDHIST WISDOM-RELIGION
- BLAVATSKY DEFENDS BLAVATSKY
- BLAVATSKY DEFENDS THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY
- BLAVATSKY ON ANNA KINGSFORD
- BLAVATSKY ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SOUL AND SPIRIT
- BLAVATSKY ON THE ORIGIN AND SOURCE OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE
- BLAVATSKY ON THE THEOSOPHY OF DR. N.I. PIROGOV
- BLAVATSKY REFUTES ARGUMENTS AGAINST THEOSOPHY
- BLAVATSKY REFUTES THE ASSERTIONS OF A FRENCH THEOSOPHIST
- BLAVATSKY'S OPEN LETTER TO FELLOW THEOSOPHISTS
- BUCK ON THE NATURE AND AIM OF THEOSOPHY
- COLD METAPHYSICS VERSUS DIVINE WISDOM
- CONDUCT AND DUTIES OF A TRUE THEOSOPHIST
- CORY'S ANCIENT FRAGMENTS (1832)
- COSMOPOLITANISM IS FAR HOLIER AND NOBLER THAN GRASPING GREEDINESS CLOAKED IN PATRIOTISM
- DE ZIRKOFF ON CHARLES JOHNSTON
- DE ZIRKOFF ON EDWARD DOUGLAS FAWCETT
- DE ZIRKOFF ON FRANZ HARTMANN
- DE ZIRKOFF ON GERALD MASSEY

**TRIBUTES TO WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE
SUGGESTED READING FOR STUDENTS**

- DE ZIRKOFF ON HP BLAVATSKY COLLECTED WRITINGS
- DE ZIRKOFF ON SUBBA ROW
- DE ZIRKOFF ON THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS
- DE ZIRKOFF ON THE DREAM THAT NEVER DIES
- DE ZIRKOFF ON THE SECRET DOCTRINE
- DE ZIRKOFF ON THE SIBYLLINE ORACLES
- DE ZIRKOFF ON THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE
- DE ZIRKOFF ON THREE EMINENT THEOSOPHISTS
- DE ZIRKOFF ON WILHELM HÜBBE-SCHLEIDEN
- DE ZIRKOFF RECALLS HIS FORMATIVE YEARS IN RUSSIA
- EASTERN LIGHT SHINES ON WESTERN MINDS
- EASTERN THEOSOPHY IS NEITHER A CREED, NOR A RELIGIOUS BODY
- ESSENTIAL THEOSOPHICAL DOCTRINES
- HARTMANN ON HOW TO ENTER THE PATH TO INFINITE LIFE
- HARTMANN ON THE HARMONICAL SOCIETY
- HOW THEOSOPHY REKINDLED TRUE BROTHERHOOD IN INDIA
- HUMANITY SEEMS TO PROGRESS BY INVENTING ONE DISCOVERY AFTER THE OTHER
- IMPORT AND POTENCY OF NUMBERS AS SYMBOLS
- IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT
- ISIS UNVEILED IS THE MAJESTY OF TRUTH UNVEILED
- JUDGE AND DE ZIRKOFF ON GEORGE MEAD
- JUDGE ON THE HEART DOCTRINE
- JUDGE ON THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT
- JUDGE ON THE TRUE THEOSOPHIST'S PATH
- JUDGE ON THEOSOPHICAL STUDY AND WORK
- KEYS TO THE MYSTERY LANGUAGE
- LET THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY PERISH, THAN FORSAKE THE CAUSE OF TRUTH
- MYSTERY IS NOT UNREVEALED KNOWLEDGE
- OCCULT TRUTH IS NATURE WITHOUT THE ILLUSORY VEIL OF THE SENSES
- OUR GOD IS HUMANITY AND OUR CULT THE LOVE OF OUR FELLOW-MAN
- OUR ONLY DELIVERER AND SAVIOUR
- PLEDGED STUDENTS' PRESCRIBED GUIDE FOR CONDUCT
- PREREQUISITES TO MEMBERSHIP OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

**TRIBUTES TO WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE
SUGGESTED READING FOR STUDENTS**

- SPURNED THE SUBSTANCE AND CLUTCHED THE SHADOW
- STUDENTS HAVE A CHOICE OF TWO PATHS
- SUBBA ROW DEFENDS ESOTERIC BUDDHISM
- SUBBA ROW'S ESOTERIC WRITINGS (1895)
- THAT WHICH IS FALSE CAN ONLY BE KNOWN BY TRUTH
- THE AIMS AND MISSION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY FULFILLED
- THE CHALDEAN ORACLES OF ZOROASTER
- THE CROWN JEWELS OF THEOSOPHY (PHOTO ALBUM)
- THE POWER OF THE TRINITY OF KOSMOS MANIFESTS THROUGH THE FOUR PRINCIPLES OF MAN
- THE REVIVAL OF EASTERN OCCULT PHILOSOPHY
- THE SUN OF TRUTH FEARS NO LIGHT AND NEEDS NO LIES
- THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IS NOT A NURSERY FOR BUDDING ADEPTS
- THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL ARCANE TERMS
- THEOSOPHIA - FOUNTAIN, PERSPECTIVES, PRACTICE (DRAWING)
- THEOSOPHIA: INNER WISDOM
- THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, THE GREAT MORAL BUT SILENT FORCE
- THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY - ESOTERIC SECTION (LETTERHEAD)
- THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY - MISSION AND FUTURE
- THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY - MONOGRAM 1 (LOGOTYPE)
- THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY - MONOGRAM 2 (LOGOTYPE)
- THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY - OBJECTS AND EARLY ACCOMPLISHMENTS
- THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY - SEAL 1 (LOGOTYPE)
- THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY - SEAL 2 (LOGOTYPE)
- THEOSOPHICAL SYMBOLS (TRUE TYPE FONT)
- THEOSOPHIST IS WHO THEOSOPHY DOES
- THEOSOPHISTS DEFINED ATTITUDINALLY, ETHICALLY, PHILOSOPHICALLY (DRAWING)
- THEOSOPHY AND THEOSOPHISTS
- THEOSOPHY BRINGS THE WISDOM OF LOVE BEFORE THE EYE OF THE SOUL
- THEOSOPHY IS DEEPER MONISM THAN SECULARISM, AND MORE PHILOSOPHICAL
- THEOSOPHY IS RELIGION ITSELF AND SUBLIME CODE OF ETHICS
- THEOSOPHY IS THE SCIENCE OF TRUTH AND THE RELIGION OF JUSTICE
- TRUE THEOSOPHISTS ARE ALWAYS UNDER THE MASTER'S EYE

**TRIBUTES TO WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE
SUGGESTED READING FOR STUDENTS**

- TRUTH IS ALWAYS MIXED WITH ERROR AND HINDERED BY TECHNOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE
- TWO JOURNALS DEVOTED TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
- VERNAL BLOOMS BY WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE
- VISTAS OF VIRTUE AND TRUTH
- WADIA'S RESIGNATION FROM THE TS
- WHAT SORT OF MAN THE REAL PHILOSOPHER SHOULD BE?
- WHEN PURE LOVE IS PERVERTED, HUMANITY QUIVERS
- WHO CAN MEND THE BROKEN SOCIETY?
- WHO CAN READ THE RIDDLE OF THE SERPENT?
- WHO SHOULD BE INVITED TO THEOSOPHICAL MEETINGS?
- WHY A BRAHMIN ABANDONED HIS CASTE
- WHY PAGAN SYMBOLISM IS INDESTRUCTIBLE?
- WILDER ON THE WISDOM RELIGION OF ZOROASTER





Full list of Philaletheians' editions of W.Q. Judge's works.

Black versus White Magic Series

- JUDGE ON ASTRAL INTOXICATION

Blavatsky Tributes Series

- BLAVATSKY'S OBITUARY BY WQ JUDGE
- THE ESOTERIC SHE BY WQ JUDGE

Buddhas and Initiates Series

- JUDGE ON THE DWELLERS ON HIGH MOUNTAINS

Constitution of Man Series

- JUDGE ON THE INNER CONSTITUTION OF MAN
- JUDGE ON THE OCCULT NATURE OF MAN

Down to Earth Series

- CULTURE OF CONCENTRATION BY JUDGE
- MEDITATION - TEACHINGS BY JUDGE
- OCCULT TALES BY JUDGE
- SIXTEEN CAUTIONS IN PARAGRAPHS BY JUDGE
- TEN INJUNCTIONS FOR THEOSOPHISTS BY JUDGE

Higher Ethics and Devotion Series

- A WORTHY LIFE IS A VIRTUOUS LIFE OF NOBLE AND HEROIC ACTS
- COMMENTARY ON THE GAYATRI BY JUDGE
- REAL LIFE THRILLS IN THE SEVEN BRAINS OF THE HEART, NOT IN THE WHIMS AND WOBBLES OF THE MIND
- THE BHAGAVAD GITA - SEVEN ESSAYS BY JUDGE
- THE BHAGAVAD GITA - TR. JUDGE

Living the Life Series

- JUDGE ON THE GREATEST OCCULT TRUTHS
- JUDGE ON THE UNIVERSAL APPLICATIONS OF DOCTRINE
- JUDGE ON THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

Mystic Verse and Insights Series

- JUDGE ON HUMANITY, THE GREAT ORPHAN

Planetary Rounds and Globes Series

- JUDGE ON THE EARTH CHAIN OF GLOBES

Secret Doctrine's First Proposition Series

- JUDGE ON THE GITA AND THE ZODIAC

Secret Doctrine's Third Proposition Series

- JUDGE'S APHORISMS ON KARMA

Theosophy and Theosophists Series

- ARCHAIC THEOSOPHY IS PRE-BUDDHIST WISDOM-RELIGION
- JUDGE AND DE ZIRKOFF ON GEORGE ROBERT STOWE MEAD
- JUDGE DEFENDS BLAVATSKY
- JUDGE ON THE OCEAN OF THEOSOPHY
- JUDGE ON THE SECRET DOCTRINE
- JUDGE ON THEOSOPHICAL STUDY AND WORK
- JUDGE REFLECTS ON THE TRUE THEOSOPHIST'S PATH
- JUDGE'S ECHOES FROM THE ORIENT
- THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT HERALDS A NEW ERA IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD
- VERNAL BLOOMS BY WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

