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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

I am glad to see in *Ultra*, the magazine of the Rome Lodge, that the 'Independent Theosophical Federation' is now formed and at work. It is very fortunate to have as its first Secretary Bābū Upendranāth Basu Sāhab, whose long experience will serve the young organisation well, and whose noble character will be to it a tower of strength. His many friends will also rejoice in this proof of his recovered health. Miss Edger, M. A., is associated with him as Joint Secretary. The Objects are the same as those of the T. S., and its Rules are very similar, save that it gives power to its Council—as is reasonable in a specialised Society—to exclude by a two-thirds' majority of votes any member whose continued presence in the Federation is thought undesirable; such a member has the right of appeal to the whole Federation. It is very good that there should be many Societies, based on similar principles but differing in administration and in unessential details, that carry abroad into the world the precious truths of the Wisdom. Some brethren, I know, think that as "union is strength," the formation of different Societies is undesirable. Personally, I do not think so. Union is certainly to be wished for, but union and uniformity are

not identical. We may be united, in the true sense—bound together by mutual love and by a common desire to serve humanity by spreading truth—although one may prefer one organisation and one another. We must not, as followers of the WISDOM, repeat the error of Rome and insist on uniformity. So may the Masters' blessing rest—as assuredly it will—on all who worthily serve Them, and let us rejoice that those who cannot see with us in everything find their own part of the vineyard, and their own way of working.

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A plan is on foot for establishing a Theosophical Headquarters in New York, for the use of the New York Lodges; a Committee of Lodge officers has been formed, and a substantial sum of money has already been promised. The meeting held to discuss the proposition was attended not only by the officers of the New York, Central, and Inter-State Lodges, but also by those of the neighboring Lodges of Brooklyn, Newark, and East Orange. The members hope soon to possess a Headquarters worthy of the Empire City, and now that the Theosophical Society is even stronger in America than in the days of Mr. Judge, there should be no serious difficulty in carrying the project to a successful conclusion.

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The Annual Convention of the T. S. in England and Wales held at Harrogate, was a very successful one. The Society in England has passed through a long period of comparative stagnation, in which public interest was small and accessions few; from 1895 onwards the new members year by year numbered on an average about 250, falling as low as 193 in 1903-04, and only in four years during the fifteen rising above 300. In 1908-09 the accessions stood at 222; in 1909-10 they rose to 402. The figures are reckoned from Convention to Convention. Great Britain, with America, bore the brant of the storm over my election; now those who endured through it and remained

faithful are reaping their reward, and the promised forward movement has begun.

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The Rev. C. M. Black, of Christ Church, Edinburgh, offered his pulpit to the Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, F. T. S., who lately visited Edinburgh. This is a cheering sign of growing brotherliness. It will be strange if our good Brother finds Scotch Christianity more liberal than English; and it will be sad if the English Bishops—who have been bidden to be to the flock of Christ Shepherds, not wolves—commit an error similar to that which drove John Wesley out of the Anglican Church.

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The Hon. Mrs. Charlton has succeeded in establishing in Calcutta a central office for the Imperial League for the Protection of Animals; it is at 20 Canal Street, Entelly, and Capt. J. Clifford has accepted the Secretaryship. Mrs. Charlton is at Simla, where she gained the sympathy of the Ven. Archdeacon of Lahore, and he preached a sermon against Cruelty to Animals. A Town Hall meeting and a concert to raise funds are among the other activities of this indefatigable lady.

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Theosophists everywhere will be glad to hear of the honor which has fallen to Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., that steadfast upholder of the spiritual view of the universe. His Majesty has presented him with the Order of Merit, which is bestowed only on a small number of the most distinguished men in the Empire. The *Statesman* remarks that the action shows "some boldness," as "Sir William Crookes is not altogether a *persona grata* with his great contemporaries in the field of Science". That is true, for a scientist who dared to investigate spiritualistic phenomena and to join the Theosophical Society was looked on askance by the priesthood of orthodox science. But H. M. King George has never been accused of timidity, and it is well-known that, in religion, his face is turned to the future more than to the past. As

Head of the Church in England, while he reverently guards the ancient he will ever keep her windows open to the Light.

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Free-thinkers of the time of Charles Bradlaugh will remember Marie Leroy, who suddenly disappeared in 1884, and was heard of no more. It now appears, from an inquest on the body of one Harry Lloyd, that since her disappearance she had been living, dressed as a man, as the husband of a woman-friend, who had been betrayed and became a mother. Marie Leroy—who was masculine-looking—assumed the *rôle* of husband in order to save the reputation of her friend, and was a true father to the child, supporting and protecting it after the mother's death. Her own sudden death necessitated an inquest, and her well-kept secret was revealed. A strange and beautiful story of the love of one woman for another, reflecting credit also on the school of thought to which she belonged.

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The *Advocate of India* tells a story that reminds us of a gruesome incident in the story of Alcyonè, an incident that one might well have hoped belonged only to the past. A worshipper of Kālī, in the Mymensingh district, dreamed that the Goddess appeared to him in the night, and commanded him to sacrifice to her his grandchild, a babe of two years of age. The mother of the child had a similar dream at the same time. The two—like Abraham—prepared to obey the command, but happily their preparations were interrupted, not by a voice from heaven but by the local police. It seems scarcely credible that, in a civilised country, such a crime should be possible. Yet I remember reading a story of a lingering death under frightful torture inflicted on an unfortunate Irish girl, believed to be possessed by the devil, and here also the idea ruled that God would be pleased with the human sacrifice. Religions should make it very clear to their uneducated followers that blood-sacrifices

are criminal, however much they may be sanctioned by Biblical or Shāstric texts. It may be freely admitted that there are blood-thirsty entities on the astral plane who delight in the slaying of helpless victims, the carnivorous lions and tigers of the nether world; but their cruel cravings should no more be satisfied than those of their congeners in the jungle.

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A very promising little paper—reviving the old name of *The Path*, and edited by one of Mr. Judge's faithful friends, Mr. D. N. Dunlop, and Mr. C. Lazenby—has just been added to Theosophical monthlies. The Editors are both members of the Theosophical Society, and are valuable for the independence of their views, and a certain breezy originality. We heartily wish the new venture success. They are likely to have the help from the other side of their old leader, who rejoices when any of his loyal friends work hand-in-hand with the old Society which he did so much to build, and for which he is again working now from the inner world, as I said when I was last in America. No better service can be done to him than to serve the cause he loved in the Theosophical Society, as so many of his old friends are now doing.

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The Sanātana Ḍharma Vidyāshālā of Aleppey, the admirable School of which I have spoken more than once, has issued its fifth *Annual Report*, and is going on most satisfactorily in every respect. Dr. Naiḍu continues to be its heart and soul. The highest praises are bestowed upon it by the Inspectors.

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It is very interesting to me to see that the note struck in my London lectures last year is re-echoing in England. I then urged that Society must be redeemed by the voluntary self-sacrifice of the prosperous and the educated:

Not by the up-rising of the miserable, but by the self-sacrifice of the comfortable will the future Society be realised on earth..... Along those lines our Social Redemption will come, along the lines of those who are willing to give and willing to sacrifice.... Joy lives in giving and not in taking... The greatest freedom expresses itself in the greatest service.

And so on, in various passages. Now, in the *Hibbert Journal* for July, appears 'An Open Letter to English Gentlemen,' appealing to them to redeem England from the condition into which she is falling:

The true course of English patriotism should, in the near future, take a line contrary to the material interests of the more fortunate of the patriots.... No man can at this crisis serve his country in the truest sense except in a spirit of service, or of readiness to sacrifice self. Not what to get or what to escape, but what to give—that is the spirit that shall recreate England.

How good it is to see such an ideal uplifted! And surely out of the younger generation of England's nobles shall spring forward those who shall realise it. These shall form the Order of the Knights of the Empire, vowed to renunciation, who shall

> ride abroad, redressing human wrongs.....
> To serve as model for the mighty world,
> And be the fair beginning of a time.

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Dr. Schrāder, Director of the Adyar Library, is putting in hand 'The Adyar Library Oriental Series,' to consist of the rare MSS. possessed by the Library and hitherto unpublished. The Samskṛt texts will first be issued, and later the scope of the Series may be widened. Yearly volumes of from 200 to 300 pages will appear; some special features will be introduced, such as the use of italics for quotations, and a summary, in English, of the contents of each chapter at the beginning of the book. The Series will give prominence to certain unduly neglected branches, such as the vast literature of the Pāñcharāṭras, who are the successors of the ancient Bhāgavaṭās. The first two books, now under preparation, are the *Vāḍanakṣhaṭramālikā*, an important and very rare

Mīmāmsā work, and the *Ahirbodhnyasamhitā* of the Pāñcharātram, which, among many other subjects, deals extensively with the Sāṅkhya philosophy, the Nādīs, and other topics of the Yoga-Sūtras, etc. It will fill two volumes of about 250 pages each. This Series will commence the third great duty of our Library, says Dr. Schrāder; these are: (1) the publication of a descriptive catalogue—now issuing; (2) the issue of rare texts possessed by it; (3) research work—the critical edition of the Upaniṣhaṭs, now going to press.

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The *Christian Commonwealth* has an interesting note on the ending of the ministry of the Rev. S. A. Tipple of Upper Norwood. He is eighty-three years of age, and has served for sixty years. Ruskin declared him to be the greatest master of English style in the pulpit, and Ruskin's judgment on such a matter is final. Mr. Tipple's appeal has been "to an intellectual aristocracy," and his views of the broadest and most spiritual. I print elsewhere the noble prayer which he offered at the close of his ministry, as the best evidence of the beauty and truth of his ideas. Such a man is indeed a loss when he lays down his life-work, but at eighty-three he may well feel his task is over; may some who have caught inspiration from him take it up and carry it on in his spirit; a life which, to quote from his own parting words, has "essayed greatly" and "aspired nobly," cannot be wasted, even though lived in the obscurity of a little Baptist chapel in Upper Norwood.

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It is very pleasant to hear that the Melbourne Companions of the Round Table have sent no less than seventeen poor lads into the country, each for a month's holiday and rest after serious illness, the greater part of the money being raised by small acts of self-denial by the Companions themselves. That is the right way to train for becoming Knights, who "follow the King".

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Our next issue begins a new volume, Vol. XXXII. and we shall give in it the Introduction and first chapter of the *Universal Text-Book of Religion and Morals*. The book will be in three Parts, issued and paged separately. Part I. will consist of the Introduction and seven chapters, covering the fundamental truths of all religions. Part II. will consist of expositions of each great faith, written by their adherents. Part III. will comprise Morals, the fundamentals of which are universal. Each chapter will be followed by extracts from the Scriptures of each faith, supporting the teaching expounded in the chapter.

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The Friends of India, our Association in England for the welcoming of Indian Students, has just opened a Home for Indian Students at 39 Fellows Road, Hampstead, London, N. W. The place is healthy and some three hundred feet above sea-level, and within half-an-hour of the City. The earnest and indefatigable Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Herbert Whyte, has devoted herself to carrying out this project, and Mr. Arnold has been very helpful in advice and suggestion. Indian students who wish to take rooms would do wisely to secure them before leaving India.

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An interesting extract from the *British Medical Journal* is forwarded by a medical correspondent, summarising a paper read before the Royal Society by Professor Dendy, on the 'pineal complex'. He has re-investigated it as it exists in the reptile Sphenodon, and his conclusions are that "the pineal sac and the pineal eye are respectively the right and left members of a primitive pair of sense-organs, serially homologous with the lateral eyes". *The Secret Doctrine*, it is well known, regards the 'pineal gland' as a vestigial organ, the remains of an eye, the central eye of the Cyclops. It seems that after Mme. Blavatsky has been ridiculed for regarding a 'gland' as once an eye, modern science is going to give us two.

MYSTERIOUS TRIBES [1]

THREE MONTHS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS NEAR MADRAS

BY

RĀḌHĀ BĀI (H. P. B.)

(*Continued from p.* 1378.)

AS a parallel I will now relate a case of sorcery practised by some Mala-Kurumbas on a little Nīlgiri boy whom I know personally. Then I shall ask my readers to compare notes.

Between Kotagiri and Ooty there lived a fairly well-to-do Eurasian family. It consisted of an old mother, two grown-up sons and a little orphan nephew, whom the old woman reared in memory of her dead sister. Mrs. Simpson was a good and pious person. Her sons were Government clerks and the little eleven years old boy went every morning to a mission school; in the afternoon he was at home and could do as he pleased. Like all children in these healthy and picturesque mountains he was at liberty to wander about in the groves and avenues of the 'town'. As such, I must inform my readers, Ooty exists only on the maps. For European ideas it is a large village. Except in the Indian quarters there are no streets in our sense. True, we do meet with fine buildings like the Town-hall, the cathedral, the club, and also with big shops, only open during the summer, but there is not what we should call a street. The residences lie far apart from

[1] Translated from the German version published by Arthur Weber. Our German readers may obtain this book from the Jaeger'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Leipzig. ED.

one another like oases in a green desert. The country is covered with hills and hillocks either grown over with thick jungle or crowned by some solitary and gigantic tree. The houses are built at the foot of hills or rocks to protect them from rain and wind. They are surrounded by gardens and plantations separated from the road by fences. From the back of the houses a foot-path generally leads into the jungle or the neighboring hills, but only rarely a white man's foot wanders that way.

At dusk it is dangerous to walk about unarmed, and to venture into the bushes. Those who cannot afford a carriage avoid leaving the central parts of Ooty at night, lest they should come across a leopard or a tiger, or meet some wild cat, of which there are many.

The house of Mrs. Simpson was close to such a thicket, far away from the main avenues of Ooty. The little boy was forbidden to go into the woods. He was passionately fond of birds and had managed to turn an old out-house, with large windows prettily decorated by flower-pots, into an aviary. In this building he kept all kinds of birds from the parrot down to the tiny 'Jui-Mu,' the colibris of the Blue Mountains. Only the Nīlgiri swallow was missing in his collection. This little yellow singer is very shy and alert, and as he flies high it is almost impossible to catch him with nets. Driven by his ruling passion it once happened that the boy went deep into the jungle, following a swallow which flew from tree to tree, and which he vainly tried to catch. He pursued it until sunset.

Even in the plains of India there is hardly any twilight, the night succeeding the day abruptly; much more is this the case in Ooty, surrounded as the place is by high mountains on all sides. Finding himself suddenly in the darkness, the boy hastened homewards through the jungle. On the way he trod on a thorn and was obliged to stop at the first clearing and take off his shoe. While he was looking for the thorn which had made his foot

bleed, a wild cat jumped from the tree under which he sat and almost fell on his head. Spitting and with fur on end, her kitten in her mouth, the cat made for the boy who screamed with fear. He did not notice that the cat was as frightened as himself. Suddenly two arrows whirred through the air; the cat let her kitten drop and rolled into a ditch. Two dirty and half-naked Kurumbas jumped forward from their ambuscade, and took hold of the dead animal, while at the same time mocking the boy on account of his terror. The Mala-Kurumbas are no unusual sight at Ooty. One always meets them on market days. Contrary to the Ţeina, *i.e.*, Honey-Kurumbas, who never come to any borough, the Mala, *i.e.*, the Thorn-Kurumbas seem rather to seek the intercourse with white people to whom they render slight menial services for a few annas and pies. The little Eurasian boy was not frightened therefore when he saw the two Kurumbas; he rather felt gratitude because they had saved him from the claws of the wild cat.

Like all Eurasians born in these mountains he was able to speak their dialect, and as he was afraid of proceeding on his way alone he asked them to accompany him home, promising them some brandy and a little money for their trouble. Thereupon the three marched on together. On the way the boy told them of his vain endeavor to catch a swallow, and they suggested that they should get him one for a slight remuneration.

The Kurumbas are known as skilful hunters; they are as much masters of the art of catching small birds and game as of that of killing tigers and elephants: none can rival them as trappers in these mountains. The party decided to meet on the following day and to go bird-catching together. When arrived home the boy told his aunt of the service the dwarfs had rendered him. She consequently gave them a few coins and some brandy and bade them be gone again. Like all Eurasians she despised colored people. Priding herself rather on being a strong-minded woman, she rejected as nonsense all stories

about the magic power of the dwarfs and felt nothing but repulsion for the little monsters. She strictly prohibited her nephew from having any more dealings with them. He therefore breathed no word about his intention to go bird-catching with them the next day, decided as he was not to lose this opportunity of acquiring a yellow swallow for his collection.

The expedition took place and the child returned home at night with the coveted bird. Overpowered by his passion, the little boy lost all feeling of repulsion for the dwarfs; nor did he notice that his hands came often into contact with theirs and that they repeatedly touched him. Under the pretext of admiring his check jacket, they passed their fingers several times down his back. The little boy was quite unsuspicious. Indians had always been depicted to him in contemptuous terms as 'niggers' and idolators, and he had seen very little of them. He did not know how these dangerous dwarfs were dreaded by those whose blood partly ran in his veins also.

May I be permitted, at this juncture, to say a few words about the manner in which the Kurumbas catch birds. For a casual observer the proceeding looks simple enough, but he who watches the process more closely will notice a strange phenomenon at the back of it. The dwarf takes a small piece of wood and rubs it in his hands as if to polish it, after which he fastens the stick about two feet from the ground on any shrub close by. This done the Kurumba retires a few paces and lies down flat on the earth, fixing his eyes on the bird already previously selected. Thus he remains motionless, patiently waiting. Betlor,[1] who was often an eye-witness of this kind of hunt, describes it as follows:

The eyes of the Kurumba now take a strange expression, such as I have seen in snakes when they bewitch their prey

[1] Betlor, a Canadian by birth, is well-known in Madras as a famous sportsman. He travelled with Davidson by order of the Ornithological Society. See *Stray Feathers* and the work on *The Birds of India*, published by that Society.

by looking at it; I have also seen it in the black toad of Mysore. This motionless and glazed eye shines as by an inner cold light of its own, which both attracts and repels at the same time. For a few rupees the Kurumbas allowed me to go bird-catching with them. The bird hops gaily from twig to twig. Suddenly it stops and seems to listen. It bends its little head on one side and remains motionless for a second or two. Then it shakes its plumage and tries to fly away, but generally it cannot do so. It is drawn irresistibly within the magic circle. Closer and closer the victim comes to the stick. Its plumage is ruffled, it pipes plaintively, but all the while it hops nearer and nearer by nervous little bounds. Now it is close to the stick; with one final hop it jumps on it—and is doomed. It has lost all power of movement. The Kurumba makes a dash for the bewitched little creature, and if you give him an additional rupee he swallows it alive with bones and plumage.

In this manner the two Kurumbas caught a pair of yellow swallows for little Simpson. But they caught the child as well. One of the Kurumbas bewitched him as they had bewitched the birds. He took possession of his will and directed his thoughts and acts, as fully as the French doctor directed those of the policeman. The only difference between the two amounted to this, that the doctor made use of visible passes and proceeded by the scientific method of mesmerism, while the Kurumba only looked at the child and touched him in a casual way. From that day a visible change took place in the boy; he became apathetic and lazy, no longer caring to play or run about as he used to do. Although to all appearances he remained in good health and he did not lose his appetite, he seemed to be several years older; also the family as well as the servants noticed that he often wandered about as if in a dream. Presently Mrs. Simpson began to miss some of her valuables, as silver spoons, a snuff-box, a crucifix and finally a gold necklace. The whole household got alarmed. Despite all precautions against further burglary and all endeavors to catch the thief, things went on disappearing out of a well-locked safe, the key of which the old lady kept in her pocket. The police were called in, but failed to detect any trace of the thief. They suspected the servants, but could not convict any of the crime. Again, all of them had been

for many years in the house, and Mrs. Simpson vouched for their honesty. One evening a precious ring was sent her from Madras. She locked it carefully in the safe, put the key underneath her pillow, and decided to remain awake during the night. To make quite sure that she would not fall asleep, she denied herself the glass of beer which she was wont to take every evening ere retiring, for she had noticed that for some time it had made her dull and sleepy. The boy slept in a room next to hers. About two o'clock the door opened, and by the light of her night-lamp Mrs. Simpson saw her nephew coming in. She was on the verge of asking him what he wanted, but on second thoughts she remained quiet and held her breath. The child moved as in a dream. His eyes were wide open and his face had a hard, almost animal-like, expression. This Mrs. Simpson deposed to later, in open court. He made straight for her bed, and pulled the key so deftly from beneath her pillow that she hardly felt it. He now opened the safe, rummaged about it and after a little while locked it again, replacing the key under her pillow. This done he went back into his room. Mrs. Simpson possessed sufficient presence of mind to remain quiet and motionless. To think that her beloved nephew, a mere child, was the thief! But what was he doing with the stolen things? She decided to keep quiet and wait patiently in order to solve the matter.

She now quickly dressed without much noise, and peeped into her nephew's room. He was not there but the door leading to the verandah was ajar. She followed him and saw his shadow near the aviary. The moon was shining brightly. She distinctly saw him stoop down under a window and bury something in the ground. Mrs. Simpson decided to wait until the morning. "The boy is moonstruck," she thought; "probably we shall find all the missing things in that place. It would be useless to awake him now and frighten the poor lad."

She consequently returned to her room after having assured herself that the boy had returned to his. She

watched him for a moment. Evidently he was fast asleep although his eyes were as wide open as when he stood before her bed to take the key from beneath her pillow. These staring eyes frightened her, and she resolved once more to solve the mystery.

Early the next morning she called her sons and told them what had happened in the night. They went together to the aviary, and had no difficulty in finding a freshly dug place under one of its windows, but the missing things were not in it. Obviously the child had accomplices. Mrs. Simpson was no fool. She realised that it would be no use to question the boy, that it would rather complicate matters and render her task more difficult. She therefore greeted her nephew in her usual kind way when he came home from school, but she watched him carefully. After lunch when she rose to wash her hands, she purposely took her ring off and put it on the table. The boy's eyes lighted up. She turned aside watching him more closely than ever. The boy grasped the ring and slid it into his pocket. He then went to the door as if leisurely leaving the house. She had caught him in the very act of stealing.

"Tommy, where is my ring?" She asked him. "Why did you take it?"

"Which ring?" the boy quietly answered. "I did not see any ring."

"You naughty child! You good-for-nothing boy! You have taken it." With these words Mrs. Simpson drew her ring out of her nephew's pocket and held it under his eyes.

It made absolutely no impression on him. He only replied angrily: "Is this a ring? It's a handful of golden grains which I took for my birds."

"And all the jewelry which you have stolen during the last two months, do you also consider it as grains? Where did you put my things, you wretched thief? Tell me at once, or I shall send for the police," the old lady exclaimed in a rage.

"I did not steal your jewelry. I never took anything without your special permission, except grains and bread for my birds. One cannot get such golden grains at the market, otherwise I should not have asked you for them."

Mrs. Simpson was dumb-founded. She realised that she stood face to face with some terrible mystery and that the boy was in a state of chronic somnambulism and spoke the truth, or at least what he believed to be the truth.

It was a mistake to accuse him openly of the theft. The mystery was by no means cleared up because she had found him out. There must be somewhere people for whom the child was thieving, and she wanted to detect these people. Mrs. Simpson consequently acted like a person who recognises that she has been wrong. Her heart was bleeding, but nevertheless she continued the enquiry.

"Say, Tommy," she resumed in a friendly voice, "can you not remember when I gave you permission to take the golden grains out of my safe?"

"It was on the day on which I brought home my yellow swallows," the boy answered listlessly. "You then told me that I might take the key from under your pillow, and fetch the golden grains for my birds out of your cupboard whenever I wanted any. You said the golden grains were healthier for the birds than the silver ones. Well, I have taken them. Unfortunately there are not many more left," he added plaintively, "and without such grains all my little birds must starve."

"Who told you so?"

"He who caught the birds for me and who helps me to feed them."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know," the boy answered with an effort, rubbing his forehead. "I don't know. He is *he*. You have often seen him. He was here only three days ago, when we were at supper. Uncle had put some silver grains on his plate for me to take for my birds. *He* told me

to take them, and uncle nodded assent, and so I took them."

Mrs. Simpson remembered that on the day mentioned ten rupees, which her son had put on the table to pay a bill, had disappeared in a mysterious way. It had been the most puzzling theft of all.

"To whom did you give these silver grains? One does not generally feed birds at night."

"I gave them to him. He stood behind the door. He came before we had finished supper. We took supper at noon on that day."

"How so at noon? Do you call noon eight o'clock in the evening?"

"I don't know, but it was noon. It never became night on that day. . . . . For a long time there has been no night at all."

"My God!" Mrs. Simpson exclaimed, "the boy has lost his reason."

Then suddenly an idea crossed her mind.

"Well then," she said, giving him her brooch, "take also these grains and feed your birds with them. I will look on."

The boy eagerly took the brooch and hurried with it to the aviary. There, as his aunt related, a scene took place, which convinced her fully of her little nephew's derangement. He went from cage to cage strewing the alleged grains to the birds. Many cages were empty. The poor birds had probably been often fed on such grains. The boy evidently did not notice when there were no birds in the cages; before each of them, the empty ones as well as the others, he rubbed the brooch between his fingers as if he were strewing bread-crumbs, and talked and whistled equally to existing and non-existing birds. He seemed perfectly happy all the while.

"Now, auntie, I shall give the rest of the grains into *his* keeping. Formerly he told me to bury it under

the window, but this morning he ordered me to bring it to him. But you must not accompany me, else he will not come."

"Very well, little man, go alone," replied Mrs. Simpson.

But she kept him back under some pretext or other for half an hour, and sent for the police sergeant, whom she requested to follow the boy unnoticed wherever he might go. "If he should give the brooch to anyone," she instructed him, "have that person arrested: he is a thief."

Her order was executed. The sergeant bade another policeman accompany him and both shadowed the boy throughout the day. Towards evening he went into the jungle with the two men behind him. Suddenly an ugly dwarf sprang from under a shrub and beckoned to the boy. The latter obeyed automatically and gave him something. On seeing this the policemen dashed forward and arrested the Kurumba; he was holding the brooch in his hand.

But the dwarf escaped with a short imprisonment. Nothing could be proved against him. The boy, he said, had handed him the brooch of his own accord, he did not know why. The statements which the child himself made before the court could not be considered seriously. He drivelled something about golden grains, and did not even recognise the Kurumba. The doctor declared him to be an incurable idiot. Mrs. Simpson's evidence was no good either, as she only knew what her nephew had told her. The only deposition which might have had some value was that of the police-sergeant who had arrested the Kurumba, for he had known the man as a receiver of stolen goods for many years. But he could not be called as a witness, as he fell ill on the same evening on which he had arrested the dwarf, and died a week later before the trial of the case. Probably his death was caused by "an

accidental rupture of the spleen". The second constable, who had helped to arrest the Kurumba, stated under oath that he knew nothing of the case and could not therefore report anything. He had been told to arrest the man and so he had done it. He was unable to give any further evidence.

And thus the story ended.

I have myself seen the unfortunate boy who, by the way, is now twenty years old. When he was pointed out to me, I saw a fat Eurasian with long and curly hair, sitting on a bench and busily engaged in carving small rods for a bird's cage. He is still passionately fond of birds. No one would guess that there is anything the matter with him. He gives the impression of a sane person, except for his habit of calling all things made of gold and silver 'grains'. But even this mania is gradually fading out, since he spent several years under special treatment in Bombay. One thing only is not fading out in him—his craving to mix with the Kurumbas. He is allowed to walk about freely, but is closely watched by his relatives.

He is, it seems to me, a living proof of the fact that the hallucinations brought about by the Kurumbas and the hypnotic delusions brought about by French doctors are the result of one and the same force, never mind the name by which we may call it.

At the close of this chapter I want to remind my readers of the definition which Voltaire gives in his *Dictionnaire Philosophique* of the demonstrative force of an argument.

Any evidence in favor of some argument must be considered as sufficient:

1. If it is given by a large number of eye-witnesses who unanimously declare that they have distinctly seen the occurrence.

2. If these eye-witnesses are bodily fit to observe, and mentally sane.

3. If they have proved themselves as observant and impartial in the case under consideration.

4. If their statements agree with one another.

5. If they are willing to swear to the truth of their evidence.

All these conditions are fulfilled with regard to the magical art and sorcery of the Mala-Kurumbas.

It now remains to see if our statements, confirmed as they are by so many impartial eye-witnesses, will be accepted by the sceptics, or if, despite the philosophical definition of Voltaire, the general public prefers to remain "more orthodox than the Pope".

(To be continued)

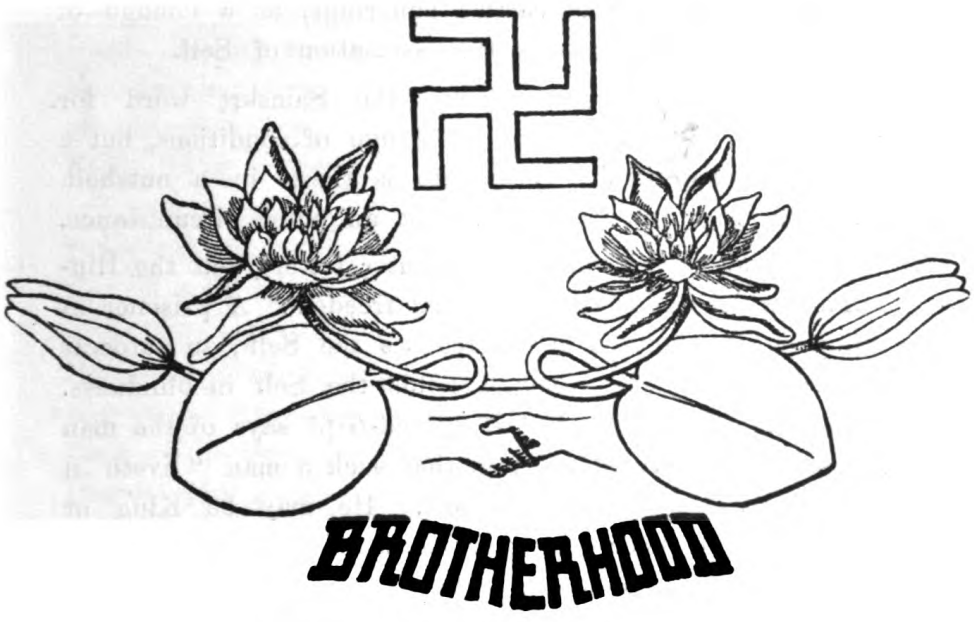
GEMS FROM ṬIRUMANṬRAM

When good deeds balance bad ones, a power arises in the devotee, and assuming the form of a Guru, removes the bonds of the guṇas, and imparts Divine Wisdom; thereby the devotee denies himself, ceases to do ought for himself, and of himself; the three fetters fall off and he becomes the blissful Lord.

Renounce desires even though they be in the line of devotion to the Lord; as your desires expand, your sorrows also grow; as you renounce desires, happiness comes to you.

All the days have gone by, even old age is gone, all thoughts and imaginings have disappeared, the day of death is fast nearing, the body has been reduced to a skeleton by diseases, and is dying; nevertheless men of the world do not think of doing good.

The tortoise in the well meeting a tortoise of the wide and wavy ocean asked: "Is the ocean as big as the well?" Similar is the talk of the sinful people of the world about the Lord of the Ḍevas who is beyond perception.



LIBERATION, OR SALVATION

IN the early days of Christianity, ere the mass of the unlearned had crushed out the Gnostic minority; ere the loss of the teaching of Reincarnation had attached the everlasting fate of man to his conduct during a few brief years on earth; in those early days the word SALVATION had a grandiose meaning. It meant that the man who was saved possessed the knowledge of God which is Eternal Life; it meant that he had overcome death and achieved immortality; it meant that he had become a pillar in the Temple of God, to go out into reincarnation no more.

Thus the Salvation of the Christian was the same as the Liberation of the Hinḍū and the Buḍḍhist. Both implied that human evolution was accomplished, and the threshold of conscious Divinity crossed; the man had realised the Self, had consciously become one with the Supreme. The period of illusion was over. Clear vision was attained.

Now-a-days alike for Hinḍūism and for Christianity these splendid words have been largely emptied of their rich

content. The Christian regards Salvation as escape from hell and entrance into heaven. The Hinḍū regards Liberation as freedom from earth's sufferings, as a change of environment rather than as the realisation of Self.

A Master once said, using the Samskṛt word for Liberation: "Mokṣha is not a change of conditions, but a change of condition." The truth is there in a nutshell. Liberation is an inner change, not an outer circumstance.

It is not the striking off of outer fetters, but the Illumination which reveals our essential freedom. A prisoner in a dungeon is liberated if he realises the Self; an autocrat is in bondage if the Not-Self holds the Self in blindness. Hence Shrī Kṛṣhṇa in the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* says of the man who is wholly devoted to Him, that such a man "liveth in me, *whatever his mode of living*". He may be King or peasant, rich or poor, priest or merchant, ascetic or man of the world; all these are transitory conditions, of the earth, earthly. If he lives in the Self, he is free; if he knows not the Self, he is bound. The free man is established in the Eternal; the bondsman drifts amid the passing wreckage of Time.

Liberation is the state of the Spirit when he realises his own nature, his own eternity; when he knows himself as the Reality, and not as one of the passing phenomena of the world in which he happens to be manifesting. For long he has been identifying himself with the fleeting shows of earth; he has seen his own reflexion in the waters of matter, and, enchanted with it, has cried out: "It is I."[1] He has tasted of pleasure, and has bound himself to the objects that yielded it. He has drunk of joy, and has clung to the cup that carried it. Ambition has ruled him, passion has swayed him, wealth has chained him, beauty has fascinated him. In myriad shapes he has thought to clasp himself, and has ever found them but shadows, elusive and unsubstantial. He has wandered in darkness, and has groped in vain for a resting-place. At last the Light has arisen, and as the shadows vanish he finds himself, is free.

[1] *Voice of the Silence*, p. 4. (1st Ed.)

Liberation, then, does not imply existence in any particular world, however refined; it is not living under any conditions of time, however prolonged; it is not looking outwards in any state of consciousness, however blissful. It is the drawing away from all forms of matter, from all states of changing consciousness, and then the realisation of the Self. "The kingdom of God is within you," said the Christ.

The first step to the finding of the Self is, as the Upaniṣhat declares, the "ceasing from evil ways". Until evil is deliberately put away by a full effort of the will and a resolute unwavering determination, the very beginning of the finding of the Self may not be. The feet which tread the miry ways of sin may not place themselves upon the Path of Holiness. "There is but one road to the Path... Beware lest thou shouldst set a foot still soiled upon the ladder's lowest rung. Woe unto him who dares pollute one rung with miry feet."[1] Many a blunder may the Seeker yet make; many a time may he falter, slip, and fall. But his will must be resolutely set to Purity. As the compass-needle points to the north, and shaken from its position ever returns thereto, so must the will of the Seeker be ever set to good. Even the evil-doer is considered righteous if he has "rightly resolved," for what the man resolutely wills that he inevitably becomes. The "evil ways" concern not only the body of flesh, but those also of desires and of thoughts. The thoughts must be turned away from evil, and never allowed to dwell for one moment consciously on the unclean; so many minds are like flies that prefer to settle on garbage rather than on roses. The source of evil ways will be stopped when the mind dwells ever on the pure. So also will evil desires cease, when no longer generated, stimulated, and sustained by evil thoughts. The purified mind-body means the purified desire-body and the purified action-body. Thus strenuously cleansing himself, shall the Seeker cease from evil ways.

This step taken, he must become active in well-doing; no negative goodness suffices for him who would be a

[1] (*Ibid.* p. 15.)

Knower of the Self. As ill-doing accents and strengthens the sense of separateness, so does well-doing accent and strengthen the sense of unity. All ill-doing has its root in hatred, and Hate divides; all well-doing has its root in loving, and Love unites. Only as the Seeker engages in the service of others, seeks their good, considers their interests, yokes his strength to theirs, will there begin to dawn in him that Right Discrimination (Viveka) which is the first qualification for those who enter the road which leads to the Path. He seeks in all around him to distinguish the Real from the unreal, the Permanent from the transitory. As he learns to do this, there begins to arise within him a distaste for the unreal and the transitory; the foods which pleased him turn to ashes in his mouth; the objects he grasped crumble to pieces within his hold; the forms he clasped evaporate to nothingness in his embrace. This breeds in him disgust, which presently changes to calm and smiling dispassion (Vairāgya). He takes his mind in hand, and learns to control it (Shama); with the mind he reins in desire and activity, and bends them into obedience to his will (Ḍama). As this goes on he catches, in the stillness he has created, a faint whisper of the Voice of the Silence, a fleeting glimpse of the glory of the Self. With that, an upbound of the life, a sense of bliss, of power, and for a moment he knows the truth of the Lord Buḍḍha's words:

> Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
> The Heart of Being is celestial Rest.[1]

Then the clouds descend again, the Light is blotted out and darkness shrouds the world; yet, he has seen.

From that time onwards his path is easier, for he has glimpsed the Majesty of the Self, and in that light all earthly things look grey and sordid; dispassion is now fixed on a sure foundation; it is no passing mood but a settled conviction. The Seeker now builds into his character the Tolerance (Uparaṭi) which helps but does not

[1] *The Light of Asia*, p. 76. (Ed. 1885.)

coerce, and the Endurance (Ṭiṭikṣhā) which beareth all things. A sure faith in his own Divinity gives him confidence (Shraḍḍhā) and the certitude of this all-mastering power yields equilibrium (Samāḍhāna). His one desire is to become one with Deity (Mumukṣha), and he stands at the entrance of the Path of Holiness. Beyond that Portal lie the four stages which the Initiate travels through on his way to Liberation, and he casts off the last ten fetters that bind him: the illusion of personality, doubt, superstition, desire, repulsion, wish for form-life, wish for formless-life, pride, wavering, ignorance. As the bandage of ignorance falls from his eyes, he knows himself to be free, knows that he ever has been free, that only delusion has bound him. As a hypnotised patient is unable to move because the idea has been impressed upon him that he cannot stir, so are we deluded through the whole of our human pilgrimage, hypnotised into the idea of bondage. There is no change in the condition of the subject save the removal of a hypnotic delusion, yet he who was paralysed is free; naught is wanted for Liberation save the dropping of the bandage of avidyā, ignorance; at once we see the Light, and realise the inherent eternal liberty of the Self. We *are* free always; none can give us freedom, none can withhold it. But only long experience and effort can remove from us the delusion that we are bound. All the purification is but the cleaning of the lamp-glass which hides the light; the purification does not light the lamp, it only permits the ever-burning light to send forth its rays. So effort does not give Liberation; it only removes the delusion of bondage. Anywhere, at any stage, the Self may know and assert his freedom; steps are nothing, stages are nothing, time is nothing; the Self abides in Eternity, the Ever-Free.

The word Liberation, like its synonym Salvation, is used in modern religions for changes of states, of places, of conditions. The Christian, secure of heaven, feels himself to be saved; the Hinḍū thinks Liberation attainable by the slaying of desires. Both may reach regions of

bliss, and enjoy them for unnumbered ages; but that is not Salvation, that is not Liberation. A man who has risen above desire for earthly delights, for astral joys, for heavenly pleasures, dies and passes through the regions beyond, uninclined to delay in any of them. He cares not for the abounding life of the astral, he savors not the feasts of heaven. He casts aside his astral and mental bodies, as he had cast aside the physical, and passes out of touch with the worlds he has renounced. No bond of desire links him to any of these; they have naught to offer him, and cannot lure him back. The Bird of Life has broken from the net of the fowler, and will not nest again in any one of the three worlds. So far is he free. He may dwell in the high heaven of abstract thought, the arūpa world of the Theosophist, and may remain there for æons in high meditation (Mahar- and Jana-loka). Yet in a future incalculably distant, that world also will pass away and its denizens fall asleep. He may be a devotee, dwelling in rapt ecstacy in worship of his Lord; yet shall his world also roll up as a scroll and vanish (Ṭapoloka). In all these cases, if the Self has not been realised, ultimate return to the life of flesh is inevitable in some world of matter. A man's consciousness can only be active in the kind of matter in which he can function, and when that kind of matter is disintegrated and only subtler forms remain, he must sink into unconsciousness, until some other world or universe offers him a suitable vehicle for his functioning. Only when he knows himself as the Self has he truly consummated Self-Consciousness.

It may be that some, in reading this, will think that Liberation is so far off that it does not concern them, and that such high thoughts cannot be the bread of daily life. Yet that is not so, for the simple reason that each one of us is essentially divine, in each of us the Self is living. Whenever we turn away from evil, we are taking the first step to the realisation of the Self; we are cleaning the window that shuts out the Sun.

When we gladly do a service to another, and deprive ourselves of enjoyment that another may be helped, we have come one step nearer to feeling the oneness of the Self; for that thrill of joy which rewards the self-denial is a ray from the bliss of the Self. Every time that we choose a higher pleasure rather than a lower, or undergo difficulty for duty's sake where an easier path is open by neglect, we are practising Right Discrimination. Whenever we repress a spasm of discontent and cheerfully smile in the face of disappointment, we are acquiring Dispassion. When we fix our attention on what we are doing and refuse to be distracted, we are cultivating control of mind; and when we check an angry word we are gaining control of action. Tolerance is developed as we stop our criticism of others, and Endurance as we take cheerfully and gaily the small worries of life. Daily prayer or meditation will bring us a touch of the peace and strength that tell of the Inner God, and not a day passes in which we cannot find opportunities of practising the grace of serene Equilibrium. These things are all around us every day, but we pass them by unheeding:

> The trivial round, the common task,
> Will furnish all we ought to ask.
> Room to deny ourselves, a road
> To bring us daily nearer God.[1]

In the business office, in the court of justice, in the market-place and on the wharf, by the bedside of the sick, by the cradle of the child, the Self may be found, Liberation may be won. "Ah! my master," said the faithful servant of Gehazi, "if the prophet *had bade thee do some great thing*, would thou not have done it?" Ah! my reader, the greatest things are the nearest, and common life is full of rarest opportunities. As the sunset is fairer than earth's fairest pageant, but is disregarded because so common, of everyday occurrence, so is it with the Self and the way thereto. "Thou art the Way." "Look inward; thou art Buddha." "The Word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart." Open your eyes, my brother, and you shall see.

ANNIE BESANT

[1] Keble's *Christian Year*, I think, but I have not the book by me.

BROTHERHOOD AS UNDERSTOOD IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE OTHER SIDE

I should like to tell of the actions of some Theosophists in connexion with the Indians and the Indian Question in South Africa. Our friend and fellow-Theosophist, Mr. Polak, has taken individuals; let me do the same.

The most notable case of sacrifice by a European F. T. S., on behalf of the Indians, is that of John H. Cordes, Phœnix, who, to assist Mr. Gandhi, gave up a lucrative post in Rhodesia and came to work on *Indian Opinion*, for his bare living. Mr. Gandhi had told him, in response to a remark of his, "that it was men they wanted not money;" so Cordes gave himself fully and freely, and anyone who sees the work, ungrudging and unstinted, full measure, would agree that there is nothing to complain of in his whole-hearted surrender.

With regard to the Durban Lodge, some of the members are as active in support of their Indian brothers as they can be; Indians are encouraged to avail themselves of the opportunities offered for study, for borrowing books, etc. They were, for some time, catered for by a special class meeting at which Europeans attended as instructors; this eventually fell through because they attended once, and then not again for weeks. Their interest was not sustained. They were admitted to Lodge meetings, but this also fell through on the same grounds. Members have also attended their meetings, at their invitation, and lectured to them. When they were moving to get out from India a religious teacher, the Durban Theosophists subscribed a larger share of the total sum collected than might have been expected of them. In all ways and at all times they have shown themselves

friendly towards their Indian brothers, and have taken up their cause in the press.

With regard to the members of the Pietermaritzburg Lodge T. S. a very great deal of activity has been undertaken with regard to the Indians. Some of us have journeyed to Durban more than once to lecture to their Societies there. One of our members was offered, and accepted, the position of President of a Society they were forming in Pietermaritzburg and he subscribed to their funds. Our Lodge has organised very many public lectures, and offered as lecturer an Indian Paṇḍiṭ, a Svāmi, the chair on all these occasions being taken by a F. T. S., who introduced the lecturer in most sympathetic terms. The private houses of several Europeans have been thrown open to the religious teachers who have recently been visiting the Indian community in this city, at the instance, in several cases, of F. T. S.'s; in other cases the houses of Theosophists have been opened. One of our members was frequently visited by an Indian whenever he came to the city from Durban; he has now left. Some months ago, the whole of the Indian community was thrown into violent agitation, because of the way an ignorant tram-conductor treated a Svāmi. It was a member of our Lodge who personally interviewed the Tramways Manager, and obtained an assurance that the conductor had been severely reprimanded and that such a contretemps should not occur again. Our members have been indefatigable in the support of Indians in the press, not once or twice but for the past four or six years, to my knowledge. Not by letters only either, but by articles as well. Nor have we confined our attention to the local papers, but have invaded Durban also.

With regard to two of our members they were, and one still is, members of a Parliamentary Debating Society. All questions came up for discussion. These two were often alone in their position as defenders of the rights of their Indian brothers. One of them was jeered at and interrupted in his speech against the Municipal Consolidation Act, but his prophecy that it would not obtain

the Royal consent, because it sought to dispossess the Indian inhabitants of one of their rights, has come true, and that Act will never be law until that offending clause is struck out. Maritzburg members too were very liberal when it was known that a list had been opened to get out another religious teacher. I must stop, or I shall weary you. But this has been our attitude in Natal, as individuals, as Lodges, and as a Society. Yet Mr. Polak can write as he does!

His attack upon an individual Transvaal F. T. S., because he advocates segregation, is most uncalled for. Surely, if the Theosophical Society is broad enough to admit members of all or any religion or of none, it is sufficiently elastic to hold within itself members of differing political opinions, and if they do differ each may be sincere. Such being the case, is it fair or just for one F. T. S. to lift another up to the scorn of the whole English-speaking Theosophical community, merely because of such a difference? The particular individual attacked has quietly surrendered a position of £3,000 a year, for the sake of conscience, and has never looked back, he nor his wife. Again quite recently they have given up a means of livelihood which was their main support in their reduced circumstances, because of a sudden indication, by conscience again, that it was not quite what those who were attempting the "Noble Eightfold Path" should have a hand in. Such a man as this, who will face poverty with his wife and child by his side, can surely be relied upon to arrive at any decision of policy with perfect honesty towards all concerned.

I sincerely trust this letter will convince readers that not only is Mr. Polak's article "becoming out of date," but, so far as Natal is concerned, at any rate, *was* out of date, several years before it was written.

W. E. Marsh, F. T. S.

THE MASTER-BUILDER

(*Continued from p.* 1400.)

I will dip into the play now, at the moment when Solness, in conversation with Dr. Herdal, is very markedly exposing this vein of selfishness which still mars his character.

Solness. Sooner or later the luck must turn, you see.
Dr. Herdal. Oh nonsense! What should make the luck turn?
Solness. (With firm assurance.) The younger generation.
Dr. Herdal. Pooh! The younger generation! You're not laid on the shelf yet, I should hope. Oh no; your position here is probably firmer now than it has ever been.
Solness. The luck *will* turn. I know it, I feel the day approaching. Some one or other will take it into his head to say: "Give *me* a chance." And then all the rest will come clamoring after him, and shake their fists at me and shout: "Make room—make room—make room!" Yes, just you see, doctor; presently the younger generation will come knocking at the door.
Dr. Herdal. (Laughing). Well, and what if they do?
Solness. What if they do? Then there's an end of Halvard Solness. (There is a knock at the door on the left. Starts.) What's that? Didn't you hear something?
Dr. Herdal. Some one is knocking at the door.
Solness. (Loudly.) Come in. (Hilda Wangel enters through the hall door. She is of middle height, supple, and delicately built. Somewhat sun-burnt. Dressed in a tourist costume, with skirt for walking, a sailor's collar open at the throat, and a small sailor hat on her head. Knapsack on back, plaid shawl in strap, and alpenstock.)
Hilda. (Goes straight up to Solness, her eyes sparkling with happiness.) Good evening!
Solness. (Looks doubtfully at her.) Good evening.
Hilda. (Laughs.) I almost believe you don't recognise me!
Solness. No—I must admit that—just for the moment—

Dr. Herdal here interposes in his characteristic manner. He is always ready and equal to the occasion, as far as he sees; unfortunately he does not see very far. He has met Miss Wangel before, and tells Solness so. Solness goes on:

Have you come to town this evening?
Hilda. Yes, I've just arrived.

Dr. Herdal. Quite alone, Miss Wangel?

Hilda. Oh yes!

Solness. Wangel? Is your name Wangel?

Hilda. (Looks in amused surprise at him.) Yes, of course it is.

Solness. Then you must be the daughter of the district doctor up at Lysanger.

Hilda. (As before.) Yes, who else's daughter should I be?

Solness. Oh, then I suppose we met up there, that summer when I was building a tower on the old church.

Hilda. (More seriously.) Yes, of course it was then we met.

Solness. Well, that's a long time ago.

Hilda. (Looks hard at him). It's just ten years.

Solness. You must have been a mere child then, I should think.

Hilda. (Carelessly.) Well, I was twelve or thirteen.

Dr. Herdal. Is this the first time you have been up to town, Miss Wangel?

Hilda. Yes, it is indeed.

Solness. And you don't know anybody here?

Hilda. Nobody but you. And, of course, your wife.

Solness. So you know *her*, too?

Hilda. Only a little. We spent a few days together at the sanatorium.

Solness. Ah, up there?

Hilda. She said I might come and pay her a visit if ever I came up to town. (Smiles.) Not that that was necessary.

Solness. Odd that she should never have mentioned it.

(Hilda puts her stick down by the stove, takes off the knapsack and lays it and the plaid on the sofa. Dr. Herdal offers to help her. Solness stands and gazes at her.)

Hilda. (Going towards him.) Well, now I must ask you to let me spend the night here.

Solness. I'm sure we can manage that.

Hilda. For I've no other clothes than those I stand in, except a change of linen in my knapsack. And that has to go to the wash, for it's very dirty.

These queer common-place remarks have not often, I think, been met with in symbolic matter of such a kind as this. But it seems clear that they are not fantastic vagaries of Ibsen's. They are not meaningless. The white robes of the denizen of a purer sphere are soiled with the unaccustomed surroundings. So Lorenzo, in *The Merchant of Venice* speaks of "This muddy vesture of decay," and Tennyson says in his *S. Agnes' Eve:* "As these white robes are soiled and dark to yonder shining ground."

Solness replies: "Oh, yes, we'll see to that." He may well say that, since it is in his service the robes have been soiled." Dr. Herdal says, as he goes out:

So your prediction has come true, Mr. Solness!

Solness. How so?

Herdal. The younger generation *did* come knocking at your door.

Solness. (Cheerfully.) Yes, but in a very different way from what I meant.

Herdal. Very different, yes. That's undeniable.

What significance there is in this arrival of Hilda, the younger generation, at the very moment when the soul, still blinded by selfishness, is dreading the hostile approach of the younger generation in its lower, materialistic aspect! The thought of the whole play here converges to a point, and is focussed in this symbolic incident.

Solness and Hilda continue their conversation, after Mrs. Solness has greeted Hilda. Mrs. Solness is known to Hilda, who remarks: "We spent a few days together at the sanatorium."

Mrs. Solness replies: "Ah, up there?" This I take to mean that during a period of emotional stress and suffering, Aline Solness' consciousness was raised to a higher level, and she was visited by intuition, unknown to her before. The analogy holds, inasmuch as this might very well be true of the woman, in the outer setting or melody of the play; and equally true of the emotional nature which she symbolises. To continue: Mrs. Solness says: "You must excuse my leaving you here with my husband until I can get a room made a little comfortable for you." Solness asks: "Can't we give her one of the nurseries?" *They* are all ready as it is. Mrs. Solness replies:

Oh, yes. There we have room and to spare. (To Hilda.) Sit down now and rest a little. (She goes out.)

(Hilda, with her hands behind her back, strolls about the room and looks at various objects. Solness stands in front, beside the table, also with his hands behind his back, and follows her with his eyes.)

Hilda. (Stops and looks at him.) Have you several nurseries?

Solness. There are three nurseries in the house.

Hilda. That's a lot. Then I suppose you have a great many children?

Solness. No. We have no child. But now *you* can be the child here, for the time being.

Hilda. For to-night, yes. I shan't cry. I mean to sleep as sound as a stone.

Solness. Yes, you must be very tired, I should think.
Hilda. Oh no! but all the same—it's so delicious to lie and dream.
Solness. Do you dream much of nights?
Hilda. Oh yes! Almost always.
Solness. What do you dream about most?
Hilda. I shan't tell you to-night. Another time—perhaps.

Two things here are not obvious on the surface; why Solness, with no children, should have three nurseries in the house; and secondly the meaning of his enquiry as to what she dreams about most, and her reply; "I shan't tell you to-night. Another time—perhaps." To take the second point first. If she spoke what was in her mind in reply to his question, she would say: "You!" The Spirit needs, we know, in some mysterious way, the physical plane experiences which are transmitted to it, which it reaps, as it were, through the medium of the experiences of the soul in matter. She dreams of her kingdom, which is his soul. But if she were now to say plainly: "You!" he would misconstrue; so she says: "Another time, perhaps." As to the nurseries, this point comes up again in the second act, and the explanation will come more conveniently then.

She again strolls about the room, stops at the desk and turns over the books and papers a little.

Solness. (Approaching.) Are you searching for anything?
Hilda. No, I'm merely looking at all these things. (Turns.) Perhaps I mustn't?
Solness. Oh, by all means.
Hilda. Is it you that write in this great ledger?
Solness. No, it's my book-keeper.
Hilda. Is it a woman?
Solness. (Smiles.) Yes.
Hilda. One you employ here, in your office?
Solness. Yes.
Hilda. Is she married?
Solness. No, she is single.
Hilda. Ah!
Solness. But I believe she's soon going to be married.
Hilda. That's a good thing for *her*.
Solness. But not such a good thing for *me*. For then I shall have nobody to help me.
Hilda. Can't you get hold of some one else who'll do just as well?
Solness. Perhaps *you* would stop here and—and write in the ledger?

Hilda. (Measures him with a glance.) Yes, I dare say! No, thanks—nothing of that sort for me—(she again strolls across the room, and sits down in the rocking chair. Solness too goes to the table. Hilda continues)—for there must surely be other things than that to be done here. (Looks smilingly at him.) Don't you think so too?

Solness. Of course. First and foremost, I suppose you want to make a round of the shops, and get yourself up in the height of fashion.

Hilda. (Amused.) No, I think I shall let *that* alone.

Solness. Indeed!

Hilda. For you must know I've run through all my money.

Solness. (Laughs.) Neither trunk nor money, then!

Hilda. Neither one nor the other. But never mind—it doesn't matter now.

Solness. Come now, I like you for *that*.

Hilda. Only for *that*?

Solness. For that among other things. (Sits in the arm-chair.) Is your father alive still?

Hilda. Yes, father's alive.

Solness. Perhaps you are thinking of studying here?

Hilda. No, that hadn't occurred to me.

Solness. But I suppose you'll be stopping for some time?

Hilda. That must depend upon circumstances. (She sits awhile rocking herself and looking at him, half seriously, half with a suppressed smile. Then she takes off her hat and puts it on the table in front of her.) Mr. Solness!

Solness. Well?

Hilda. Have you a very bad memory?

Solness. A bad memory? No, not that I'm aware of.

Hilda. Then haven't you anything to say to me about what happened up there?

Solness. (In momentary surprise.) Up at Lysanger? (Indifferently.) Why, it was nothing much to talk about, it seems to me.

Hilda. (Looks reproachfully at him.) How can you sit there and say such things?

Solness. Well, then, *you* talk to *me* about it.

Hilda. When the tower was finished, we had grand doings in the town.

Solness. Yes, I shan't easily forget that day.

Hilda (Smiles). Won't you? That's good of you!

Solness. Good?

Hilda. There was music in the churchyard—and many, many hundreds of people. We school girls were dressed in white; and we all carried flags.

Solness. Ah yes, those flags—I can tell you I remember them!

Hilda. Then you climbed up over the scaffolding, straight to the very top; and you had a great wreath with you; and you hung that wreath right away up on the weathercock.

Solness. (Curtly interrupting.) I always did that in those days. It's an old custom.

Hilda. It was so wonderfully thrilling to stand below and look up at you. Fancy, if he should fall over! He—the Master-builder himself!

Solness. (As if to lead her away from the subject.) Yes, yes, yes, that might very well have happened, too. For one of those white-frocked little devils, she went on in such a way, and screamed up at me so—

Hilda. (Sparkling with pleasure.) "Hurrah for Mr. Solness!" Yes!

Solness. And waved and flourished with her flag so that it almost made me giddy to look at it.

Hilda. (In a lower voice, seriously.) That little devil—that was I.

Solness. (Fixes his eyes steadily upon her.) I'm sure of that now. It *must* have been you.

Hilda. (Lively again.) Oh, it was so gloriously thrilling! I couldn't have believed there was a builder in the whole world that could have built such a tremendously high tower. And then, that you yourself should stand at the very top of it, as large as life! And that you shouldn't be the least bit dizzy! It was that above everything else that made one—made one dizzy to think of.

Solness. How could you feel so certain that I wasn't?

Hilda. (Scouting the idea.) No indeed! Oh no! I knew that instinctively. For if you had been, you could never have stood up there and sung.

Solness. (Looks at her in astonishment.) Sung? Did I sing?

Hilda. Yes, I should think you did.

Solness. (Shakes his head.) I've never sung a note in my life.

Hilda. Yes, you sang then. It sounded like harps in the air.

Solness. (Thoughtfully.) This is very strange—all this.

Hilda. (Is silent awhile, looks at him and says in a low voice.) But then—it was after that—that the *real* thing happened.

Solness. The real thing?

Hilda (Sparkling with vivacity.) Yes, I surely don't need to remind you of that?

Solness. Oh yes, do remind me a little of *that* too.

Hilda. Don't you remember that a great dinner was given in your honor at the club?

Solness. Yes, to be sure. It must have been the same afternoon, for I left the place next morning.

Hilda. And from the club you were invited to come round to our house to supper.

Solness. Quite right, Miss Wangel. It's wonderful how all these trifles have impressed themselves on your mind.

Hilda. Trifles! I like that! Perhaps it was a trifle, too, that I was *alone* in the room when you came in?

Solness. *Were* you alone?

Hilda. (Without answering him.) You didn't call me a little devil then.

Solness. No, I probably didn't.

Hilda. You said I was lovely in my white dress, and that I looked like a little princess.

Solness. I've no doubt you did, Miss Wangel.—And besides—I was feeling so buoyant and free that day.

Hilda. And then you said that when I grew up I should be *your* princess.

Solness. (Laughing a little.) Dear, dear—did I say *that* too?

Hilda. Yes, you did. And when I asked how long I should have to wait, you said that you would come again in ten years—like a troll—and carry me off to Spain or some such place. And you promised you would buy me a kingdom there.

Solness. (As before.) Yes, after a good dinner one doesn't haggle about the halfpence. But did I really *say* all that?

Hilda. (Laughs to herself.) Yes. And you told me, too, what the kingdom was to be called.

Solness. Well, what was it?

Hilda. It was to be called the kingdom of Orangia, you said.

Solness. Well, that was an appetising name.

Hilda. No, I didn't like it a bit; for it seemed as though you wanted to make game of me.

Solness. I'm sure *that* can't have been my intention.

Hilda. No, I should hope not—considering what you did next—

Solness. What in the world did I do next?

Hilda. Well, that's the finishing touch, if you've forgotten *that* too. I should have thought one couldn't help remembering such a thing as that.

Solness. Yes, yes, just give me a hint, and then perhaps—well?

Hilda. (Looks fixedly at him.) You came and kissed me, Mr. Solness.

Solness. (Open-mouthed, rising from his chair). I did!

Hilda. Yes, indeed you did. You took me in both your arms, and bent my head back, and kissed me—many times.

Solness. Now, really, my dear Miss Wangel—

Hilda. (Rises.) You surely don't mean to deny it?

Solness. Yes, I do. I deny it altogether!

Hilda. (Looks scornfully at him.) Oh, indeed.

(She turns and goes slowly close up to the door, where she remains standing motionless, her face averted from him, her hands behind her back. Short pause.)

Solness. (Goes cautiously up behind her.) Miss Wangel—

Hilda. (Is silent and does not move.)

Solness. Don't stand there like a statue. You must have dreamt all this. (Lays his hand on her arm.) Now just listen—

Hilda. (Makes an impatient movement with her arm.)

Solness. (As a thought flashes upon him.) Or—! Wait a moment! There is something under all this, you may depend!

Hilda. (Does not move.)

Solness. (In a low voice, but with emphasis). I must have thought all that. I must have wished it—have *willed* it—have *longed* to do it.—And then—may not that be the explanation?

Hilda. (Is still silent.)

Solness. (Impatiently). Oh very well, deuce take it all—then I did do it, I suppose!

Hilda. (Turns her head a little, but without looking at him.) Then you admit it now?

Solness. Yes—whatever you like.

* * * * * * *

Solness. (Looks earnestly at her, and says in low voice). What have you come for?

Hilda. I want my kingdom. The time is up.

Solness. (Laughs involuntarily.) What a girl you are!

Hilda. (Gaily.) Out with my kingdom, Mr. Solness! (Raps with her fingers.) The kingdom on the table!

Solness. (Pushing the rocking-chair nearer and sitting down.) Now, seriously speaking—what have you come for? What do you really want to do here?

Hilda. Oh, first of all, I want to go round and look at all the things that you've built.

* * * * * * *

Hilda. (Softly and rapidly to Solness.) Is it true, what you said? Can I be of use to you?

Solness. (Takes the things from her.) *You* are the very one I have most needed.

Hilda. (Looks at him with happy, wondering eyes and clasps her hands). Oh heavens, how lovely—!

Solness. (Eagerly.) What—?

Hilda. Then I *have* my kingdom!

Solness. (Involuntarily.) Hilda!

Hilda. (Again with the quivering twitch of her lips.) *Almost*—I was going to say.

She goes out to the right. Solness follows her. This ends the first act.

One or two points in this conversation I will note very briefly before I close.

That remark of hers that she has run through all her money, I take to mean that she has now no resources on the plane of materiality except through Solness.

The building of the tower on the church, I take to mean the higher construction—the building up of the higher meaning of dogma and doctrine, religious forms; and the hanging of the wreath would be the making public this new and highest construction. At such a time the higher intuitional consciousness has been contacted. The exaltation has only been a temporary one, yet the experience, though its clear imprint fades away from the every-day consciousness, still endures in a vague feeling of longing—an effort to recover something.

Then at last the time comes, and the visit of the higher consciousness is repeated, and this time it has come to stay.

Then there are two or three allusions to "dizziness". This I should think would be the loss of touch with the human, resulting in want of balance.

The mention of "carrying her off to Spain" seems a pointer to the figurative instead of the literal interpretation of the phrase, Spain being the proverbial land of castles built of subtler material than mere brick or stone: *Châteaux en Espagne.*

The word "troll" again, I find is a comprehensive one, embracing supernatural beings of widely different characteristics. It has I believe a special meaning in the play, which I will not attempt to explain now.

One more bit of the dialogue, as follows:

Solness. I build no more church-towers now. Nor churches either.

Hilda. What do you build then?

Solness. Homes for human beings.

Hilda. Couldn't you build a little—a little bit of a church-tower over these homes as well?

Solness. What do you mean by that?

Hilda. I mean—something that points—points up into the free air, with the vane at a dizzy height.

Solness. Strange that you should say *that*, for that's just what I'm most anxious to do.

This I understand to mean that in the past he was devoting himself to religion, rather as it were, apart from ordinary life. Now his aim is to make the highest part of the church—the spire—a part of each home; that is, to bring the *spirit* of religion into the home, the daily life, instead of keeping it only for one place and one time.

The point of the "nurseries" arises more directly in the next Act. A good deal of matter is involved in it, and I will therefore not attempt to deal with it here, but will postpone it to the continuation of this article.

KABER HARRISON

(*To be concluded*)

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT AND HIS INDUSTRIES

(*Concluded rom p.* 1391.)

AT the social gatherings the girls form a prominent feature, as they have less house-work to do. I still remember these gatherings even in the time of serfdom, before the eventful year of 1861. It forms in my memory one of the most vivid and original life-pictures I ever saw.

The largest log-house is selected for the purpose, for the whole of the winter season. There were no such things as chairs at that time. Indeed the chairs I find now-a-days in the modern peasant-house look very sadly out of place. White benches ran all round the walls. They were usually made of one board of a colossal lime or oak-tree. Some thirty to forty people find room on these benches. Short movable benches, sometimes carved, are in readiness for more guests. Girls and young women sit with their distaffs, embroidery-frames, etc., round the walls, with their faces turned towards the centre of the room. Men bring their huge balls of birchbark, or lime-bast, and make baskets, shoes, satchels, and other household articles out of it. Some make ropes out of hemp, some carve spoons and ladles, make sledges, barrels, tubs, and other things.

The girls look quaint in their gaily embroidered shirts with puffed sleeves and bare arms, with beads and amber round the neck. Their hair is combed flat, like the antique Madonnas of Italy, but hangs back in a heavy braid. The red kerchief, which protected the head from cold while coming from home, now lies easily on the shoulders.

The children are supposed to sleep at this time of the evening, and are sent away to a certain place, something like a low gallery under the ceiling, where some ten

or fifteen people can lie down and sleep. But there they are all peeping from this gallery, and amusing themselves greatly by watching the gathering. Most of them have perfectly white hair, bleached as it is by the sun all through the summer, as they never wear anything on their heads on week-days.

In olden times all this was lighted by the flame of birch-rods or splints, and a very picturesque light it was. The rod was stuck into an iron fork, and a child or an old woman, unable to do anything else, watched it, constantly renewing the rod as soon as it was burnt out.

The most characteristic feature of the social gatherings is singing.

Russian folk-lore and folk-songs are again large subjects, and it would be impossible to give any idea of them among so many other things, but it may interest my readers to know that of all the Āryan tribes that lived in Irān in prehistoric times and afterwards migrated to Europe, each people developing quite independently, the Slavs and particularly the Russians have best succeeded " in preserving the old Āryan characteristics, both in their language and in their social customs. Moreover, the Russian people has preserved those characteristics in such a number and in so pure a state that in that respect it occupies in the eyes of science the first place among the contemporary Āryan peoples."

This opinion is not mine. I would not dare to put it forward in this authoritative way, but it was given by a well-known philologist, Rudolph Westfal, in a lecture on folk-songs given in Moscow in the year 1879, before the Society of Classical Philology and Education.

I think you may perhaps give more credit to a non-Russian authority than to a Russian. My own opinion of the Russian folk-songs is so high and so opposed to the academic Russian musical opinion, that I will again hide myself behind another foreigner's judgment, this time an

English one. One of your scholars, long connected with the British Museum, Mr. Rolston, in a book almost forgotten now, describes the part which the people's songs play in the social and domestic economy of the Russians, in the following lines:

> Songs lighten the toil of the working-hours, whether carried on out of doors amid exposure to sun and wind and rain and frost, or within the stifling hut, by the feeble light of a birch-wood splinter. It enlivens the repose of the holiday, giving animation to the choral dance by day, and the social gathering at night. The younger generation grows up, and song escorts the conscript son to the Army, the wedded daughter to her new home, and the mourners over the sorrow of the parents of whom their children have taken what may be a last farewell. Then comes the final scene of all, and when the tired eyes are closed for ever, and the weary hands are crossed in peace, song hovers around the silent form, and addresses to its heedless ears passionate words of longing entreaty. Nor does its ministering stop even then; for as each returning spring brings back the memory of the past, together with fresh hopes for the future, songs rise again above the graves of the departed, as, after the fashion of their pagan ancestors, the villagers celebrate their yearly memorial of the dead.

The prominent note of the Russian music is deep melancholy, but along with the gloom we find a boisterous humor, the humor which whirls us off our feet in the scherzos and finales of the Russian symphonists.

To the north-east of S. Petersburg lies the large province of Olonetzk. As there is no railway yet, and the ways of communication are very difficult, it is little known to town people. One has to travel by horse through immense forests; sometimes to go in a barge and be towed by five or six horses up a canal where steam-power is not yet known. All this seems too trying, and the peasants of this province are practically free from the invasion of town-folk, and keep their old customs, garbs, industries and arts in all their primitiveness. A good many of them are Sectarians, and I may say that those are our most faithful preservers of antiquity in every way.

The social ceremonies of weddings, burials, etc., are complicated and of long duration, and vastly more important than the church rites. In them are plainly seen the

former structure of the clan, the opposing interests of the families of the bride and the groom, the existence in prehistoric times of marriage by purchase and by capture among primitive people, the subjection of the girl to the father in the patriarchal family, and to her father-in-law in the new home. All this is reflected in the songs.

Among the songsters are usually some women, whom we may call, perhaps, professionals, as they are renowned for their knowledge of the rites and of the minutest details of each ceremony, have by heart an immense stock of songs and legends, and are invited to every festival.

It was my very good fortune to see an old peasant-woman of the province of Olonetzk, at the great Exhibition of Nijni Novgorod, brought there by Professor Phillipoff, collector of folk-lore. She could not read nor write, not even her name, and was about seventy years of age, but she knew more than fifty thousand verses by heart. Two big volumes of legends were published from her dictation, and if she lives a few years more, two or three valuable books could be added to this treasure.

When I saw her coming on the stage in her simple peasant working-dress, with a dark kerchief round her good-humored face, a white handkerchief in her worn old hands, so modest, so old-fashioned, yet so dignified, I thought the world not much improved by civilisation, and found the new young races of the Russian audience insignificant.

She sang a legend (or builina) about an ancient giant, the Russian valiant knight, Ilia Mourometz, and in spite of her very small old voice, her rendering was so true and in every respect so free from make-up, that the audience was utterly transplanted into prehistoric Russia.

Some one from the audience asked her to give a dancing song. She sang 'In the meadows,' a song which I myself knew from childhood, but never did I understand it before as I did then. Although the old songstress never

left her easy-chair, she gave it with such spirit and force, the waving of her white handkerchief was so full of meaning, and above all her face told so much of the audacity and mirth conveyed by the words of the song, that I seemed to see it all in reality.

After the concert I had a special talk with this songstress, and to my amazement she answered every question of mine in verses, evidently without being aware of it. Well-aimed proverbs entwined with her speech quite naturally. She said there were many like her in her village.

Some of the best old chorus songs I heard in my childhood, on the river Volga, in the province of Kostroma, when my parents settled there about the year 1857, making our home close to the waterside. I yet remember the sight of thousands of white sails of barges and boats, carrying grain from the south. The steamers then were a thing quite new, and only adapted for passenger traffic. When the wind was unfavorable, the peasants—or as we call them, the Bourlaks —would come on shore and take the barges in tow. Some of the barges were so large, that from three to five hundred men had to tow one. This very heavy labor was always accompanied by songs, and I have never since heard anything so powerful and poetical as those Bourlak songs. Our great artist, Repin, immortalised this subject in his grand picture, 'The Bourlaks'. Since then, steam has made great progress, the barges and the songs have totally disappeared, and the beautiful river, instead of music, bears on her mighty waves everlasting huge stains of naphtha, used by the steamers instead of coal or wood.

I may mention here that, in Russia, peasant industries cannot possibly be treated as they are in this country, and be almost ignored. They are not a chance development, but lie at the root of the economical development or destruction of the country. If you remember that every one of the hundred and twenty millions of peasants is a father, a husband, a brother; that he is the main tax-payer of the country and is legally attached to his plot of land as a member of the commune; and above all, if you remember that the Russian

summer, speaking generally, is a very short one, the prosperity of the peasant must necessarily evolve during the long winter season by industry. This is actually taking place, and industry is increasing abnormally during the last heavy years, under the present conditions of scarcity of land and exhausting taxes.

In olden times every woman, were she Queen or village maiden, turned to handicrafts as naturally as a duck to water. Every one then could spin and weave, and adorn the traditional garments worn by man and woman, old and young, with embroidery of different kinds. The more ancient the garments, or the fragments of them, which survived the decay of ages, the richer these decorations, the clearer the various symbols, the more skilful the technique.

In those handicrafts of olden times lies hidden a treasure hardly realised by the few researchers. For many thousand years they have been the expression of the human mind, of imagination, beliefs, hopes, aspirations of the highest kind, the outlet for what could not be spoken in words, the symbol of each soul, left for the next generation to decipher or worship in silence, as the case may be.

Will you tell me that this could be so, without leaving behind an immense influence, which we have not tried to analyse? Then I will try to tell you some of the whispers I got from this influence, during these eighteen years which I have lived under it.

It tells me first of all that we are all brothers; it tells me this in a powerful voice. It rises from all parts of Russia, north, south, west and east, and it mingles with other voices coming from far and near. It sounds true for to-day and for ages. It shows me sometimes a sign, a symbol, well beloved by all peoples of all countries. It was known before, long before, Christ. In it are united the beliefs of all the world, each race bringing into it its own peculiar characteristics, yet always vibrating to the same idea—it is the Svastica.

I see on a wedding towel (I see thousands of them all over Russia) peacocks embroidered on the ends with a tree between them, and I know that the hands which put them there, and are long ago gone to rest, expressed the same idea of life immortal. It brings me near to the heart of the worker, to her whole being, as we share in common the greatest truth. The fish, the symbol of Christ, which comes to me in so many carvings and jewel-work and lace and embroideries—it speaks to me as well, and sounds again the note of Brotherhood. We unite again in loving understanding, this worker of the Middle Ages and I, a woman of the twentieth century. The more I study this ancient life by the beautiful traces left like a living scroll, the more I understand that all work through the day was a dream, a communion with the larger world.

It whispers to me of the woman's share in the world's life. She is always shown to me as the creator of beauty, and as a glowing hearth of love. She was the one to lend grace to the home and to welcome the stranger, to protect and clothe and adorn all she loved, old and young, to fill the home with song and color, to gather and preserve the tales of heroism and valor of her beloved ones, to engrave them with deft fingers on banner and garment, either in eternal, symbolical patterns or in a simple added thread of white or green in a tartan. I have a strong impression that the work of these women's hands bears testimony to their soul's life, that the silky flax-threads, for instance, were spun and woven into cloth by the hands of free women, while the dull cotton ones were the work of slaves. I do not give this as a fact, only as an impression for future study.

Then I see an endless chain of generations of women separated from men—a life full of sorrow and loneliness. I see their hearts ripening in suffering, and turning to the Most High.

The soul's longings and emanations could be traced in all daily work. A red thread meant: God is Love. Gold thread meant: Glory to God. The needlework all says: We invoke Thy protection, O Lord.

Speaking of the significance of colors, I would like to bring in an idea, suggested to me by the same influences.

I am not versed in the science of colors and auras, but I have studied the art of vegetable dyeing and have been collecting old recipes for more than twenty years. By and bye I studied, not only in theory but in practice. In fact I was obliged and driven to do so, as soon as I set the task before me, in order to resuscitate the old symbolical designs, methods, and colorings. An artist cannot do without his palette. I always felt the degrading enfeebling influence of a beautiful ancient design, executed with silk or cotton bought from a shop. At first it was only an instinct; later it was knowledge. Having gone through this school—full of thorns—I was struck with the easy way in which people speak of auras and try to introduce their 'proper' color. For instance a lady writes to the Editor, say of the *Mystic*, gets by return of post her color, goes to Peter Robinson's and buys a garment corresponding to her aura. It seems to me that the ancient scholars could not mean anything of the sort. I do not know, but feel, that a chemical color would be no color at all to the 'seeing eye,' as it is not a real pigment, just as an artificially colored glass could not have the occult virtue of an amethyst, or opal, or any other stone.

When I see a picture made by some artist in Palestine, for instance, and see the same printed in colors, I immediately see truth and lie, as plainly as possible. Perhaps the artist who painted the picture did not know what plants produced the coloring of the garment he painted from, but, with his true eye, he caught the right shade, and I often can name the plant which produced the dye. And his picture therefore was true. The printer only imitated by chemical dyes the artist's coloring, and the result was a lie.

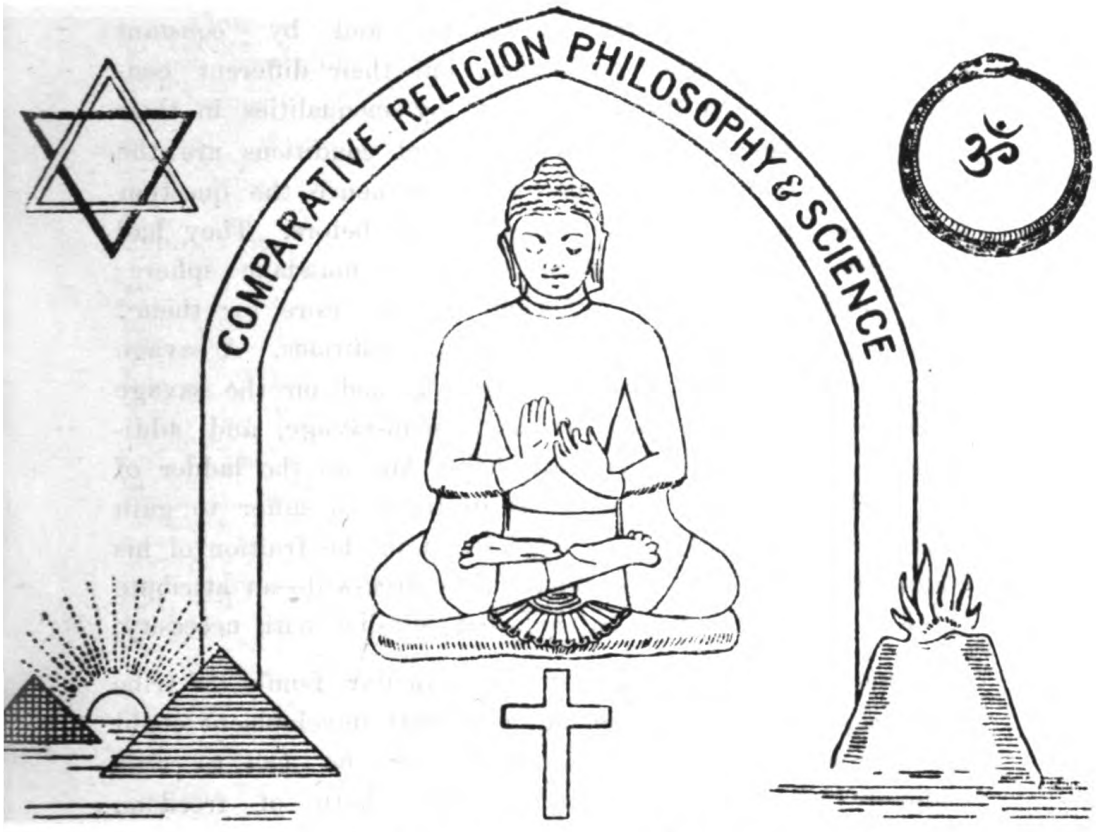
However, all this, as I said, is only a suggestion, an open question, which I trust may be elucidated by some who may have studied this question more than I have.

There were other spheres of knowledge too, which opened to me through the same means, much more important and pregnant with great possibilities.

When I travelled from the cold Northern regions of the White Sea shore, laden with bits of those precious fragments of crystallised folk-lore, when I spent hours over their intricate patterns, like so many hieroglyphs, deciphering the various symbols and learning them by heart, travelling through the Central Provinces of Russia, through the black, rich soil of the Steppes, and found myself in the far away Simbirsk, among women whose head-wear and shirts bore the same elements, the same symbols, when I found those again in the South, and in the Eastern Provinces among tribes who speak quite a different language, then again in the Indian collections in London, and in Austrian and Keltic traditions—all ancient and genuine, and so evidently veiling the same idea, the same expression of the human soul, then what else could I feel but an immense Brotherhood, opening its arms to me, as to one who cared to find and read the message!

A. L. POGOSKY

You would like to pose as discerners of men, but you shall not pass as such. Do you fancy that we do not notice that you pretend to be more experienced, deeper, more passionate, more perfect than you really are, as decidedly as we notice in yon painter a presumptuousness even in the way of using his brush; in yon musician, by the way he introduces his theme, a desire to set it off higher than it really is? Have you ever experienced in yourselves a history, wild commotions, earthquakes, deep, long sadness, fleeting happiness? Have you been foolish with great and little fools? Have you really borne the weal and woe of good people, and also the woe and peculiar happiness of the most evil? Then speak of morality, but not otherwise.—NIETZSCHE.



THEOSOPHY AND SŪFI-ISM

(*Concluded from p.* 1406.)

Reincarnation

IF there is no incarnation there is no transmigration or reincarnation either; *i. e.,* the individual souls taking their different shapes till they have exhausted their karma. Reincarnation appears to be a sound enough doctrine to explain the unevenness and aberrations and apparent injustices in the lot of people on this earth. Why is one man doomed to perpetual suffering and another destined to everlasting sunshine and happiness? But it does not strike at the very root. It takes for granted that all souls

must have started with the same capacity, and that they increased their capacities by reincarnating from time to time, till they obtained the full benefit of their earthly experience. They start as germs and by constant migrations attain their perfection; but their different conditions have been brought about by inequalities in their worldly careers; so that their different conditions are the outcome of their different careers; and hence the question of justice remains as much unsolved as before. They had no power over the inequalities of the mundane sphere; and therefore why the suffering kept in store for them? They begin their career on the same conditions. A savage lives and dies, and the experience gained on the savage plane helps him to be born as a semi-savage, and additional experience in that life helps him to the ladder of the civilised. It is as if he is destined to suffer to gain more knowledge till, losing his interest in the fruition of his endeavors, he obtains Nirvāṇa. Here free-will—an attribute of God, given as a loan to this a b d—clashes with necessity.

He is led to be born in a particular family or tribe according to his development, and that development could not accord with his environment, or he has to wait endlessly; he is thus helpless and shorn of freedom. Cannot this reincarnation be believed to be merely

> The progress of the soul from one stage of existence to another, symbolised and vulgarly believed to be rebirths in animal bodies? (*Isis Unveiled*, i. *p.* xxxvi).

> The metempsychosis must only be regarded as a supplementary doctrine, disfigured by theological sophistry with the object of getting a firmer hold upon believers through a popular superstition. Esoterically it is explained in the mystery of the Kounboum, and relates to the purely spiritual peregrinations of the human soul (*Ibid. p.* 289).

Cannot therefore the different peregrinations merely be in the region of the lokas? After his disappearance from the world, the soul appears in the different lokas, and gradually passes on to svarga, where he has the beatific vision. These lokas are the seven heavens of the Muhammadans, and the wheel of karma merely refers to the peregrination in the lokas.

As the dweller in the body experienceth, in the body, childhood, youth and old age, so passeth he on to another body; the steadfast one grieveth not thereat (*Gītā*, ii. 13).

Thus says Shrī Kṛshṇa. It obviously refers to the future condition. Just as there are several stages in the development of the body in this world, so there are several stages in its development in the next. The man who has eaten something disagreeable has not to take out his stomach to purify himself and get better. He sends down a bitter pill on the top, and thus cures his internal disorder. "As you sow, so you reap" forms the formula of all religions. A Muhammadan tradition has it "that this world is the harvest-field of the next". After he has reaped the fruits of his actions, he passes on to the next higher stage. The hell is not a place of punishment but of correction. If the inequalities of life cannot be explained away by a doctrine of reincarnation—how else can they be and still establish the justice of God?

Before the creation of the world, it is said God brought together all the souls that were to find manifestation, and enquired: "Am I not your Lord (R u b)?" The chorus went forth: "Yes, Thou art our Lord God." This is what is called the r o z a i-m i s a q (the day of promise). Esoterically speaking, when the i s m found itself—it found itself with its corresponding r a s m, as given in the simile of the seal (supra); the i s m was the r u b (the ruler) and the r a s m was m u r b u b (the ruled). From a higher plane (the plane of the three Logoi, or as they are called a h d i y a t, w a h d a t, and w a h i d i y a t by the Sūfīs), though there is no higher plane at this stage, the i s m and r a s m are the same; from the lower plane, the one is the counterpart of the other. Each i s m was the a e e n of each r a s m, which was a centre in Divine Consciousness; and that centre had to find its manifestation by externalisation. Each a e e m-i-s a b i t h a had to become an a e e m-i-z a h i r a. When the i s m (name) Providence found its local habitation, so to speak, in the Divine Consciousness,

its r a s m (one who would be provided with) was there in Divine Knowledge, and of its own free-will and accord (in other words, of its own tendency) prayed to its r u b for its manifestation. There was no compulsion. It was perfect willingness to please its Lord. When the differentiation between r u b and m u r b u b occurred, the m u r b u b, as the servitor of its r u b, deliberately chose its rôle to please its r u b. If the leper (the m u k h u r, *i. e.*, one on whom wrath falls), chose its own rôle on that day to please its r u b, the k h a h a r (*i. e.*, the wrathful), he is not to blame his r u b for being His m u k h u r in manifestation, though he might blame Him in his manifestation, forgetting his previous history. The Prophet Job suffered without complaint because he had reached his a e e n in his suffering. The distress, the agony, are past and gone, when once the true origin is realised. The merest beggar on the roadside with festering sores becomes as contented and happy as the veriest Cæsar in his palace. He submits to the will of his r u b, submission being the key-note of Muslim theology, which of course, is the exoteric form of Muslim philosophy.

Further the hope lies in the changing manifestation: "Verily after sorrow, there cometh joy" says the *Qurân*. The leper has had his suffering in this world, and he enters the next better equipped to travel higher up. This is why people who die from lingering painful diseases are called m y r t a r s.

The following verses from the *Qurān* are quoted to give a denial to transmigration:

When death comes to any one of them, he says: "O Preserver, send me back that I may do good works in the world that I am leaving"—the answer will be 'never'.

There will be b u r z a k in their front till they are raised again (Surat-ul Moumin, 110).

When the trumpet will be blown, then there will be no relationship between them. Nobody will care for another; whosoever has his scale heavier will have good reward, and

those whose scales are light are those who have ruined themselves, and they will be ever in Jehannum (gehanna) (Surat-ul-Maida, 112, 114).

Curiously enough there have been people, though very few and far between, who think that reincarnation can be traced in the *Qurān*.

What, are we tired and fatigued after first creation? But they (the unbelievers) are in doubt and error as regards new creation (Surai Kaf, 50).

Tell, O Muhammad, all praise to God, but many of them do not understand it. The life in this world is play. The home of the future is real living. They do not understand it (Surai Ankabut, 29).

We created man in trouble (Suratul Bald, 30).

We swear by the declining day (afternoon) man is in similar decline (Suratul Asr, 20).

Say, O Muhammad, He who created them first will revive them. He knows about all creation (Suratul Yasin, 23).

Muhammad's dispensation, like the dispensations which had preceded it, inculcated the doctrine of the resurrection of bodies on the day of judgment. References appear to be made to this throughout the above verses.

Authority is again quoted from the Mesnevi of Mauluna Jallaluddin Roumi.

We have grown like grass often,
Seven hundred and seventy bodies have we taken.
From the inorganic we developed into the vegetable;
Dying from the vegetable we rose to animal;
And leaving the animal we became man.
Then what fear that death will lower us?
The next transition will make us an angel.
Then shall we rise from angels and merge in Infinity.
Have we not been told
All of us will return.

The first part refers to material evolution, on this side the grave, the second part to evolution beyond the grave, through the different spiritual planes.

The third point at which Sūfi-ism parts company with Theosophy is

Symbolism

The Mussulmān mosque is a vacant space—nothing to touch or see—a symbol of the house of the Supreme. A Mussulmān fixes his eyes on the point of space in front of him, at which he performs his s i j d a h (prostration) and thus concentrates his attention at that point according to Beidawi who was a Shafi. When he prays, he is ordered to assume an attitude as if he sees God, and if he cannot do this, to imagine that God sees him. There is no symbol required to attract and concentrate his attention.

It may be remembered that Arabs had worshipped Gods and Goddesses in the temple of Mecca. There were 360 of them. They were the embodiments of the different a s m a (names) of God. Muhammad emptied the temple of those graven images. Though the a s m a of God are recognised, the z a t or individuality of God is not to be ignored and hidden behind the a s m a. The extinction of the deities as intermediaries in the temple was the extinction of the embodiment of names in worship. The worshipper always stood face to face with the Supreme. No doubt, there are intermediaries working in this mundane sphere; *e.g.*, if there were not the forces called gravitation or cohesion, the existence of the world would have been impossible. Those could be symbolised and embodied in figures. Man lives and works under the natural forces, and he does not thank them; he thanks only the Supreme Power who keeps these at work. There are archangels and angels for the administration of the world, but no Muhammadan worships any one of them. They have their own functions and duties, as we have our functions and duties. Besides the angels, there are functionaries on the material plane, through whom and by whom the affairs of the world are regulated. There are four thousand of such functionaries of the lowest type, called M u c k t u m s. They are hidden from the eyes of the world. Then next in rank come A k y a r s—3000 in number. Above them are forty persons, called A b d a l s. Then four in number, called A t k i y a.

Above all these is a Kutub or Ghouse. Their administration is said to be carried on on the same lines as the administration of worldly Kings and Governors. With all that, there is no worship for them from anybody. The Muhammadan has not got his household deity. The hadis runs:

> When the latchet of your shoe is lost, ask it of God.

Meditation in this world cannot be done away with, but the thought is always directed to the moving spring of all actions, as the poet Sadi says:

> There is a sort of shirk hidden in this: Zeid has injured me, or Amr has irritated me. (*Shirk* is the giving of the attributes of God to other than God).

An attack is however levelled at the Muhammadan that there is a stone in his temple of Mecca. It must be remembered that this is not a graven stone. It is there as a historical monument, and to commemorate a historical event. It is said to have been placed there by the Patriarch Abraham, and the revolutions that are made around it commemorate the form of prayer that was practised by Abraham and his followers. Since Muhammad was a descendant of the great unitarian Prophet, he wished to keep green the holy practices of his forbear. Besides he wanted to congregate his followers in one and the same place at least once a year, for social and religious intercourse. The stone of Kaasba is after all a stone, regarding which Omar said:

> I know that it is a mere stone, but I kiss it, as it was kissed by the Prophet.

There is no doubt that the human mind takes all means to be ends themselves; and hence the religion and philosophy of Islām have eschewed the worship of means altogether.

KHĀJA KHĀN

THE DOCTRINE OF THE GREAT SELF IN WESTERN PHILOSOPHY

AS it has become the custom of students, within the last decades, to read history in the light of great principles, to interpret it 'from a philosophic point of view;' so in studying the philosophy of certain epochs it may be of valuable assistance to some of us to search contemporary history and literature, with a view to tracing the causes of those metaphysical teachings, which dominate certain eras, in the great events, the songs and the stories of a nation.

I tried to show in a previous paper, how the faculty of reason, developed in the fifth sub-race of the fifth Race as illustrated by historical facts, 'Pure Reason' alone, was unable to prove the existence of God and the soul, and how the great spiritual problems at the end of the eighteenth century were interpreted only in terms of the intellect and volition.

It will be my endeavor now to show in this article, how the doctrine of the Self was expressed in the Transcendental Idealism of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, which grew out of the Philosophy of Kant; and how the great occult truth of the unity of the Self, as stated by the idealistic philosophers, was the result of interpreting reality not only in terms of the intellect, will and activity, but that also the emotions had to be taken into account. There is such a thing as a psychology of a people, nay, of a group of peoples.

As we can trace the development of certain mental endowments in a child or young person, so we can also follow up the intellectual and spiritual growth in the race, as it is reflected in its history and literature.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century, we might say that the emotional side of the race was comparatively undeveloped. The philosophy of the seventeenth century is essentially cold and unspiritual, and even the majestic structure of Kant's system, in which Ultimate Reality is identified with Duty, has something of the nature of a cold, bright and clear winter's day.

If the sympathetic emotions of the European mind had been better developed up to 1789, perhaps there would have been no French Revolution.

Theosophy teaches us that the conditions which led to this great social and political movement were in reality a test to which the Members of the Great White Lodge had put one of the continental nations of Europe whose turn it was to become the leading country, in order to see whether greater liberties could be entrusted to her hands. Experience showed, however, that France was not yet fitted for her task, for the candidate failed.

It is well known, that the immediate cause of the French Revolution was the misery of the French people. When the mob went in a large body to Versailles to ask the King for bread, the Queen advised her husband to have his troops fire at them. Neither the Royal Family, nor the aristocracy of France, as a whole, were in sympathy with the demands of the people for relief of their misery and for greater political freedom. However the populace of France were strongly impressed with the thought that a share in the government of the country was their due, and this was owing to the teaching of certain philosophers like Diderot, d'Alembert and Rousseau, who had promulgated the doctrine of the 'Equality of Men,' by which the mind of Europe was permeated at that time. Now this was a great occult truth which was based on the recognition of the 'Unity of the Self,' but it was misunderstood, owing to a lack of sympathy and harmonious relations between the classes. The nobles were indignant that 'la canaille' should consider themselves the equals of Counts and Barons;

and the Plebs interpreted the corollary of the Doctrine of Equality, namely the 'Rights of Men,' as their privilege to enjoy a degree of national freedom, for which they were by no means prepared; since they had no conception of the duties which enlightened citizenship places on the individual members of a community.

So the movement of the French Revolution proved abortive, and the race was obliged to still further develop the love-emotions, before it could reap the fruits of a higher civilisation. There were, however, signs appearing already that the emotions of Europe were being stirred up.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, a morbid sentimentality was beginning to make itself felt in the English, French and German literature. This tendency shows itself in the *Sentimental Journey* by Lawrence Sterne, in *La Nouvelle Héloise* of Rousseau, but it culminates in the 'Werther Literature' of Germany. This new influence is chiefly found in works of fiction, in the novel, where the relation between lovers is made the centre of interest. But also the other feelings are given great prominence in the sentimental novel, so that they often appear exaggerated, spurious and out of proportion. We read for instance in such literature of young men meeting at an inn, on a journey, for the first time, who would vow each other "eternal friendship". At that epoch, everybody writes poetry, and reads his verses to an intimate circle of appreciative friends with tearful emotion.

Even in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which also shows the traces of the sentimental period, the style is often bombastic and inflated, owing to the undue prominence given to the emotions.

The two daughters of the Vicar seem to be always 'posing,' trying to act the part of the coquettish, the delicate, or the over-sensitive girl; it was the time when it was fashionable for gentlewomen to appear weak and to faint at the slightest emotional excitement. So we read

also in the *Vicar* that Sophy, being frightened at the report of a gun, would throw herself into the arms of the gentleman next to her for protection; and nobody would consider this display of weakness improper.

In the sentimental period the feeling between two lovers would sometimes assume the nature of a religion. We see this in the case of the German poet Hardenberg and Sophy, his betrothed, a very young girl who dies after a long illness. The unfortunate lover dates a new and sacred era from the day of her death. He keeps a diary devoted to meditations intended to prepare him to meet her in the life beyond. As for this meeting, he intends to bring it about by one supreme resolution: he will not wait until he is old and life has lost all savor for him; he will go to her in the full glow of health, in the prime of manhood. His diary, however, complains that it is a little hard to be quite healthy and to remain wholly unworldly. So the great resolution is postponed, and Sophy finally passes into the "realm of pure Platonic ideas".

We see from this how the morbid sentimentality of the time even led to trifling with suicide. In the case of Hardenberg the healthy nature of the lover fortunately prevents him from taking his life; but in Goethe's famous novel, *The Sufferings of Young Werther*, which was based on facts, the suicide is actually committed.

When the story of *Werther* appeared, it not only created an immense sensation all over Germany, but was translated into all European languages and served as a model for a legion of novels in the Continental and English literature, in which the feelings of a hapless lover were exposed to the view of a deeply interested and sympathising public. Werther, a young man of an affectionate and sensitive nature, has the misfortune to fall deeply in love with Charlotte, the wife of his friend, who only has the feeling of friendship and ordinary human sympathy for him. He, like the other lover, lays his heart open to us in a diary, and makes us see the tide of passion surging and beating against the rock of circumstances.

When he can bear his sorrow no longer, he makes an end of his young life by shooting himself with one of the pistols which Charlotte's husband had lent him for a journey.

Now what is the significance of such an event? That an unhappy lover commits suicide has probably happened even in such a thoroughly unromantic period as the seventeenth century; although I do not think there is a case on record in the English and German literature of the time. In Greek and Roman antiquity it also happened, for the picture of beautiful passionate Dido arises at once before our mind's eye and we pity her intensely, as she is dying on the funeral-pyre, thinking of faithless Æneas. Also Cleopatra makes an end of her earthly existence as the false news of Antony's death reaches her; but such cases in olden times are confined to women, as possessing the more delicately organised spiritual nature.

But that young men at the end of the eighteenth century —for the Werther story was unfortunately quite frequently enacted in life—young men belonging to the Teutonic race, who as a rule despise a show of feeling as unbecoming a man, should have shown such a lack of mental equilibrium as to have made the cultivation of the love-emotion the one supreme object of their lives, to which all other claims and duties must be sacrificed, and to have posed before the world as the unhappy lover; this seems to indicate that a psychological transformation was going on in the race.

Europe had known before that she was endowed with reason; but she was discovering now that she had a heart. As a child, proud in the possession of a newly-acquired accomplishment, likes to make a display of it to her sympathising friends, so our fifth sub-race at that time was revelling in feeling, was proud and happy that she could feel, and we therefore cannot wonder that the juvenile expressions of her emotional nature are often somewhat crude and childish. She will soon find her balance

again. But the feeling side of the race was still further to be developed by strong impacts from without. This was done in the first place by the horrors of the French Revolution, and then by the wide-spread misery of the Napoleonic wars.

The blood of the unfortunate victims of the Revolution was flowing in streams in Paris, on the spot that is now called 'Place de la Concorde;' and human feeling revolts, as one reads about those women who would sit with their knitting around the place of execution in Paris, and count the heads of the aristocrats that were falling under the guillotine, alternately with their stitches.

As to the suffering of Europe at the time of Napoleon, historians and novelists have vied with each other to give us a graphic account of it. Read *l'Histoire d'un Conscrit*, or another of Erkmann-Chatrian's realistic stories, if you wish to get an adequate idea of the agony of the wounded or dying soldiers lying helpless on the battlefield, or the multitudes of young and brave men dying a miserable death among the snow and ice of Russian plains. If we turn to the history of the time, what are the sufferings of the race recorded there? We find Napoleon sweeping through Europe at the head of his conquering armies like the God of War; millions of peaceful citizens trembling for their existence every day of their lives, not knowing what new calamities the next morning might bring. In Prussia we see a strong and brave people almost deprived of their national existence, their country reduced to about one-half of its territory by an ignominious peace, a sorely-tried Monarch fleeing to the very boundary of his kingdom, and a beautiful Queen dying of a broken heart at the misfortunes of her country.

The misery of the Napoleonic wars cannot be more tersely and graphically described than by Victor Hugo in *Les Miserables*:

> The reeking blood, the over-crowded cemeteries, the mothers in tears, these are terrible pleaders.

But out of the seed of blood and tears arose a rich harvest for the heart and mind of our race; the development of the emotions was now more on a level with that of the intellect, and intelligent sympathy with the suffering of humanity was born.

The undeniable evidence for the vast increase of emotional life at the opening of the nineteenth century we find in the literature of the time; and here we shall give the testimony of one who can speak with authority:

> The deep stirring of men's minds, with which the last century closed and the present century set in, expressed itself in many ways, in no way more conspicuously than in the prodigality of poetic genius which it poured forth. Whatever the causes, the fact is plain that with the opening of this century there was in all civilised lands a turning up of the sub-soil of human nature, a laying bare of the intenser seats of action, thought and emotion, such as the world had seldom if ever known. That time was what has been called the new birth of the imagination. (*Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, by J. C. Shairp.)

The outburst of song in England and Germany at the opening of the nineteenth century might well be called the second Golden Era in the literature of both of those countries.

In England the love-emotion is made the subject of the finished verse of Byron, Thomas Moore and Tennyson. In Byron there is a trace of the old sentimentality left, but in most of the lyrics of the time the love between man and woman finds its truest and most beautiful expression.

In Germany the emotional wealth of the nation expresses itself not only in lyrics of exquisite beauty and tenderness, in which the poet seems to have dipped his pen into the very blood of his heart, such as the little love poems by Goethe, those in Heine's *Buch der Lieder*, and the many love-songs written in the style of the old popular ballad; but there is also a contemporary development of the art of music, by which the German genius seems to express itself *par excellence*. The drawing-rooms of stately country residences and city homes resounded with the matchless songs of Schubert and Schumann, 'the Wanderer,' 'the Erlking,' 'the Fisher,' with Beethoven's

'Appassionata' and 'Moonlight Sonata,' with Mendelsohn's 'Concertos' and 'Songs'. In all these musical compositions we have the joyful, the triumphant, the majestic, the pathetic, in harmonies of such entrancing beauty, in a musical phrase of such originality, distinction and strength, that they seem to be the very blossoms of the heart and of the artistic faculty of the nation.

Now in the poetry and music of Germany we not only find an expression of the love-emotions, but there is a new element which is not so strongly marked, at that time, in the literary and artistic productions of England; it is the element of patriotism, which, called forth especially by the philosophy of Fichte, assumes the form of indignant protest against the tyranny of Napoleon. We hear this note in the 'Geharnischte Sonnette' by Rückert, in which the poet calls upon his countrymen to throw off the yoke of the oppressor and to begin the fight for national freedom. There is something of the measured tramp of armed hosts in these sonnets, as well as in the verses of the young warrior poet Theodore Koerner, who, in the War of Liberation, 1813, died a hero's death on the battle-field, in the very act of composing his last poem for the inspiration of his people.

Such was the emotional development of Europe, when the philosophic systems embodying the doctrine of the Great Self were formed in Germany, and found many enthusiastic admirers especially among the Teutonic nations.

H. S. ALBARUS

(*To be concluded*)

If thou dost but free thyself, thou art a world's liberator. If thou dost but set thine own feet out upon the way of light, thou art a redeemer of men.—MURIEL STRODE.

ANCIENT INDIAN MEDICINE

THOSE who have bestowed any attention upon the literature of medicine in ancient and mediæval India are well aware of the voluminous amount of the literature on that subject. Books after books have been written upon it. But of them all, two stand pre-eminent. They are *Charaka* and *Shushraṭa*. The latter deals, it is said, more with anatomy, and the former, more with diseases, their causes and cure. In these days when modern peoples have advanced much in practical surgery, it is not likely that *Shushraṭa* will attract the public attention so much as *Charaka*. The latter has many lessons to impart to the moderns. Its enunciation of many diseases, of their causes and cure, and its pharmacopœia are indeed masterly. And wherever I have come into contact with doctors schooled on the western lines and having yet preserved their faith in the Hinḍū method of treatment, I have advised them to study our old lines of thought and put them before the world, so that the public may judge of the question from the eastern standpoint and adopt as much as possible of the old.

I find that the real Vaiḍya Shāsṭra, or Hinḍū medical system, can be understood in its theory by those only that are familiar with the higher or spiritual teachings. In the olden days a real doctor had to be a yogī too; without knowledge of both kinds no man can be an adept in the field of medicine. If a man is to be a good doctor, he must study the constitution of man, and man is more than his physical body, and possesses bodies more subtle than the physical; a true doctor must study man's higher mechanism as well as the lower. Just as modern medical science studies man completely and thoroughly in his physical sheath, so an old Hinḍū Doctor had

to study him as well in his higher sheaths. Thus a knowledge of the higher was quite indispensable. Without that higher knowledge, modern medical science is yet groping in the dark as regards many simple things. It is concerned with the removal of diseases. But has it been able to tell us anything definitely as to what diseases are? What is disease? What is health? It tells us much about the diagnosis of different stages of diseases, and so on, and cartloads of books have been written by different authors on these subjects. But even after a perusal of all these, we still do not know what diseases are and how they arise.

Charaka Shāstra

Even before this book came into existence, there is a reference to another book *viz.*, *Āyur-Veḍa*, attributed to Aṭharvan. The Science of Life (Āyur-Veḍa) was in the custody of Brahmā, the Creator. From Him came this knowledge, and it was handed down from disciple to disciple in a regular series. Finally the treatise of the disciple Agnivesha became the *Charaka-Samhiṭa*, having been corrected and given out to the world by Charaka.

Āyur-Veḍa

This Science is called *Āyur-Veḍa*, or the Science of Life, because it tends to human longevity by removing the causes which shorten lives, *viz.*, diseases. As *Charaka* puts it: "Good and evil, happy and unhappy, is Life. That (knowledge) in which are declared its nature and measure, and what is beneficial to it and what injurious is called the Science of Life." Before we enter into the causes that contribute to the happiness or otherwise of Life, we have to understand what Life is. The ancient writers never shirked seeking for the root of every question.

What is Life?

Charaka defines it thus: "The union of body, senses, mind and soul is called Life." Life is that which unites the body, senses, mind and soul. As it is elsewhere stated, it is the one thread (Sūṭra) that links all these together. The *Chhāndogya-Upaniṣhaṭ* calls it the cord that ties one

to the other. If we consider the bodies of man, it is the cord which links them all together, and is called Prāṇa. When this rope, or bridge, of Prāṇa is broken, when life can no longer flow from the higher body to the lower, then death takes place. Hence Life is truly defined to be the union of the body, senses (astral body), mind (mental and causal bodies) and soul (Spirit, or Self). This Life is called by other names also: as Ḍhāri, that which holds together the elements of which the body is composed; and Jīvaṭha, existence, that which makes existence possible; and Niṭyaga, the ever-going; and Anubanḍha, the unbroken, sequence. Of this uniter of body, senses, mind and soul, Charaka says:

> Similarity is that which produces oneness; and dissimilarity is that which produces diversity. Therefore similarity is identity of substance, and dissimilarity is the reverse of this. Mind and soul and body—this trinity called person—resteth on union like three sticks (standing with one another's support). Upon that (trinity) everything rests. That is also called Puruṣha or Being. It is also animate. That is also regarded as the subject-matter of this Science, and it is also for the sake of that, that this Science is promulgated.

From the foregoing it is clear that the Science of Life is meant not only for the removal of diseases but also to attain Puruṣha, or the Spirit, or Supreme Self; it is also conducive to spiritual science. Hence it was that, originally, Ṛṣhis, finding that diseases were impediments to spiritual progress, devised means to arrest them in order that longevity might be obtained for spiritual improvement. In what sense is the word soul used in this connexion? Charaka defines it thus:

> The soul is immutable and eternal; the faculties, the attributes of matter and the senses are the causes of consciousness. The soul is the eternal witness, for it views all actions without being itself affected by any of them.

Hence the word soul is here used to denote a ray of Āṭmā, the Self, the eternal witness—the Jīvāṭmā of the Hinḍū terminology, or Aṭma-Buḍḍhi-Manas of the Theosophical. It could not be affected by any disease. Diseases can affect the body and the mind only. Hence diseases are said to be of two kinds: physical and mental.

Here the questions arise: What are diseases? What the physical? And what the mental? Let us see what definition Charaka gives of diseases. He says:

> Body and mind are regarded as the subjects in which health and disease co-inhere, parity of correlation being the cause of health. Of all diseases, physical and mental, the causes in brief are of three kinds: *viz.*, adverse or excessive correlation or want of correlation of time, mind and the objects of the senses.

As regards time, we all know that what is done with impunity by us at one period of our age, or season, is fruitful of diseases at another age or season. These diseases are caused through contrariety, excess or absence of the proper age, or season. Similarly with reference to the action of the mind, a man may exert himself mentally too much or too little, or in lives unsuited to it. So also with reference to the objects of the senses. A man may taste the objects too much or too little, or addict himself to those that are opposed to his nature.

What are the causes of mental diseases? The qualities of mobility and inertia are said to be the causes of mental diseases. If they are supplanted by rhythm, harmony (saṭṭva), then is the mind free from diseases. Inertia of the mind on the one hand, with all its attendant brood, and over-activity of the mind on the other, with its generating evils, both bring about diseases of the mind. Such mental disease is cured by

> Knowledge of the soul, knowledge of the scriptures, (exercise of) patience and memory, and the abstraction of the mind from all worldly objects.

But the difficulty that lies in the way of a modern man is with the physical diseases and their causes. Disease is not merely absence of health. It is not negative, but something positive. We are aware of the fact of a man being in indifferent health, but yet not suffering from any diseases. In some diseases, there is acute pain or suffering. It is not mere want of health. It is some positive pain. What is this pain due to? Take some objects:

> Some cure disorders; some affect the system injuriously; and some are regarded as conducive to ease or health.

What is that positive one which is called disease has not as yet been discovered by the moderns. But ancient India says that the causes of all bodily diseases are Vāyu (literally air, but implying the currents in the body), Bile and Phlegm. "Superstition," will exclaim a doctor of the modern days unacquainted with the system of old India.[1] Let us proceed to examine this theory.

Digestion

For the purpose of understanding how these three causes of diseases are generated, we must compare the process of digestion as understood in West and East. Our readers can trace it for themselves in any physiological work; suffice it here to say that food is acted on by the saliva in the mouth, turning starch to sugar; by the gastric juice in the stomach, turning proteids to peptones, making chyme; by the pancreatic juice in the duodenum, containing two ferments which complete any work left undone on starches and proteids; and a third which (with the bile poured in from the liver), emulsifies the fats; and by the bile, which, in addition, turns the liquid into a soapy mass of froth; the whole process is much facilitated by the warmth of the stomach. The fluid mass thus prepared is taken up by the villi, minute mouths lining the small intestine, and is conveyed by the lymphatic system to the blood.

Now let us turn to what ancient India said on this subject. On page 1411 of the translation of Charaka's work we read:

> It is the life-breath called Prāṇa that seizes food. It then sends that food to the stomach. When there, the solidity of what is thus taken is dissolved by liquid juices. It is then softened by oily matters. Then in time the fire, blown upon by the life-breath called Samāna, blazes forth, and digests the food that has been taken equally and properly. The result of this is the continuation of the period of life. The digestive fire remaining below, cooks (or digests) the food in the stomach, converting it into Rasa (nourishing sap) and refuse, even as (external) fire and water cook grains of rice

[1] It may be noted that some modern systems of medicine, not yet orthodox, are classifying diseases under similar heads. Ed.

in a vessel for purposes of food. When digestion begins of the food which is just swallowed, consisting of six tastes, from the condition called sweet springs at the outset that which is called phlegm, and which has the form of froth. A little while after, a condition of sourness arises in the food when it becomes only half-digested in course of digestion. The food in this state passes out of what is called the Āmāshaya (receptacle of partially digested food) into what is called the Pakvāshaya (receptacle of digested food). Then springs from it a liquid substance called bile. When food passes into Pakvāshaya, it begins to be dried up by the fire. Cooked by the fire, it is converted into a sodden mass. From its condition of pungency arises Vāyu.

With what are Āmāshaya and Pakvāshaya to be identified in modern medical science? According to it, after the mouth and stomach had converted, though partially, starch into sugar and proteids into peptone, the partly soluble mass of food is sent in a sour state to the duodenum, where the soaping process takes place and where the pancreatic juice and bile join. Here digestion is not complete, since only when the mass of food goes into the small intestine, the separation of the watery essence and their absorption into blood and lymphatic fluid takes place. The soaping process due to emulsification is described by the Hinḍū writers as froth rising over the surface of the liquid, and is named phlegm. Hence Āmāshaya is the duodenum, and the Pakvāshaya is the small intestine.

Now in the carrying of the food downward and in its digestion and absorption, there is one new element introduced in the old system. It is Prāṇa. According to Hinḍūs, the food, when it is passed down the œsophagus to the stomach, is sent thither through the aid of Prāṇa. As the text puts it, it is Prāṇa that seizes the food and takes it to the stomach, since in a dead body where Prāṇa has ceased to act, the food is not taken down, though the body be placed upside down, so that the stomach is below the gullet. Then as regards digestion, it is this Prāṇa that with its gastric fire cooks or digests the food. After Prāṇa takes the food into the stomach, it acts upon the life-breath, or vital energy (Samāna) that is

there. This energy, pressed downwards, passes in turn to the sacral plexus, where is the opposite force or vital energy (Apāṇa). The chemical union of these, being of opposite kinds, causes the gastric fire, which heats the vessel called the duodenum and stomach, just as in a hearth the fire from below heats the vessel full of rice and water. When the rice and water are boiled by the fire below, there occurs in the intermediate stage a froth floating over the surface of the water. As it is fully cooked, the chyme, as a soluble mass, is taken to the small intestine, which being more heated on account of its proximity to the gastric fire, abstracts the watery essence through the villi, letting the solid mass go on to the large intestine. In the Hindū system, besides the fire of Prāṇa, there is mention of the juices poured into the stomach and duodenum, but the detailed description of them is not given. Hence in the eastern system, Prāṇa and the gastric fire play the primary part in digestion, etc., but in the western system stress is laid on the different juices in the process of digestion; but as one author puts it: "The warmth of the stomach also to some extent melts the fats." In the disposal of this question, all that I have to say is that if some modern scientist will show by experiments that all these processes of digestion, etc., can take place mechanically with these juices alone in a non-living body, his case will be made out. To my knowledge, no such proof has as yet been offered.

K. NĀRĀYAṆASWĀMI IYER

(*To be concluded.*)

Don't look at your tongue (I haven't seen mine for years); for it has been well said that whereas in childhood tongues should be seen and not heard, with the adults they should be heard and not seen. Do not inspect your face (I know a lady who always carries a glass about to see if she looks ill), or take your temperature, a most pernicious habit. (I know a talented man who once found his temperature rose nearly a degree after a meal, and was miserable ever afterwards.) Do not feel your pulse (sometimes you cannot feel it, and then you think you must die) or keep weighing yourself or noticing slight pains in the body or noises in the head, and other small ailments.—A. T. SCHOFIELD, M. D.

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

The Lives of Alcyone

XIII

OUR story takes us this time to the southern part of the great island of Poseidonis, in the middle of what is now the Atlantic Ocean. Alcyone was born there among a nation of mountaineers of Tlavatli race, in the year 13,651 B. C. She was the daughter of a priest of the Sun (Mercury), who was of noble birth, being distantly related to the ruler of the country. She had a happy childhood, and was utterly devoted to her father, who was especially kindly and helpful towards her, and seems to

have understood children better than the average parent of that age. The religion of the period was primarily Sun-worship, although there was also a good deal of personification of various powers of nature; and it would also seem that some great saints of old had been deified. The little girl was keenly interested in the temple-ceremonies, and much impressed by them, and when she was young it was her wish to dedicate her life to the service of the temple. In connexion with the temple there were two careers open for women—one being something along the line of the usual vestal virgins, or temple-clairvoyants, and the other a sort of guild of service which consisted of married women.

As she grew up she prepared herself for the former position, with the approval of her father, and entered herself at the age of sixteen. The various practices of meditation enjoined for the girls appear to have produced considerable effect upon her, and the father was very hopeful about her making rapid progress. However, before her first year of definite service in the novitiate was completed, the inevitable young man appeared on the scene, and she fell deeply in love with him. The object of her affections (Sirius) was something of a mystery; he had only recently appeared in the city, and no one seemed to know who he was, nor whence he came, and even in these earlier years that was regarded as an objection to a possible suitor, though he was a handsome and well-set-up youth. She saw this young man at some of the temple-services, and they were strangely attracted towards each other at first sight, so that he began to scheme for occasions of meeting her, which were difficult to procure, since she was constantly in attendance at the temple. The young suitor, however, contrived, by the exercise of great patience and assiduity, to obtain speech with her on a good many occasions, and their strange friendship rapidly warmed into a passionate attachment.

At first, Alcyone said nothing of this to her father, but he half-divined that something was going on, and he put some questions to her which presently brought forth a

shame-faced confession that the temple-services were no longer the first thing in life for her. The father was disappointed at this, but nevertheless took it both kindly and philosophically, and gave her what seems on the whole to have been very sensible advice—that it was useless to devote oneself to the special service of the Deity unless one was absolutely certain of one's vocation, and that after all she could serve the Sun-God, less directly perhaps, yet just as truly and nobly, if she followed the dictates of her heart. He demanded, however, to see the young man, and the latter's account of himself was by no means satisfactory from the point of view of a parent, for he could only say that though he was of noble birth and quite equal in rank to her whom he loved, yet there was surrounding his origin a mystery, which he was not at liberty to disclose. Also he seemed to have no present connexion with his family, whatever it might have been, and was obtaining a somewhat precarious livelihood by hunting, though he declared that this was in no way the vocation to which he was born. The priest was somehow strongly attracted to him, in spite of his obvious undesirability, for he seemed both a handsome and a worthy young fellow, though curiously untamed and seemingly ignorant of the ways of ordinary life. Mercury frankly told him that he liked what he saw of him, but at the same time it was quite impossible that he should give his daughter to a person involved in so much mystery, and with no regular means of livelihood; that unless he was prepared fully to confide in him, he felt with regret that he could hardly encourage the intimacy of the two young lovers.

The young man was much cast down by this, though he could not but admit its justice, but he still maintained that the secret in which he was involved was not his own, and that he must await the proper time before divulging it. Thus the matter was left in suspense for some little time, the priest regretfully forbidding the young people to see each other in private, even though he quite

frankly admitted that he felt strongly drawn towards the mysterious young man. Alcyone's affection for him was so strong that she probably might have ignored the mystery and fled with him, but for her very strong love for and confidence in her father, which persuaded her that he must be right, even in what she thought his first cruelty towards her. She was much torn by divided feelings, and suffered greatly for a while.

All this time the ruler of the country, Alastor, was at war with the Toltec over-lord, Corona, some question of an extravagant demand for tribute having brought a long smouldering disaffection to the point of open revolt. Owing to the greatly superior discipline and fighting power of the armies of the suzerain, it was difficult for these men of the hills to meet them in open fight. The local King, however, knew his country very well, and his son Ursa contrived to destroy a large Toltec army by inveigling it into a valley which he was then able to flood from a concealed reservoir. In honor of this victory there were great public rejoicings and a sort of national festival was held. Somehow, in the course of this, strange rumors began to fly about with regard to the young lover, Sirius, and he was one day suddenly arrested and carried before old King Alastor. In the course of the enquiries then made the whole of the strange life-story of Sirius came out, and proved to be romantic though distinctly unconventional.

This old Alastor was a precise but incredibly stupid man, and in consequence of his character the affairs of his family had gone very seriously wrong. His son Ursa was a wild young fellow, accustomed to do what he liked, without any consideration for others. He had a younger sister, Orion, who in their childhood was entirely devoted to him. They were always together, and he made her fetch and carry for him in the usual manner of elder brothers with devoted little sisters. As they grew up, the affection between them remained as strong as ever, and in process of time his relations with her became more than fraternal. This was discovered, and caused some scandal, for even in those

more easy-going times such relationship was considered highly improper. When it came to Alastor's knowledge he behaved in the most foolish manner, making a great parade of Spartan justice, and, instead of treating the young people kindly and sensibly, he banished his son from the country and condemned his daughter to death. Ursa however had no idea of submitting quietly to such an inauspicious ending to his pleasures. He managed to escape from his father's guards, and to rescue his sister from the place in which she was confined, and they fled together and concealed themselves in a forest on the outskirts of the kingdom, having contrived to divert pursuit by allowing it to be understood that they had fled by sea from a certain port in quite another direction. In this forest he and his sister lived for some years, and two children were born to them, a son, Sirius, and a daughter, Vega. Ursa carefully tattooed round the waist of Sirius the red snake which marked him as the heir to the throne, and the brother and sister lived happily enough in sylvan solitude; but after a time Ursa began to tire of this life and to yearn for the delights of the Court and the position which he had left.

Being in the habit of considering only his own convenience, he had no hesitation in abandoning his wife and children; he made his appearance at a port and pretended to have arrived from a foreign country. He soon made his way to his father, who forgave him and reinstated him as heir to the throne. Being anxious to provide for the succession, Alastor shortly arranged a marriage for Ursa, which the latter accepted without saying anything about the wife and the children whom he had left behind in the forest. Indeed, on first returning he had allowed it to be understood that he had had no part in his sister's escape, and knew nothing about her fate. His new wife, Hesperia, presently bore him a child, Pollux; and this child was also tattooed with the snake, for if Ursa had not permitted this to be done, suspicion would have been at once aroused. The new wife, however, proved to be of a trying temper, and he often looked back with regret on

his happy free life in the forest. On one occasion when he was out hunting in the forest where he had lived so long he contrived to separate himself from his companions and went to look at the hut which he had built for his sister-wife, but he found it deserted.

Orion had lived on there for many years and had seen her children grow up healthy and beautiful. She had no difficulty with regard to food, for the various traps which Ursa had made were still in action, and she was able to gather fruit and dig up roots as he had done. When her children grew old enough to need clothing she wove it for them from reeds, and they lived a very natural and happy life, though she sorrowed much because of the desertion of her brother and husband. She always cherished the hope that some time or other he would return to her, and that in process of time her son would sit upon the throne of his ancestors.

Presently it occurred to her that, if this were to be so, she must manage to bring her children somehow into contact with their fellow-creatures, that they might not be entirely strange to them; so she dressed herself in what remained of the clothes in which she had originally escaped, and made her way to a village where she was able to exchange the skins of the creatures that they had killed for some clothing, such as peasants wear, suitable for the children and herself. She was then able to take her children once or twice upon expeditions to villages in the remote part of the country where the forest was situated, but she did not visit the same village twice, lest suspicion should be excited, and she always gave out that she and her children were travellers passing through the country. As the young man grew up his mother told him the story of his royal birth, and they planned how they would reappear in the capital and claim recognition after the death of the old King.

Presently, however, Orion fell ill and died. When on her death-bed she made her son solemnly promise that

he would go to his father and announce himself as the heir to the throne. She warned him however that his father was a man of moods, and that he must watch carefully for the right moment at which to make such an announcement. The young people mourned deeply the death of their mother. They buried her body under the floor of the hut, and then abandoned it for ever, as they could not bear to live any longer in a place where every tree and stone reminded them perpetually of their loss. They made their way gradually to the capital, Sirius taking the most affectionate care of his sister Vega. He contrived to find some employment there, using chiefly his skill in hunting and trapping. His intention was in this way to support himself and his sister until the old King died; but, as has been described, he was forestalled in this. Among the festivities in connexion with the great victory previously mentioned were some swimming races in which he took part—in which, indeed, he out-distanced all competitors—but it happened by some accident that the red snake tattooed round his waist was seen, and remarks began to fly about which eventually reached the ears of old Alastor, and led to his being brought before him. When the truth came out there was an angry scene, and Alastor compelled Ursa to issue an order for the execution of Sirius, who was cast into prison and closely guarded. To Alastor, however, the shock of the disclosure had been so great that it brought on a stroke, from which he never recovered, and he died in a few days.

Ursa then became King, and he was resolved that his elder son Sirius should be heir to the throne, instead of Pollux, as the latter had even already shown a weak and dissipated character. The new King was however in difficulties, as he could not well annul the decree which his father had forced him to sign, so he determined to manage privately the escape of Sirius from prison. His second wife, Hesperia, seems in some way to have got wind of his intention, or perhaps she only suspected him, but at any rate she watched him very closely and resolved to

thwart him in the interest of her own son Pollux. The prison was a curious labyrinth of stone walls, circle within circle, and every opening from one circle to another was efficiently guarded. The son, as a prisoner of State, was placed in the central cell of all. Ursa disguised himself and left his palace secretly at night, went to the outer guard and bribed him with a curious trinket, in consideration for receiving which he agreed to absent himself for a few moments, and allow the disguised King to enter the prison. Meanwhile the jealous Hesperia had discovered her husband's absence, and, full of suspicion, immediately rushed to the prison gates. Finding the first guard gone her suspicions were confirmed, and she entered by the door which Ursa had left open. The latter went on until he met the second guard, upon whom he sprang before he could give the alarm, and managed, after a furious struggle, to choke the man to death. He succeeded in eluding the third guard, but again had a struggle with the fourth, in which he finally conquered, though he himself was wounded. Finally he penetrated to the innermost cell and found his son, to whom he offered freedom and safety on condition that he would go away (preserving however absolute silence as to his identity and history) and never return. The son, not recognising his father in his disguise, refused to give this pledge, as he said that he was bound by the promise which had already made to his mother on her death-bed that he would return to the capital and claim his inheritance. Ursa implored him to go, to go under any conditions or no conditions, but in any case to escape while still there was time.

Something caused his son to suspect the identity of his visitor, so he tore away the disguise from his father's face and recognised him. Just at this moment Hesperia arrived; she had found the murdered guard and had possessed herself of his dagger, but had been detained through having to parley with the third guard, who would not let her pass until she unveiled herself and

used her authority as Queen. Now she sprang upon her husband like a maniac; and there was a terrible struggle, during which both father and son were wounded. Eventually, when she saw that she could not prevail against them, she stabbed herself to the heart in her wild passion.

Father and son now held a consultation as to the best course to pursue. At first the father suggested that they should escape together and leave the kingdom to take care of itself, but Sirius strenuously opposed that idea, offering rather to disappear and disregard his promise to his mother. But Ursa would not now consent to that, and they discussed the matter all through the long hours of the night. Sirius suggested that at Ursa's death the kingdom should be divided between himself and Pollux, or, if that was not feasible, that a high post in the Government should be offered to the latter. Ursa did not approve this, and finally decided that honesty was the best policy, and that the time had come to undo the wrong of his life so far as was now possible.

They went back to the palace together, and Ursa sent for Pollux and told him the whole story, saying that he must give up all hope of succeeding to the throne. Pollux took the news very badly, and rushed out of his father's presence in a great rage.

Ursa then called together his Chieftains, told them the whole history of his life, and introduced to them the true heir to the throne. The majority of them at once agreed to accept Sirius as heir, in spite of the irregularity of his birth, and thenceforward he wore the golden collar which marked his rank. Pollux, however, left the country and endeavored to get together a foreign army to help him to assert what he supposed to be his claim. He was unable to raise this army among small neighboring tribes, and so went off to Poseidonis and endeavored to interest the Toltec ruler in his cause. Corona was quite willing to espouse his cause because of the question of

the tribute, and also because Ursa had recently defeated his armies, though he was unable to give much active assistance in consequence of a considerable rebellion in another part of his dominions.

Meantime Sirius, having been publicly acknowledged, was able to come before Mercury and tell the true story of his early life, and demand once more the hand of Alcyone. Under these altered circumstances Mercury was very willing to give it, saying that though the conditions surrounding the birth of Sirius had been exceedingly irregular, yet his public acceptance as heir to the throne to a large extent wiped out all that and assured his position. There is no doubt the priest had taken a liking to the young man, and that it was this and the strong love of Sirius for Alcyone that induced him to be ready to overlook the irregularities aforesaid. Alcyone therefore was married with considerable pomp and ceremony, and, though still very young, took her place among the great ladies of the kingdom. She was intensely happy in this beginning of her new life, very proud of her husband and really exulting in his most remarkable early history instead of being repelled by it. This unalloyed happiness lasted for some three years, during which time two beautiful children (Uranus, a son, and Herakles, a daughter) were born to her, but after this the war broke out again and her husband had to go forth and bear his share in it.

It seemed however that the Toltec Emperor was not pursuing this local war with any great vigor, so that in spite of the superior discipline of his men, and their far greater number, successes were fairly evenly divided, and the war dragged on for a long time with no pronounced victory on either side. King Ursa was in the habit of consulting Mercury when he required advice, and paid him deep reverence. It was about this time that Mercury gave him some information with regard to his relations with his son Sirius in a previous life—an account which seems to have affected him very deeply, and caused him to have a great scene of explanation with his son, at the end

of which he decided to abdicate in favor of Sirius, and retired to a kind of hermit life.

Sirius took up the reins of government and, young as he was, acquitted himself creditably, coming often to his hermit-father, and still more often to Mercury, for advice as to the way in which he should meet the various difficulties which are inseparable from such a position as his. Alcyone was thus lifted to the highest position in this small State, and bore her honors well. The new King carried on the war with varying success, and at one time had an exceedingly narrow escape of losing his life by treachery. There was at his court a certain old woman, Thetis, who pretended great loyalty to his cause, but was in reality on the side of his half-brother, on whose behalf the Toltec Emperor was waging war. She contrived in some underhand way to learn something of the King's plans, and especially of a certain small expedition which he was about to lead in order to obtain important information as to the disposition of the Toltec armies. This woman was able to betray this little expedition to the Toltecs, in order that they might arrange an ambuscade, and so, as she thought, make sure of the death of the King.

Her nefarious project was defeated only by a dream or inspiration which came to the hermit-father, in consequence of which he left his cave, and met his son the King while on his way with his expedition, and demanded to be allowed to lead the party himself. His son expostulated, saying that it was madness for his father at his age to expose himself to such risks. Ursa however insisted, and Sirius was at last compelled to yield. The old royal hermit therefore led the expedition, and contrived to obtain the necessary information and send back a messenger with it before he fell into the ambuscade which had been prepared for his son, and was killed. In this way the life of Sirius was saved, but he mourned greatly for the death of his father, all the more since Mercury by some intuition was able to tell

him that his father had, through his dream, known of the danger, and had therefore voluntarily resigned his own life in order to deliver his son.

This event produced a profound impression upon both Sirius and Alcyone, and the former went to consult Mercury as to what line of action he should take. Mercury's advice was that, since not only was the country being devastated by this incessant warfare, but also anything like real progress for the people was quite impossible while such conditions persisted, he should make a determined effort to come to terms with the Toltec Emperor, even though for that purpose it might be necessary to offer some compromise, such as the payment of a largely enhanced tribute. By good fortune, Sirius was able shortly afterwards to inflict a crushing defeat upon the Toltec army, and to drive its remnants out of his kingdom. As soon as this had been done, he at once sent an embassy to the Toltec Emperor announcing that although the victory was at present entirely in his hands, he yet desired peace and not further war, and to save bloodshed he desired to come to an amicable arrangement. The Emperor, tired of an unprofitable war in a distant part of his kingdom, was more reasonable than might have been expected, and so, by the payment of only a slightly enhanced tribute from the revenues, Sirius was enabled to disband his armies, and devote them to much needed works of peace.

Alcyone was a real helpmate to her husband in all this, being full of plans for the amelioration of the condition of the people. A time of peace and prosperity now began both for the King and the country. Several more children were born to the King and Queen (the sons being Aurora, Selene, Vajra, and Neptune, and the daughters Mizar, Demeter and Mira) and they were very happy in their domestic life together. Another of our list of characters appears here—Cygnus, who was steward of some large states belonging to Sirius, whom he served faithfully in that capacity for many years.

The other claimant to the throne, Pollux, the half-brother of the King, though his case was abandoned by the Toltec Emperor, did not cease to plot in order to gain the throne. His chief endeavor was to assassinate Sirius, and twice he all but succeeded. On the second of these occasions it was really Alcyone who saved her husband's life, for she had a vivid dream which induced her to send to him with the greatest haste as he sat in judgment, warning him that an attack on him was about to be made. Her dream or forecast described the man who was about to make the murderous attack with such accuracy that the King was instantly able to recognise him when he came before him, and immediately ordered his guards to seize and examine the man. The weapon with which it had been his intention to murder the King was found upon him, and as he was not able to account for its possession his shrift was a short one.

Under the King's intelligent rule, and with the peace which he had procured for it, the kingdom rapidly advanced in power and wealth. Again at the suggestion of Mercury, now drawing to extreme old age, Sirius sent for his half-brother, and endeavored to come to some sort of arrangement with him. He told him quite plainly that he regarded the kingdom as a charge committed to his care, and that he could not therefore yield it to anyone else, but he offered him the governorship of a certain division of the country under himself. The claimant, however, declined to accept this, and said that he would be satisfied with nothing less than the whole. However, in the course of the interviews which he had had with Sirius, this half-brother had fallen in love with Alcyone, and for the purpose of being near her he presently offered to accept the governorship, not of a distant province, but of the capital city. This Sirius very willingly gave him.

When Mercury heard of this arrangement he warned Sirius not to place too great a confidence in the apparent

friendliness of his half-brother. A time came when Pollux took advantage of his new position to make improper advances to Alcyone, which she promptly rejected, yet she doubted whether she should expose him to her husband because of the fact that the latter was greatly pleased to have (as he thought) thus extinguished the life-long enmity of his half-brother. As the young man promised amendment she hid the matter for a while, but presently his passions once more got the better of him and a scene occurred which it was impossible to hide from Sirius. The latter was exceedingly angry, and deposed his brother and cast him into prison, where he shortly afterwards died.

At this period a great sorrow came both to Sirius and Alcyone in the death of their revered father and teacher, Mercury, at a very advanced age. They mourned sincerely over his loss, and indeed they might well do so, for no similarly sage counsellor was forthcoming after he had gone. Meanwhile the Toltec Emperor also had died, and his successor, Ulysses, presently determined upon an aggressive policy, his idea being definitely to reduce the whole of the island to a direct obedience to himself, instead of his being merely the nominal suzerain over a number of Kings of the earlier sub-races. After a great deal of effort and a vast amount of bloodshed he succeeded in his effort to make the whole into one kingdom, but the Tlavatli mountaineers could not brook the loss of their liberty, and constant outbreaks were the result, and plots and counterplots. Sirius was killed in battle in the effort to save the liberty of his country, in the year 13,600.

Alcyone was filled with deepest sorrow, and allowed herself to harbor bitter thoughts of revenge against the new Toltec Emperor. This misfortune seemed for the time quite to change her character, and the gentle and loving wife became a determined and relentless avenger, filled entirely with one idea. She dressed herself in her husband's armor, put herself at the head of what remained of her people and fled to the recesses of the mountains, since the Toltec armies had over-run the whole country.

Her husband's steward, Cygnus, who had always greatly admired her, became one of the foremost of her band of warriors, and distinguished himself greatly. She directed a guerilla warfare for some years, enduring the greatest hardships, but never for a moment swerving from her purpose. She was quite unable, with her handful of mountaineers, to meet the Toltecs in open fight, but she constantly harassed them and, owing to the intimate knowledge which she gained of the fastnesses of the mountain-chain, she was always able to elude all attempts to capture her. Meanwhile, she never wavered in her hatred of the Emperor, whose ambition had caused the death of her beloved husband.

She caused her sons to take an oath never to rest until that Emperor and his power should be destroyed, and she sent one of them (Aurora) in disguise to the City of the Golden Gate to endeavor to compass this destruction. After many adventures the young man reached that city, and soon contrived to attach himself to some of the many disaffected parties, and when the opportunity offered he was one of the party who fell upon the Emperor and slew him. He hurried to his mother with the news of the downfall of the tyrant, proudly exhibiting to her the dagger with which the deed had been done. She welcomed him with praise as the avenger of his father, yet even in the very act a doubt for the first time came across her mind as to whether her dead husband and her dead father would fully have approved her action.

This doubt grew and increased until it became a nightmare to her, and she commenced a kind of invocation to her dead husband, declaring that she would not cease to call for him until he should tell her what was his will. For days and nights she continued this strange invocation until at last she fell asleep in sheer exhaustion; then in her dream she saw Sirius once more. Sirius and Mercury came to her together, and they told her that, while by all the standards of the time her act of revenge had been allowable and even laudable, there was yet a

higher standpoint from which all revenge was not only wrong but presumptuous, as an interference with the divine prerogative of the Law.

"My daughter," said Mercury, "in this you have erred, though well I understand the reason for your error. Your excuse seemed to you a sufficient one, yet no excuse can ever make wrong right, nor violence justifiable, and this act of yours will bring much suffering in the future, both to you and the devoted instrument whom you have employed; but through suffering wisdom shall come to you, and in the far future your hand shall lead to the light him whose career of sin you have now cut short, and in that future I shall help and direct you both, as I have done in this life."

Alcyone, though grieved at the disapproval of her father, was yet very greatly comforted in many ways by this vision, for she felt quite sure that she had once more met face to face those whom in all the world she had loved most deeply. Once more she became herself again. She retained her man's attire only long enough to instal her eldest son Uranus upon the throne of his father, and then cast it aside for ever, and became the gentle and loving Alcyone of earlier days.

Now that the tyrant was dead, his kingdom at once broke up into its original parts, and no further attack was made upon the tribes of the southern mountains. The new King Uranus ruled well and wisely, for the Queen-mother Alcyone was ever at his back, thinking always what Sirius would have done, and what Mercury would have advised. For some considerable time they did still advise her, though she was but half-conscious of the fact; yet very often it was to their influence that she owed the wisdom of the decisions which she made, or rather influenced the King to make.

Though she herself had now come to regard the period of her revenge with regret and distaste, and indeed to look upon it with wonder as a kind of obsession, the people applauded it, and regarded it as the most splendid

heroism. She was therefore greatly reverenced and admired, and her influence was in many ways even greater than that of the King himself. She survived her husband for some thirty years, and eventually passed peacefully away in the year 13,569, at the age of eighty-two, deeply loved and mourned by the whole nation and by the many children whom she had reared so well, except for that one dark time when the shock of a great sorrow had led her to deviate from the teaching of the law of love. Her son the King survived her for some years and, remembering her instruction, ruled well and wisely, and as the Toltec power never regained sufficient strength to reassert itself in the southern mountains, the dynasty which was thus founded lasted for centuries, and her tribe flourished exceedingly.

This life was on the whole a very good one, and in it considerable progress was made, in spite of that one lapse, under terrible provocation, into the fault which had been the dominant note of a previous life. But at least we may note that this time the feeling of revenge was excited no longer on merely personal grounds, but solely by the injury to a loved one. As we shall presently see, there are lives lying yet far in the future in which all thought of revenge shall be cast aside under the influence of the great Embodiment of Love and Compassion.

Her eldest daughter, Herakles, married Aldebaran, and this transferred her interests to another kingdom of the same general type and condition, also Tlavatli. In course of time her husband inherited the throne of this kingdom, so that she also became a Queen. She had a great reputation for wisdom, and was at times under the control of some good influence, for her husband often consulted her on points about which he was in doubt, which she certainly answered with more than her own knowledge. Her sons were Helios, Arcor, Albireo and Capricorn, and her daughters Achilles, Rigel and Hector.

Mizar married Irene—an event which took place much later than any of the other marriages. When her

mother grew old she and her husband came and lived at the old home, and she took charge of the household. One of her children was Regulus. Vajra left home early, and seems to have travelled a good deal, and he stayed a long time with Aldebaran and Herakles. He was decidedly adventurous, and undertook several exploring expeditions into the neighboring mountains. Demeter was rather sensitive, though not distinctly psychic. Neptune, a man with a good deal of affection which he always placed wisely, married Bellatrix. Selene led a quiet and studious life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MERCURY: ... *Priest of the Sun. Wife:* Pindar. *Daughter:* Alcyone.

URANUS: ... *Father:* Sirius. *Mother:* Alcyone. *Brothers:* Aurora, Selene, Vajra, Neptune. *Sisters:* Herakles, Mizar, Demeter, Mira. *Wife:* Elsa. *Sons:* Beatrix, Orpheus, Alcestis. *Daughters:* Concordia, Ausonia.

NEPTUNE: ... *Wife:* Bellatrix. *Sons:* Phœnix, Minerva. *Daughter:* Proserpina.

CORONA: } ... *Toltec Emperors.*
ULYSSES: }

URSA: ... *King. Father:* Alastor. *First Wife:* Orion. *Son:* Sirius. *Daughter:* Vega. *Second Wife:* Hesperia. *Son:* Pollux.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Mercury. *Mother:* Pindar. *Husband:* Sirius. *Sons:* Uranus, Aurora, Selene, Vajra, Neptune. *Daughters:* Herakles, Mizar, Demeter, Mira.

POLLUX: ... *Wife:* Cetus. *Daughter:* Gemini.

AURORA: ... *Wife:* Crux. *Sons:* Calypso, Tolosa. *Daughters:* Dorado, Viola.

SELENE: ... *Wife:* Melete. *Sons:* Fides, Siwa. *Daughters:* Pomona, Sirona.

HERAKLES: ... *Husband:* Aldebaran. *Sons:* Helios, Arcor, Albireo, Capricorn. *Daughters:* Achilles, Rigel, Hector.

MIZAR: ... *Husband:* Irene. *Sons:* Regulus, Polaris, Argus. *Daughters:* Andromeda, Phocea.

VEGA: ... *Husband:* Capella. *Son:* Centaurus. *Daughters:* Tiphys, Auriga, Iris.

CYGNUS: ... *Steward of Sirius.*

BOREAS: ... *Servant of Cygnus.*

THETIS: ... *Treacherous old woman.*

XIV

The fanatical majority of the Āryan race in Central Asia continued to increase and multiply, and as the cultivable land round the shores of the Gobi Sea was a limited quantity, wave after wave of emigration went forth from it, and the great majority of these waves eventually found their way into India. Very much later certain bands penetrated Persia, but at this time the empire occupying that district was much too strong for them to venture to attack it. One army or tribe of such emigrants had, however, worked their way round the north of Persia, and eventually arrived at the Caucasian district, from which far later they radiated over Europe. Many minor waves of immigration into India seem to have extended over a period of some thousands of years.

In a general way the Āryan incursion much resembled the descent of the Goths and Vandals upon the Roman Empire. We find the same phenomenon of a high civilisation with all sorts of specialised detail, yet somewhat effete. The Āryan invaders, though very much less civilised as far as arts and sciences went, were a more virile race, far more fanatical and less philosophical. Their leaders impressed upon them that their conquest was a religious war. They spoke of the Atlanteans as Ḍāsyas, and regarded them as unbelievers, to be exterminated at all costs, despising their higher civilisation and their arts, though

not apparently their gold. The Atlantean cities possessed fabulous wealth in the way of gold and jewels, and their soldiers were well-disciplined, yet they in most cases were unable to stand before the wild onrush of the burly barbarians from the north. Other races existed in the country, apparently of Lemurian descent; there was a large black population quite apart both from the brown Tlavatli majority, and from the red Toltec race, in whose hands was usually all the power. The Toltecs were sometimes spoken of as Nāgas, and some of the darker people were called Takṣhaks—a people who used poisoned arrows with iron barbs.

The Āryans were physically larger and stronger men, with keen eyes and aquiline noses, not unlike the Afghāns or Paṭhāns of the present day, and man for man they easily overmatched the more enervated Atlanteans, though some of the large fortified towns of the latter held out against their attacks for centuries. The Āryans were on the whole a bright and happy people, though by no means ideal in the life which they lived. At this period it would seem that the majority were flesh-eaters; at least it is certain that some large tribes did kill and eat cattle. Also there was a good deal of drunkenness among them, the chief liquor being the juice of some plant of the asclepiad order, which they mixed with milk. Some of the tribes, when they settled down in the conquered countries in the north of India, cultivated wheat and barley, and practically became vegetarians. Nothing in the nature of caste is observable at this period.

The parents of Alcyone belonged to one of these wandering bands, and he was born on the march, somewhere in the hill country in the neighborhood of what is now called Afghāniṣṭān, in the year 12,877 B. C. This band made its way slowly down to the Panjāb, which was already in the hands of the Āryans. These marauding invaders seem always to have been ready to fight,

just as much with men of their own race as with others, if they could not get exactly what they wanted. In some cases the Āryan Kings already in possession were wise enough to claim kinship with these new bands and speed them on their way; others, having been settled for centuries, regarded their brethren as mere savages, resisted them vigorously, and were usually defeated by them.

The family to which Alcyone belonged eventually settled down at a place called Arupalu, not far from where Amritsar now is. It must be remembered that while the Āryan invaders usually expelled or massacred the Atlanteans, in some places they lived amicably with them; and though the majority of Āryans were fiercely intolerant and fanatical, and objected to anything which even savored of the higher civilisation of Atlantis, there were yet some who were more broad-minded and more willing to learn. The religion of the Atlanteans was a form of Sun-worship, but it was accompanied by a magnificent system of philosophy. Their temples were usually of dazzling white stone, and built in the shape of a star.

Alcyone's earliest memories were connected with the ceaseless forward movement of the tribe, and the first deity to whom he was taught to pray was Pūshan, the Path-finder, to whom the tribe put up their petitions that he would find a road for them, and lead them into a pleasant land. They had many strange and interesting traditions of the country whence they had come. If these are in any way to be trusted, it would seem that they had been a semi-barbarous people, living on the outskirts of the territory of some great settled power, whose constant pressure and expansion drove them into migration.

Alcyone's father in this incarnation was Algol, and his mother was Theseus, but she died very shortly after his birth. The father was a man of fanatical type, bitterly opposed to everything, good and bad alike, which savored of the high Atlantean civilisation, and this feeling was rather intensified than modified by the fact that in the

district in which they settled the Āryans and Atlanteans had arranged to live together in comparative harmony. Alcyone seems soon to have doubted the wisdom of his father's position, for there were many things about the civilisation which attracted him very strongly, and even as a boy he made friends equally with Atlantean and Āryan children. Indeed, his favorite companion, Psyche, was the son of a wealthy Atlantean dignitary, Orpheus, but his father's fanaticism was so great that he never dared to invite his friend to his home, or even to let his father know of that friend's existence. He contrived incidentally to get a good deal more education than his father would have given him, for he learnt at second-hand from his friend a good deal of what the latter was taught.

All these facts had a serious influence over the direction of his future life, for his visits to this boy-friend continued over a period of some years, until they were both young men, when he complicated the situation by falling deeply in love with his friend's sister Mizar. The feeling was strongly reciprocated, but the prospect before the two young people was not hopeful. It was impossible even to think of proposing such an alliance to the father Algol, while the Atlantean dignitary on his side was little likely to welcome an arrangement which linked him to one who was so fiercely opposed to his race. So the young people found themselves to some extent in a dilemma—unable to do anything without taking the parents into their confidence, and yet at the same time unable to tell either of the parents, because of the feelings with which they regarded each other.

The Gordian knot was cut for them, however, for through gossip of some kind the news of Alcyone's visits to an Atlantean household reached his father's ears, and called down upon his head an outburst of vituperation. When it thus came to the point Alcyone boldly admitted that his friendship was a matter of years, and he furthermore announced his intention of marrying Mizar.

His father promptly turned him out of the house, but fortunately omitted to notify his Atlantean friends. Alcyone at once went to call upon them, took his friend and Mizar into his confidence, and took away the breath of the latter by proposing that she should instantly fly with him then and there, before the news of his father's proceedings could come to the ears of her family. At first there was some natural hesitation, but finally Mizar yielded, and with Psyche's assistance, and a large sum of money which he lent them, these two young lovers actually started off together.

Their method of escape was to attach themselves to one of the Āryan bands which happened just then to be passing through the country, feeling certain that that was the last place in which any one would look for them, and also that a body of Āryan invaders would be very unlikely to give them up, even if enquiries were made for them. Some sort of excuse about a sudden visit to some friends or relations kept the Atlantean father off their track until the band to which they joined themselves had passed out of the province, and by the time that he realised the state of affairs it was practically impossible to trace the fugitives; that is to say, he was able to discover that they had joined the Āryan host, but not to recover them or to obtain any further information about them.

The Āryan bands were moving eastwards, and though there was much about their mode of life which was distasteful to the young couple, they were nevertheless kindly treated in a kind of hearty and boisterous manner. They moved on with the band for some time, though always fully intending to break away from it when they felt themselves sufficiently secure from possible pursuit or interference.

Having thus sacrificed everything for the sake of love, Alcyone had of course to consider how he could make a living for himself and his young wife. As they were of

different nations it was necessary that they should find something to do, and somewhere to make a home, in one of those parts of the country where the two races were living together in amity. Alcyone had the good fortune to be able to render a personal service to one of the leaders of the band by an act of bravery during a night attack which was made upon a part of this very irregular army; but although for that once Alcyone had saved his life, his karma was evidently to leave this plane, for he was killed shortly afterwards in some fighting a little further to the east. In return for this service, the Āryan leader, Vesta, pressed upon Alcyone's acceptance a large chest of gold and jewels which he had acquired in the attack upon some Atlantean city in an earlier part of his march.

He also demanded Alcyone's story, and when he heard that it was his desire to abandon the wandering life as soon as possible and settle to some occupation, he offered him the choice of coming on with them to further conquests in the remote and unknown eastern country (probably Bengal) or of establishing himself almost immediately with recommendations to Draco, a certain relative of the leader's who had come into the country a few years before with a previous band, and had succeeded in establishing himself not far from where they then were. As Mizar was about to become a mother, and found the constant travelling and the rough boisterous life of the camp very trying, Alcyone accepted the latter alternative, and through the good offices of the leader's relative he presently found himself in possession of an estate at a place called Dhramira, not far from where Saharanpur now stands. Draco's wife Cassiopeia was particularly kind to Mizar, and nursed her very carefully through her confinement.

They settled down now into a happy and somewhat uneventful life. Owing to the recommendation which they had received from the Āryan leader they were able to make good friends, but they were so much devoted to each other that the really important part of their life

was the domestic. A son, Fomalhaut, was soon born to them, and their pleasure would have been unalloyed but for an unfortunate accident which befell Alcyone at this period, and caused him a great deal of suffering—indeed, he never entirely recovered from it. He was always of an enquiring and experimental turn of mind, and when a rich Atlantean friend, Aletheia, imported one of the strange air-ships from Atlantis, he very willingly accepted an invitation to make a trial trip in it along with its owner. Some error in the management of the power caused one of the directing tubes to catch and become jammed at a critical moment, so that the machine fell, and its passengers were thrown out with great violence. Both were badly injured, and though Alcyone eventually recovered and became as strong as ever, he walked with a limp until the day of his death, owing to some injury to the hip which could not be perfectly dealt with by the primitive surgery of the time.

His estate however prospered, and as the years rolled by he became rich and respected. He took considerable interest in the study of Atlantean philosophy, and he and Mizar remained always upon the most friendly terms with both the Āryan and the Atlantean priests, though their attachment was on the whole greatest to the star-shaped temples of the Sun-God. They had altogether eight children, but three of them died, causing them great sorrow, in which however their philosophy stood them in good stead. Āryan migrations continued to pass them at intervals, but they were fortunate in being able to deal in a politic manner with these wandering bands, and Alcyone, in memory of his friend Vesta, always offered them the freest hospitality, and so kept on good terms with them. The largest of all these migrations was under the charge of Mars, who led a mighty host of armed men through Amriṭsar on his way to Central India, where he eventually made for himself an empire. His brother Mercury came with him as high-priest. Mars had married Saturn, and had two sons, Virâj and Vajra, and two daughters, Vulcan and Herakles. Mercury had as wife

Venus, and as sons Neptune and Uranus, while his daughters were Osiris, Proserpina and Tolosa. Alcyone felt an intense admiration for Herakles, and could not bear to part from her. Herakles afterwards married Polaris, and had three sons, Viola, Dorado, Olympia, and one daughter Phœnix.

Both Alcyone and his wife lived to a good old age, and were much respected, he being especially looked up to as an expounder of the philosophy and one who was able to harmonise the conflicting tenets of the two religions. Towards the end of her life Mizar suffered much from rheumatism, and was practically bed-ridden for some years before her death, at the age of seventy-five. Alcyone survived her for five years, himself passing away in the year 12,795.

Although there were few striking events in this life, and many years of comparatively quiet prosperity, it was not without its effect in developing the character of Alcyone, who gained in courage and decision, and showed considerable administrative ability, learning also especially the art of dealing wisely with men—an acquisition which was of great value to him in his next incarnation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARS: ... *Leader of Migration. Wife:* Saturn. *Sons:* Virâj, Vajra. *Daughters:* Vulcan, Herakles.

MERCURY: ... *High Priest. Wife:* Venus. *Sons:* Neptune, Uranus. *Daughters:* Osiris, Proserpina, Tolosa.

HERAKLES: ... *Husband:* Polaris. *Sons:* Viola, Dorado, Olympia. *Daughter:* Phœnix.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Algol. *Mother:* Theseus. *Wife:* Mizar. *Sons:* Fomalhaut, Altair, Wenceslas.

ORPHEUS: ... *Atlantean Dignitary. Son:* Psyche. *Daughter:* Mizar.

VESTA: ... *Âryan Leader.*

DRACO: ... *Relation of Vesta. Wife:* Cassiopeia.

ALETHEIA: ... *Atlantean friend of Alcyone.*

THE MAGIC OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

THE possibility of what we should now call the Theosophical interpretation of Christianity was by no means unknown within the early Church, although it has been entirely forgotten in these later centuries. Origen, for example, the most brilliant and learned of all the ecclesiastical Fathers, speaks very plainly with regard to the difference between the ignorant faith of the undeveloped multitude and the higher and reasonable faith which is founded upon definite knowledge. He draws a distinction between the popular irrational faith which leads to what he calls "somatic Christianity" (that is to say, the merely physical form of the religion) and the spiritual Christianity offered by the Gnosis or Wisdom. He makes it perfectly clear that by somatic Christianity he means that faith which is based on the gospel history. Of a teaching founded upon this historical narrative he says: "What better method could be devised to assist the masses?"

In these days the Church considers it her highest glory that she has produced the saint, and she points to the roll of her saints as a proof of the truth and the result of her teaching. But in those earlier times this, which now seems the final goal of her effort, was only an introduction to it. Then she had three great orders or degrees, through which her children had to pass, and these were called respectively purification, illumination and perfection. Now she devotes herself solely to producing good men, and she points to the saint as her crowning glory and achievement; but in those days when she had made a man a saint her work with him was only just beginning, for then only was he fitted for the training and the teaching which she could give him then, but cannot now, because she has forgotten her ancient knowledge. Her purification led the

man to saintship; her illumination then gave him the knowledge which was taught in the Mysteries, and this led him up towards the condition of perfection and of unity with the Divine. Now she contents herself with the preliminary purification, and has no illumination to give.

Nevertheless, and in spite of all this, the old Magic which was instituted by her Founder is still working and effective, and even in these days of her decadence she is still definitely under guidance and control. There is still a real and a vital power in the sacraments when truly performed—the power of the Logos Himself—and it comes through Him whom we call the Master Jesus, because this is His special department.

It was not He, but the Christ—the Lord Maitreya—who founded the religion, but nevertheless the special charge of Christianity has been given into the hands of Him who yielded His body for the work of the Founder. Belief in His personal interest in the Christian Church has almost died out in many branches of it; the members think of Him as a teacher who lived two thousand years ago rather than as an active power in the Church to-day. They have forgotten that He is still a living force, a real presence—truly with us always, even to the end of the world, as He has said. Not God in the idolatrous sense, yet the channel through which the Divine power has reached many millions—the official in charge of the devotional department of the work of the Christ.

The Church has turned aside widely from the course originally marked out for it. It was meant to meet all types; now it meets only one, and that very imperfectly. The reconstruction of the links must come, and as intellectual activity is the sign of our time and of the latest sub-race, the intellectual revival which shows itself in the higher criticism has for its very purpose that of enabling religion to meet another type of mind. If only the priests and the teachers had the advantage of direct knowledge, they would

be able to deal with and to help their people in this crisis—to guide their intellectual activity by means of their own knowledge of the truth, and to keep alive in the hearts of their flock the spirituality without which the intellectual effort can be but barren.

Not only has the Church almost entirely forgotten the original doctrine taught by her Founder, but most of her priests have now little conception of the real meaning and power of the ceremonies which they have to perform. It is probable that the Christ foresaw that this would happen, for He has carefully arranged that the ceremonies should work even though neither celebrants nor people have any intelligent comprehension of their methods or their results. It would probably be very difficult to explain the outline of His plan to the average Christian; to the Theosophist it ought to be more readily comprehensible, because he is already familiar with some of the general ideas involved in it.

We who are students have often heard of the great reservoir of force which is constantly being filled by the Nirmāṇakayas in order that its contents may be utilised by the Adept Hierarchy and Their pupils for the helping of the evolution of mankind. The arrangement made by the Christ with regard to His religion was that what we may call a special compartment of that reservoir should be reserved for its use, and that a certain set of officials should be empowered by the use of certain special ceremonies, certain words and signs of power, to draw upon it for the spiritual benefit of their people. The scheme adopted for passing on the power is what is called ordination, and thus we see at once the real meaning of the doctrine of the apostolic succession, about which there has been so much of argument. I myself held strongly to that doctrine while officiating as a priest of the Church; but when through the study of Theosophy I came to understand religion better and to take a far wider view of life, I began to doubt whether in reality the succession

meant so much as we of the ritualistic party had supposed. With still further study, however, I was rejoiced to find that there was a real foundation for the doctrine, and that it meant even more than much our highest schools had ever taught.

My attention was first called to this by watching the effect produced by the celebration of the Mass in a Roman Catholic Church in a little village in Sicily. Those who know that most beautiful of islands will understand that one does not meet with the Roman Catholic Church there in its most intellectual form, and neither the priest nor the people could be described as especially highly developed; yet the quite ordinary celebration of the Mass was a magnificent display of the application of occult force. At the moment of consecration the Host glowed with the most dazzling brightness; it became in fact a veritable sun to the eye of the clairvoyant, and as the priest lifted it above the heads of the people I noticed that two distinct varieties of spiritual force poured forth from it, which might perhaps be taken as roughly corresponding to the light of the sun and the streamers of his corona. The first rayed out impartially in all directions upon all the people in the church; indeed it penetrated the walls of the church as though they were not there, and influenced a considerable section of the surrounding country.

This force was of the nature of a strong stimulus, and its action was strongest of all upon the buḍḍhic plane, though it was also exceedingly powerful upon the three higher sub-planes of the mental. Its activity was marked upon the first, second and third sub-planes of the astral also, but this was a reflexion of the mental, or perhaps an effect produced by sympathetic vibration. Its effect upon the people who came within the range of its influence was proportionate to their development. In a very few cases (where there was some slight buḍḍhic development) it acted as a powerful stimulant, doubling or trebling for a time the amount of activity in those buḍḍhic bodies and the

radiance which they were capable of emitting. But forasmuch as in most people the buddhic matter was as yet almost entirely dormant, its chief effect was produced upon the causal bodies of the inhabitants. Most of them, again, were awake and even partially responsive only as far as the matter of the third sub-plane was concerned, and therefore they missed much of the advantage that they might have gained if the higher parts of their causal bodies had been in full activity. But at any rate every ego within reach, without exception, received a distinct impetus and a distinct benefit from that act of consecration, little though they knew or recked of what was being done. The astral vibrations also, though much fainter, produced a far-reaching effect, for at least the astral bodies of the Sicilians are thoroughly well-developed, so that it is not difficult to stir their emotions. Many people far away from the church, walking along the village street or pursuing their various avocations upon the lonely hillsides, felt for a moment a thrill of affection or devotion, which assuredly they never dreamt of connecting with the mass which was being celebrated in their little cathedral.

It at once becomes evident that we are here in the presence of a grand and far-reaching scheme. Clearly one of the great objects, perhaps the principal object, of the daily celebration of the Mass is that everyone within reach of it shall receive at least once each day one of these electric shocks which are so well calculated to promote any growth of which he is capable. Such an outpouring of force brings to each person whatever he has made himself capable of receiving; but at least even the quite undeveloped and ignorant cannot but be somewhat the better for the passing touch of a noble emotion, while for the few more advanced it means a spiritual uplifting the value of which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

But I said that there was a second effect, which I compared to the streamers of the sun's corona. The light which I have just described poured forth impartially upon

all, the just and the unjust, the believers and the scoffers. But this second force was called into activity only in response to a strong feeling of devotion on the part of an individual. At the elevation of the Host all members of the congregation duly prostrated themselves—some apparently as a mere matter of habit, but some also with a strong upwelling of deep devotional feeling. The effect as seen by clairvoyant sight was most striking and profoundly impressive, for to each of these latter there darted from the uplifted Host a ray of fire, which set the higher part of the astral body of the recipient glowing with the most intense ecstasy. Through the astral body, by reason of its close relation with it, the buḍḍhic, vehicle was also strongly affected; and although in none of these peasants could it be said to be in any way awakened, its growth within its shell was unquestionably distinctly stimulated, and its capability of instinctively influencing the astral was enhanced. For we must not forget that while the awakened buḍḍhi can consciously mould and direct the astral, there is a great storehouse of force in even the most undeveloped buḍḍhic vehicle, and this shines out upon and through the astral body, even though it be unconsciously and as it were automatically.

I was of course intensely interested in this phenomenon, and I made a point of attending various functions at different churches in order to learn whether what I had seen on this occasion was invariable, or, if it varied, when and under what conditions. I found that at every celebration the same results were produced, and the two forces which I have tried to describe were always in evidence—the first apparently without any appreciable variation, but the display of the second depending upon the number of really devotional people who formed part of the congregation.

The elevation of the Host immediately after its consecration was not the only occasion upon which this display of force took place. When the benediction was given

with the Blessed Sacrament exactly the same thing happened. On several occasions I followed the procession of the Host through the streets, and every time that a halt was made at some half-ruined church and the benediction was given from its steps, precisely the same double phenomenon was produced. I observed that the reserved Host upon the altar of the church was all day long steadily pouring forth the former of the two influences, though not so strongly as at the moment of elevation or benediction. One might say that the light glowed upon the altar without ceasing, but shone forth as a sun at those moments of special effort. The action of the second force, the second ray of light, could also be evoked from the reserved Sacrament upon the altar, apparently at any time, though even that seemed to me less vivid than the outpouring immediately after the consecration.

A third effect is that which is produced upon the communicant. He who receives into his body a part of that dazzling centre from which flow the light and the fire becomes himself for the time a similar centre and radiates power in his turn. The tremendous vibrations which he has thus drawn into the closest possible association with himself cannot but very seriously influence his own. For the time they probably raise his vibrations into harmony with themselves, thus producing a feeling of intense exaltation. This however is a considerable strain upon his various vehicles, and they naturally tend gradually to fall back again to their normal rates. For a long time the indescribably vivid higher influence struggles against this tendency to slow down, but the dead weight of the comparatively enormous mass of the man's own ordinary vibrations acts as a drag upon even its tremendous energy, and gradually brings it and themselves down to the common level. But undoubtedly every such experience draws the man just an infinitesimal fraction higher than he was before. He has been for a few moments or even for a few hours in direct contact with the forces of a plane far higher than any that he himself can touch.

Naturally I then proceeded to make further investigations as to how far this outflowing of force was affected by the character, the knowledge or the intention of the priest. I may sum up briefly the results of the examination of a large number of cases in the form of a series of axioms, some of which will no doubt seem surprising to many.

First, only those priests who have been lawfully ordained, and have the apostolic succession, can produce this effect at all. Other men, not being part of this definite organisation, cannot perform this feat, no matter how devoted or good or saintly they may be. Secondly, neither the character of the priest, nor his knowledge nor ignorance as to what he is really doing, affects the result in any way whatever.

If one thinks of it, neither of these statements ought to seem to us in any way astonishing, since it is obviously a question of being able to perform a certain action, and only those who have passed through a certain ceremony have received the gift of the ability to perform it. Just in the same way, in order to be able to speak to a certain set of people one must know their language, and a man who does not know that language cannot communicate with them, no matter how good and earnest and devoted he may be. Also his power to communicate with them is not affected by his private character, but only by the one fact that he has, or has not, the power to speak to them which is conferred by a knowledge of their language. I do not for a moment say that these other considerations are without their due effect; I shall speak of that later, but what I do say is that no one can draw upon this particular reservoir unless he has received the power to do so which comes from a due appointment given according to the direction left by the Christ.

I think that we can see a very good reason why precisely this arrangement has been made. Some plan was needed which should put a splendid outpouring of

force within the reach of everyone simultaneously in thousands of churches all over the world. I do not say that it might not be possible for a man of very exceptional power and holiness to call down through the strength of his devotion an amount of higher force commensurate with that obtained through the rites which I have described. But men of such exceptional power are always excessively rare, and it could never at any time of the world's history have been possible to find enough of them simultaneously to fill even one-thousandth part of the places where they are needed. But here is a plan whose arrangement is to a certain extent mechanical; it is ordained that a certain act when duly performed shall be the recognised method of bringing down the force; and this can be done with comparatively little training by any one upon whom the power is conferred. A strong man is needed to pump up water, but any child can turn on a tap. It needs a strong man to make a door and to hang it in its place, but when it is once on its hinges any child can open it.

Having myself been a priest of the Church of England, and knowing how keen are the disputes as to whether that Church really has the apostolic succession or not, I was naturally interested in discovering whether its priests possessed this power. I was much pleased to find that they did, and I suppose we may take that as definitely settling the much disputed Parker question, and with it the whole controversy as to the authenticity of the Orders of the Church of England. I soon found by examination that ministers of what are commonly called dissenting sects did not possess this power, no matter how good and earnest they might be. Their goodness and earnestness produced plenty of other effects which I shall presently describe, but their efforts did *not* draw upon the particular reservoir to which I have referred.

I was especially interested in the case of one such minister whom I knew personally to be a good and

devout man, and also a well-read Theosophist. Here was a man who knew very much more about the real meaning of the act of consecration than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the priests who constantly perform it; and yet I am bound to admit that his best effort did not produce this particular effect, while the others as unquestionably did. Once more, of course he produced other things which they did not—of which more anon. That at first somewhat surprised me, but I soon saw that it could not have been otherwise. Suppose, for example, that a certain sum of money is left by a rich Free-Mason for distribution among his poorer brethren, the law would never sanction the division of that money among any others than the Free-Masons for whom it was intended, and the fact that other poor people outside the Masonic body might be more devout or more deserving would not weigh with it in the slightest degree.

Another point which interested me greatly was the endeavor to discover to what extent, if at all, the intention of the priest affected the result produced. In the Roman Church I found many priests who went through the ceremony somewhat mechanically, and as a matter of daily duty, without any decided thought on the subject; but whether from ingrained reverence or from long habit they always seemed to recover themselves just before the moment of consecration and to perform that act with a definite intention.

I turned then to what is called the Low Church division of the Anglican community to see what would happen with them, because I knew that many of them would reject altogether the name of priest, and though they might follow the rubric in performing the act of consecration their intention in doing it would be exactly the same as that of ministers of various denominations outside the Church. Yet I found that the Low Churchman could and did produce the effect, and that the others

outside did not. Hence I infer that the 'intention' which is always said to be required must be no more than the intention to do whatever the Church means, without reference to the private opinion of the particular priest as to what that meaning is. I have no doubt that many people will think that all this ought to be quite differently arranged, but I can only report faithfully what my investigations have shown me to be the fact.

I must not for a moment be understood as saying that the devotion and earnestness, the knowledge and the good character of the officiant make no difference. They make a very great difference; but they do not affect the power to draw from that particular reservoir. When the priest is earnest and devoted, his whole feeling radiates out upon his people and calls forth similar feelings in such of them as are capable of expressing them. Also his devotion calls down its inevitable response, as shown in the illustration in *Thought-Forms*, and the downpouring of good influence thus evoked unquestionably benefits his congregation as well as himself; so that a priest who throws his heart and soul into the work which he does may be said to bring down a double blessing upon his people, though the second class of influence can scarcely be considered as being of the same order of magnitude as the first. This second influence which is drawn down by devotion itself is of course to be found just as often outside the Church as within it.

Another factor to be taken into account is the feeling of the congregation. If their feeling is devout and reverent it is of immense help to their teacher, and it enormously increases the amount of influence poured down as a response to devotion. The average intellectual level of the congregation is also a matter to be considered, for a man who is intelligent as well as devotional has within him a devotion of a higher order than his more ignorant brother, and is therefore able to evoke a fuller response. On the other hand in many places of worship where much is made

of the exercise of the intellectual faculties—where for example the sermon and not the service is thought of as the principal feature—there is scarcely any real devotion, but instead of it a horrible spirit of criticism and of spiritual pride which effectually prevents the unfortunate audience from obtaining any good results at all from what they regard as their spiritual exercises. Devotional feeling or carelessness, belief or scepticism on their part makes no difference whatever to the downflow from on high when there is a priest in charge who has the requisite qualifications to draw from the appointed reservoir. But of course these factors make a difference as to the number of rays sent out from the consecrated Host, and so to the general atmosphere of the Church.

The power of the ordained priest is a reality in other ceremonies than the celebration of the eucharist. The consecration of the water in the rite of baptism, or of the holy water which is to be distributed to the faithful or kept at the entrance of the church, pours into it a strong influence, which enables it in each case to perform the part assigned to it. The same is true of other consecrations and benedictions which come in the course of the regular work of the priest, though in many of these it seems that a somewhat larger proportion of the effect is produced by the direct magnetism of the priest himself, and the amount of that of course depends upon the energy and earnestness with which he performs his part of the ceremony.

Perhaps I ought to explain, for the benefit of our Indian readers, that there are three orders among the Christian clergy—bishops, priests, and deacons. When a man is first ordained he is admitted as a deacon, which means, practically, a kind of apprentice or assistant priest. He has not yet the power to consecrate the sacrament, to bless the people or to forgive their sins; he can however baptise children, but even a layman is permitted to do that in case of emergency. After a

year in the diaconate he is eligible for ordination as a priest, and it is this second ordination which confers upon him the power to draw forth the force from the reservoir of which I have spoken. To him is then given the power to consecrate the Host, and also various other objects, to bless the people in the name of the Christ, and to pronounce the forgiveness of their sins. In addition to all these powers, the bishop has that of ordaining other priests, and so carrying on the apostolic succession. He alone has the right to administer the rite of confirmation, and to consecrate a church, that is to say, to set it apart for the service of God. These three are the only orders which mean definite grades, separated from one another by ordinations which confer different powers. You may hear many titles applied to the Christian clergy, such as those of archbishop, archdeacon, dean or canon, but these are only the titles of offices, and involve differences of duty but not of grade in the sense of spiritual power.

C. W. LEADBEATER

Thy feet were made to walk the earth, yet thy brain can build that which will carry thee with almost lightning speed in perfect safety. And still thou art most ignorant of thy powers. Thou canst curb the lightning and safely guide it by the use of material means; yet thou hast not discovered that thought can leave it far behind, and accomplish its mission much more effectually. God, the unlimited, can be at one time in all places. Man, the limited, can send his thoughts with unerring precision, to any given place instantly. This is not all. Those thoughts can, by a passive, harmonious spirit, be comprehended and immediately answered. This can never be accomplished without harmony, for the same channels must be used in which Deity views instantly His whole creation.—*The Healing of the Nations.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

AS students of *The Secret Doctrine* find frequent reference therein to the system of stars of which our sun is a member, it may be useful to give here some of the most recent results of gauging the star depths. The most indefatigable worker in this department of astronomy is Prof. J. C. Kapteyn, who discovered the double drift of stars referred to in the January notes. Some of his recent investigations will be found in *Nature* (Vol. lxxviii. p. 236-7, July 9th, 1908), and from these we are able to form a reasonable estimate of the number of stars in our sidereal system. The unit of distance for this branch of the science is the light-year, or the distance which light travels in a sidereal year. Since light travels about one hundred and ninety thousand miles per second, the unit is a large one, it is in fact sixty-three thousand times the sun's distance; nevertheless the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is a little more than four light-years away from us. If we carve out a cubic volume of space, one hundred light-years in length, breadth, and height, with our sun in the centre, this volume of space will contain two thousand stars; if we describe a sphere with our sun as centre, and with a radius of five hundred and fifty-five light-years, this sphere will contain one million two hundred thousand stars. Within these distances the facts are known with reliable accuracy, and the proportion of different classes of stars can be given for these regions. For instance, within a radius of five hundred and fifty-five light-years, there are 140,000 stars, from one to ten times the luminosity of our sun, 22,000 from ten to one hundred times, 1,300 from one hundred to one thousand times, 46 from one thousand to ten thousand, and one single star, whose

luminosity is estimated to be from ten thousand to one hundred thousand times greater than the sun. We are not told the name of this solitary King of the Heavens, but probably it is the star Canopus, known in India as Agastya.

At greater distances than the above, our knowledge of the stellar universe is less exact. According to Prof. Newcome (*The Stars* p. 315-7), the stars appear to be about evenly distributed around us, up to a distance of three thousand light-years, within which sphere there are upwards of one hundred millions of stars. But if we describe a sphere greater than this, then near the poles of the Milky-Way the sphere becomes empty of stars, and as the radius is further extended the stars tend to collect along an ever-narrowing equatorial zone of the sphere, this equatorial zone being coincident with the Milky-Way, whilst the poles and higher galactic latitudes are quite free from stellar inhabitants. This would imply that our sidereal system is in the form of a flat disc, and that the thickness of the disc is about six thousand light-years. The stellar universe extends much further along the plane of the Milky-Way than across it. Kapteyn estimates the limits of the system measured along this plane at 30,000 light-years, so that if the disc is circular its diameter is 60,000, and its thickness 6,000 light-years. Taking Newcome's estimate, in round numbers, of one hundred million stars contained within the sphere, the diameter of which is equal to the thickness of the disc, and allowing for some little tapering off at the confines of the system, it is easy to show that the total number of stars in the galactic disc is roughly about ten thousand millions. One important consequence of this distribution is that ninety-nine per cent of the stars of our universe, as seen by us, will lie along the plane of the Milky-Way, and only one per cent will be seen as evenly distributed in each direction of space.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, (i. 719), we are told that after a Day and Night of Brahmā, a period of 8,640 million years, a new sun rises triumphantly over a new Manvaṇtara; hence if we may assume that the suns of our sidereal system, have, on the average, the same length of time to go through their cyclic changes, and that each phase of the cycle is evenly distributed in time, then the whole of the 10,000 million suns of our system, will advance into manifestation, or recede into pralaya, once in 8,640 million years, or in other words we shall have one such manifestation, or one such pralaya, on the average, every year. Since about ninety-nine per cent of the stars lie in the plane of the Galaxy, it follows that if either of the above changes is directly observable, the great bulk of them will be seen to occur in the plane of the Milky-Way, and only a few, about one per cent, will be seen distributed evenly in other parts of space. These evenly distributed ones will be those that are in our immediate neighborhood, and on that account may be visible to the unaided sight. If this be so, then whilst these events may be visible telescopically once a year, to the naked eye they would be seen only once a century, since the stars in our neighborhood are the hundredth part of the total. Amongst the many wonderful phenomena of our sidereal system, the one which seems most likely to correspond to the going into, or coming out of, pralaya, is the sudden blazing forth of a new star, where previously none had been known to exist. Such things have been seen to occur both in ancient and modern times, and Flammarion (*Popular Astronomy*, p. 623) states that twenty-four such new stars have been visible to the naked eye during the last 2,000 years. In other words, there has been a little more than one such naked eye occurrence per century, which agrees very closely with our calculation. Again by means of the telescope, and that still more efficient detector, the photographic plate, five new stars have been discovered in six years (*History of Astronomy*, Agnes Clerke, p. 399), or nearly one per annum,

which agrees with our estimate for the whole system of stars. Moreover when we come to consider the distribution of the new stars in space, we find that they are nearly all in the plane of the Milky Way, and that of all those reported so far only three have been found outside it (*Inorganic Evolution*, Lockyer, p. 137), so that the whole of our deductions from theory and the teaching of *The Secret Doctrine* are confirmed by actual observation. On the other hand, the common theory that new stars are due to stellar encounters has fallen to the ground, and scientific men have not yet found a satisfactory substitute (*History of Astronomy*, Clerke, p. 399). It would thus seem that in this problem, as in many others, men of science will need to turn to occult teaching, before they obtain a correct solution.

For the convenience of calculation, I have represented the sidereal universe as in the form of a circular disc, but *The Secret Doctrine* describes it as in the form of a serpent, and if I mistake not, gives it the name Shesha or Ananṭa. Thus we are told (i. 103) the Spirit of God moving on Chaos was symbolised by a fiery serpent breathing fire and light upon the primordial waters, until it had incubated cosmic matter and made it assume the annular shape of a serpent with its tail in its mouth. This serpent Shesha, or Ananṭa, is the couch of Viṣhṇu, and His first Vehicle on the primordial waters (p. 102). The seven-headed Ananṭa, the serpent of an eternity, or a Mahā-Kalpa, carries Viṣhṇu through the Manvanṭara (p. 438). At a Solar Pralaya the Lord (Viṣhṇu), reposes upon the serpent Shesha in the midst of the deep (p. 398-9). That our universe of stars is in the form of a serpent, is substantially confirmed by modern investigations. The late Richard A. Proctor gave years of careful study to the form of our stellar system, and his final conclusion is shown in his *Old and New Astronomy* (p. 710). The form he there draws, by way of illustration, could not be

much better described than by that of a serpent swallowing its tail. Other eminent astronomers, amongst whom may be mentioned Prof. Newcome, Sir Norman Lockyer, and Agnes Clerke, likewise hold the opinion that the universe is ring-shaped; so that *The Secret Doctrine* teaching in this respect has received very authoritative confirmation. The continual passing into, and out of, pralaya of suns and stars, is known as the fourth kind of pralaya, called the Nitya Pralaya, or Constant Dissolution (*The Secret Doctrine*, i. 398). It takes place imperceptibly in everything, without cessation, from a globe to an atom. Thus by the action of the All-Powerful Fohat, all orders of souls, from the Solar to the atomic, are caused to ascend and descend the great Cosmic Ladder.

G. E. SUTCLIFFE

KOILON ?

In the *Five Years of Theosophy*, first edition (1885) p. 247, and second and revised edition (1894) page 158, we read:

When demonstrated, the four-dimensional conception of space may lead to the invention of new instruments to explore the extremely dense matter that surrounds us as a ball of pitch might surround—say, a fly, but which, in our extreme ignorance of all its properties save those we find it exercising on our earth, we yet call the *clear*, the *serene*, and the *transparent* atmosphere. This is no psychology, but simply occult physics, which can never confound 'substance' with 'centres of force,' to use the terminology of a western science which is ignorant of Mâyâ. In less than a century, besides telescopes, microscopes, micrographs and telephones, the Royal Society will have to offer a premium for such an *etheroscope*.

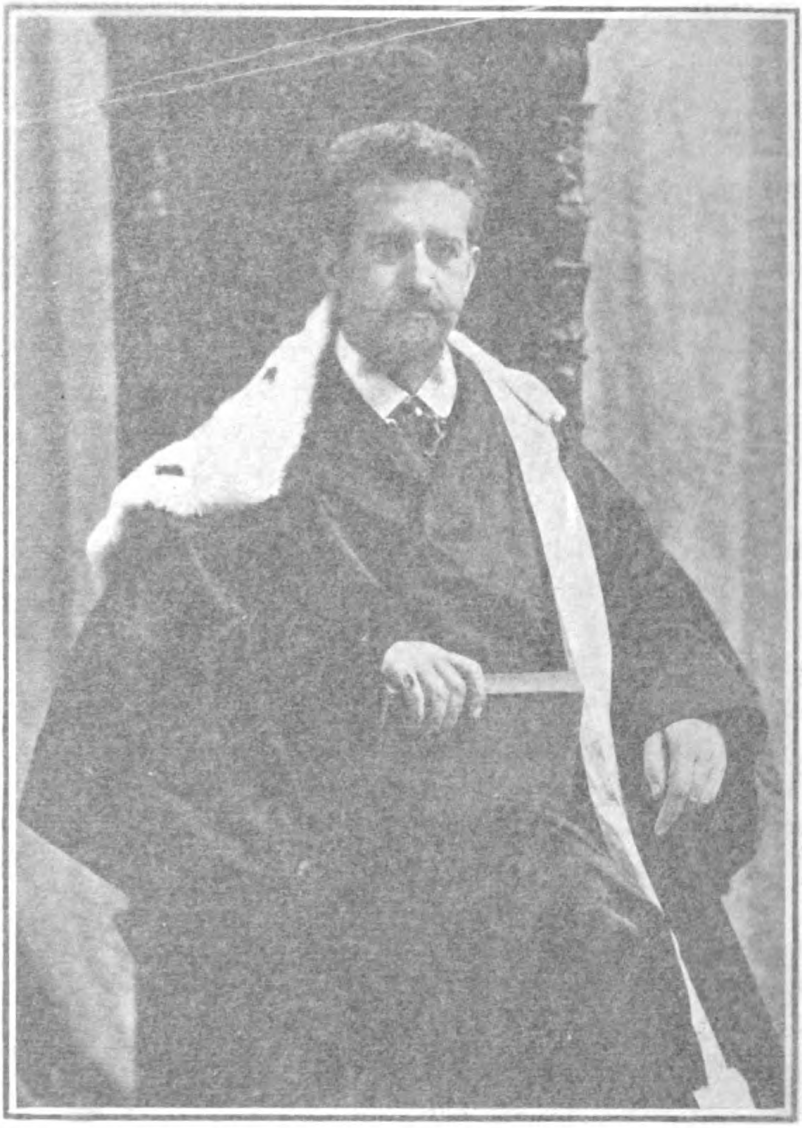
PROFESSOR OTTO PENZIG.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

OTTO PENZIG

OTTO PENZIG, Professor of Botany and Director of the Gardens and of the Botanical Institute at the Royal University of Genoa, Italy, was, like his colleague, Dr Van Hook, a well-known man of science before he joined the Theosophical Society, and has behind him a distinguished career. Yet is he the gentlest and most unassuming of men, and those who know him best love and admire him most. His bigness of heart, his kindly ways, his rare modesty and unselfishness have won respect as well as affection, for they are joined to unswerving principles and lofty character; and he is scrupulously thorough and conscientious in all to which he puts his hand. Ready as he always is to give place to others, he yet stepped forward at once to put at the disposal of the Society in Italy, at a critical period in its history in 1905, his high intellectual position and scientific name; many have been the storms since then, but his balanced judgment and broad tolerance have steered the ship safely through [illegible] steadfast loyalty has held the wavering, and [illegible] forward and simple goodness has [illegible]. True Theosophist is he in life, and such [illegible] pillars of the Theosophical Society.

Otto Penzig was born on March 25, 1856, at [illegible] (Prussian Silesia), and was educated at the Gymnasium in Breslau and the Lycée in Liegnitz, [illegible] to Breslau to enter its University after taking [illegible] Licentiate at Liegnitz. As a boy of ten [illegible] had begun collecting plants and insects, and at the University he took up Natural Science under Goeppert, Roemer and Grube, graduating in 1878. He then be[illegible]



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Assistant in the Botanical laboratory in the Polytechnic School at Karlsruhe, but his health breaking down, he went to Mentone to seek a warmer climate, and was thus led to settle in Italy. He began work there as Curator of the Royal Botanical Gardens in Pavia. Two years later, he went to the Botanical Institute of Padua, and lectured in its famous University for a couple of years. In 1883, having become an Italian citizen by Royal Decree, he obtained by competition the Directorship of the Royal Agricultural Station of Modena, lecturing also in its University, and in 1885 he gained a valuable prize, given by the Minister of Agriculture, by a monograph on the genus *Citrus*. The next year he carried away from his competitors a Professorship in the University of Genoa, and, in 1890, was appointed there for life.

In 1887 he started the now well-known botanical magazine *Malpighia*, sharing the editorship at first with Professors Pirotta and Borzi, and later carrying it on alone. His scientific travels and voyages—in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Egypt, Eritrea, England, Scotland, Sumatra, Java and Ceylon—have enriched his University with splendid collections of living and dried plants; and he built on his own plans, from funds generously supplied by a life-long friend, Sir Thomas Hanbury, the Botanical Institute of Genoa, named by the University after the donor, and opened in 1892 by an International Congress of Botanists. In the University of Genoa he is not only Professor of Botany and Director of the Botanic Gardens and Institute, but also President of the Faculty of Natural Sciences. His botanical writings are numerous and important, and are held in deservedly high estimation. It may be added that he speaks some eight languages.

Such is the outer record of the eminent man who has been General Secretary of the T. S. in Italy since 1905, and has represented Italy in the International Federation meetings in Paris, Munich and Budapest. He came into Theosophy through Spiritualism, for, though religious and even mystical by nature, he had drifted into agnosticism,

and was drawn out of it by some séances with Eusapio Palladino, after the death of his wife in 1901, at which he obtained proofs of the survival of man after death. Three years later he entered the Theosophical Society, and became its devoted servant. His charming house, overlooking Genoa, in the midst of his loved Botanical Gardens, is ever open to the Theosophist, and is a centre of light and life. There he leads his simple, laborious and useful life, peaceful and contented, loved by his many friends and respected by all. And well I know, as President of the Theosophical Society, that in any hour of need I could turn to Otto Penzig and rely on his steadfast strength.

A. B.

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds, who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, who spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at the best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat..... There is little use for the being whose tepid soul knows nothing of the great and generous emotion, of the high pride, the stern belief, the lofty enthusiasm, of the men who quell the storm and ride the thunder. Well for these men if they succeed; well also, though not so well, if they fail, given only that they have nobly ventured, and have put forth all their heart and strength.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

SHIVA'S DANCE

THIS remarkable picture, a typical example of the Kangra Valley School, is a veritable synthesis of Paurāṇic theology and imagery. It breathes the very spirit of Indian love of the Himālayas, the Land of Gods, the Broceliande of Indian imagination.

To begin with names: Shiva Himself is dancing in the centre, a white figure clothed in leopard skin, a serpent wreathed about His neck. Before Him Gandharvas and Kinnaras, the essence of whose being is music, are playing on drums and trumpets, led by Shiva's servant Nandi. Behind these stands Agni, Lord of Fire. To the left are the assembled Gods, with Saints and Kings below and behind them. Proceeding from the lower part of the picture upwards, we find first three Saints or Ṛṣhis, and between them a feminine figure in blue, an Apsara, perhaps Ūrvashī or Rambhā. Above her is the white figure of Sarasvaṭī, Goddess of speech and music, with Her vīna. She is Shakṭi of Brahmā, who stands next to Her, four-headed, holding the Veḍas in His hand, and beating a drum. To the left of Sarasvaṭī is the Ṛṣhi Nāraḍa; above him, the six-headed Kārṭikeyya, and above him again the blue figure of Viṣhṇu (or Kṛṣhṇa), shaṅkh and discus in His hands, beating a green-striped drum. I do not understand the absence of Lakṣhmī. Left of Viṣhṇu are Sūrya and Chandra, Sun and Moon, and beyond these are Kings and Saints. Nearest to Shiva is Gaṇesha, the elephant-headed, playing on cymbals. All these, like a chorus, take part in the divine dance.

To the right is Shakṭi, seated, as Rāja Rājeshvarī on a throne, surrounded by attendant Apsaras, holding a goad and noose, and gazing in a mirror at Her own loveliness. A great tree spreads its branches above Her throne. All are

SHIVA'S DANCE.

standing on the golden floor of heaven, Kailās, the paradise of Shiva, girt round with snowy white Himālayan peaks. Rolling clouds drift along their summits; ḍevas or angels appearing in these throw down a rain of star-like flowers. Far below are the forest-covered mountain slopes and green plains of Hinḍūsṭān.

The Dance of Shiva has two explanations, the one belonging to Paurāṇic myth, the other mystic. That latter alone concerns us here. "Our Lord," says a Ṭamil text, "is the Dancer who, like the heat latent in firewood, diffuses His power in Mind and Matter and makes them dance in their turn."[1] He is the life in all things conscious, from Gods and men down to the smallest particle of dust; who, like Kṛṣhṇa, might say: "All this Universe is strung upon Me as rows of gems upon a thread." Shiva's Dance, His 'play,' is His activity within the cosmos—His 'Five Acts,' Creation, Preservation, Destruction, Embodiment and Release.

How significant is the unity of action that sways the Gods with every movement of the Dancer, and how dramatic the contrast of Rāja Rājeshvarī's indifference. She is here Mūlaprakṛṭi, Māyā, illusion, the desire of things phenomenal, gazing at Her own beauty in a glass, holding the noose that snares and the goad that drives within the fiery circle of rebirth and death.

Very much of the marvellous beauty of color in the original picture (belonging to Mr. Abaninḍranāṭh Ṭagore) is lost in the monochrome reproduction; but the wonderfully accomplished drawing and great design remain. The Kangra Valley School is the most purely Indian of all later schools of Indian painting; readers of the *Theosophist* will be glad to have this fine example reproduced.

Another representation of Shiva's Dance is found in the southern Shaivite bronze, the Natarāja, or Dancing Lord, already reproduced in our issue of July 1909, and see also December 1909.

A. K. Coomâraswâmi

[1] *Tiruvāṭavūrar Purāṇam, Puṭṭaraivāṭil venracarukkam*, stanza 75.

A PRAYER

Thou art in the sunrisings and the sunsets; in the heart of man, in the life of everything which soars or crawls, and in the death of them that die. In the blossom and beauty of the summer fields, and in the inspiration of the soul, Thou givest understanding. Thou who art the hidden reality of all this fleeting human show, of all that appears and passes; who art the constant involution, which is the secret of all visible evolution, from morn to morn, and who hast been with us in all our time through all our changes, with us in our nights of weeping when tears blinded our eyes and we cried, 'Where is now the Lord?' as in our mornings of joy when we said, 'Lo, here is the Lord for whom we have waited; we will be glad and rejoice in Thy presence.' Keep us assured of that presence, for in such assurance is strength to do and to endure, to fortify and to comfort. We beseech Thee leave us not; only leave us in our leaving of Thee, and even then depart not. Be with us in the peace of those who know Thy law and Thy teaching, in the stroke severe with which Thy laws may smite us; whose laws are always right and good, however they may bring to our folly pain and death. Come to us in the wiser part for the lack of which we have erred, in the better part which is sometimes latent. Come to us in the faith which we possess yet have not on hand for the hour of trial, as the disciples of Jesus had not in the storm which frightened them when He said, 'Where is your faith?'

The Lord fulfil our petitions; the Lord grant the yearning of the pure and selfless heart whose yearnings are answered, whose desires, being pure and selfless, are surely given to them; and "Thou, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom, defend us, Thy humble servants, in all assaults of our enemies, that we, surely trusting in Thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries, through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen".—Rev. A. S. Tipple.

REVIEWS

Old Diary Leaves, the True History of the Theosophical Society, by Henry Steele Olcott, President-Founder of the T. S., (Theosophical Publishing Society, London; *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras, S. Fourth Series. Cloth 6/- net. post free, Rs. 4/8.)

We have before us another of the chatty delightful volumes in which our President-Founder tells the story of the Society of which he was the Co-Founder, and for which he labored unremittingly from 1875 to 1907. None other could speak with the same authority as he, and his habit of keeping a diary and of preserving all letters enabled him to show unerring accuracy in all questions of fact. No honester man, I think, ever breathed than H. S. Olcott, and he never veils a weakness, excuses a fault, or fears to let the world into his confidence. Sometimes one might wish for a gentler hand in touching those we love and honor; yet this rugged truthfulness gives added value to his ungrudging admiration of the greatness of his colleague, while he unsparingly blames some of her mistakes in outside matters. One who wrote: "Ah! if the world ever comes to know who was the mighty entity who labored under that quivering mask of flesh, it will repent its cruel treatment of H. P. B., and be amazed at the depth of its ignorance"—such a one could not be wanting in true love and reverence for the Brother we knew as H. P. B.

This volume takes us from 1887 to 1892, and comprises a wonderful tale of work in India, Ceylon, England, Scotland, France, Italy, Japan, Burma, Australia, New Zealand, America, Holland, Sweden. He speaks of it as building up the Society, stone after stone, remarking that as he looks over the papers of those days, "the solemn feeling comes over me that the binding mortar of its blocks was stiffened by the blood of her [H. P. B's.] heart, and in her anguish were they laid". True, indeed, and the progress of the Society was her reward.

This volume also takes us to the death-bed of Subba Rao, tells us of the formation of the Esoteric Section, and gives the thrilling story of the Colonel's splendid work in Japan and of the famous Fourteen Propositions, finally accepted as a common platform by the Northern and Southern divisions of

Buḍḍhism. They were approved by the chief Buḍḍhist authorities in Ceylon, Burma, Japan and Chittagong—an achievement that by itself would suffice to glorify a man's life.

The story of the Colonel's proposed resignation in 1892 is told in this volume, and the arrangements he made to transfer his authority to Mr. Judge, then Vice-President; these were suddenly checked by a communication from his Master on February 10th, telling him, among other things, that he must not resign until given permission to do so by Himself. He notified Mr. Judge of the communication, but meanwhile letters were crossing his, Mr. Judge urging him in every letter to nominate him for life. About a month after the receipt of the above letter from the Colonel, Mr. Judge cabled that he was going to change his policy. In July, the European Section, ignorant of all that had passed, accepted the Colonel's resignation and voted for Mr. Judge as his successor, Mr. Judge being present at the meeting; the members heard of the facts only from the Executive Notice of August 21st, 1892, and were much disturbed, Mr. Mead writing to the Colonel: "The order you quote from is quite sufficient; and if we had had a ghost of an idea of the existence of such an order, the resolutions passed would have been different. Judging from W. Q. J.'s letter, he is as ignorant of this quoted matter as we were." I may add that the Colonel left in my hands all the documents which prove the entire accuracy of his account. This was the beginning of the trouble which culminated in Mr. Judge's secession in 1895. Many of us, in view of the splendid work done by Mr. Judge and of the love we bear him, cannot but wish that the story of his last years should be left untold. Yet, in view of the attacks made on the Colonel and on the Theosophical Society, it is perhaps only just that the Colonel should be heard.

A. B.

Three Modern Seers, by Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co., 1, Clifford's Inn, Temple Bar, London. Price 3/6.)

James Hinton, Friedrich Nietzsche and Edward Carpenter are the three writers who have fascinated the author of this book, which gives an admirable synopsis of their respective philosophies. According to the author, the message of Hinton consists in "Love, love in the right spirit"; that of Nietzsche in "Learn to discriminate and be natural"; that of Carpenter in "Gain equipoise, which is peace". Thus the student of eastern philosophy sees in the first the way of devotion, in the second the path of wisdom, and in the third the yoga of equilibrium of the *Gīṭā*.

Hinton looks upon morality as "not a mere matter of goodness," and what are called sins are to him "not really sins at all, but merely confused expressions of Nature's claims for a truer order". This is the root of his many 'extravagant' views on the problems of sex which are not altogether

devoid of truth. He once said: "Christ was the Savior of men, but I am the savior of women, and I don't envy Him a bit." His ideas about pain and pleasure also were ahead of his time: pain is educative and nutritious and therefore necessary; pleasure and experiencing of pleasure is equally useful, and he said: "Learn to be able to use it and not to be crushed by it; ..... pursue service in the midst of pleasure;" serve, but serve with pleasure. Our author has explained him thus: "Our sweet, natural wants are Nature's harmonies, but our excessive, stimulated needs are our own, and are often discords. Hunger is a natural need; gluttony an unnatural excess of the need." Man should follow his needs, not his excesses, and therein lies the experience of right pleasure.

Nietzsche is an "inventor of new values" and therefore an iconoclast. "He is a corrective of much which is flabby in our sentimental, humanitarian morality." His conceptions of morality and of pleasure and pain represent almost extreme views, but there is much that is useful. He says: "Man has connected all things in existence with morals, and dressed up the world in a garb of ethical significance. The day will come when all this will be utterly valueless, as is already, in our day, the belief in the masculinity or femininity of the sun." What the so-called virtuous are afraid of most, *viz.*, voluptuousness, thirst of power and selfishness have in them the kernels of the great virtues. He says of the first: "It is a sweet poison unto the withered only, but the great invigoration of the heart, and the reverently spared wine of wines for those who have the will of a lion." His four highest virtues are: (1) To be honest to one's self and towards all who are friendly to us; (2) To be valiant in face of our enemy; (3) To be generous to the vanquished; (4) To be polite always and in all cases. Evolution, according to Nietzsche, lies in pain. "Be hard, learn to suffer with hardness, ignore mere sacrifices, and evolve yourself." "It is no small advantage to have a hundred swords of Damocles hanging over one; that way one learns to dance, and so one achieves freedom of movement."

Carpenter attracts us more than the other two. He comes nearer to Theosophical conceptions. He not only preaches but he lives, and his teachings "can be applied equally to the right making of a pudding or the fine framing of new national laws". He teaches to live beautifully and simply, here and now, to the rich and the poor alike. He is a man who views problems from within. Mrs. Ellis says: "He would induce men to become vegetarians, not because the eating of flesh is an accursed thing, but because cruelty and hardness of heart, which as yet are bound up with the killing of animals, are accursed things. He would strive to alter the prison system, not because he fails to perceive that suffering and discipline are necessary for reform, but because he realises that the mental attitude of the judge towards the offender

is often to-day as anti-social and anti-Christian as the attitude of the offender towards society."

The book induces the study of the three 'seers' in detail and in original, and the author has certainly made out a very good case for them.

B. P. W.

Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man, by Dr. Albert Churchward. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1910. Price 25/-)

Dr. Churchward has given us in this handsome volume the results of immense and prolonged labor. Briefly, he has searched through the symbolism of nations and tribes, living and dead, and has traced through the whole of it a likeness which points to a common origin. This origin he finds in Freemasonry, which is, he contends, an Eschatology—a science of *post-mortem* states—originating in Egypt, in the teachings of Ptah, taken thence by Moses and the High Priests of the Druids, and spread over the world. The author considers "that the human race originated, or was planted, in the north-east of Africa (including the sources and banks of the Nile);" hence the importance of the North-East Corner in Masonry and in Architecture. More than 20,000 years ago, he considers, Masonry existed, using the same ritual and symbols as to-day. This thesis he endeavors to prove in the book, by a wealth of detail and illustrations that certainly prove to demonstration an underlying identity of doctrine and of symbolism. The book is profoundly interesting, especially to Freemasons, as they will understand many allusions which will be unnoticed by the 'profane,' and will realise more fully the value of their noble ceremonies. Co-Masons will see that Dr. Churchward regards these from the standpoint familiar to themselves in their Lodge instruction. But would not the fuller truth be that the underlying identity is due to the real Mysteries, of which Masonry is the symbolical representative from times when the very existence of those Mysteries was withdrawn from public knowledge, Masonry being constructed so as to be a perpetual witness to that existence, and to-day still bears witness to them, albeit unconsciously? Masonry is not the primal fact, but its representative by symbolism. Read 'Mysteries' for 'Freemasonry' throughout this valuable volume, and it becomes still more illuminative, and the origin and place of Freemasonry become obvious. The Masonic Brotherhood has in charge the empty vessels, ready to receive the lost truths; when these are poured into them it shall become one of the most potent factors in making the New Civilisation. The book is well-printed and lavishly illustrated, and should be placed in every library, especially in those attached to Lodges.

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Religionen i Religionerne, by Henrik Lund. (Kristiania, Blytt og Lunds Forlag, 1910. Price 3 kroner.)

From one of our Norwegian members comes an interesting and valuable contribution to our literature. It is called *The Religion in Religions* and may be best described as an introduction to the study of comparative religion on a more or less explicit Theosophical basis. After a short 'Foreword' modest and to the point, comes an 'Introduction' dealing with various general problems of religion, after which the first section deals with the question what really 'Religion' is. A great number of definitions are given by the author, and his conclusion is that religion is the kernel of truth of all religions and religious systems. The section ends with a short appendix on faith. The next one deals with God, giving an anthology of God-conceptions from the literatures of all peoples: Indian, Jewish, Iranian, Christian, American. The following section treats of Sin, with the sub-sections Satan and Atonement, in the same catholic way. The next section is devoted to Sacred Books, in which free use is made of various Theosophical data in the matter, and in which the Christian collection is most fully dealt with. An appendix on symbols is added. Then the 'Goal' is described in the language of many thinkers, poets and religious teachers. Lastly the 'Path' is dealt with under the sub-sections, 'Commandments,' 'Prayer,' and 'Sacraments'. The first sub-section is very fully and finely worked out and gives a good idea of the ethical demands of the various religions and their teachers (pp. 104-130). Three appendices—very well written—on the paths of action, devotion, and knowledge conclude this sub-section.

After this first part (pp. 1-180) comes the second (pp. 181-247), which contains short sketches of some twenty of the more important religious founders and their religions. In it we find descriptions of Râma, Kṛṣhṇa, Zarathushtra, Lao Tsz, as well as of Pythagoras, Plato, Jesus, Apollonius of Tyana, Shaṅkarâchârya, Guru Nânak, the Bâb, and several others, with sketches of Brâhmaṇism, Buḍḍhism, etc., until the Veḍânṭa, Sikhism and Bâbism. Of course space does not allow here any very detailed exposition of the subjects in hand.

The third and last part deals with 'Doctrines' and gives a clear description of the fundamental teachings of the great world-religions as well as of Theosophy. We find such subjects as the Universe or the Macrocosm, the Trinity, Man or the Microcosm, Creeds (in which an interesting example of a Theosophical creed is attempted), Life's Eternity or Reincarnation, Eternal Justice or Karma, all fully discussed and described is clear and simple language.

The book is a useful and a beautiful one, and will certainly exercise an influence for good. We wish it a great success.

Had the author not disarmed us on p. 11, we would have liked to point out a few details, the improvement of which might be studied in a second edition. For instance p. 8, 'Theos-sophia,' where the Greek text has 'Theou sophia'. On p. 71, where the statement that Lao Tsz wrote 900 books, though quoted from H. P. B., needs further substantiation before it could be repeated in so absolute a form. But, as we say, we are disarmed, and so prefer to end this review with an acknowledgment that this charming book gives most gratifying evidence of sane and useful Theosophical activity in the far north, and at the same time gives the example of a line of literary activity which is as yet little cultivated within our circles. We congratulate the author heartily on his work.

J. v. M.

The Inner Life, or *Adyar Talks*, Part I. by C. W. Leadbeater. (*Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras, S. Theosophical Publishing Society, London and Benares. Cloth, Price Rs. 4-8, or 6/-)

This book contains a number of the class-talks given at Adyar in the evenings, when all the members of the household and a few visitors gather together to discuss the most interesting of all subjects—the questions of man's nature and his destiny, his possibilities and his powers. Questions are asked and answered, and often lead to investigations which enter new fields, and cast fresh light on old problems. The present handsome volume—of which the Vasanta Press and its indefatigable Manager may well feel proud—gives to the world the gist of many of the 'talks on the roof' arranged according to subjects and enriched with many additions.

The book is divided into five sections: (1) 'The Great Ones and the Way to Them,' telling of the work of the Masters, of the becoming a pupil, with a very interesting discourse on the Ancient Mysteries. (2) 'Religion,' with dissertations on Buddhism, Christianity and Hinduism, on Prayer, Ceremonial and Sin, among other subjects. (3) 'The Theosophical Attitude,' full of sound advice and gentle wisdom. (4) 'The Higher Planes,' which has appeared in our own pages, and which readers will be glad to have in a permanent form. (5) 'The Ego and his Vehicles,' luminous in its descriptions, and giving a mass of information.

The Theosophical Society owes to Mr. Leadbeater many of its most useful and widely read books, and it will welcome this valuable addition to its literature. Few members, and no students, can afford to be without it, for it contains its writer's ripest thought. A second series is promised a few months hence. We owe the present publication to the generosity of our good Vice-President, Sir S. Subramania Iyer, who contributed largely to its cost.

A. B.

How to Keep Fit, by A. T. Schofield, M. D., M. R. C. S., (William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C. Price 1/-)

This is a brisk and catchy manual, full of useful hints, written by a doctor who does not believe in doctoring. Its unconventional tone and plain speaking are its recommendations. The gist of the preaching in the words of the author is "that those who make health an end of life instead of merely a 'means,' will probably lose it and deserve to do so". He strikes the true note when he says that "in all health considerations the first great matter is the state of the mind, not the details of the physical life". He defines health as "that condition when the body can be least thought of—in other words is most easy," and the attaining of perfect health according to him lies in tuning oneself with the Infinite. We feel rather small at the boasts of our knowledge and civilisation when we read a learned doctor saying: "I think I may say without fear of contradiction that the utterly irrational way we do use what powers we have in maintaining life-force, hardly justifies our being entrusted with more. Consider even in this twentieth century the pathetic spectacle of 'humans' feeding themselves, and contrast it with the wholly rational and sane procedure of animals. Look again at the quality of the air we breathe, of the water we drink, of the slums we inhabit, of the dens we transact our business in, of the weird foods we eat, of the garments we wear, and you will see that nowhere does modest man needlessly obtrude that Wisdom which he secretly imagines he possesses. In many cases, alas, his folly is the more conspicuous." The manual is worth perusing.

B. P. W.

The 'Reason Why' in Astrology, by H. S. Green. (*Modern Astrology* Office, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E. C. Cloth. 1/-)

Mr. Alan Leo has issued a revised edition of one of his valuable Astrological Manuals, No. 6, under the new title of *The 'Reason Why' in Astrology*. The writer is Mr. H. S. Green, well known as one of the most philosophical of English astrologers. Mr. Green attempts "to frame a philosophic scheme embodying the general principles underlying Astrology," and for this task he is well equipped. The Manual is extremely interesting, and gives a solid foundation for astrological theories and practices. Three appendices point out correspondences between the ideas promulgated by Theosophy and Astrology respectively.

A. B.

Routledge Rides Alone, by Will Levington Comfort. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia and London.)

This is a vigorously written novel, full of gripping power on its reader. Its chief motives are four, deftly worked into

harmonious unity. There is the love story; then a mystic strand with, as central figures, a 'Kim'-like mystic (an American this time) and his real-Lama-guru, both flitting mysteriously and delightfully through the narrative; further there is the entrancing romance of the strenuous life and work of the typical modern war-correspondent sent out by the world's greater daily press, with admirably told dramatic word-pictures of the recent Russo-Japanese war; lastly a strong anti-English angle of vision, forcibly illustrated by vigorous diatribes against English 'misrule' in Ireland and India—and the terrible catastrophe of a mad Fenian's revenge on the hated country. Perhaps the whole is dominated by still another motive: that of the horror, iniquity, madness of war. As said: a strong book, well written, of ethical value. Yet we cannot help observing that this interesting and enthralling romance puts into the mouth of its supposedly well-informed and heroic war-correspondent the grossest mis-statements, calculated to blacken England in the eyes of the world: *e. g.*, that Mr. Tilak, a master of English and a famous writer therein, was tried in a language he did not understand, and informed of his sentence through an interpreter! There are other statements equally absurd, which no one who knew India could make, and all aimed against England.

Throughout the volume we find some Indian philosophic terms, some psychic happenings and mystic theories—all of them properly handled and deftly used—and once the Theosophical Society and some of its leaders are mentioned in not an unfriendly way. This is most likely the reason why the book has been sent to us for review. Well, we have read it and in fact, as a novel, we like it.

J. v. M.

The Sarva Siddhānta-Sangraha of Saṅkarācārya. Edited with an English Translation under the Orders of the Government of Madras. By M. Raṅgâcârya, M. A., Rao Bahadur. (Madras, Government Press, 1909. Price, 12 Annas.)

Professor Raṅgâcârya has rescued from the oblivion into which it had sunk,[1] a work which, whatever one may think of its origin, must be received with intense interest by every historian of philosophy.

On hearing of a new book with the above title, one's first idea naturally is that this is one of the abbreviations or imitations of Mâdhavâcârya's famous *Sarvadarsana-saṅgraha* which have come forth here and there in India. But one glance at the table of contents is sufficient to convince one that this is not the case. For, instead of the fifteen (or sixteen) systems described by Mâdhava we have here only twelve, among which not only Nos. 6 to 9 (Pâśupata-, Śaiva-, Pratyabhijñâ-, and Rasesvara-Darśanam) and 13 (Pâṇini-Darśanam) of Mâdha-

[1] Owing, no doubt, to the successful competition of *Sarvadarsana-saṅgraha.*

va's work, but also both the system of Rāmānuja as well as that of Ānandatīrtha are missing, whereas instead of the Jaimini-Darśanam we have the two Darsanas (dealt with in separate chapters) of Prabhākara and Bhaṭṭācārya respectively, and instead of the Śāṅkara-Darsanam again two chapters, the last of which only deals with Śaṅkara's system, the first being engaged with another sort of Vedānta called Veda-Vyāsa-pakṣa.

Also the names used for the various systems are not always the same as in Mādhava's work, as is evident from the table of contents which may be reproduced here:

(1) Introduction. (2) Lokāyatika-pakṣa-prakaraṇam (Materialists). (3) Ārhata-pakṣa-prakaraṇam (Jainas). (4) Banddha-pakṣa-prakaraṇam (four schools, as with Madhva). (5) Vaiśeṣika-pakṣa-prakaraṇam. (6) Naiyāyika-pakṣa-prakaraṇam. (7) Prabhākara-pakṣa-prakaraṇam. (8) Bhaṭṭācārya-pakṣa-prakaraṇam. (9) Sāṅkhya-pakṣa-prakaraṇam. (10) Patañjali-pakṣa-prakaraṇam. (11) Vedavyāsa-pakṣa-prakaraṇam. (12) Vedānta-pakṣa-prakaraṇam.

Now, it is first of all remarkable that in No. 11 Vedavyāsa is not identified with the author of the *Vedānta-Sūtras*, to which there is no allusion whatever, but that this chapter begins with the following words:

"Now, the essence of the Vedas, which has been given out by Vyāsa in the *Mahābhārata* so as to be in agreement with all the Śāstras, is in fact derived from the system of the Sāṅkhyas by the believers in the Vedas."

Vedavyasa, then, is evidently considered different from that Vyāsa or Bādarāyaṇa who composed the *Vedānta-Sūtras*. This conclusion appears to be preferable to Prof. Raṅgācārya's view, according to which Śaṅkara deliberately described his philosophy as different from that of the author of the Sūtras, whom he identified with Vedavyāsa.

The second point to be noticed is that the system set forth as that of Vedavyāsa is clearly the ancient Viṣnuism of the *Mahābhārata* (and the Purāṇas) unaffected by the Pañcarātra philosophy, with which later on it was amalgamated in the systems of Rāmānujācārya and Ānandatīrtha. And this is the reason that in our work it comes immediately before the last and highest stage of knowledge, *viz.*, the Śāṅkara-Darsanam, while in Mādhava's scale, which also ascends from the lowest (Materialism) to the highest (Advaita), Visiṣṭādvaita and Dvaita occupy but the fourth and fifth place from below (among *sixteen* Darsanas). For, the Pāñcarātras and those who sympathised with them, were heretics to both Śaṅkara (see Bhāṣya to Sūtras ii. 42 to 45) and Mādhava.

Consequently, this much at least is certain, that the work in question, because it must have been composed before the time of Rāmānuja, is considerably older than Mādhava's *Sarvadarśana saṅgraha*. It is also probable, as the editor points out in

his instructive Preface, that Mâdhava knew and made use of our work.

But is the work really by Śaṅkarâcârya to whom it is ascribed ?

Professor Raṅgâcârya answers the question, with much confidence, in the affirmative, and it cannot be denied that his arguments are very seductive and likely to be accepted at once by most readers just as they were accepted at first by the writer of these lines. We have every reason to be glad when a genuine work of Srī-Śaṅkarâcârya is recovered, but this is a field on which we cannot easily be sceptical enough. 'Forgery' is not exactly the proper term for those many works which are wrongly ascribed to Śrī-Śaṅkarâcârya. We are under the impression that here, as in other cases of this sort, the author did as a rule *not intend a forgery*, but attributed *bonâ fide* his own work to his teacher because he had composed it in his spirit and also, perhaps, because as a true Saṃnyâsin he meant to refrain from 'boasting with his name' (*nâma-saṃkîrtanam*), which is expressly forbidden to the Saṃnyâsin, in several Upaniṣads and Smṛtis. In our opinion, then, the present work was composed by a sincere follower of the great teacher but not by the latter himself. However, we are far from giving out this opinion as absolutely certain, and only ask the reader to thoroughly consider a few of our objections and remove them if he can.

In I, 22, our author speaks of 'the venerable teacher' (*bhagavat-pâda*) who wrote a 'commentary' (*bhâṣyam*) 'in four Adhyâyas' [and] an 'explanatory commentary to it' (*vivaraṇam tasya*), spoken of as Vedânta. Now the commentator Śeṣa Govinda *taking it for granted*[1] that the work *is* by Śaṅkarâcârya, sees no other way out of the difficulty than by declaring that by Śaṅkara's teacher Govinda a *bhâṣyam* was composed on the *devatâ-kâṇḍa* or the 'part dealing with the deities,' and a *vivaraṇam* on the *jñâna-kâṇḍa* or 'part dealing with wisdom,' both of which *kâṇḍas* are mentioned in stanza 20 as being the two parts into which the Uttara-Mîmâṃsâ is divided.[2] This interpretation is followed by the translator. But is it right? Is it imaginable that if Govinda wrote a commentary on the *Vedânta-Sûtras*, his pupil Śaṅkara undertook the very same task without mentioning even a single time, in his voluminous book, the work of his adored teacher? We find it more likely that the commentator is wrong and that both halves of stanza 22 refer to the whole of the Uttara-Mîmâṃsâ and not to its parts, the meaning of this stanza, though expressed in a somewhat curious way, being probably this that "the venerable teacher (*i.e.*, Śaṅkarâcârya) wrote an exposition (*vivaraṇam*) of it (*tasya*, *i.e.*, the Vyâsasûtram mentioned in stanza 20), that is to say, a commentary

[1] Because of the colophon; possibly also for other reasons.

[2] I do not fully understand why the editor speaks in this connexion of 'the one comprehensive Mîmâmsâ-sâstra of twenty *adhyâyâs*' (Preface p. viii).

(*bhāṣyam*) composed (*nirmitam*) of four chapters ".[1] As a matter of fact, Śaṅkara's commentary is called *bhāṣyam* and has four *adhyāyās*.

But is it likely that a pupil of Madhusūdana-Sarasvatī, as Śeṣa-Govinda confesses himself to be in his commentary to our work, could have been ill-informed as to the authorship of the latter? To this we answer that even Madhusūdana himself could have been ill-informed about it, because he lived in a time in which no doubt already a great many works were wrongly attributed to Śaṅkarācārya even by the most learned men. How quickly the tradition on an Ācārya becomes unsafe in India, even among his direct disciples, can still be observed now-a-days. One century, and he is surrounded by myth.

But does not the fact that in one Śloka of the last chapter (54) the Supreme Soul is mentioned by the name of Govinda (which is also the name of Śaṅkara's Guru) prove decisively that Śaṅkara alone can have been the author of the work? We do not see the cogency of this conclusion. If Śaṅkara used this expression, any one of his followers may have echoed it, the more so if he believed in the genuineness of the *Bhajagovinda-Stotra*.[2]

It is also suspicious that Prabhākara and Kumārila, to the views of each of which a whole chapter is dedicated in the present work, are nowhere mentioned in the *Sūtra-Bhāṣya*; that the word *āruṣam* for *upaniṣad vedānta* exclusively used here is quite unknown there; that the *Bhāgavata-Purāṇa* is recommended here (last but one stanza), whereas in the Bhāṣya the Bhāgavatas are combated; and similar minor items.

But however that may be, the *Sarvasiddhāntasaṅgraha* is an immensely interesting work for the publication of which professor Raṅgâcārya deserves our sincerest thanks. It must be especially welcome to students of the *Sarvadarśanasaṅgraha* to which difficult work no commentary is available. The outer difference of the two works is that the new one is metrical throughout, consisting of 582½ Ślokas, while Mādhava's work is in prose and about seven times as long. As a remarkable inner difference, among others, we may still mention that of the four schools of the Buddhists that of the Vaibhāṣikas gets the shortest chapter with Mādhava, but the longest one in the present book. It contains a long criticism of theism (was this a speciality of the Vaibhāṣikas?), and that the most sarcastic one we have seen in an Indian work. 'Just to amuse himself a little' the Lord torments people in hell! (iv. 35).

[1] Or the second half of the stanza may be taken as an independent sentence explaining the first half by partly repeating it in different words (supply *hi* 'that is to say').

[2] There is also an *Īśvarabhakti-Stotra* by Śrī-Śaṅkarâcārya (Adyar Library MS. IX. B. 82) which, according to a Kashmīrian tradition, was composed by the Ācārya after his conversion to the Śaivamata of that country.

The masterly translation is followed by a useful "glossary of the Sanskrit terms contained in the preface and in the English translation". We wish the book many readers.

F. O. S.

Quelques Réflexions sur 'L'Initiation' de Rudolf Steiner by Eugène Lévy. Publications Theosophiques, 10, rue, Saint-Lazare (Paris).

This booklet is one which offers a certain difficulty to the reviewer. It is a sort of commentary on Dr. Steiner's well known book, *Initiation*, and particularly on his teachings of the 16, 12 and 10 petaled astral centres. An introduction sketches in an able manner what we have to understand by new senses and how modern science approaches that question. In this part we can follow the author, and that with pleasure and assent. The second part (pp. 33-70) however has to do with a reasoned description of the moral and mental exercises which awaken these centres and their several petals. This part, though written in a plausible and facile way, is a stumbling block to us. We have about these centres two different teachings: the one (Dr. Steiner's) is that they have to do with moral and mental qualities; the other (Mr. Leadbeater's) is that they have not. Now as both profess to speak from knowledge, they both are entitled to a hearing, and that in an equal measure, until we know for ourselves. But if the author of this booklet is not a first-hand knower of these things—and there is no reason or even indication to believe he is—then no amount of mere plausible schematising and theorising about the petals and their unfoldment will add anything towards a solution of the fundamental problem existing for the careful Theosophical student: is the development of the centres and their petals causally connected or not with qualities? As a laudable endeavor we may appreciate the booklet, yet we think it is written before its due time.

J. v. M.

Vers la Lumière, by Noel Aimir. (T. and A. Constable, Edinburgh).

This is a very pleasantly written French story, telling of a Parisian girl who went to Australia, and at a crisis in her life was saved from committing an irretrievable mistake by hearing a lecture from our President in Adelaide.

X.

PAMPHLETS

The Basis of the Theosophical Society, by Annie Besant, is a reprint of the famous article round which so much controversy took place at the time of the Presidential election. Every member should master the principles enunciated therein. Price One Anna.

Colds and Influenza, Their Prevention and Cure, by J. Stenson Hooker, M. D., etc., is a well-written paper on this vital sub-

ject. The closing para of the pamphlet is worth quoting: "Let us then summarise as follows: Eat less, and so prevent our tissues from becoming clogged, thus inviting 'microbes' and colds. Take no alcohol. Get as much fresh air into our lungs as possible. Live simply all along the line, and, in a word, enter upon entirely new lines of life and of thought, and assuredly we shall happily find ourselves quite successfully, and, indeed, easily, resisting all tendency to catarrhal as well as other affections." (Published by *Annals of Psychical Science* Co., Ltd., 110, St. Martin's Lane, London, W. C. Price Three pence.)

The Scallop Shell of Shah Kalimullah Jahânâbâdi is translated for the first time into English; it is a Sûfî practical course on Divine Union. (Ânanda Press, Madras. Price Six Annas.)

Sir William Wedderburn, a sketch of his life and services to India, is published by G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Four Annas.

The Alleged Vedântic Reconciliation between Free-will and Necessity, by E. S. W. Senathi Raja, LL. B., is a reprint from the *Malabar Quarterly Review*.

The New Message, by G. C. Mukherji, M. A., B. L., of the Calcutta Police Court, has some good thoughts to put forward. Price Six Annas.

The Journal of the South Indian Association is a new quarterly and the first number impresses us favorably. There are some useful articles. It is published by the Executive Committee of the Association at Madras and is priced at Rs. 4/- per annum, single copy Re. 1-4.

TRANSLATION

Invisible Helpers, by C. W. Leadbeater is rendered into Hindi and is sold by the Benares T. P. S. at five annas. It is very neatly printed in clear type.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

The Annals of Psychical Science—(April-June)[1]

The opening pages of this very useful review are given to a detailed and authentic report of some remarkable séances held at San Francisco, in the suburbs of San José, the capital of the small Central American Republic of Costa Rica; the medium was a young woman of from eighteen to nineteen years of age, by name Ophelia Corralès, daughter of Señor Buenaventura Corralès, who at present is a land-owner and was formerly in a high position under the Minister of Public Instruction; the family of the medium is distinguished and well-to-do; the president of the circle was Dr. Brenes, Professor at the Law Academy, Member of the High Court, a distinguished philologist, and Corresponding Member of the Spanish Academy—in short, a gentleman of great importance and highly respected. Until recently he was an enthusiastic admirer of Hæckel and Vogt. With him there were other equally distinguished personages, "whose profession renders them cautious and severe investigators". The best verified phenomena are undoubtedly very remarkable and "so strange as to be worthy of the *Thousand-and-one-Nights*—phenomena unknown up to now to Crookes, Wallace, Richet, Rochas, Zöllner, etc., and they are so varied, so complex, so refractory to all analysis, that they really defy any attempt at classification". The article is illustrated with four excellent spirit photographs, in which the materialised form of 'Mary Brown' is distinctly seen, and their "success is specially due to the efforts of the painstaking and intelligent artists, Señors Enrique Echandi and José Manuel Caballero". Space forbids our reviewing at length the remarkable phenomena which are described in a clear scientific way. We strongly recommend our readers—especially those who are sceptical or have sceptical friends—to procure this number and study the facts. Psychical research is a very important factor in the advance of modern science; most Theosophists take little part in Spiritualistic séances, because they prefer to study philosophy rather than these classes of phenomena, which only re-prove that which they already know; still men like Dr. Brenes are serving our cause indirectly, perhaps in a better way than many members of our Society. We regret Dr. Brenes has found cause to make unfavorable strictures against Theosophy because of our abstinence from séances, and our warnings of the dangers to the sitters, but we assure him and his colleagues that we appreciate greatly his scientific investigations with the medium, and await with interest the

[1] 110, St. Martin's Lane, London, W. C.

continuation of his truthful narrative in the next number of the *Annals*.

Other Contents: 'Some Cases of Spirit Identity'; 'The Physiological Limits of Visual Hallucination'; 'A Mediumistic Fraud'; 'Death: Its Phenomena'; 'Correspondence'; 'Echoes and News,' etc.

THE HINDŪSTAN REVIEW—(July) [1]

The place of honor is given to our President's article on 'The University of India,' which gives her reasons for trying to build an Indian University, and its rough plan. It should owe its foundation to private and voluntary efforts and should draw together colleges in which religious teaching is given. The present plan of universities under Government control has been productive of much good, and this is recognised by the writer. "But despite the progress made by India under the present system, there are defects which have been becoming patent as also resulting from it," chief among these is the lack of religious and moral education. During the last twenty years Indians have been taking a considerable interest in educational problems and as a result many institutions have sprung up under local or national control in which religion is taught. "The proposed University of India is an attempt to establish a centre for these widely-spread institutions.....to include all these under a national university, and, while leaving each religion to teach its own tenets to its own children, to draw all together as Indians in the bosom of a common Alma Mater.....Each religion would be absolutely free to teach its own adherents in its own way, while joining hands with others in support of the great principle of religious and moral education." Therefore the signatories to the petition for a Royal Charter comprise members of all the faiths of India. All the signatories are well known public figures—Judges of High Courts, and Vice-Chancellors of Universities and Members of Legislative Councils. Among the names we notice that of Mr. Hydari. We regret to say that Mr. Hydari, having lately become a trustee of Aligarh, withdrew his name, after Mrs. Besant's article was printed. The policy of one Musalmān party favors the establishment of denominational Universities, while Mrs. Besant's scheme includes all denominations. We hope that Aligarh may succeed in establishing a Musalmān University, as it prefers that course. Extracts from the petition show that the ideals of Mrs. Besant's University are to make it "a nursery of good citizens instead of only a mint for hall-marking a certain standard of knowledge" through the channel of Indian philosophy, history and religion, and "while western thought will be amply studied, eastern will take the lead, and western knowledge be used to enrich, but not to distort or cripple, the expanding national life." Attention will be paid to "manual and technical training, to science applied to agriculture and manufactures and to Indian arts and crafts, while bringing from the West all that can usefully be assimilated for the

[1] 7, Elgin Road, Allahabad.

increasing of national prosperity". All this is to be done "under national control, not in opposition to but standing apart from the Government system of collegiate education..... The University shall consist of a Protector and Vice-Protector so long as H. M. the ruling King-Emperor and His Heir, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, shall consent to accept the offices; of patrons, who shall be the Ruling Chiefs of India, invited by the Governing Body; of a Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor and Registrar, a Board of Trustees, Senate and Syndicate."

Other Contents: 'The Basic Principles of Japanese Progress' by Baron Dairoku Kikuchi; 'The British Political Outlook'; 'The Golden Age: The Old and New Philosophies' by Prof. E. A. Wodehouse; 'The Ṛg Veda in relation to the present Awakening in India'; 'High Prices and Wages in India'; 'The English in the Court and Camp of Shivaji'; 'The Modern Spirit in India'; 'A Leaf out of Akbar's Period'; etc.

THE CO-MASON—(July) [1]

Mr. Alfred H. Barley writes a very readable article on 'The True Value of Aristocracy and Democracy' from the standpoint of Astrology, applying his principles to Masonic landmarks. The twelve signs of the Zodiac are grouped into 'pairs,' 'triangles' and 'crosses,' but the third is the one which is examined by the writer; they correspond to the three fundamental temperaments in man, which are also the foundations of all social polity, and astrologically are the Cardinal, Fixed, and Mutable Crosses which respectively correspond to Rajas, Sattva and Ṭamas, and to third, first and second Logoi. The writer then examines in detail the Cardinal and Fixed temperaments which we summarise thus:

CARDINAL		FIXED
Democratic	...	Aristocratic
Whig or Radical	...	Tory or Conservative
Katabolic	...	Anabolic
Masculine	...	Feminine
Centrifugal	...	Centripetal

Masonry is a blending of the two. He says: "The institution of Masonry as a polity, is hierarchical (aristocratic). Each Lodge is bound in absolute fealty to the Constitution (aristocratic), but within its own jurisdiction is autonomous (democratic principle). The R. W. M. of the year is selected by the Lodge (democratic principle) out of the previously elected officers ..... the two principles are blended in the nomination of his officers by the newly installed R. W. M. ..... These are but one or two out of the many instances of the delicate blending of these two principles.".

Then the writer proceeds to examine the third Cross which he calls the Mutable. It is allied to the two and

[1] 13, Blomfield Road, Paddington, London, W.

"may be termed Artistic". The new polity will be a certain Utopian Bohemia of this temperament, and the writer finds confirmations of this in Mr. Leadbeater's picture of the beginnings of the Sixth Root-Race. The article closes with the remarks that Masonry, which also belongs to this Cross, is of help in preparing our minds and hearts for the approaching change.

Other Contents: 'From the Master's Chair'; 'The System of the Worshipful Society of Free-Masons' and 'Annual Celebrations' by John Yarker; 'The Master-Mason's Square Talisman'; 'The Place of the Guild in the Mediæval City'; 'A. and A. Scottish Rite and Origin of Co-Masonry'; Character in the Hands'; 'Astronomy and Masonry'; Reviews, etc.

Miscellaneous

Space forbids our reviewing at length the July *Review of Reviews* which as usual is full of interesting matter. *The Indian Review* (July) has readable articles on 'Resemblance of the Child to the Father' by Dr. Paul Deussen, and 'The New Mind of Asia' by Mr. Saint Nihal Singh. The June *Metaphysical Magazine* continues the translation by Dr. Wilder of *The Egyptian Mysteries* of Iamblichos. *The Occult Review* (August), has an article by H. E. Simpson on 'How my Books came to be Written,' which says that the author found himself in the hands of three invisible teachers "each having charge of me in a special time of instruction for initiation..... One of these beings was introduced to me under her earthly name, H. P. Blavatsky;" This we cannot accept in the light of Col. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves* Vol. vi. p. 441; moreover we have read Mme. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled* and the *Secret Doctrine*, and we have also read Rev. Mr. Sampson's three volumes on 'Progressive Creation and Redemption' and—a word to the wise is sufficient. Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., London, are publishers of a new monthly, *The Beau*, the first number of which is an artistic production. The opening editorial says: "Most new journals desire to please the public. We have no such ambition. Our desire is to please ourselves, and by so doing we hope to please others..... Our public is composed of all those men and women who have the courage to be kind-hearted, and whose kindness is tolerance born of the knowledge of their own desires and respect for the desires of others..... Our aim is to reach the human heart with something that will make it happier."

B. P. W.

ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES

Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, April, 1910

Dr. Grierson continues his 'Gleanings from the Bhakta-Mālā,' the subject of the present instalment being the forty-two beloved of the Lord (Harivallabhas), from Kamalā to Draupadī. Excepting Nos. 3-18 (the Archangels), which were dealt with in a former paper, the story of each of these is told by Dr. Grierson, either from older sources or from the commentary. These are touching stories which cannot fail to have a strong effect on emotional minds, and ought to be intensely interesting also to Christian theologians because of their moving on exactly the same ground as so many Christian legends. Indeed, Mr. Gaster at least has already taken notice of them, as is shown by his contribution among the 'Miscellaneous Communications' of this number, where he calls attention to a number of striking western parallels to the legends of Candrahâsa (who is the thirty-first of the Harivallabhas). With regard to the story of Uddhava[1] we would call attention to the remarkable fact that Indian theism arose and grew strong as an opponent of the Advaita philosophy. This ought to be especially interesting just now, when Christian theism is succumbing more and more to its host of philosophical adversaries.

In 'Buddhist Notes' Professor L. de la Vallée Poussin endeavors to show that the so-called 'five points of Mahâdeva' (mostly concerning Arhatship), which gave rise to the Mahâsâmghika sect and are known in Samskṛt, Pâli, Chinese, and Tibetan literature, are identical with some 'heretical' tenets of the Kathâvatthu, that precious store of early Buddhist controversies which forms part of the Abhidhamma-Piṭaka. The discovery is important because it establishes a link hitherto wanting, between the Singalese and the Northern tradition, and also with regard to the redaction of the Kathâvatthu.

There follows an article, by Dr. Fleet, on 'Mahishamaṇḍala and Mâhishmatī'. Just after the Third Council, nine Buddhist missions were sent out to various countries, among them Mahishamaṇḍala which, by the editor of the *Indian Antiquary* and others was identified with Mysore. That this identification cannot possibly be right is proved, according to Dr.

[1] "He tried to console them by teaching them Yoga, and the existence of the universal impersonal Brahma, but they refused to accept the idea, and adhered to their personal devotion to Kṛṣṇa as God."

Fleet, by the fact that "any such appellation as Mahisha-maṇḍala to denote the Mysore territory or even the country round the city Mysore itself—(assuming that such a term has ever been used at all in that sense, of which there is no evidence)—could only have come into existence after A. D. 1600, when the occasion arose, in devising the Purāṇic genealogy, to Samskṛitise the vernacular name of a place rising to importance, which presented a certain adaptability." Dr. Fleet also rejects the derivation of the name Mysore from *mahisha-mahisa-maisa-ūru*, because the word *maisa* does not exist at all in Kanarese, and *ūru* not in the meaning 'country' but only as 'village, town'. He is of opinion that the 'territory of the Mahishas' consisted of the present Nimâr Zillah of Indore with part of the Nimâr District of the Central Provinces, and that its capital was Māhishmatī on the island of the Narbadâ which is now known as Mândhâtâ.

The dispute, between Prof. Jacobi and Mr. Keith, on the 'Antiquity of Vedic Culture' is continued (or rather, concluded for the time being). According to the former, Prof. Sayce's declaration shows "that the seeming Iranian affinities of these names may just as well be explained from Mitannian and Hittite idioms," and that consequently the names are not Iranian but Vedic. He maintains the correctness of his astronomical proofs and wonders whether Mr. Keith understands much of them. Mr. Keith repeats that Jacobi's speculation "rests on an absolutely insecure basis" (with which opportunity also Shamasastry's 'Gâvâm Ayana' is rejected). There is one statement, by Prof. Jacobi, as to the importance of the discovery in question (the excavations at Boghazkioi), which deserves to be repeated here, namely the following: "Their importance in this regard will be evident to everyone who considers that till recently the oldest authentic date in Indian History was the epoch of Buddha's death, and that now the oldest certain date is pushed back for well-nigh a thousand years. The testimony which the Mitannian inscriptions bear to the existence of Vedic religion about 1400 B. C. will henceforth be the keystone of all speculations on the antiquity of Indian civilisation."

Other Contents: 'Omar's Instructions to the Kâḍî' by D. S. Margoliouth; '*Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* in Arabic from a Bodleian MS.' by Duncan B. Macdonald; 'Sennacherib's Campaigns on the North-West and his Work at Niniveh' by T. B. Pinches; Miscellaneous Communications.

Vienna Journal for the Knowledge of the Orient, XXIV.

No. 1.

There is hardly anything in this number which would be interesting to the non-philologist.

'The Gâthâs of the Vinayapiṭaka and their Parallels,' by R. Otto Franke, is the first instalment of a contribution like the one on the Suttanipâta published by the same author in the Journal of the German Oriental Society. The Gâthâs or

verses are, linguistically, the oldest element of the Piṭakas and therefore deserve to be carefully catalogued according to the beginning of each Pādā (quarter), so that a Concordance is furnished which alone can enable us to judge of the origin, etc., of these Gāthās. The general result also of this undertaking is, as the author tells us in his introduction, that most of the works of the Pāli Canon are of a secondary origin (Mahāvastu and the other Saṃskṛt documents being only third-hand sources), and that there is no possibility of their having been fixed by a sole and uniform act of collecting.

A sort of supplementary appendix to Prof. Franke's Suttanipāta Concordance is furnished by Jarl Charpentier in a small article 'On Uttarajjhayana XXV. and its parallels in Suttanipāta and Dhammapada.' The author regrets Franke's not having taken into account the Jaina Canon.

Other Contents: 'The Wisdom of the Sibyl' by J. Schleifer (purely philological); 'More News from Petraea' by Alois Musil; 'New Mehri Materials' by Maximilian Bittner; 'Parlamentarian, etc., Expressions in Osmanic-Turkish' by Friedrich von Kraelitz; Small Communications.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRĀDER

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

[NOTE. The constantly growing demands on the space at our disposal in this Magazine and the constantly augmenting number of Theosophical periodicals make it more and more difficult, as time goes by, to give an adequate summary of the contents of the monthly numbers of our various exchanges. The barest list of titles and authors of the articles contained in them requires at present fully eight pages print, double the space we can devote to the purpose. Henceforth, therefore, we shall adopt a new way of treatment in this department. We shall only draw attention to original articles, and of these to those only which, both as to length and as to contents, deserve special mention. Also, and of necessity, we shall only exceptionally refer to articles in such remoter languages as the various Indian or East Indian vernaculars or in such idioms as Russian, Finnish, Bulgarian, in Europe. We further intend to leave as a rule without special mention all such regular departments as Notes, News, Book Reviews, Current Literature, What the Branches are Doing, Letters from Abroad, On the Watch-Tower, all short topical paragraphs or poems in the nature of page-fillers, and lastly all reprints and translations from previously mentioned articles. We hope that our contemporaries will understand that this change does not signify any diminished interest in their valiant, valuable and often brilliant labors for the common cause and will not complain—as has happened often before—that their work is left unnoticed and remains unrecognised. It is perhaps most of all the Reviewer of these Magazines—who sees them month by month, who watches their struggles and achievements, and their slow progress and evolution, and who takes no small pains to acquaint himself with as much as possible of the various and multiform contents in many tongues, produced in many places—who appreciates rightly their tremendous value for the movement as a whole, and who is filled with a deep sense of their significance and of the energy and devotion they represent. Yet

now a point has been reached where we, reluctantly, have to refrain from mentioning every co-worker by name and every production by title. In the last eighteen months alone some eight or ten new Magazines have been started in our field, making now a total of some forty Magazines written in some fifteen languages. Let therefore all those who are concerned in this matter be fully convinced that, even unmentioned, their work is as much appreciated as before, and let them remember that it is not public recognition or public praise that give value to a task well performed. Perhaps with some further growth of our periodical literature some new means will spontaneously arise which will enable a full periodical index or bibliography to become a possibility. May the work go on with undiminished zeal in the meantime, and may all feel that even the humblest share in our mighty endeavor has its reward in itself and nowhere else.]

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, August, 1910. This is a very good number. 'An Unpublished Letter from H. P. B.' gives ever welcome and practical hints on the Theosophical life. Miss Kate Browning contributes a little parable with good sense in it, and G. E. Philips continues his well-put article on 'The Apparent Exclusiveness of Christianity'. 'Elementary Work on Inner Planes' by A. T. is homely but sound. The *piéce de résistance* in the number is an extraordinarily valuable article by C. W. Leadbeater on 'The Monads from the Moon,' accompanied by a very illuminative diagram on the subject by Mrs. Besant. This article is the simplest and clearest solution as yet published of what we might term—*sit venia verba*—the great piṭṛ puzzle. The paper ought to, and we hope it will, be copied in all our Magazines.

Theosophy in India, Benares, July, 1910. 'Back to Jesus' by Darshanākānkshi is an interesting contribution because of the individuality it betrays of its writer. A fine phrase in it is: "The Peace where Silence studies more Silence". Its conclusion runs: "For the West let there be worship and devotion, for the East, science and system". This is to be done by uniting "The Love of Jesus... and the Wisdom of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*". A curious proposal—with a vast possibility of discussion inherent in it—is one by Capt. E. G. Hart, to send letters of condolence *plus* Theosophical propaganda to people who have suffered bereavements. Though all our [strictly personal!] instincts go directly against this idea, yet we know of one or two cases where like action has brought joy and changed the life entirely.

Central Hiṇḍū College Magazine, Benares, August, 1910. There is an interesting little sketch of Mrs. Besant's position with regard to Christianity, but its source is not stated.

The Cherūg (Gujrāṭi), Bombay, August, 1910. To the Gujrāṭi portion is added an English supplement containing a great variety of small articles, mainly reprinted.

The Message of Theosophy, Rangoon, June, 1910. The main article in the number is by Bikkhu Silacara on 'The

Fifth Precept' of Buḍḍhism, that forbidding the use of intoxicating drinks. The article is good, but is there any truth in the (parenthetical) statement in it that a man who murders has in turn to die a violent death as kârmic effect?

Pūrṇachandṛoḍaya (Tamil), Madura, July, 1910.

Theosofisch Maandblad voor Nederlandsch-Indië (Dutch), Surabaya, June, 1910. Only translations.

De Gulden Keten (Dutch), Buitenzorg, May, 1910. A Theosophical Children's Journal. Small contributions.

EUROPEAN

The Vāhan, London, July, 1910. 'The Annual Report of the Society in England and Wales for 1909-1910' should interest all who study the development of our movement throughout the world. An able 'unconventional' review of Mrs. Besant's *Popular Lectures on Theosophy* by Clifford Bax is well worth reading and musing over. Let us hope it will lead to some interesting discussions; contributions of this sort are too rare in our periodical literature. Yet the due proportion should not be forgotten: Popular expositions cannot answer subtle questions.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, July, 1910. Except for one charming little parable the contents of this bright and go-ish paper may be summed up: *panta rhei*, it is all Movement!

The Lotus Journal, London, July, 1910. Small contributions.

Revue Théosophique Française (French), Paris, June, 1910. Translations.

Bulletin Théosophique (French), Paris, July, 1910. News and translations.

Annales Théosophiques (French), Paris, Vol. III., No. 2, 1910. Louis Revel contributes a well documented paper on Emerson, discussing amongst other things in how far Reincarnation and Karma, yes, even the Existence of Masters, was taught by Emerson. M. Seillon writes intelligently on Karma, which he calls 'The Law that maintains Universal Equilibrium'. From Mme. Th. Darel there is a note on 'Etheric Properties of Matter'.

Le Théosophe (French), Paris, July, 1910. The usual variety of short articles and paragraphs on all and sundry: topics.

La Revue Théosophique Belge (French), Brussels, July, 1910. Jean Delville writes on 'Léonardo da Vinci and Occultism,' using the old Master rather roughly, and leaving the impression that sublime genius and prejudice may exist together most comfortably, if his case is well founded. For the rest translations.

Theosophie (German), Leipzig, May and June, 1910. Dr. H. A. Grävell, whose name we are always glad to see, contributes

an article on 'The Value of India for our Civilisation' which might be well translated into English. Gottfried Michael contributes a short study on 'Mâyâ' and Dr. Franz Hartmann writes on 'Theosophy, the realisation of truth'. Then there are a number of translations and a rather queer article on the 'Kali-Yuga' by Ernest Filde.

Neue Lotus Blüten (German), Leipzig, July and August, 1910. 'Holy Mountains and Nature Spirits'; 'Confidential Communications from the Masters' Circle,' and 'Reincarnation and Atavism,' form the main contents of the number. The second article is the most interesting.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana (Italian), June, 1910. William H. Kirby contributes a valuable paper on 'Theosophy in Italy,' containing practical suggestions of various nature. The article is of course primarily intended for Italian conditions, but other countries can profit from them equally well.

Sophia (Spanish), Madrid, July, 1910. This big number of fifty-six pages contains an excellent variety of translations from the English and the French, and Rafael Urbano contributes an article on 'The Origin of Values'.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, July, 1910. M. J. Vermeulen contributes 'A Theosophical Conception of the Lord's Supper,' and Dr. J. W. Boissevain an interesting and well illustrated article on 'The Hinḍûs'.

De Theosofische Beweging (Dutch), Amsterdam, July, 1910. Official matter and news only.

Teosofisk Tidskrift (Danish and Swedish), Stockholm, June and July, 1910. An obituary notice of the late Helen Sjöstedt, a beloved member and worker in Scandinavia, opens the number. A good portrait accompanies it. E. H. writes on 'Christianity,' and Richard Eriksen on 'Theosophy and Art'.

Tietäjä (Finnish), Helsingfors, July and August, 1910. Aate contributes a 'Life of Pythagoras'; an anonymous writer asks 'Where is Paradise?' and P. J. has 'The Way of Death to Life'.

American

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, June, 1910. 'The Journeyings of Colonel Olcott for Theosophy' gives a handy summary of our late President's movements in the service of our cause from 1874 to 1885. 'On Cereals' gives excellent information and is to be continued. It is summarised from a U. S. Government Pamphlet. There is further a profuse variety of smaller contributions.

La Verdad (Spanish), Buenos Aires, June, 1910. Dr. Roso de Luna writes at length on 'Theosophy and the Theosophical

Society,' and there are also various translations and some smaller contributions in the number.

Revista Teosofica (Spanish), Havana, June, 1910. Translations and small contributions.

Luz Astral (Spanish), Casablanca, Chili, numbers for April, 1910. An excellent choice of short articles amongst which part of one of Dr. Roso de Luna's lectures.

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, July, 1910. Two short contributions on 'Whittier's "My Soul and I" by W. R. Ray, and 'Nunc dimittis,' by J. B. McConkey form the chief original part of the number.

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, July, 1910. A pleasant choice of small contributions.

J. v. M.

VEGETARIAN VICTORY

Three years ago, a lady doctor, Mademoiselle Toteyko, who holds a chair of physiology at Brussels University, while making a series of experiments on the action of alcohol, caffeine, and other purin bodies on the human organism, wanted to make tests on people who were not accustomed to swallow a great deal of uric acid. She was not a vegetarian, and up to that time her attention had never been drawn to this kind of diet. Now for the purpose of her experimental work, she asked some vegetarians to attend her laboratory. They did so. She tested their fatigue by means of the ergograph, an instrument that measures exactly the endurance of a group of muscles. She was much struck by the splendid strength and endurance of those vegetarians, so much so, that she expected her subjects were exceptional ones. Wishing to investigate the question more deeply, she made an appeal to the Vegetarian Society, asking members to go to her laboratory. In this way she came into contact with forty vegetarians. She measured their force and endurance, and found out, by quite exact experiments, that their average force and endurance was three times greater than that of the average meat-eater. This happened just before Dr. Fisher of Yale University made similar experiments in America. After having completed her study on these forty vegetarians, she published the results, and, in conclusion, she said that these scientific experiments proved so evidently the superiority of vegetarian diet that, to be logical, she could not do otherwise than become a vegetarian herself, which she did. For her investigations she has since received a prize from the Academie de Medicine in France, which is a great honor for the author, and an important fact for vegetarianism.—*The Vegetarian Messenger*, December, 1909.