

My dear Friends,

You have not heard from me for four months now. I fully meant to have written before, but when I came back from my two-months' tour of British East Africa I had so much on my mind getting ready to sail in April for England, where I am now, that I never seemed to get down to it. Besides that I was in two minds as to whether I should close down this correspondence group, as it seemed to me rather a burden upon my secretaries, one of whom (in England--R.D.) is a busy school-mistress. But she assures me that she will have more time in the future and does not wish me to stop. I hope now that as these letters have been going on for about ten years that none of you are getting a little tired of receiving them, because if you are, I shall not be the least offended if you write to one of my secretaries and ask for them to be discontinued.

So here I am, starting again! First I must tell you what a splendid time I had in B.E. Africa. It was pretty strenuous, but it was worth it. I lectured first of all to the Section's Convention at Nairobi, and also gave a series of lectures there. We made 21 new members in Nairobi. Then, accompanied by the National Secretary, Mr. Kanga, and a Parsee lady, Mrs. Baria, I started a tour of Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. I saw the great lake, the Victoria Nyanza, perhaps the largest lake in the world. The beautiful city of Kampala, the capital of Uganda, is on its banks. The native ruler has his palace in the town, and he has also built a unique House of Parliament for his ruling chiefs. I thought Kenya the most beautiful country in Africa that I had yet seen. I would imagine that it is a country of great promise. I spent a few days at Kericho, where the Brook Bonds Tea Company have a great tea-growing and packing estate, and I saw all over the factory.

Zanzibar is the old slave trade centre. The cathedral is built upon the site of the old slave market. The town has very narrow streets. If a motor car goes along there is hardly room for anything else, even a passenger. It has many cocoa-nut palms and clove trees, is in fact quite luxurious in growth on a few feet of earth upon what is really a coral island. The little island of Pemba has many Arabs, and the lecture there, in place of being translated into Gujarati, the language of most of the Indian population of those parts, was interpreted in Swahili, which the natives and the Arabs understand. Two missionaries came to hear me because their brother was interested in Theosophy, and I stayed one night in their hospitable home.

I started for a year's work in the British Isles in April, and had an interesting voyage here. My table steward knew his past incarnation in Greece, and two of the ship's officers regularly practised some form of Yoga. This is surely a sign of the times. Yoga, mysticism, or some form of what we may call the "inner life" is becoming more and more of universal interest. Because I was asked I gave a lecture on Reincarnation on board. Years ago I used always to do this on board a ship, but I had given up the practice because it makes you a marked man for the rest of the voyage.

When I got into Southampton my youngest sister came to meet me, but actually I did not at first recognise her! We had not met for some time. Soon the Convention took place. It was a very happy occasion. It was a joy meeting again so many people I had known long years ago. Then I went to Ireland and later to the Scottish Convention, again a very happy meeting. I must put in a word about the extraordinary beauty of the Scottish scenery. Surely in many ways it must be the most beautiful in the world! I was taken long drives into the mountains with



their lovely lakes. I saw the lake with an island castle in its midst where Mary, Queen of Scots, was once imprisoned, And then in beautiful Edinburgh there was Holyrood Palace where she lived for a short, unhappy while. I saw the house of John Knox, the Calvinist preacher who used to fulminate against her. She surely was an unhappy Queen. I saw the famous inn where, centuries ago, a little English inn-keeper kept at bay a fierce Highlander brandishing a broadsword, with a red-hot poker. The Highland cattle intrigued me. They have long hair and tremendous horns with a deep fringe over their eyes. My host had a tiny Shetland sheep-dog, no bigger than a little spaniel. He told me that not only are the Shetland ponies small, but also the sheep and the sheep-dogs up there. I would like to see them!

Now I am back in England again, and soon will fly to Holland for the International study week at Huizen. England seems to me to be much better off than it was in older days. One does not see the starving, ill-dressed children and the men out of work that we used to see. There seems the danger of inflation, and I sometimes wonder where the cause for that lies, and why the nations of the world do not seek out that cause and nullify it.

My book, "The Ageless Wisdom of Life" is sold out, but a second edition will be out in about another six months. This will delay my next book which I hope will be printed next year.

I have not done much in this letter beyond telling you all of my travels. But I will reiterate again the remarkable fact that the whole world is turning in the direction of the inner life. I think men are passing from the idea of God Transcendant to that of God Immanent, most of all within the deeper hearts of men. I feel that the new presentation of the old eternal truths when it comes will be along the lines of mysticism and yoga. We should really be leading the world in that direction for to that tremendous truth the future belongs. Along with it comes an increasing sensitivity to the worlds invisible surrounding us. Psychism is on the increase. An Adept once said that the dawning psychic power of the world should be taken hold of and guided into spirituality. Otherwise it will prove a curse and not a blessing to man. Most people today know about reincarnation and karma. As Brother Jinarajadasa once said, the key-note now is that of the "God within". That is what men want to know about. Dimly they are seeking for happiness, for security, for truth, and nowhere is that to be found but in the depths of our own most glorious being. It is also becoming increasingly true, as the Hungarian psychiatrist, Dr. Volgyesi said, that modern man needs some form of Yoga or soul culture. The best book on this subject that I have recently come across is the book written by Dr. Alexis Carrell just before he died, and published by his wife after his death, called "Reflections on Life". Get it if you can, and read it many times. Another very good book on meditation, very clear and sensible, is "The Secret of Meditation", by Hans Ulrich Rieker.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara M. Codd

P.S. Mr. Perkins has invited me to America next year, so I shall be seeing all of you again. Be sure to see me if you possibly can.

I am so happy to tell you that our former Group Secretary in America, Mrs. Mary Patterson, was the guest speaker at the recent South African Convention, and won all hearts in South Africa.

C. M. C.